



Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Professor E.S. Moore



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LE
A

(23)

I

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

829

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XXXVI



RECEIVED
JAN 10 1876

381628
11. 6. 40

BOSTON

H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY

NEW YORK: HURD AND HOUGHTON

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1875

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

AP
2
A8
v. 36

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE :
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
Andersen's Short Stories	Horace E. Scudder 598
Arthur Hugh Clough	T. S. Perry 409
At the Gates of the East	Charles Dudley Warner 523
Autumn Days in Weimar, II.	Bayard Taylor 229
Battle of Bunker Hill, The	Horace E. Scudder 79
Broke Jail	D. H. Johnson 12
Creed of Free Trade, The	David A. Wells 204
Curious Republic of Gondour, The 461
Deephaven Cronies	Sarah O. Jewett 316
Exotics	Oliver Wendell Holmes 356
General John De Kalb	George Washington Greene 476
John Quincy Adams	William Everett 196
Kirby's Coals of Fire	Louise Stockton 699
Lightning and Lightning-Rods.	John Trowbridge 38
National Self-Protection	Joseph Wharton 298
Novalis and the Blue Flower	Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen 689
Obsolete Fine Gentleman, An	W. D. Howells 98
Of Some Railroad Accidents, I., II.	Charles Francis Adams, Jr. 571, 736
Old Régime in the Old Dominion, The	George Cary Eggleston 603
Old-Time Oriental Trade.	W. L. Fawcette 468
Old Times on the Mississippi, VII.	Mark Twain 190
Old Woman's Gossip, I., II., III., IV., V.	Frances Anne Kemble 152, 282, 444, 583, 22
Oleander-Tree, The; A Story of the British Press-Gang	Emily E. Ford 420
Passing the Cataract of the Nile	Charles Dudley Warner 1
Patriotic School-Master, A	Horace E. Scudder 330
Practice and Patronage of French Art	S. G. W. Benjamin 257
Private Theatricals, I., II.	W. D. Howells 513, 674
Roadside Romance, A	G. P. Lathrop 178
Roderick Hudson, VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII.	Henry James, Jr. 58, 129, 269, 385, 583, 641
Russians in the East, The	George M. Towle 71
Sanitary Drainage of Houses and Towns, The, I., II., III.	George E. Waring, Jr. 339, 427, 535
Social Aspects of the German Romantic School	Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen 49
Southern Home-Politics	Albert F. Webster 464
Symphony in Yellow and Red	H. H. 668
Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers	Dean Sage 142
Victor Hugo	T. S. Perry 167
Virginia Campaign of John Brown, The, VI.	F. B. Sanborn 704
Washington in Cambridge	Alexander McKenzie 92

POETRY.

Baudelaire, Edgar Fawcett	703	Nun and Harp, The, Harriet Prescott Spofford	281
Beautiful Woman's Wish, The, Charlotte F.		October Days, Sylvester Baxter	463
Bates	735	"Old Cambridge," Oliver Wendell Holmes	237
Dancing Bear, The, James Russell Lowell	329	Old Lobsterman, The, J. T. Trowbridge	175
Fancies of Spray and Petal, Edgar Fawcett	47	On Re-Reading Tennyson's Princess, Christo- pher P. Cranch	78
Flamingo, The, Sarah D. Clark	687	Pines and the Sea, The, Christopher P. Cranch	698
Grapes, Edgar Fawcett	602	Possession, Mary B. Cummings	665
Homage, Celia Thaxter	598	Quick and Dead, J. J. Piatt	721
Identity, T. B. Aldrich	11	Silent Tide, The, G. P. Lathrop	616
Judgment, The, Henry Whitney Cleveland	459	Song, Celia Thaxter	151
Leaves on the Tide, Hiram Rich	406	Sonnet, F. S.	522
Longest Death-Watch, The, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt	140	Sonnets from over Sea, James Russell Lowell	37
Love's Reward, F. W. Bourdillon	356	Sonnets, T. B. Aldrich	297
Macarius the Monk, John Boyle O'Reilly	672		

Straggler, A, <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	443	Under the Great Elm, <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	221
That New World, <i>Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt</i>	426	Waking, <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	91
To a Critic, <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	534	Weaver, The, <i>J. B. Bittinger</i>	418

EDITORIAL.

- RECENT LITERATURE. Abbott's *A Paragraph History of the United States*, 115; Abbott and Conant's *A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, 112; Andre-Marie Ampère et Jean-Jacques Ampère, *Correspondance et Souvenirs*, 630; Astronomical Engravings from the Observatory of Harvard College, 754; Auerbach's *Drei einzige Töchter*, 506; Baker's *Point Lace and Diamonds*, 109; Bancroft's *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*, Vol. III., 496; Benedict's *Mr. Vaughan's Heir*, 111; Boyesen's *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, 363; Browning's *Aristophanes' Apology*, 498; Calvert's *Essays Aesthetical*, 384; Carlyle's *The Early Kings of Norway*, 498; Comte de Paris's *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*, 758; Coues's *Birds of the Northwest*, 365; D'Iderville's *Journal d'un Diplomate en Allemagne et en Grèce*, 369; Droz's *Les Etangs*, 759; Duff Gordon's (*Lady*) *Last Letters from Egypt*, 500; Eggleston's *How to Make a Living*, 627; Faunce's *The Christian in the World*, 503; Flagg's *The Birds and Seasons of New England*, 623; Garrett's *Doing and Dreaming*, 503; Guizot's *Histoire de la France racontée à mes Petits-Enfants*, 121; Harrison's *A Group of Poets and their Haunts*, 364; *Harvard Book (The)*, 502; Haven's *Our Next-Door Neighbor*, 368; Hayno's *The Mountain of the Lovers*, 495; Higginson's *English Statesmen*, 118; Hillebrand's *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen*, 504; Hunt's *Chemical and Geological Essays*, 751; Ingersoll's *Fears for Democracy*, 107; International Meteorological Observations (*The Bulletin of*), 629; James's *Transatlantic Sketches*, 113; Jones's *Africa*, 368; Krasinski's *The Undivine Comedy and Other Poems*, 624; Krez's *Aus Wisconsin*, 371; Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*, 361; Littré's *Littérature et Histoire*, 371; Lucy Larcom's *An Idyl of Work*, 241; Macready's *Reminiscences and Diaries*, 116; Madame de Girardin, *avec des Lettres inédites de Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mlle. Rachel*, 370; Mark Twain's *Sketches*, 749; *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman*, 245; Mérimée's *Lettres à une autre Inconnue*, 503; Morris's *The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems*, 243; Nadal's *Impressions of London Social Life*, 751; Osgood's *Bunker Hill Memorial*, 244; Osgood's *Handbook of the Maritime Provinces*, 248; Phelps's (*Miss*) *Poetic Studies*, 108; Public Health: *Reports and Papers of the American Public Health Association in 1873*, 628; *Publications Received*, 122, 372, 506; Quicherat's *Histoire du Costume en France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la Fin du XVIIIe Siècle*, 119; Richardson's (*Mrs.*) *The History of Our Country*, 244; Russell's *Library Notes*, 753; Saxe's *Leisure-Day Rhymes*, 495; Spangler's *The Physician's Wife*, 630; Stowe's (*Mrs.*) *We and Our Neighbors*, 248; Swinburne's *Essays and Studies*, 756; Talmage's *Sports that Kill*, 754; Taylor's *David, King of Israel*, 503; Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, 240; T. G. A.'s *A Sheaf of Papers*, 627; Turgenjew's *Zwei Neue Novellen*, 505; Waring's *Whip and Spur*, 109; Whittier's *Mabel Martin*, 748.
- ART. Baker's *Portrait of Longfellow*, 762; Boston Society of Architects' *Exhibition (The)*, 124; David Neal's *Pictures*, 508; Despard's *Old New York, from the Battery to Bloomingdale*, 761; Dubufe's *Painting of the Prodigal Son*, 123; Duveneck's *Portraits at Doll and Richards's*, 376; Gardner's *Illustrated Homes*, 760; Hunt's *Talks on Art*, 249; Hunt's and Inness's *Recent Pictures*, 375; Stillman's *Poetic Localities of Cambridge*, 762; Veronese versus Millet, 374.
- MUSIC. Bennett's *The Maid of Orleans*, 380; Burlingame's *Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*, 253; Dr. Hans von Bülow's *Concerts in Boston*, 763; Ignorance of Musical Terminology in the United States, 634; Liszt's *Die Glocken des Strassburger Münsters*, 377; Recent Music, 256, 382; Tytler's (*Miss*) *Musical Composers and their Works*, 256; Wieck's *Piano and Song*, 382.
- EDUCATION. Annual Report of the Board of St. Louis Public Schools, 638; Bellows's *The Bona-Fide Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages*, 384; Gow's *Good Morals and Gentle Manners*, 640; Ladies Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home, 383, 640; Recent School Reports of Boston and Chicago, 510; The Woman's Educational Movement in England, 126.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XXXVI.—JULY, 1875.—No. CCXIII.

PASSING THE CATARACT OF THE NILE.

At last, twenty-four days from Cairo, the Nubian hills are in sight, lifting themselves up in the south, and we appear to be getting into the real Africa — Africa, which still keeps its savage secret, and dribbles down this commercial highway, the Nile, as it has for thousands of years, its gums and spices and drugs, its tusks and skins of wild animals, its rude weapons and its cunning work in silver, its slave boys and slave girls. These native boats that we meet, piled with strange and fragrant merchandise, rowed by antic crews of Nubians whose ebony bodies shine in the sun as they walk backward and forward at the long sweeps, chanting a weird, barbarous refrain — what tropical freights are theirs for the imagination!

At sunset we are in a lonesome place; the swift river flowing between narrow, rocky shores, the height beyond Assouan gray in the distance, and vultures watching our passing boat from the high, crumbling sandstone ledges. The night falls sweet and cool, the soft new moon is remote in the almost purple depths, the thickly strewn stars blaze like jewels, and we work slowly on at the rate of a mile an hour, with the slightest wind, amid the granite rocks of the channel. In this channel we are in the shadow of the old historical seat of empire, the island of Elephantine, and turning into

the narrow passage to the left we announce, by a rocket, to the dahabeeahs moored at Assouan the arrival of another inquisitive American. It is Sunday night. Our dragoman dispatches a messenger to the chief reis of the cataract, who lives at Philæ, five miles above. A second one is sent in the course of the night, and a third meets the old patriarch on his way to our boat at sunrise. It is necessary to impress the Oriental mind with the importance of the travelers who have arrived at the gate of Nubia.

The Nile voyager who moors his dahabeeah at the sandbank, with the fleet of merchant boats, above Assouan, seems to be at the end of his journey. Travelers from the days of Herodotus even to this century have followed each other in saying that the roar of the cataract deafened people for miles around. Civilization has tamed the rapids. Now there is neither sight nor sound of them here at Assouan. To the southward the granite walls which no doubt once dammed the river have been broken through by some pre-historic convulsion that strewed the fragments about in grotesque confusion. The island of Elephantine, originally a long heap of granite, is thrown into the middle of the Nile, dividing it into two narrow streams. The southern end rises from the water, a bold mass of granite.

Its surface is covered with ruins, or rather with the *débris* of many civilizations; and into this mass and these hills of bricks, stones, pottery, and ashes, Nubian women and children may be seen constantly poking, digging out coins, beads, and images, to sell to the howadji. The northern portion of the island is green with wheat, and it supports two or three mud villages, which offer a good field for the tailor and the missionary.

The passage through the eastern channel, from Assouan to Elephantine, is between walls of granite rocks; and southward, at the end of it, the view is bounded by a field of broken granite, gradually rising and apparently forbidding egress in that direction. If the traveler comes for scenery, as some do, nothing could be wilder and at the same time more beautiful than these fantastically piled crags; but considered as a navigable highway, the river here is a failure.

Early in the morning the head sheik of the cataract comes on board, and the long confab which is preliminary to any undertaking begins. There are always as many difficulties in the way of a trade or an arrangement as there are quills on a porcupine; and a great part of the Egyptian bargaining is the preliminary plucking out of these quills. The cataracts are the hereditary property of the Nubian sheiks and their tribes, who live near them, belonging to them more completely than the rapids of the St. Lawrence to the Indian pilots; almost their whole livelihood comes from helping boats up and down the rapids, and their harvest season is the winter, when the dahabecahs of the howadji require their assistance. They magnify the difficulties and dangers, and make a mystery of their skill and knowledge. But, with true Orientalism, they appear to seek rather to lessen than to increase their business. They oppose intolerable delays to the traveler, keep him waiting at Assouan by a thousand excuses, and do all they can to drive him discouraged down the river. During this winter boats have been kept waiting two weeks on one frivolous excuse or another: the

day was unlucky, or the wind was unfavorable, or some prince had the preference. Princes have been very much in the way this winter; the fact would seem to be that European princes are getting to run up the Nile in shoals, as plenty as shad in the Connecticut, more being hatched at home than Europe has employment for.

Several thousand people, dwelling along the banks from Assouan to three or four miles above Philæ, share in the profits of the passing boats; and although the sheiks and head reises (or captains) of the cataract get the elephant's share, every family receives something — it may be only a piaster or two — on each dahabecah; and the sheiks draw from the villages as many men as are required for each passage. It usually takes two days for a boat to go up the cataract, and not seldom they are kept in it three or four days, and sometimes a week. The first day the boat gets as far as the island of Séhayl, where it ties up and waits for the cataract people to gather next morning. They may take it into their heads not to gather, in which case the traveler can sun himself all day on the rocks, or hunt up the inscriptions which the Pharaohs, on their raids into Africa for slaves and other luxuries, cut in the granite in their days of leisure, three or four thousand years ago, before the world got its present impetus of hurry. Or they may come and pull the boat up a rapid or two, then declare they have not men enough for the final struggle, and leave it for another night in the roaring desolation. To put on force enough and cables strong enough not to break, and promptly drag the boat through in one day, would lessen the money value of the achievement, perhaps, in the mind of the owner of the boat. Nature has done a great deal to make the First Cataract an obstacle to navigation, but the wily Nubian could teach nature a lesson; at any rate he has never relinquished the key to the gates. He owns the cataract, as the Bedawees own the pyramids of Gizeh and the routes across the desert to Sinai and Petra.

The aged reis comes on board, and the preliminary ceremonies, exchange of compliments religious and social, between him and our astute dragoman begin. Coffee is made, the reis's pipe is lighted, and the conversation is directed slowly to the ascent of the cataract. The head reis is accompanied by two or three others of inferior dignity, and by attendants who squat on the deck in attitudes of patient indifference. The world was not made in a day. The reis looks along the deck and says, —

"This boat is very large; it is too long to go up the cataract."

There is no denying it. The dahabeeah is longer than almost any other on the river; it is one hundred and twenty feet long. The dragoman says, —

"But you took up General McClellan's boat, and that is large."

"Very true, effendi; but why the howadji no come when Genel Clemen come, ten days ago?"

"We chose to come now."

"Such a long boat never went up. Why you no come two months ago, when the river was high?" This sort of talk goes on for half an hour. Then the other sheik speaks: —

"What is the use of talking all this stuff to Mohammed Effendi Abd-el-Atti; he knows all about it."

"That is true. We will go."

"Well, it is 'finish,'" says Abd-el-Atti.

When the long negotiation is concluded, the reis is introduced into the cabin to pay his respects to the howadji; he seats himself with dignity and salutes the ladies with a watchful self-respect. The reis is a grave Nubian, with finely cut features, — but a good many shades darker than would be fellowshipped by the Sheltering Wings Association, in America, — small feet, and small hands with long, tapering fingers that confess an aristocratic exemption from manual labor. He wears a black gown and a white turban; a camel's-hair scarf distinguishes him from the vulgar. This sheik boasts, I suppose, as ancient blood as runs in any aristocratic veins, counting his ancestors back in unbroken suc-

cession to the days of the prophet at least, and not improbably to Ishmael. That he wears neither stockings nor slippers does not detract from his simple dignity. Our conversation while he pays his visit is confined to the smoking of a cigar and some well-meant grins and smiles of mutual good feeling.

While the morning hours pass, we have time to gather all the knowledge of Assouan that one needs for the enjoyment of life in this world. It is an ordinary Egyptian town of sun-baked brick, brown, dusty, and unclean, with shabby bazars containing nothing, and full of unrelenting beggars and insatiable traders in curiosities of the upper country. Importunate venders beset the traveler as soon as he steps ashore, offering him all manner of trinkets, which he is eager to purchase and does n't know what to do with when he gets them. There are crooked, odd-shaped knives and daggers, in ornamental sheaths of crocodile skin, and savage spears, with great rough hippopotamus shields, from Kartoom or Abyssinia; jagged iron spears and lances and ebony clubs from Darfour; cunning Nubian silver work, bracelets and great rings that have been worn by desert camel drivers; moth-eaten ostrich feathers; bows and arrows tipped with flint from the Soudan; necklaces of glass and dirty leather charms (containing words from the Koran); broad bracelets and anklets cut out of big tusks of elephants and traced in black; rude swords that it needs two hands to swing; bracelets of twisted silver cord and solid silver as well; ear-rings so large that they must be hitched to a strand of the hair for support; nose-rings of brass and silver and gold as large as the ear-rings; and Nubian "costumes" for women, — a string with leather fringe depending, to tie about the loins, — suggestions of a tropical life under the old dispensation.

The beach, crowded with trading vessels and piled up with merchandise, presents a lively picture. There are piles of Manchester cotton and boxes of English brandy — to warm outwardly and inwardly the natives of the Soudan —

which are being loaded, for transport above the rapids, upon kneeling dromedaries that protest against the load in that most vulgar guttural of all animal sounds, more uncouth and less musical than the agonized bray of the donkey, a sort of grating menagerie grumble which has neither the pathos of the sheep's bleat nor the dignity of the lion's growl; and there are bales of cinnamon and senna and ivory to go down the river. The wild Bishareen Arab attends his dromedaries; he has a clear-cut and rather delicate face, is bareheaded, wears his black hair in ringlets long upon his shoulders, and has for all dress a long strip of brown cotton cloth twisted about his body and his loins, leaving the legs and right arm free. There are the fat, sleek Greek merchant, in sumptuous white Oriental costume, lounging amid his merchandise; the Syrian in gay apparel, with pistols in his shawl belt, preparing for his journey to Kartoom; and the black Nubian sailors asleep on the sand. To add a little color to the picture, a Ghawazee, or dancing-girl, in striped, flaming red gown and red slippers, dark but comely, covered with gold or silver gilt necklaces and bracelets, is walking about the shore, seeking whom she may devour.

At twelve o'clock we are ready to push off. The wind is strong from the north. The Cataract men swarm on board, two or three sheiks and thirty or forty men. They take command and possession of the vessel, and our reis and crew give way. We have carefully closed the windows and blinds of our boat, for the cataract men are reputed to have long arms and fingers that crook easily. The Nubians run about like cats; four are at the helm, some are on the bow, all are talking and giving orders; there is an indescribable bustle and whirl as our boat is shoved off from the sand, with the chorus of "Hā! Yālēsah! Hā! Yālēsah!"¹ and takes the current. The great sail, shaped like a bird's wing, and a hundred feet long, is

shaken out forward, and we pass swiftly on our way between the granite walls. The excited howadji are on deck, feeling to their finger-ends the thrill of expectancy.

The first thing the Nubians want is something to eat, a chronic complaint here in this land of romance. Squatting in circles all over the boat, they dip their hands into the bowls of softened bread, cramming the food down their throats, and swallowing all the coffee that can be made for them, with the gusto and appetite of simple men who have a stomach and no conscience.

While the Nubians are chattering and eating, we are gliding up the swift stream, the granite rocks opening a passage for us; but at the end of it our way seems to be barred. The only visible opening is on the extreme left, where a small stream struggles through the bowlders. While we are wondering if that can be our course, the helm is suddenly put hard about, we turn short to the right, finding our way, amid whirlpools and shoulders of granite, past the head of Elephantine Island; and before we have recovered from this surprise we turn sharply to the left into a narrow passage, and the cataract is before us.

It is not at all what we have expected. In appearance this is a cataract without any falls and scarcely any rapids. A person brought up on Niagara or Montmorency feels himself trifled with here. The fisherman in the mountain streams of America has come upon many a scene that resembles this, a river-bed strewn with bowlders. Only, this is on a grand scale. We had been led to expect at least high precipices, walls of lofty rock, between which we should sail in the midst of raging rapids and falls, with hundreds of savages on the rocks above, dragging our boat with cables, and occasionally plunging into the torrent in order to carry a life-line to the top of some wave-girt rock. All of this we did not see; yet we had more respect

crew poled along, "Hā! Yālēsah!" And still the Nile boatmen call Yālēsah to come, as they push the poles and haul the sail, and urge the boat towards Abyssinia.

¹ Yālēsah (I spell the name according to the sound of the pronunciation) was one of the sons of Noah who was absent at the time the ark sailed, having gone down into Abyssinia. They pushed the ark in pursuit of him, and Noah called after his son as the

for the cataract before we got through it than when it first came in sight.

What we see immediately before us is a basin, it may be quarter of a mile, it may be half a mile broad, and two miles long; a wide expanse of broken granite rocks and bowlders strewn hap-hazard, some of them showing the red of the syenite, and others black and polished and shining in the sun; a field of rocks, none of them high, fantastic in shape; and through this field the river breaks in a hundred twisting passages and chutes, all apparently small, but the water in them is foaming and leaping and flashing white; and the air begins to be pervaded by the multitudinous roar of rapids. On the east, the side of the land-passage between Assouan and Philæ, are high and jagged rocks in odd forms, now and then a palm-tree, and here and there a mud village. On the west the basin of the cataract is hemmed in by the desert hills, and the yellow Libyan sand drifts over them in shining waves which in some lights have the almost maroon color that we see in Gérôme's pictures. To the south is an impassable barrier of granite and sand—mountains of them—beyond the glistening fields of rocks and water through which we are to find our way.

The difficulty of this navigation is—not one cataract to be overcome by one heroic effort, but a hundred little cat-aracts or swift, tortuous sluice-ways, which are much more formidable when we get into them than they appear when seen at a distance. The dahabecahs which attempt to wind through them are in constant danger of having holes knocked in their hulls by the rocks.

The wind is strong, and we are sailing swiftly on. It is impossible to tell which one of the half-dozen equally uninviting channels we are to take. We guess, and of course point out the wrong one. We approach, with sails still set, a narrow passage through which the water pours in what is a very respectable torrent; but it is not a straight passage, it has a bend in it; if we get through it, we must make a sharp turn to the left or run upon a ridge of rocks,

and even then we shall be in a boiling surge; and if we fail to make head against the current we shall go whirling down the caldron, bumping on the rocks, not a pleasant thing for a dahabecah one hundred and twenty feet long, with a cabin in it as large as a hotel. The passage of a boat of this size is evidently an event of some interest to the cataract people, for we see groups of them watching us from the rocks, and following along the shore. And we think that seeing our boat go up from the shore might be the best way of seeing it.

We draw slowly in, the boat trembling at the entrance of the swift water; it enters, nosing the current, feeling the tug of the sail, and hesitates. Oh, for a strong puff of wind! There are five watchful men at the helm; there is a moment's silence, and the boat still hesitates. At this critical instant, while we hold our breath, a naked man, whose name I am sorry I cannot give to an admiring American public, appears on the bow with a rope in his teeth; he plunges in and makes for the nearest rock. He swims hand over hand, swinging his arms from the shoulder out of water and striking them forward, splashing along like a side-wheeler, the common way of swimming in the heavy water of the Nile. Two other black figures follow him, and the rope is made fast to the point of the rock. We have something to hold us against the stream.

And now a terrible tumult arises on board the boat, which is seen to be covered with men; one gang is hauling on the rope to draw the great sail close to its work; another gang is hauling on the rope attached to the rock, and both are singing that wild, chanting chorus without which no Egyptian sailor pulls an ounce or lifts a pound. The men who are not pulling are shouting and giving orders; the sheiks, on the upper deck, where we sit with exaggerated American serenity amid the babel, are jumping up and down in a frenzy of excitement, screaming and gesticulating. We hold our own; we gain a little; we pull forward where the danger of a smash

against the rocks is increased. More men appear on the rocks, whom we take to be spectators of our passage. No; they lay hold of the rope. With the additional help we still tremble in the jaws of the pass. I walk aft, and the stern is almost upon the sharp rocks; it grazes them; but in the nick of time the bow swings round, we turn short off into an eddy; the great sail is let go, and our cat-like sailors are aloft, crawling along the slender yard, which is a hundred feet in length, and furling the tugging canvas. We breathe more freely, for the first danger is over. The gate is passed.

In this lull there is a confab with the sheiks. We are at the island of Séhayl, and have accomplished what is usually the first day's journey of boats. It would be in harmony with the Oriental habit to stop here for the remainder of the day and for the night. But our dragoman has in mind to accomplish, if not the impossible, what is synonymous with it in the East, the unusual. The result of the inflammatory stump speeches on both sides is that two or three gold pieces are passed into the pliant hand of the head sheik, and he sends for another sheik and more men.

For some time we have been attended by increasing processions of men and boys on shore; they cheered us as we passed the first rapid; they come out from the villages, from the crevices of the rocks, their blue and white gowns blowing in the wind, and make a sort of holiday of our passage. Less conspicuous at first are those without gowns; they are hardly distinguishable from the black rocks amid which they move. As we lie here, with the rising roar of the rapids in our ears, we can see no further opening for our passage.

But we are preparing to go on. Ropes are carried out forward over the rocks. More men appear, to aid us. We said there were fifty. We count seventy; we count eighty; there are at least ninety. They come up by a sort of magic. From whence are they, these black forms? They seem to grow out of the rocks at the wave of the sheik's

hand; they are of the same color, shining men of granite. The swimmers and divers are simply smooth statues hewn out of the syenite or the basalt. They are not unbaked clay like the rest of us. One expects to see them disappear like stones when they jump into the water. The mode of our navigation is to draw the boat along, hugged close to the shore rocks, so close that the current cannot get full hold of it, and thus to work it round the bends.

We are crawling slowly on in this manner, clinging to the rocks, when unexpectedly a passage opens to the left. The water before us runs like a mill-race. If we enter it, nothing would seem sufficient to hold the boat from dashing down amid the breakers. But the bow is hardly allowed to feel the current before it is pulled short around, and we are swinging in the swift stream. Before we know it we are in the anxiety of another tug. Suppose the rope should break! In an instant the black swimmers are overboard, striking out for the rocks; two ropes are sent out and secured; and, with gangs hauling on them, we are working through inch by inch, everybody on board trembling with excitement. We look at our watches; it seems only fifteen minutes since we left Assouan; it is an hour and a quarter. Do we gain in the chute? It is difficult to say; the boat hangs back and strains at the cables; but just as we are in the pinch of doubt, the big sail unfolds its wing with exciting suddenness, a strong gust catches it, we feel the lift, and creep upward, amid an infernal din of singing and shouting and calling on the prophet from the gangs who haul in the sail-rope, who tug at the cables attached to the rocks, who are pulling at the hawsers on the shore. We forge ahead and are about to dash into a boiling caldron, from which there appears to be no escape, when a skillful turn of the great, creaking helm once more throws us to the left, and we are again in an eddy, with the stream whirling by us, and the sail is let go and is furled.

The place where we lie is barely long enough to admit our boat; the stern just

clears the rocks, the bow is aground on hard sand. The number of men and boys on the rocks has increased; it is over one hundred; it is one hundred and thirty; on a second count it is one hundred and fifty. An anchor is now carried out to hold us in position when we make a new start; more ropes are taken to the shore, two hitched to the bow and one to the stern. Straight before us is a narrow passage through which the water comes in foaming ridges with extraordinary rapidity. It seems to be our way; but of course it is not. We are to turn the corner sharply, before reaching it; what will happen then, we shall see.

There is a slight lull in the excitement, while the extra hawsers are got out and preparations are made for the next struggle. The sheiks light their long pipes, and, squatting on deck, gravely wait. The men who have tobacco roll up cigarettes and smoke them. The swimmers come on board for refreshment. The poor fellows are shivering as if they had an ague fit. The Nile may be friendly, though it does not offer a warm bath at this time of the year, and when they come out of it naked on the rocks, the cold north wind sets their white teeth chattering. The dragoman brings out a bottle of brandy. It is none of your ordinary brandy, but must have cost over a dollar a gallon, and would burn a hole in a new piece of cotton cloth. He pours out a tumblerful of it, and offers it to one of the granite men. The granite man pours it down his throat in one flow, without moving an eyelash, and holds the glass out for another draught. His throat must be lined with zinc. A second tumblerful follows the first. It is like pouring liquor into a brazen image.

I said there was a lull, but this is only in contrast to the preceding fury. There is still noise enough, over and above the roar of the waters, in the preparations going forward, the din of a hundred people screaming together, each one giving orders and elaborating his opinion by a rhetorical use of his hands. The waiting crowd scattered over the rocks disposes itself pictur-

esquely, as an Arab crowd always does, and probably cannot help doing, in its blue and white gowns and white turbans. In the midst of these preparations, and unmindful of any excitement or confusion, a sheik, standing upon a little square of sand amid the rocks, and so close to the deck of the boat that we can hear his "Allah akbar" (God is most great), begins his kneeling and prostrations towards Mecca, and continues at his prayers, as undisturbed and as unregarded as if he were in a mosque, and wholly oblivious of the babel around him. So common has religion become in this land of its origin! Here is a half-clad sheik of the desert, stopping in the midst of his contract to take the howadji up the cataract, in order to raise his forefinger and say, "I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohammed is his servant and his apostle."

Judging by the eye, the double turn we have next to make is too short to admit our long hull. It does not seem possible that we can squeeze through; but we try. We first swing out and take the current as if we were going straight up the rapids. We are held by two ropes from the stern, while by four ropes from the bow, three on the left shore and one on an islet to the right, the cataract people are tugging to draw us up. As we watch, almost breathless, the strain on the ropes, look! there is a man in the tumultuous rapid before us swiftly coming down as if to his destruction. Another one follows, and then another, till there are half a dozen men and boys in this jeopardy, this situation of certain death to anybody not made of cork. And the singular thing about it is that the men are seated upright, sliding down the shining water like a boy, who has no respect for his trousers, down a sand-bank. As they dash past us, we see that each is seated on a round log about five feet long; some of them sit upright with their legs on the log, displaying the soles of their feet, keeping the equilibrium with their hands. These are smooth, slimy logs, that a white man

would find it difficult to sit on if they were on shore, and in this water they would turn with him only once: the log would go one way and the man another. But these fellows are in no fear of the rocks below; they easily guide their barks out of the rushing floods, through the whirlpools and eddies, into the slack shore water in the rear of the boat, and stand up like men and demand backsheesh. These logs are popular ferry-boats in the Upper Nile; I have seen a woman crossing the river on one, her clothes in a basket and the basket on her head — and the Nile is nowhere an easy stream to swim.

Far ahead of us the cataract people are seen in lines and groups, half-hidden by the rocks, pulling and stumbling on. Black figures are scattered, lifting the ropes over the jagged stones, and freeing them so that we shall not be drawn back, as we slowly advance; and severe as their toil is, it is not enough to keep them warm when the chilly wind strikes them. They get bruised on the rocks also, and have time to show us their barked shins and request backsheesh. An Egyptian is never too busy or too much in peril to forget to prefer that request at the sight of a traveler. When we turn into the double twist I spoke of above, the bow goes sideways upon a rock, and the stern is not yet free. The punt poles are brought into requisition; half the men are in the water; there is poling and pushing and grunting, heaving and “Yah Mohammed! yah Mohammed!” with all which noise and outlay of brute strength the boat moves a little on and still is held close in hand. The current runs very swiftly. We have to turn almost by a right angle to the left and then by the same angle to the right; and the question is whether the boat is not too long to turn in the space. We just scrape along the rocks, the current growing every moment stronger, and at length get far enough to let the stern swing. I run back to see if it will go free. It is a close fit. The stern is clear; but if our boat had been four or five feet longer, her voyage would have ended then and there.

There is now before us a straight pull up the swiftest and narrowest rapid we have thus far encountered.

Our sandal, — the row-boat belonging to the dahabeeah, that becomes a felucca when a mast is stepped into it, — which has accompanied us fitfully during the passage, appearing here and there tossing about amid the rocks, and aiding occasionally in the transport of ropes and men to one rock and another, now turns away to seek a less difficult passage. The rocks all about us are low, from three feet to ten feet high. We have one rope out ahead, fastened to a rock, upon which stands a gang of men, pulling. There is a row of men in the water under the left side of the boat, heaving at her with their broad backs, to prevent her smashing on the rocks. But our main dragging force is in the two long lines of men attached to the ropes on the left shore. They stretch out ahead of us so far that it needs an opera-glass to discover whether the leaders are pulling or only soldiering. These two long, straggling lines are led and directed by a new figure who appears upon this shifting operative scene. It is a comical sheik, who stands upon a high rock at one side and lines out the catch-line of a working refrain, while the gangs howl and haul in a surging chorus. Nothing could be wilder or more ludicrous, in the midst of this roar of rapids and strain of cordage. The sheik holds a long staff, which he swings like the *bâton* of the leader of an orchestra, quite unconscious of the odd figure he cuts against the blue sky. He grows more and more excited, he swings his arms, he shrieks, but always in tune and in time with the hauling and with the wilder chorus of the cataract men; he is in the very ecstasy of the musical conductor, displaying his white teeth, and raising first one leg and then the other in a delirious, swinging motion, all the more picturesque on account of his flowing blue robe and his loose white cotton drawers. He lifts his leg with a gigantic pull, which is enough in itself to draw the boat onward, and every time he does it the boat gains on the cur-

rent. Surely such an orchestra and such a leader were never seen before. For the orchestra is scattered over half an acre of ground, swaying, pulling, and singing in rhythmic show; and there is a high wind and a blue sky, with rocks and foaming torrents, and an African village with palms in the background, amid the debris of some pre-historic earthquake. Slowly we creep up against the stiff, boiling stream, the good Moslems on deck muttering prayers and telling their beads, and finally make the turn and pass the worst eddies; and as we swing round into an ox-bow channel to the right, the big sail is again let out and hauled in, and with cheers we float on some rods and come into a quiet shelter, a stage beyond the journey usually made the first day. It is now three o'clock. We have come to the real cataract, to the stiffest pull and the most dangerous passage.

A small freight-dahabeeah obstructs the way, and while this is being hauled ahead we prepare for the final struggle. The chief cataract is called Bab (gate) Aboo Rabbia, from one of Mohammed Ali's captains, who some years ago vowed that he would take his dahabeeah up it with his own crew and without aid from the cataract people. He lost his boat. It is also sometimes called Bab Inglese, from a young Englishman named Cave, who attempted to swim down it early one morning, in imitation of the Nubian swimmers, and was drawn into the whirlpools, and not found for days after. For this last struggle, in addition to the other ropes, an enormous cable is bent on, not tied to the bow, but twisted round the cross-beams of the forward deck, and carried out over the rocks. From the shelter where we lie we are to push out and take the current at a sharp angle. The water of this main cataract sucks down from both sides above through a channel perhaps one hundred feet wide, very rapid from its considerable fall, and with such force as to raise a ridge in the middle. To pull up this hill of water is the tug; if the ropes let go we shall be dashed into a hundred pieces on the rocks be-

low, and be swallowed in the whirlpools. It would not be a sufficient compensation for such a fate to have this rapid hereafter take our name.

The preparations are leisurely made; the lines are laid along the rocks and the men are distributed. The fastenings are carefully examined. Then we begin to move. There are now four conductors of this gigantic orchestra (the employment of which as a musical novelty I respectfully recommend to the next Boston Jubilee), each posted on a high rock and waving a stick with a white rag tied on it. It is four o'clock. An hour has been consumed in raising the curtain for the last act. We are carefully under way along the rocks, which are almost within reach, held tight by the side ropes, but pushed off and slowly urged along by a line of half-naked fellows under the left side, whose backs are against the boat and whose feet walk along the perpendicular ledge. It would take only a sag of the boat, apparently, to crush them. It does not need our eyes to tell us when the bow of the boat noses the swift water. Our sandal has meantime carried a line to a rock on the opposite side of the channel, and our sailors haul on this and draw us ahead. But we are held firmly by the shore lines. The boat is never suffered, as I said, to get an inch the advantage, but is always held tight in hand.

As we appear at the foot of the rapid, men come riding down it on logs, as before, a sort of horseback feat in the boiling water, steering themselves round the eddies and landing below us. One of them swims round to the rock where a line is tied, and looses it as we pass; another, sitting on the slippery stick and showing the white soles of his black feet, paddles himself about amid the whirlpools. We move so slowly that we have time to enjoy all these details, to admire the deep yellow of the Libyan sand drifted over the rocks at the right, and to cheer a sandal bearing the American flag which is at this moment shooting the rapids in another channel beyond us, tossed about like a cork. We see the meteor flag flashing out, we lose it be-

hind the rocks, and catch it again appearing below. "Oh star spang—" but our own orchestra is in full swing again. The comical sheik begins to sway his arms and his stick back and forth in an increasing measure, until his whole body is drawn into the vortex of his enthusiasm, and one leg after the other, by a sort of rhythmic hitch, goes up, displaying the white and baggy cotton drawers. The other three conductors join in, and a deafening chorus rises from two hundred men all along the ropes, while we creep slowly on amid the suppressed excitement of those on board who anxiously watch the straining cables, and with a running fire of "Backsheesh, backsheesh!" from the boys on the rocks close at hand. The cable holds; the boat nags and jerks it in vain; through all the roar and rush we go on, lifted, I think, perceptibly every time the sheik lifts his leg.

At the right moment the sail is again shaken down, and the boat at once feels it. It is worth five hundred men. The ropes slacken; we are going by the wind against the current; haste is made to unbend the cable; line after line is let go, until we are held by one alone; the crowd thins out, dropping away with no warning, and before we know that the play is played out, the cataract people have lost all interest in it and are scattering over the black rocks to their homes. A few stop to cheer; the chief conductor is last seen on a rock, swinging the white rag, hurrahing and salaaming in grinning exultation; the last line is cast off, and we round the point and come into smooth but swift water, and glide on before a calm wind. The noise, the struggle, the tense strain, the uproar of men and waves for four hours, are all behind; and hours of keener excitement and enjoyment we have rarely known. At 12.20 we left Assouan; at 4.45 we swing round the rocky bend above the last and greatest rapid. I write these figures, for they will be not without a melancholy interest to those who have spent two and three days and even a week in making this passage.

Turning away from the ragged mount-

ains of granite which obstruct the straight course of the river, we sail by Mahatta, a little village of Nubians, a port where the trading and freight boats plying between the First and Second Cataract load and unload. There is a forest of maats and spars along the shore, which is piled with merchandise and dotted with sunlit figures squatting in the sand as if waiting for the goods to tranship themselves. With the sunlight slanting on our full sail we glide into the shadow of high rocks, and enter, with the suddenness of a first discovery, into a deep, winding river, the waters of which are dark and smooth, between lofty walls of granite. These historic masses, which have seen pass so many splendid processions and boastful expeditions of conquest in what seems to us the twilight of the world, and which excited the wonder of Father Herodotus only the other day, almost in our own time (for the Greeks belong to us and not to antiquity as it now unfolds itself), are piled in strange shapes, tottling rock upon rock, built up grotesquely, now in likeness of an animal, or the gigantic profile of a human face, or temple walls and castle towers and battlements. We wind through this solemn highway, and suddenly, in the very gateway, Philæ the lovely! Philæ, the most sentimental ruin in Egypt! There are the great pylon of the temple of Isis, the long colonnades of pillars, the beautiful square temple, with lofty columns and elongated capitals, misnamed Pharaoh's Bed. The little, oblong island, something like twelve hundred feet long, banded all round by an artificial wall, an island of rock completely covered with ruins, is set like the stone of a ring, with a circle of blue water about it, in the clasp of higher encircling granite peaks and ledges. On the left bank, as we turn to pass to the east of the island, is a gigantic rock which some persons have imagined was a colossus once, perhaps in pre-Adamite times, but which now has no resemblance to a human shape, except in a breast and left arm. Some Pharaoh cut his cartouche on the back — a sort of postage-stamp to pass the image along down the

ages. The Pharaohs were a vulgar lot; they cut their names wherever they could find a smooth and conspicuous place.

While we are looking, distracted with novelty at every turn, and excited by a grandeur and loveliness opening upon us every moment, we have come into a quiet haven, shut in on all sides by broken ramparts, alone with this island of temples. The sun is about to set, and its level light comes to us through the columns, and still gilds with red and yellow gold the Libyan sand sifted over the cliffs. We moor our boat to a sand-bank which has formed under the broken walls, and at once step on shore. We climb to the top of the temple walls; we walk on the stone roof; we glance into the temple on the roof where is sculptured the resurrection of Osiris. This cannot be called an old temple. It is a creation of the Ptolemies, though it doubtless replaced an older edifice. The temple of Isis was not begun more than three centuries before our era. Not all of these structures were finished; the priests must have been still carving on their walls the multitudes of sculptures when Christ began his mission; and more than four centuries after that the mysterious rites of Isis were still celebrated in their dark chambers. It is silent and dead enough here now; and there lives nowhere upon the earth any man who can even conceive the state of mind that gave those rites vitality. Even Egypt has changed its superstitions.

Peace has come upon the earth, after the strain of the last few hours. We can scarcely hear the roar of the rapids, in the beating of which we have been. The sun goes, leaving a changing yellow and faint orange on the horizon. Above, in the west, is the crescent moon; and now all the sky thereabout is rosy, even to the zenith, a delicate and yet deep color, like that of the blush rose; a transparent color that glows.

A little later we see from our boat the young moon, through the columns of the lesser temple. The January night is clear and perfectly dry; no dew is falling; no dew ever falls here; and the multiplied stars burn with uncommon lustre. When everything else is still, we hear the roar of the rapids coming steadily on the night breeze, sighing through the old and yet modern palace temples of the parvenu Ptolemies, and of Cleopatra; a new race of conquerors and pleasure-hunters, who in vain copied the magnificent works of the ancient Pharaohs.

Here on a pylon gate General Dessaix has recorded the fact that in February (Ventose) in the seventh year of the Republic, General Bonaparte being then in possession of Lower Egypt, he pursued to this spot the retreating Mamelukes. Egyptian kings, Ethiopian usurpers, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Nectanebes, Cambyses, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Cleopatra and her Roman lovers, Dessaix—these are all shades now.

Charles Dudley Warner.

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE,—in desolate, wind-swept space,—

In Twilight-land, in No-man's-land,—

Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,

And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one, agape,

Shuddering in the gloaming light.

“I do not know,” said the second Shape,

“I only died last night!”

T. B. Aldrich.

BROKE JAIL.

I.

THE directors of the Dan and Beersheba Railway Company, you remember, treated themselves and their friends, last summer, to an excursion over so much of their road as was then in running order. Of course a good many newspaper men were taken along as historians of the trip. When I remember all the able and fervent articles, celebrating the present and prospective glories of the Dan and Beersheba Railway and its imperial land-grant, that were inspired by that free ride, I cannot but think that the excursion, great success as it was in all respects, was greatest in the way of inexpensive advertising. You remember that the more enterprising excursionists, including, of course, the newspaper men, took a construction train and went far beyond the then stopping-place for passenger-cars, to witness the operations of a new steam track-laying machine.

The machine was superintended by the patentee, a stout gentleman of about forty-five, dressed in a cool business suit of pearl gray. His clean-shaved face was somewhat brown and knobby, and was an unmistakably Hibernian face of the good-humored variety. Its most noticeable peculiarity was that the lips seemed to be pushed a little forward by the front teeth.

I stood near him as he politely and with rare perspicuity explained the principles and *modus operandi* of the machine. His eyes rested upon me and mine upon him as he talked. Mutual recognition dawned and grew brighter in our minds and eyes, until he abruptly closed his explanation and walked away. As he went, he cast back at me a look and nod of his head which plainly meant, "Say nothing, and follow me." I followed until we had gone out of ear-shot of the others. He then turned and said, —

"You know me, don't you?"

"Yes; you are Mick Mullen."

"You have n't come here to do me an ill turn, I hope."

"Certainly not."

"Then for God's sake don't say Mick Mullen again! Let Mick Mullen and all his works rest; you know what I was and you see what I am. If a whisper of what you know should get abroad here, I'd just put a pistol to my ear and blow my brains out."

"My dear fellow, you have nothing to fear from me. You ought to have taken that for granted."

"Sure, I ought. But is n't it provoking? Only two days ago I shaved off my beard, and here I am twigged already."

"Does your beard disguise you so effectually?"

"Black hair and whiskers and mustaches work wonders on a sandy complexion, especially if a fellow has a mouth full of big front teeth. When I have my beard flowing free and black as a raven's wing, the devil himself would n't know me, intimate as he was with Mick Mullen the time we know of. I'll get leave of absence to-morrow, and go into the hills and stay there till my beard is long enough to dye."

"Call me Jonathan Elder," continued he with great earnestness, "while you're here and after you're gone. Think of me by that name. It is a matter of life and death to me that Mick Mullen should not come to light."

After some further talk we rejoined the crowd around the machine, where my friend resumed his explanations, and where I called him Mr. Elder, as often as a suitable opportunity occurred, except once, when, as if by a slip of the tongue, I addressed him as Jonathan.

Having mastered the mystery of laying railway track by steam, our party returned as we came. Ames, of the Dusenbury Express, said to me as we smoked our cigars on a dumping-car, —

"That engineist, or machineer, or

whatever he is, seems to be an old acquaintance of yours."

"Yes," said I, "he is an uncommonly ingenious fellow. He once did a very nice job for me. It seems he has had his name changed since I knew him. He was on nettles to-day for fear I should call him by his old name and put him in for an awkward explanation. So he took me aside to introduce himself to me as Jonathan Elder, Esq."

What I told Ames was literally true. Yet in spirit and substance it was a lie, a well-constructed, artistic lie, I hope; such a lie, I flatter myself, as no mere tyro can tell.

I propose to be more candid and explicit with the reader than I was with Ames, in telling the story of my first acquaintance with Mick Mullen, otherwise Jonathan Elder, Esq. And yet I shall take such liberties with the literal facts of the case as shall seem to me to be necessary, to prevent mischievous discoveries.

II.

LOCOFOCOVILLE, *February 19, 1851.*

DEAR NEPHEW, — Your mother informed me, last summer, when she was here, that you were a printer, and sometimes wrote for the papers. She showed me some of your literary performances, which were not so bad as I dreaded and expected when she went to her trunk for them.

I want you to come and start a whig paper at Locofocoville. I am told that you will need from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, to purchase the necessary outfit. I do not propose to give you a dollar. But I will subscribe and pay in advance for one thousand copies of your paper for one year, upon the following conditions: —

First, you must send the full number of my papers, as I shall from time to time direct, without discount or defalcation. They will all be sent to democrats, who would not probably patronize you of their own accord. No matter how many are refused and sent back, I shall keep my list full. Occasionally some

man whose name is on my list will subscribe and pay for the paper himself. I must be promptly informed of such cases, so that I can at once substitute another name on my list.

Second, you must make no personal attacks, and you must reply to none made upon you. You must confound and bewilder your adversaries by publishing a gentlemanly political newspaper.

Third, you must never make mention of gentlemanly and efficient hotel clerks, massive and brilliant railroad conductors, beautiful and accomplished steamboat captains, and the like. The dead-head literature of this age is more servile and nauseating than the old time dedications to patrons.

Fourth, after election you must not print "Now that the smoke of the late political conflict begins to lift from the battlefield of the contending tickets, and corrected lists of the killed, wounded, and missing are beginning to come in," etc., — or words to that effect, — oftener than once in two years.

Fifth, you must condense the news, each week, into a single article, to be written, not clipped; and you must honestly give credit not only for what you copy, but for what you condense, from other papers.

Sixth, your paper must be of fair size and well printed, and must be called *The Locofocoville Whig*. Terms, two dollars a year.

If the above proposition and conditions suit you, let me hear from you without delay. Your aunt,

EUNICE HENDERSON.

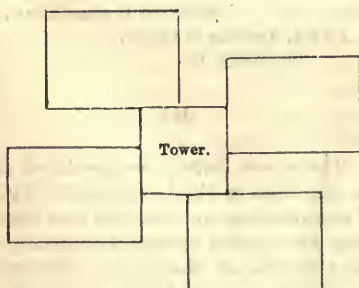
To MR. THOMAS WYNANS,
Harrisburg, Pa.

III.

The above letter soon produced the first number of the *Locofocoville Whig*. From that time to this, only two Saturdays have passed without the appearance of a number of that paper. The non-appearance of the *Whig* on these two Saturdays is what I have set out to explain.

My aunt was a tall, bright-eyed, broad-shouldered lady of forty-five or thereabouts. She was a hearty hater of meanness, and a merciless contemner of shams and quacks. She was bountiful to the poor, especially the disreputable poor, against whom all other hands were closed. Her position as a lady of wealth and influence enabled her to indulge in some eccentricities and disregard some conventionalities. Wherever she went with her long, rapid, elastic steps, she carried with her a breezy atmosphere of good sense and good feeling. She was the most magnetic person I ever saw. It was impossible to be in her company without being influenced by her strong, healthy, and slightly whimsical nature. She was an insatiable reader of the English classics, and of such modern English literature as is destined to become classic. Locofocoville was intensely democratic, and my aunt was the staunchest of whigs. Nevertheless she was so popular there as to be regarded in the light of a cherished institution rather than a favored individual. She was a childless widow, and was by far the richest person in the neighborhood.

She lived in a curious, rambling house, or collection of houses, built by her to take the place of a former residence which had been burned down. This villa was built of stone and roofed with sheet iron, and was as nearly fire-proof as the building facilities of Locofocoville would permit. The main buildings, four in number, were two stories high, and arranged about a three-story tower, thus:



The main entrance was through the tower. In the centre of the tower was

a grand circular stairway. All the rooms were spacious and lofty, those in the second stories of the main buildings and that in the third story of the tower being vaulted. This mansion stood, and still stands, about a mile from the village, in the middle of a large farm.

"My dear Tom," said my aunt, "I can endure as much of my own society as most people; but I do sometimes get a little lonely. You must come and stay with me. It will be a deed of charity. There is a fair library here, and you can have your choice of half a dozen rooms."

I selected the third story of the tower, partly because it commanded a fine prospect in every direction, and partly because I thought I should be less liable to be disturbed there than elsewhere. In the latter particular I was disappointed. The tower communicated, either immediately or by means of a short passage, with every room in the house; it being a cardinal principle in my aunt's theory of house-building that one should never be compelled to pass through one apartment to reach another. This arrangement, aided by the grand stairway in the middle of the tower, made my room a gathering-place for all the noises in the house. One who has never occupied a room so situated cannot readily imagine what a perfect whispering gallery it is. I remained true to my first choice, however, partly because I did not like to lose any of the prospects commanded by my windows, but mainly because I did not like to confess that I had made a foolish selection; still less, that I had been an involuntary listener to nearly every word that had been spoken in the house while I was in my room.

Independently of my aunt's liberal patronage, my paper succeeded far better than I had anticipated. The village already had a democratic paper. This organ of public sentiment complimented the typographical get-up of my first issue, but deplored its politics; wished the newcomer success, but could not venture to predict as much. After that my neighbor pitched into me in the approved swash-buckler style of newspaper controversy in those days. Having learned

that my paper was largely patronized by Mrs. Henderson, he was never tired of calling me the nephew of my aunt. I drew the sting of this nickname, I find on reference to my files, by the following somewhat turgid paragraph:—

“The Herald” (that was the name of the rival print) “having learned that this paper is much indebted to the liberality of Mrs. Henderson, and that we are related to that lady, took occasion in a recent issue to call us ‘the worthy nephew of his aunt.’ We esteem this a high compliment and a neat witticism. We are grateful to our neighbor both for his civility and for his wit, qualities rare enough to deserve favorable mention whenever they appear.”

Further than that, I took notice of no attacks that were made upon my paper, but pursued the journalistic path marked out by my aunt's letter. The Herald and other democratic newspapers thereabout soon tired of berating a paper which could not be provoked into an unfriendly utterance, even by way of retort. The editor of the Herald was a good fellow. He and I soon became warm friends. Many of the persons to whom my aunt caused copies of my paper to be sent became subscribers on their own account. As long as she lived my aunt kept her list full, and she took measures, as will presently be seen, to have a similar list kept full after her death so long as I should be a newspaper publisher. This continued gratuitous distribution of a thousand extra copies of the Whig, while it added appreciably to my paper bills and press-work, proved an unequalled advertisement. Since my aunt's death I have continued to sow broadcast a thousand extra copies of my paper every week, for a reason which will soon appear, and have reaped a satisfactory harvest of patronage. My advertising business has been quite as much enlarged in this way as my sales of papers. My systematic abstinence from newspaper warfare has probably caused a small class of readers to reject the Whig as an insipid affair. But it has met the approbation of a larger and better class, to whom a country publisher

must look for his permanent supporters. In short, I have good reason to be satisfied with my own mode of publishing a rural newspaper, and I take this occasion to acknowledge that I probably should have come far short of striking out so successful a line of tactics for myself if left to my own devices. I am quite clear that my aunt's good advice was of more value to me, as a publisher, than her great liberality.

IV.

One evening late in July, the second summer following the establishment of my printing-office, I carried up to my room in my aunt's house a big bundle of exchanges, and went to work upon my weekly news article.

I was and am still in the habit of bestowing much labor upon that article. I try not only to collate a complete synopsis of current events, but to weave into it such original reflections, grave and gay, as are worthy to be printed. It requires more tact and judgment, and far more labor, than ordinary readers would suppose, to prepare such an article. The several items of news as they come to hand have to be epitomized on separate slips of paper, and a sort of reportorial perspective has to be observed, by which events are given prominence and space in proportion to their importance. Doings otherwise equally momentous or frivolous are, for the editor's purpose, important in the inverse ratio of their distance from the office of publication. After the news article is in type and “made up,” items of intelligence that come to hand have to be thrown into a chaotic postscript. Gentlemen who have from time to time filled my editorial chair in my absence have found this same news article their greatest difficulty. I worked at my task until after midnight without interruption. True, I heard the nightly discourse between James and Maggie Penfield, my aunt's right-hand man and woman, when they retired to their room over the dining-hall, and I heard the two servant

girls exchange confidences and compare notes as they lingered in the passage which led to their dormitories; but these eavesdroppings of the household gossip had long since ceased to annoy or hinder me.

About half an hour after midnight I heard a faint, scraping noise somewhere down-stairs. At first I paid no attention to it. Just as I began to wonder what it could mean, it ceased altogether.

I had now finished my night's labor and was busy revising and arranging my manuscript. While puzzling intently over an involved and stilted paragraph, and trying to reform it by erasures and interlineations, I was startled by unmistakable sounds of stealthy, muffled footsteps below. My first thought was of robbers. Pshaw! said I to myself, it is only aunt or one of the servants out of bed and walking barefoot. Having settled down in this belief, I resumed my labor and continued it perhaps five minutes, occasionally hearing but giving no heed to soft footfalls.

Suddenly came my aunt's voice, demanding sternly, "Who's there, and what do you want?" Then followed a confused sound of many muffled footsteps, a pistol-shot, a groan, and a heavy fall. I seized my revolver and precipitated myself down-stairs, I know not how.

The front-door of the tower was open and the moon was shining in. My aunt in her white night-clothes was lying on the floor near the foot of the stairs. Three men were running down the pathway leading to the high-road, one of them considerably behind the others. I fired all the barrels of my revolver after the retreating figures. The hindmost man stumbled at the second shot, but instantly regained his feet and fled faster than before.

I went to my aunt, lifted her from the floor, carried her to her room, and laid her on her bed. It seemed to me that she gasped for breath while I was carrying her. Probably I was mistaken, for it afterwards appeared that she had been shot through the heart.

It was not until I had lighted a candle

that Maggie Penfield, the biggest and bravest of the servants, made her appearance.

"Maggie," said I, "call your husband and the girls. Your mistress is murdered!"

Maggie seemed stupefied. I repeated my order again and again before she appeared to comprehend it. At last she lighted a lamp, took my candle, and went and called the other servants, who had all been awakened by the first pistol-shot, but had remained quaking in their beds.

I explained to them what had happened as well as I could, and told them to run to the village and call the doctor, the sheriff, and the magistrate. Nobody stirred.

"If you are afraid to go," I said, "stay here, and I will go."

"Indeed, sir, they are afraid to go or stay, I do be thinking; and small blame to them," said Maggie. "I'll go, sir, and you can trust them to folly me."

Suiting her actions to her words, the brawny Irishwoman started off at a great pace, closely followed by the other servants. I did not realize, until I saw them pass into the moonlight, how scared and wild they all appeared; nor did it occur to me until many days afterwards that the whole party wore shoes without stockings, that the women were clad in their scanty summer night-gear, or that James had progressed with his toilet only so far as to slip into his pantaloons and fasten one suspender.

When they were gone, I took the lamp and examined the premises for traces of the murderers. The front-door had doubtless been opened by means of a pair of nippers inserted into the key-hole, so as to seize and turn the key, which was in the lock. Upon examining the key, I found the end of it worn quite bright. Evidently the nippers had slipped many times, and that was probably the cause of the scraping noise I had heard.

There was a sort of vault under the stairs on the first floor of the tower. It appeared like an ordinary closet, but

was lined with iron, and had an iron door painted to resemble wood. There my aunt kept her valuables in an old-fashioned strong-box, fastened with a padlock, which could have been carried off bodily by two strong men. The murderers had opened the vault, probably with a skeleton key, and it had doubtless been their intention to rifle or carry off the strong-box. My aunt, whose courage amounted to positive contempt of danger, had come among them in time to prevent them from meddling with it. I thought it more than likely that she had seized one of them, intending to hold him until she could summon help, and had thus met her death.

After examining the interior of the house pretty thoroughly, I went outside to look for tracks, but found none. I then remembered that all the footsteps I had heard had been muffled, as though made by one walking without shoes. I concluded that the murderers had worn moccasins, — then somewhat in vogue in that part of the country. They would make no impression on the firm turf and hard, graveled walks around the house.

Having made these observations, I returned to the room where my aunt's body was lying.

I set the lamp on the mantel, where it shone full upon the dead face. The expression was stern, but not pained nor angry. I leaned against the mantel and watched those rigid features, I know not how long. It seemed to me that my messengers would never return. My thoughts would not stay fixed upon any subject. While speculating as to the probability of my having wounded one of the flying murderers, I wandered off into a series of crude reflections upon the imperfections of my revolver, an old-fashioned bundle of small, short barrels turning around a common centre, and forming a fire-arm of little range and less accuracy. The boys used to call such weapons Allen's pepper-boxes, if I remember rightly. My mind went along this irrelevant track, until I fancied I had invented a better repeating pistol. I was going on to apply the principle of my invention to rifles, mus-

kets, and cannons, when I became suddenly conscious of the impertinence of such a train of thought at such a time. I then began to think of the sterling qualities of the deceased, and her great kindness to me. My thoughts ran back and forth along the line of her history, but soon stole away into idle conjectures concerning an old gray horse which had long been a pensioner in her pastures and stables. I struggled to construct some theory which should account for his being named Black Prince, he being, as I have said, a gray horse. I was about surrendering my judgment to the feeble surmise that he had originally been black and had turned gray from old age, when I was startled by what seemed to be a change in the expression of the dead face. My aunt seemed to be smiling grimly, as she had been wont to smile when she heard or read a foolish thing.

Of course I understood instantly that the appearance was due to the flickering of the lamp, caused by a light breeze, just then springing up. I set the lamp out of the draught, and doing so threw the light on the profile of the dead face. This seemed to give it the expression which it had generally worn during the sermons of our excellent, prosy minister, an expression of mingled weariness and resignation highly edifying.

This new fancy was leading me into a maze of nonsense concerning sermons, when I heard the voices of approaching people. They soon arrived, — the servants, a physician, a magistrate, the sheriff, the minister, three or four other gentlemen, and two ladies. I told them my story with much difficulty. I had not been conscious of grief, but now I felt an aching in my throat which rendered me almost speechless. I could only give the merest outline of what had happened, before I broke down and wept like an infant. My grief was contagious. The house was filled with the lamentations of the women, and the men were visibly affected. At last Maggie Penfield took me by the arm and led me to my room. I sobbed myself to sleep, and did not awake until ten o'clock or later.

When I came down-stairs I found that a coroner's inquest had been organized, and that the servants had already been examined. Of course I was called upon to state under oath what I knew of my aunt's death. I did so as clearly and succinctly as possible. The doctor then examined the wound, and testified that the deceased had been shot through the heart, the appearance of the wound indicating that the murderer had been sitting or lying on the ground when he fired. The verdict of the coroner's jury was to the effect that the deceased had come to her death by a gun-shot wound at the hands of some person unknown.

It was now Saturday, my publication day. The editor of the *Herald* behaved very handsomely. He went to my office and helped the foreman prepare the "inside" of the paper for the press, himself furnishing a well-written account of the murder and a generous tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The funeral took place on Monday. I went from the grave to my office, and resumed my editorial labors. On the Thursday following, the papers of the deceased were examined in the presence of such of her relatives and those of her deceased husband as chose to be present. Her lawyer readily found a will which he had drawn only a few weeks before. My aunt's husband had left all his property to her. In her will she had scrupulously given all that had belonged to him to his brothers and sisters in common. A considerable portion of her estate, however, had belonged to her in her own right before her marriage. This she divided among her own relatives. I was liberally provided for. The homestead farm and the library were left to me, and I was named in the will as sole executor and residuary legatee. There was a passage in the will enjoining it upon me to continue the publication of the *Locofocoville Whig* newspaper at least ten years after her death, if I should so long survive, and while I should publish the paper to distribute weekly one thousand copies of it to non-subscribers; it being left to my honor to fulfill her wishes in these respects.

V.

The sheriff and his deputies and not a few volunteers were very busy during the five days succeeding my aunt's death, trying to find her murderer and his companions, or some clew whereby to trace them; but all in vain. This signal want of success on the part of the officers probably set somebody to thinking—I never knew who started the idea—that they were on the wrong trail. The day after the reading of the will, as I went to my office, I met two or three people with whom I was acquainted. They answered my morning salutations hurriedly and constrainedly, and got out of my way as quickly as possible. I paid little attention to these things at the time, as I was very much preoccupied, but I soon had occasion to recall them. When I arrived at the office, every one there looked at me in a strange way, but none of them spoke to me as I passed to an inner room where I had set up my sanctum. They acted, so it seemed to me, as people do when surprised by the sudden appearance of a person about whom they have been talking. As soon as I had closed my door a buzz of earnest whispering sprung up in the outer room, which I could hear, but no word of which I could distinguish.

There was then in the office an old tramping "jour," an Englishman and a thorough-going vagabond. It was then a rule among printers that a journeyman on his travels, and out of money, had to be furnished with employment at whatever office he applied for it long enough to enable him to earn the means of continuing his rambles, even if a regular "hand" had to surrender his "case" temporarily to make room for him. Taking advantage of this regulation, old George Armstrong had tramped wherever the English language was put in type. He affected a seedy, moldy style of gentility. He had an eccentric habit of purchasing a quart of whisky once in two or three weeks, retiring from the busy haunts of men, and lying drunk as long as the liquor lasted. This

habit he justified upon the ground that it was expensive and ungentlemanly to drink at the bars of public-houses. This demoralized disciple of Faust came to me in my room, and desired to settle, saying that he intended to resume his travels at once.

"I thought you meant to stay with us a few days longer, Mr. Armstrong," said I. "We have so much job-work on hand that you will leave us short-handed if you go now."

"I had intended to work here a few days longer," said he, "but the fact is, sir, I don't think the office can go on much longer."

"The office can't go on much longer! What ails the office?"

"If you don't know it, sir, you ought to be told. You are suspected of the murder of your aunt. A great excitement is getting abroad in the street. You are in danger of violence every moment. If I might venture to advise, sir, I should say you ought to take prompt measures for your own safety. I need not say, sir, that I have traveled too far and have seen too many men to doubt your innocence; but I do assure you, sir, the people are greatly excited. The popular fury is spreading from fool to fool like a prairie fire in a high wind. Oh, sir, I have reason to know what a hopeless thing it is to face the blind fury of a mob! No wise man will risk it. I am too old and worthless to be of any use to you in this emergency. Please pay me my little wages and let me go."

I paid the old fellow what he claimed, and he was gone before I had fairly realized the full import of his words. When he was gone and I had time to reflect, all the strange conduct I had witnessed that morning came back to me with awful significance.

I wrote a brief note to the sheriff, saying that I had just heard that I was suspected of the murder of my aunt, and requesting him to come and take me into custody at once. This note I committed to my printer's devil, an inky little Arab, true as steel and cunning as a ten-year-old fox. (He is now the

publisher of an orthodox religious newspaper.)

I watched my messenger from my window. He comprehended the situation better than I did. Instead of going into the street with my note in his hand, he hid it in his hideous paper cap, took a water-pail in one hand and a big brush, used for cleansing type, in the other, and sauntered out, whistling a negro melody, until he had got beyond the crowd which had already gathered in formidable numbers in front of the office. Then he dropped his impedimenta and ran like a hunted squirrel.

The sheriff soon came with a posse of about twenty men. They placed me in their midst and marched away with me at once. The sheriff explained to me that any attempt to have an examination before a magistrate would be dangerous; that my only safety lay in being lodged without delay in jail. It was about a quarter of a mile from my office to the jail. The crowd around us became more numerous and demonstrative, every step. But the sheriff and his posse were resolute men, besides being leading citizens, and were ostentatiously well armed. No actual violence was offered, though many threats were made by the howling crowd.

The sheriff did not content himself with locking me in the jail. He put me in the single felon's cell, which was fortunately vacant at that time. I was not ironed. A chair, a mattress and blankets, a small stand, and writing materials were furnished me, and I was made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Fortunately for me, none of the sheriff's officers believed in my guilt. There was therefore no danger of collusion with the mob. The sheriff and his men believed in my innocence, probably, as much because of their unwillingness to admit to themselves that they had been on the wrong track thus far, and had missed the true theory of the case altogether, as for any other reason. When a man's good opinion of his own sagacity is enlisted in your favor, you can depend upon him.

The sheriff himself had been a soldier in the earlier part of his career. He was a big, burly, good-natured, bald-headed fellow, and immensely popular. I could not have named another man under whose protection I should have felt as safe as I did under his.

From the time that I was locked up until late that night, a numerous and noisy crowd hung around, keeping one another up to the highest pitch of excitement and continually threatening to tear down the old jail to get at me. They were led by one Stanley, a bully and a ruffian of the lowest type. There was a little grated window in the felon's cell, about five feet from the floor, but fully nine feet from the ground outside. About midnight, Stanley and several others approached this window. Stanley placed a light ladder against the wall and was proceeding to mount it, with a pistol in his hand, when Charlie (that was what everybody called the sheriff) suddenly appeared to him; knocked his ladder down, and seizing him roughly by the collar whispered something in his ear. The ruffian slunk back, cursing terribly but still retreating. His courses were all directed at me, not one of them at Charlie.

"Boys," said the sheriff in his deep, good-humored tones, "go home, every man and mother's son of you, or I'll put you all in the bull pen, if I have to build a new one to hold you." Stanley, if you meddle with this building again, I'll send you off, a quarter of a pound at a time. Come, boys, you know I'm boss here. Clear out! I an't a-going to set up all night to watch your damn nonsense. Clear out! Clear out!"

"Nobody blames you, Charlie. You're doing your duty," said a voice in the crowd, and the mob gradually drew off. When they were gone, the sheriff came to the cell and brought me what he called a "hoss" pistol and a good supply of ammunition.

"I'm going to bed," said he. "I've ben up most of three nights runnin'. If nothing happens, shan't get up till towards fall. If any son of a gun shows his nose at that gratin' you just pop him,

and I'll get up and bury him. Good night."

"Good night, Charlie. God bless you!"

I was young then, and strong of nerve; but I did not sleep until after nine o'clock next morning.

VI.

The Locofocoville jail was a primitive structure, built of hewn logs. With the exception of the felon's cell it was not esteemed a specially strong place of durance. Charlie used to say it was easier to get out of the old trap than to get into it. But the felon's cell was there regarded as a masterpiece of dungeon architecture. The floor of this apartment was about two feet higher than the main floor of the building, and the space below it, clear down to the ground, was filled with solid masonry. The door was made of two thicknesses of boiler iron, strongly riveted together. The walls were lined with a single thickness of the same material, and further fortified by perpendicular bars of wrought iron placed about a foot apart and kept in place by strong staples.

About noon, the second day of my incarceration, Charlie brought in a justice of the peace, saying that he felt a little streaked about keeping me there without a regular commitment, and had brought the squire to fix up the papers. The justice advised me that all I had to do was to waive an examination.

"You see," said Charlie, "we got the minister to make the complaint. Preachers and women always think everybody guilty. But the parson is down on mob law; so he made the complaint to have you tried and hung regular and legal. I'll bet two dollars and a half he's got his prayer for the hangin' all writ out and larnt by heart. Oh, say! We've got Mick Mullen, the Irish hoss-thief, and I believe he'll let some light into this case of ours. You know there's a regular nest of hoss-thieves and cut-throats just over the county line. He don't belong to them; he plays a lone hand mostly; but he'll be likely to know

where they are; and wherever they are, they 're the men we want, or I'm a tea-pot."

I waived examination, and the justice committed me in due form. I suspected from his manner that he was of the same opinion as the minister. What little he said to me was in the severest and most frigid tone, and he looked dissatisfied and sour, I thought, at the favor which Charlie showed me.

When he was gone, Charlie told me that the popular excitement had somewhat abated, but that it would still be unsafe for me to appear in the streets, and that the belief in my guilt was gaining ground because of his continued ill-success in finding any trace of the true criminals.

"You can stay in this 'ere hole," continued he, "or you can take your chance with the jail-birds in the big room, just as you like. I an't a-goin' to treat you like a murderer for the parson, nor the squire, nor a ten-acre lot full of old grannies."

I told him I preferred to stay where I was.

"The devil of it is," said he, "I'm afraid I shall have to put that derved hoss-thief in here. You see, he's a regular jail-smasher, and I might as well turn him into Deacon Smalley's lot with a wire fence around it, as to try to keep him in this old crib anywhere but right here."

"Well," said I, "put him in here, if you must. If I can't stand him, I'll let you know."

Soon afterwards the cell was opened, and another mattress was brought in and placed as far from mine as the space would permit. Then came Mick Mulen, heavily handcuffed and shackled, and then the double iron door was closed, locked, and barred.

I was sitting at my little stand, writing by the dim light of the grated window. Mick was then a burly young fellow, with a close-cropped round head, laughing blue eyes, lips pushed forward by his front teeth, and a general expression of good-humored recklessness. He regarded the internal fortifications of the

cell with a comical look of feigned despair, threw himself upon his mattress, and went to sleep.

A little after sundown our suppers were brought in. I speak of suppers in the plural number advisedly, for there was a marked disparity between the choice meal which Charlie sent me from his own table and the mush and molasses provided by the county for poor Mick. The keeper who brought the viands disappeared, and locked and bolted the door. His coming had aroused Mick. Up to that time not a word had passed between us.

"My friend," said I, "you see they have sent me a better supper than yours. It won't pay to insist upon knowing why. They do it, you see, and perhaps they will do it again and again. Now it happens that I am fond of mush and molasses. When I was a little boy, I used to wonder why other people could n't have mush and molasses every day as well as prisoners. If it will suit you, I propose that we make a mess of whatever they send us, and take our meals together as long as we both stay here."

"Saving your presence, sir," said Mick, scratching his head with the peculiar air of a handcuffed man, but with a puzzled air nevertheless, "saving your presence, sir, I find it hard to believe that you or any other gentleman should like mush and molasses; the devil fly away with 'em, I say. But your offer is a handsome one, and I'll not be so ill-mannered as to refuse it."

"Do you smoke?" said I, after we had finished our supper.

"Faith, I'd like to give up half my meat for the free use of my old pipe," said Mick. "But the blackguards took it from me when they put me in here."

"I have a box of cigars," said I. "If you can console yourself for the loss of your pipe with one of these, you are welcome."

Mick took a cigar, and managed to place it between his lips and light it with his iron-clad hands so deftly that I began to doubt whether handcuffs amounted to a serious inconvenience or not.

Before we had finished our cigars, we heard the keeper undoing the numerous fastenings of the cell door. With motions quick and noiseless as a cat's, Mick placed his mush plate and spoon on his own side of the cell, so that it might appear that we had each supped by himself, and stretched himself on his mattress. When the keeper came in to remove the supper things, my fellow-prisoner was apparently in the midst of a story concerning the breaking of a colt.

When he was gone Mick resumed and finished his cigar with great apparent relish.

"I suppose," said he, after a long silence, "you know I am in here for horse-stealing, with a fine prospect of being set up in the tailoring business in the big stone house beyond."

"I have heard something of it."

"It may be impolite of me, but I can't help being half dead with trying to guess how you come to be in here, with your cigars and your matches, your pens and your paper, your beefsteak and mashed potatoes, your pickles and plum pie, and never a taste of cold iron about your clothes. I never saw the like in any jail I was ever in. It beats me intirely."

I gave my fellow-prisoner a brief account of the murder of my aunt and the subsequent facts which led to my imprisonment. Mick mused a long time over my story. At last he said, —

"Faith, it's time you were getting ready to get out of this."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. When the grand jury come together, they will find a bill against you for murder in the first degree; then the petit jury, — bad luck to the block-heads, — they will find you guilty, and your friend Charlie will have to hang you if you don't get away from here. That's what I mean."

"But I am innocent. No jury can find me guilty."

"Can't they, though? What ails them that they can't? I've been tried for horse-stealing three times. Twice I was acquitted; I was guilty both times. And once I was convicted of stealing a horse

I had never seen. Many an honest man has been hanged with far less evidence against him nor there is against you. If your neck is any convenience to you, you just take it away from here. If you leave it here long, it will be ruined."

"But the real murderer may be found, you know."

"True; and that's just the only chance you've got if you stay here. And that same is almost no chance at all. I know who shot your aunt almost as well as if I had seen him do it. But there's blamed little show for catching him, and no evidence against him, that I can see, if he should be caught."

"Who was it?"

"I've no doubt it was Johnny Grant. The three Grants are great scoundrels, none too good to rob your aunt's house, and fools enough to make just such a mess of it as they did. Johnny is a feeble creature and a great coward. I think it was he that shot the old lady. Either of the others would have got away from her without shooting. They are clumsy thieves, the Grants, but they are good at hiding. They know every acre of the country for scores of miles hereanent. I warrant you they have n't been out of the woods in the day-time since the murder. But at night they have n't let the grass grow under their feet. They're far enough from here by this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you talk of my leaving here as though I had only to put on my hat and walk away. Don't you know that I am duly committed as well as yourself? Indeed, I am faster bound than you, for my case is not bailable and yours is."

"One thing at a time. The necessity of leaving here is what we are talking of now. The means of getting away will require our undivided attention when they come up for consideration, as they say in Congress. Johnny Grant is most likely the man, partly because the Grants are the only men in this region bad enough for such a job, and partly because they have disappeared and nothing can be heard of them in any direction. Charlie hopes to get on their track yet, but I can't see that he has

the ghost of a chance, though he has sent to the city and got a regular detective to hunt for them and work up the case generally. You see he feels mighty big after catching and caging me. I sing small enough in here just now, but among horse-thieves and their good friends, the sheriffs' officers, I am a man of mark. You see, I'm known far and wide as Mick Mullen, the Irish horse-thief, and yet I have been running at large where everybody knows me, a long time, because proof enough to hold me to bail could n't be mustered against me."

"How, then, did you get the name of horse-thief?"

"Oh, I thought I told you before that I had been three times tried for horse stealing, and once found guilty. The time I was convicted I was innocent, and the missing horse was found dead in the owner's back lot about a week after the trial. Meantime I had made a hole in the jail the night before the day I was to have started for the State prison. Afterwards I went back into the same neighborhood as bold as a lion. The people owned that they had been too fast, and did nothing about the jail-breaking. But the name of horse-thief stuck to me. I had to thrash three or four fellows for calling me horse-thief to my face, to say nothing of one raw-boned old blatherskite who thrashed me by the same token. For some time it was the fashion to get out a warrant for me every time a horse came up missing. After a while they gave up arresting me without proof. I had n't been tapped on the shoulder for more nor three years, when Charlie came and told me I was wanted the day before yesterday."

"Take another cigar. What did Charlie want you for this time?"

"Thank you. Well, you see about two years ago I sold a jet-black gelding to a man about two hundred miles from here. I had not intended to sell the horse there, so I was n't disguised at all. But the man was to start for Texas in a week, so I ventured to let the brute go. Well, sir, matters took some turn that the old grampuz did n't go to Texas at

all, but stayed where he was, and kept the horse. In about three weeks the horse began to look gray and rusty loike, in spots, and he kept fading from week to week and from month to month till he was milk-white. The old lunatic that had him thought he was a great natural curiosity, and went spreading his fame far and woide, instead of passing him along fair and soft like a sensible man. The old idgeot even made affidavits that his horse had turned from black to white in less nor nine months, and had them published in the newspapers. An old neighbor of mine, who had lost a fine white gelding, happened to read an account of this miracle, and went straight to where the wonderful animal was and identified it as his own property. The old fool that bought the horse gave such an accurate account of the personal beauty of the gentleman from whom he purchased, that it all led to my being here this blessed night.

"Confound the women," continued Mick. "There was a pretty girl in that village that did use to show me her white teeth, whenever I saw her, until I got spoony loike. It was visiting her I was when I sold the horse. I never disguise myself when I go coorting, and I always do when I go horse-trading."

"Do I understand you to mean that horses can be colored so as to deceive a man with half an eye?"

"Well then, they can; but it requires an artist to do it, and he must have the genuine material to do it with; none of your stuff such as gentlemen use to turn their hair and whiskers purple and pea-green and the color of a new-blacked stove. That sort of stuff won't do at all. A sensible baby knows better nor to pull such whiskers, for fear of soiling its fingers. You see, when I was a gossoon of a boy, I knew a quare little old woman who used to go pottering about Dublin, fixing up old boys and girls to pass for young gentlemen and ladies. I did now and then a good turn for the poor old body, and she took a mighty loiking to me. From her I learned how to make a vegetable hair-dye that leaves the hair looking natural and glossy, and soft as

though no dye had ever been near it. I could make a bar'l of it for two dollars."

"Don't it color the skin as well as the hair?"

"'Tis sure not to color the skin if it don't touch it. I told you before, it takes an artist to put it on. For that reason it would never be salable as a hair-dye. I can dye a horse from head to tail in half an hour so that you would swear it was born black."

"I suppose black horses are safe from your art."

"Indeed they're not, then. There's a nice decoction of my own invention that will transform a black or dark brown horse to a beautiful sorrel. It takes longer to doctor a black horse nor any other, but he's more durable when fixed. With a little touching up now and again he can be made to last a year as bright as Bussyphalus. Shearing will work wonders with the color of some horses, but that requoires great care and plenty of time, and the effect is not much more durable nor dyeing. I would n't recommend a new hand to try clipping."

"How do you disguise yourself when you go to sell one of your improved horses?"

"Hardly ever twice aloike. 'Tis mighty quare, I can't speak common English without an Irish accent, but I can speak broken English like a Frenchman or a Dutchman, or any foreigner I ever saw, to the life. I can even come the Quaker dodge to perfection. I'm mighty strong as an old Irishman who speaks every word with a big brogue. I'm a fair lowland Scotchman, at a pinch, and, if I say it myself, I'm the best big Indian in America. I have a little place somewhere south of the Canada line and west of the Atlantic, where no man ever saw me, and where I keep a nice lot of wigs and whiskers and spectacles and a few clothes, and two or three tools as well. Faith, you'd smole to see the quare lot of traps I have there, and it's no lie I'm telling you, I made most of them myself, at odd times.

"Now, sir," continued Mick, "if a poor felly that wishes you well would

tell you how to get out of this place and clean away to Canada, what would you say to him?"

"I should ask him to give me at least one night to consider his offer."

"Very well; sleep on it, and let me know your mind to-morrow or the next day, for this is not a wholesome place, this little private apartment of ours, for men of active habits."

We retired to our respective mattresses. I know not whether Mick slept or not. He lay still, but his breathing did not seem to me to be deep enough for that of a sleeping man.

As for me, I passed a sleepless night. I understood well enough that Mick wanted me to help him escape. Still I could not but acknowledge the justice of his arguments. The more I examined my situation, the more critical it seemed. My aunt had been killed by a pistol-shot. I had been present, armed with a pistol. I alone had seen the murderers. The slight traces they had left could easily have been simulated by me. I had profited largely by my aunt's death. It would be readily believed that she had told me of the provision she had made for me in her will. I was a stranger in the place. There was no one there to vouch for my previous good character. My unprecedented disregard of all assaults made upon me and my paper by other newspaper men might, and probably would, be regarded by many as evidence of a cold-blooded, calculating nature. And above all, the notion of my guilt had taken a violent hold of the popular mind, consequently every circumstance would be interpreted to my disadvantage. In short, I arrayed against myself a mass of circumstantial evidence which almost made me doubt my own innocence.

Long before morning I had made up my mind to escape with Mick if I could. Having settled that matter, I managed to get a little sleep between daylight and breakfast-time. After breakfast, I told Mick I had resolved to leave Locofocoville at the first opportunity. Before commencing operations, however, I told him I must have time to write a full

statement of my reasons for leaving, so that Charlie might have no just ground of complaint. Mick readily assented to so much delay. It took me all the forenoon to draw up my explanations. At dinner-time Mick confiscated all the bread and laid it aside.

"Dry bread," said he, "is far better nor no food. We may soon see a place where a bushel of dollars would n't buy a peck of potatoes. The dryest crust in life will make us proud men then."

After dinner he asked me for a clean sheet of paper. I gave him one, and he emptied the salt-cellar into it, folded it neatly, and put it away with the bread.

"You can sometimes get meat, and vegetables always, such as they are, in the woods," said he; "but bread and salt, they're hard to come at when you get where the dogs don't bark."

From that time forward, as long as we stayed in the cell, we hoarded nearly all the bread and salt that came in our way, and, thanks to Charlie's liberality, we laid up a fair supply. At Mick's suggestion I also laid by a small plateful of grease. After the dinner dishes had been taken away, Mick called my attention to what seemed to be a speck of dried clay upon the edge of the sole of one of his shoes.

"Just pick out that morsel of putty," said he, "and see what you will foind."

In picking out the putty I found the end of a minute saw, made out of the mainspring of a watch, which I drew out of its sheath in the sole-leather with ease. Upon further examination I found that the soles of Mick's shoes contained no less than six of these little saws, some of them with teeth as fine as those of a three-cornered file, and some of them coarse enough to saw wood.

"Now," said Mick, "if you will be at the trouble of unscrewing the buttons from the tail of my coat, you will find them mighty convenient as handles for the little saws."

I did as directed, and found that the two innocent-looking coat-tail buttons were really knobs, admirably contrived for holding the saws, which could be

readily screwed into them. I could not help reflecting that these were probably the only coat-tail buttons in the world capable of serving any useful purpose.

"Had n't I better cut off your handcuffs, the first thing?" said I.

"No, bother the handcuffs; I can work well enough with them on, at anything but scratching my back, and that is a luxury I can't afford just now. We can attend to the darbies after we leave this. We've got to do all our sawing while them devils are keeping up their rumpus in there beyond. It won't do to fiddle with these things at night, at all, at all."

"Why not?"

"Because at night every little noise can be heard. It would be loike one of them assault and battery and petty larceny pups to curry favor with the authorities by putting fleas in our ears, if we give him a chance."

Not being willing that my fellow-prisoner should monopolize all the shrewdness and forecast of our enterprise, I took up my mattress and laid it upon his, and commenced operations upon the floor planks where my work would be hidden by my bed, when in place. Mick highly applauded this plan, and went to work diligently cutting the shackles from his ankles, in such a way that he could put them off and on at pleasure, without exposing the cut. I was almost provoked to see with what deliberation and how little haste he worked. For my part, I went at my task with such vigor that I was soon obliged to rest my aching arms and back.

"Fair and soft, my boy," said Mick. "If you go on at that rate you'll be breaking your heart and your back and your saw. Take your time. It's two months and more till court sits."

I soon learned to profit by my fellow-laborer's precepts and example of moderation. I kept at my work steadily, but did not hurry. At the end of our second day's work, I had sawed three of the planks twice across, between two of the joists or "sleepers" upon which the floor rested. Lifting the trap thus improvised, we discovered, as we ex-

pected to do, a mass of rough masonry under the floor.

"If the masons in this country were building prisons for their own mothers-in-law, I do believe they'd sloit their work," said Mick, after inspecting the masonry. "This stone-work is botched, so that a full-blooded bull-pup would scratch his way through it in less nor three hours. We can move this stuff twice as fast as we could take out loose sand, without a shovel. Still, we shall need a bar to get through the foundation-wall, which is decently built, as one can see from the outside."

Mick had divested his legs of their shackles — though he still wore them in the presence of the keeper, for politeness' sake, as he said — and was now busy cutting off one of the upright bars of wrought iron which ornamented the walls of our apartment, intending to use it for a crow-bar. He increased the labor of cutting it a good deal by sawing diagonally through it, so as to make a chisel-shaped end.

It was our uniform practice, whenever we quit work, to replace the saws in their leathern hiding-places and to screw the knobs on the coat-tails where they erst did duty as ornamental buttons. After supper Mick took out and rigged one of the saws, and resumed work, singing a dismal Irish ditty at the top of his voice to drown the noise of the saw, and continued sawing and singing until he had severed the bar. I asked him why he worked at night, contrary to the precaution he had himself recommended.

"I'll tell you why," said he. "I've made up my mind to leave this place to-night. Don't you hear the wind and the rain? 'Tis a perfect deluge that does be coming down. There mayn't be another such a night for traveling this sayson. The noise of the storm is elegant, and 'tis safe to last till morning."

The little plate of grease had already been converted into a lamp, by the primitive process of laying in it a slender, twisted rag, with one end extended out on the rim of the plate, for a wick.

At Mick's suggestion I had made the wick very slender, so that it would make a small flame, and consume the grease slowly. At eleven o'clock by my watch we lighted our little lamp, having first darkened the grated window with one of our blankets.

In about an hour and a half we had worked our way through the loose masonry to the foundation-wall. In ten minutes more we had pried out and removed enough of the wall-stones to admit of our crawling through. We then took our store of bread and salt, my few remaining matches and cigars, and Charlie's pistol and ammunition, rolled them up tightly in our blankets, and decamped.

VII.

A thunder-storm was now added to the rain and gale. We left the village with all convenient speed, and took a road leading northward. The storm was terrific. No living creature other than an escaped prisoner would be abroad on such a night. We made our way silently through rivers of mud. Mick led off at a great pace, taking the middle of the road. I kept up with him without difficulty, for I was then a first-rate pedestrian. Occasional flashes of lightning showed us our whereabouts, and enabled us to keep the road. Hour after hour, and mile after mile we went along, splash — splash — splash! the track getting deeper, all the way, until suddenly the storm ceased and the sky cleared, just as the day was beginning to dawn.

We now found ourselves passing a farm-house. A little iron kettle stood just outside the kitchen door. Mick confiscated it, and, signing for me to follow, made straight for a piece of woods which lay back of the house. As I passed the house I deposited two half-dollar pieces on the ground where the kettle had been, determined to keep clear of downright larceny while my money should hold out. By taking a somewhat tortuous route we managed to avoid clearings and still make our

way northward until about an hour after sunrise. It then became impossible to travel further without passing through an open field.

Having ascertained that fact, we retired into a dense thicket and threw ourselves on the ground. It was now early in August. The day began to promise a degree of sultriness which was truly grateful to us, drenched and chilled as we were. Mick then produced a saw with very fine teeth, which we had not used. With this excellent implement I soon relieved him of his handcuffs. These tokens of captivity we buried. Fifteen years afterwards they were plowed up and brought to my office to be noticed in my paper as local curiosities. I crawled to a sunny spot, a little opening in the midst of the thicket, and laid me down to dry, and if possible to get warm.

"That's right," said Mick. "Go to sleep and I'll watch. When you have finished your nap, I'll trouble you to keep a lookout while I take a couple of winks."

I was soon asleep, and did not awake until after noon. When I awoke Mick threw himself on the ground and went instantly to sleep.

I had now nothing to do but to sit still and wait for night to come. How was I to get through the five remaining hours of daylight? My first resource was to count my money. I found that I had with me a little over forty-three dollars. I next cut a very crooked and gnarled beech stick, trimmed off the branches and knots as neatly as I could, and gave it a curiously mottled appearance by chipping away little pieces of the outer bark, so that the spots were disposed in irregular spirals—a style of walking-stick then much affected by youngsters. I then cut and ornamented in like manner a straight beech shillelah for Mick; and was studying what next to do, when Mick awoke.

"Have you looked at the pistol?" said he.

"No, and I was just racking my brains for something to do."

I drew the charge from the pistol, cleaned it thoroughly, and reloaded it.

It was now dusk. Mick helped himself to a small crust, lighted a cigar, took the blankets down from a bush where he had hung them to dry, and wrapped them artistically around our small supply of other movables, including the little kettle, so as to make a compact bundle. He tied this up with a cord which he had manufactured out of moosewood bark, while I slept, slung it across his broad shoulders, took his shillelah in hand, and announced that the time had come for starting.

We crossed a narrow field and took the highway, this time in a westerly direction. We walked at a leisurely pace until we reached a road which crossed the one we had been traveling, at right angles. Mick, to my astonishment, turned to the south. As I was utterly ignorant of the country I was fain to follow where he led.

"How are we ever to reach the Canada line by going southward?" said I.

"This road goes through a sheep-raising neighborhood," answered Mick.

"What do we want of a sheep-raising neighborhood?"

"They keep no dogs down here. They don't know enough about their business to keep shepherd-dogs, and they know too much to keep any others. The dogs have been barking at us ever since we started. There's three of them at it now, fit to split. It will relieve my nerves to be out of hearing of the brutes."

Having no great respect for the delicacy of Mick's nerves, I was not quite satisfied with this explanation; but feeling sure I should get no other at that time, I trudged along in silence. In about half an hour we were free from the baying of watch-dogs. Suddenly Mick seated himself by a large hemlock stump. The moon had been up some two hours, and was shining so brightly that one could read coarse print. Mick deliberately opened his pack, produced our little store of dry bread, took a piece himself, and advised me to eat a bit.

"You see," said he, "one can't make a Christmas dinner of this stuff all at once. Little and often is the way to

keep up your strength on brickbats and rusty nails."

"I am a good deal more thirsty than hungry," said I.

"What an idiot I am!" said Mick. "There's an elegant spring not more nor a quarter of a mile from here." He tied up the bundle again, leaving out what bread he supposed we should need for that occasion. In a few minutes we reached the spring, which was situated about midway between the road and a fine farm-house, and not more than three rods from either. Here we refreshed ourselves with dry bread and excellent water, and concluded our repast with cigars. While we were smoking we heard a distant clatter of hoofs. Instantly Mick was on his feet and making his way to an embowered summer-house in a garden near the farm-house. I followed, and we were soon seated on a rustic bench, where we could by careful peeping command a view of the road without being seen. Two horsemen soon came, dismounted at the gate, went to the spring, and drank. As they were talking quite freely, we recognized them as deputy-sheriffs, in search of us. They soon remounted and rode northward.

After they were gone Mick relighted his cigar, saying composedly that he had fully expected that we should encounter sheriff's officers that night; but that as they were sure to be on horseback and to ride so that they could be heard for half a mile or more, he had had no fears of being seen by them.

He then astonished me by dividing his soft felt hat into a hat and a helmet, or night-cap, as you choose to regard it. The latter had been a hat, but was divested of its brim so neatly that when drawn over the unmutated one the whole structure exactly resembled a single homogeneous hat, of the most common and unstudied character. Between the two there were found bank-bills of various denominations to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. Mick transferred twenty-five dollars to his vest pocket, replaced the balance between the hat-crowns, readjusted the divided *chapeau*, and put it on his head, remark-

ing that that was the way to make a hat sunstroke-proof.

We went into a piece of woods that lay about half a mile west of the house, and made our way slowly westward until morning; and then started once more due north through a trackless hemlock forest. Owing to the prevalence of west winds in this country the topmost twig of nine hemlock-trees out of ten inclines to the east. This and several other sylvan means of determining the points of the compass were taught me by Mick as we proceeded. After we had tramped through the woods some two hours by daylight, Mick directed my attention to a large gray squirrel.

"That felly," said he, "for all his foppish ways, would help our dry bread a good deal. Will you try the pistol?" I was glad to see an opportunity of rendering essential service in our flight. I am a natural marksman, and I brought down the squirrel at the first shot. As soon as we reached some decently clear water we boiled the squirrel in the little kettle, with some dry bread, and some roots selected and gathered by Mick. This breakfast was a huge success, if enthusiastic appreciation is a just measure of success on such occasions. After breakfast we slept and watched two hours each. We then took up our line of march again due north. During the afternoon I was so fortunate as to bag another squirrel and a partridge. Night found us in the edge of a dense cedar swamp.

VIII.

This swamp was a great triumph of Northern vegetation. It bore a dense, tangled profusion of everything that grows upon low lands in this latitude, and here and there, upon slight elevations were luxuriant growths of upland trees, shrubs, and humbler plants. To one of these elevations we made our way across a quaking bog.

The mosquitoes had troubled us a good deal, that day and the night before. Now they swarmed about us like angry bees, and threatened to consume us.

We lighted a big fire at the foot of a great elm-tree, and numerous smaller ones all around. These latter we partially smothered with turf, in order to make them yield as much smoke as possible. At first it seemed as though the mosquitoes could stand more smoke than we. For some time after lighting our fires, every step we took among the thick vegetation seemed to stir up and provoke to the attack a numerous and hungry swarm. But when our smudges had been playing upon them half an hour or so, the music of their tiny bugles became fainter, and, as the cloud of smoke extended itself farther and farther into the swamp, they gradually ceased to annoy us.

Having procured some passably clear water from a neighboring pool, we dressed our game and cooked it, ate what we needed, and left the rest for breakfast. After supper we spread our blankets near the fire, sat down upon them, lighted our cigars, and betook ourselves each to his own meditations.

The fire-light shone in a bright streak along the nearest side of each surrounding tree, leaving the rest of it in such black darkness as to suggest the notion that some creature might be lying securely in ambush in each great shadow. The play of the light upon the lower side of the verdure overhead tinged the various shades of green with an unwonted ruddiness. As the fire gnawed its way through the thick bark of the great elm and fastened upon its sap-wood, it seemed to be repelled by frequent little angry explosions or "snaps," sounding like the cracking of percussion-caps. There was not a breath of wind astir, but the woods seemed full of noises. I was every moment startled by the breaking of sticks, and the sound of what seemed to be approaching footsteps. Strange calls and cries from birds and beasts began to be heard as the evening deepened into night.

"What's that?" whispered I, referring to light but unmistakable footsteps close at hand.

"'Tis some foolish beast reconnoitring. The silly creatures are mortally

afraid of a fire at night, and yet they can't help prowling around it."

"Then we are safe from four-footed visitors while we keep our fires burning, are we?"

"Yes; they'll keep pottering about close by us; but they won't come near enough to show us the color of their eyes."

Mike collected and disposed near the fire a luxurious and fragrant couch of hemlock and cedar boughs, upon which we spread our blankets and reposed our weary and mosquito-bitten bodies. It will be remembered that we had each taken a pretty substantial nap that day. We were therefore not drowsy, and we put far from us the question who should first sleep and who watch when the time for sleeping should come. There was near us a pond or pool full of noisy bullfrogs. They seemed to have for leader a basso of great power and profundity.

"That old felly moinds me," said Mick, "of an old chap in Philadelphia who did use to stand on the docks when the steamboats came in, and keep saying from the bottom of his stomach, 'Globe Hotel, Globe Hotel, Globe Hotel.'"

"You've lived in Philadelphia, have you?"

"Yes, indeed. I was there more nor a year. It's a drowsy old place, by reason of the streets cutting one another square across, like the lines of a multiplication table. The houses are mostly all aloike, and every house has a nice nurse-maid, leading two nice children up and down in front of it."

"Mick," said I, "when did you leave Ireland, and why? Tell me all about yourself. I'm dying to hear your story."

Mick went to the cigar-box, now running low, took one weed for himself, and tossed one to me. When we had them lighted and were once more upon our couch, each with his head resting on his elbow, Mick proceeded:—

"I suppose I was born in Dublin, though in what corner or cellar or garret I have no idea. My first recollection is of leading an old woman around the streets, who pretended to be blind, but could see like a cat. She called herself

my grandmother. If that was true it was the only truth I ever heard her tell. She begged in the streets, and did a little in the way of looking up good jobs for the burglars. We lived in a cellar in the thieves' and beggars' quarter. Old Mag Runnells—that was the old woman's name—was quite a character there. People who feared the police, or who had stolen something had to hide or hard to sell, used often to come to her for advice. They always brought with them a bottle of whisky, for devil a word would old Mag say till her whistle was wet. Sometimes a man or woman of our set would want to borrow a small sum of money of her, and would bring some valuable to be left in pawn for the loan. She would say, 'Go away wid yer bawble, and don't be cracking yer jokes on a poor old blind body. If ye'll come back in an hour, maybe I can find some pawnbroker where I can spout it for yees. They all know that ould Mag is honest, and not wan of them fears to put out the money on what she fetches thim. Yes, yes, come back in an hour, honey, and I'll thry what I can do for yees.' Then she'd send me off to play, and while she was alone she would get the money out of some hiding-place she did have somewhere.

"She was not very hard on me. I must say that for her. She did cuff and bang me about a good deal when she was out of sorts or drunk, but she fed me well and clothed me comfortably, and taught me to read and write and reckon, for she was quito a scholar, and had done something at forgery in her day.

"It would have edified you to see the old woman and me on our rounds in the streets. She went always in black, threadbare clothes, with never a speck of dust on them, and the whitest and stiffest starched cap in all Dublin. She did look as decent as a church-warden's widow. Her quare old eyes stared straight before her. She looked blinder nor a wooden god and older nor the Lord Lieutenant's castle. I wore nice, clean, patched jacket and trousers, and a close-fitting skull-cap. Oh, but was n't I the meek, dutiful little grandson, leading his poor blind

grandmother, and did n't I know how to blarney the kind gentlemen and beautiful ladies! We did n't waste much time on the citizens, but devoted our attention mainly to the country gentlemen and country traders and their good wives, who almost always gave us something. We were the best beggars in Dublin. Old Mag used to say that, if one had a talent for it, begging was far more profitable nor stealing, to say nothing of the danger. Sure, the old body had a right to know, for she had tried both. She had been in jail I don't know how often, and had spent fourteen years at Botany Bay.

"Sometimes we would go into a house or shop to beg. If we got nothing else we were sure to get an observation of the premises that might be useful to the burglars. I believe Mag's only notion of honor was that it would be a scaly trick to report a house where the people had given her silver, to the burglars. But woe to those who gave her nothing, or coppers, if there was anything in the house worth stealing.

"These same burglars did use to borrow me now and again of a dark night, to lift me in at windows and poke me through holes where a man could n't go.

"One morning when I was about ten years old, or maybe eleven, I lay in my bed of rags in one corner of our cellar long after I had waked up, wondering why the old woman did n't call me as she used to do. At last I crawled out of my own accord, and went to see what ailed the old body. She was dead. I was a sharp little devil, and hunted the cellar through for old Mag's money, before I called the neighbors. I only found a few shillings.

"Homeless and penniless, I had no resource but to beg and steal in a small way, on my own account, and to help the burglars when they chose to employ me. I ate whatever I could lay my hands on, and slept wherever I could find shelter. Now and again I would make a little raise and buy me some decent second-hand clothing, but most times I was the dirtiest and raggedest little vagabond ever seen out of Dublin. There were

thousands of us little outcasts there, all bound for the gallows or Botany Bay, or some such end.

"When I was thirteen or thereabouts, I went to learn a trade. My handiness at opening doors and windows from the inside, after I had been helped through a sash where a pane of glass had been taken out, attracted the attention of an eminent manufacturer of burglars' tools. His name was Durfee, and he was the most impudent rogue in all Ireland, I do believe; and that same is saying a great deal for him. His shop was on a respectable street. He pretended to be a gunsmith. But his real business, what kept his forge blazing and his hammer clinking and his file scraping in the little back shop, was making burglars' tools, and such-like deviltry. No man could harden a bit of steel harder nor he could. He was mighty handy, too, working with other metals. He made splendid gold rings for pickpockets, with beautiful little spring-blades in them, elegant for cutting pockets with. He was the inventor of a nice little circular saw which wound up like a watch, and would cut off a steel bar an inch thick with one winding; price, fifty guineas. I had the honor to discover an improvement in this beautiful implement, by which the number of revolutions per second could be doubled without increasing the size of the toy. I have one of them hidden in the heel of my left shoe now. If the saws we used up at Charlie's hotel, beyond, had n't been better for the coarse, easy work we had to do there, we should have had recourse to that same.

"Durfee's wife's brother was a policeman, and lodged with us, and I do believe the honest fellow never suspected that his brother-in-law made anything worse nor elegant dueling pistols, for which he was famous far and woide. I stayed with him until I was about seventeen. Then he, having made a poile of money, bought a nice place about fifteen miles from Dublin, where he set up for a country gentleman and was made a justice of the peace. Before that time I had learned the art of coloring hair, from an old woman I told you of, and out of

pure mischief had tried it on several cats and dogs, and always with perfect success. The idea got hold of me that the art might be applied profitably to horses of the wrong color. Horse-stealing in Ireland is not so easy a business as it is here. Still, it is followed there to some extent. There was always in the thieves' quarter in Dublin two or three horse-thieves from the country, stopping there for their health. I got acquainted with one of these — one Johnston by name, a hard-riding, hard-drinking, red-nosed old vagabond. When he could be kept sober, he was the greatest horse-thief in Ireland. He had no skill in disguising horses, but he could disguise himself beautifully. He could take any character, from that of a colonel of dragoons to that of an old woman, to the life, and it was said among his admirers that he could change characters with his horse on the run. His plan was to steal a horse in one guise, sell him in another, and spend the money in his own proper character. When he and I joined forces I brought my art of dyeing horse-hair into play, and we did a fine business for a few months. We went all over Ireland, and extended our operations into England and Scotland. You see, when a horse has changed color, you can go leisurely and sell him in the best market. We might have done a fine business, but poor Johnston would get drunk. I ran two narrow chances of being arrested and transported, through him, and one day he did get himself in limbo in a country jail in Wales. I smuggled in to him all the jail-breaking machines I had with me, and left the place. What ever became of him I don't know, for just then the whim seized me to come to America, and I went straight to Liverpool and sailed for Philadelphia in the first vessel that cleared for America.

"I operated at house-breaking a little while in Philadelphia. One night an old Quaker waked up unexpectedly. He was a mortal big old broadbrim. 'Tis no lie to say he was bigger nor you and I both of us. He dropped down on me like a terrier on a rat, and do what I

would I could n't get out of his clutches. I barked his shins and blacked his oise splendidly. He would n't strike back, but he would n't let go the grip he had on me, nor stop crying 'Police! police!' till I was half-strangled, and in the station-house — bad luck to it for the dirtiest, noisiest, most uncomfortable place that ever a poor devil spent a night in. It happened that I was out that night in the character of a long-haired, big-whiskered Frenchman. I was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth worn smooth and shiny, such as seedy foreign gentlemen mostly do wear, and I pretended to be taking snuff every five minutes. The police searched me carefully and found nothing but my snuff-box and a pair of spectacles. In the morning I was examined before some sort of a city magistrate. I don't know how he was called. I spoke the worst English with the best French accent I could. Old Broadbrim and his family appeared against me. Well, he told them how he caught me and held me, and how I smote him many times and in divers places, trying to get away from him, and how he was sorely tempted to smite me in return. The people in the court-room all laughed, but they seemed to be laughing more at the Quaker nor me. His catching and holding a burglar seemed to be looked upon as a mighty good joke upon him.

"When called upon to give an account of myself, I jabbered away at a great rate in broken English, such as a furious Frenchman uses; I said that the old Quaker and I had been out on a spree together, that he had taken me home with him and then tried to rob me. Then the people all laughed at the old Quaker again, and the magistrate told him he feared he was falling from grace. I made such work talking English, pretending not to know the right word, and humping up my shoulders and spreading my hands abroad, that the magistrate began to jabber at me in French. Oh! but did n't that make the cold sweat start out of me!

"I drew myself up and said, 'Sar, I thank you ver moche. I can English vat you call onderstan ver well.'

"The magistrate then gave me a fine lecture, in the coors of which he got off some French lingo from one of the poets of my own country, as he said; Moleery, I think he called him. He committed me to jail to wait for an indictment, because I could n't give two thousand dollars' bail.

"Two policemen started off with me at once. The police of Philadelphia do be mighty proud of the little trouble they take. They walked along the street with me between them, and never a bit of iron about me. Going to the jail they passed the house where I boarded. The street-door stood a little ajar. I tripped the heels from under the star next the house, and jumped over him and through the door and locked it behind me. There was nobody in the hall but an old Irishwoman, and she was kilt with fright and ran screeching into the kitchen at the sight of me. I bounded up the stairs and into my own room at three leaps. While the policemen were hammering at the door and ringing the bell and sending men to the rear of the house to look out for me, I changed my clothes. I then went out and joined the general hubbub, which was good and loud by that time. The bloody French burglar could nowhere be found. Nobody seemed to think of searching for his coat and breeches and hair and whiskers. The papers had mighty quare accounts of the mysterious affair that evening and the next morning.

"I was tired of Philadelphia and burglary. A nice, cream-colored mare, that could run a bit, turned jet-black one night, and she and I came up into this part of the country, where I have been off and on ever since.

"My little place is a short day's walk from here. To-morrow we will go there and fix ourselves up so that we can strike out boldly for Canada. We can easily bedevil ourselves so that it will be safe for us to travel by stage-coach if we loike."

We mended our fire, and slept and watched by turns till morning. The next day, after tramping and wading

about an hour through the swamp, we struck a narrow, crooked limestone ridge, which seemed to separate two great swamps. This we followed until about six o'clock P. M. We then turned to the left, and followed a spur of the ridge down to its extreme rocky point, just beyond which was a dense thicket of alders and dwarf cedars.

IX.

The mosquitoes were now as troublesome as they had been the evening before. We built our camp-fire against a great boulder, upon the ashes and cinders of many a burnt-out predecessor, and set our picket-line of smudges. While I was busy with these Mick disappeared around the point of the ridge, and soon returned with some crackers, dried beef, ground coffee, loaf-sugar, and pickles. He made another trip and came back with an armful of cooking utensils, tin cups and plates, knives and forks. I had shot a brace of squirrels that day, and we made a sumptuous supper while the mosquitoes were being driven back by the smoke. I then called upon Mick to look the fact in the face that we had but four cigars left. Mick started as if to go around the point of the ridge once more, but changing his mind he went to the side next to us, lifted a large flat stone, and disappeared, feet foremost, into the ground. He soon returned with a liberal supply of smoking tobacco, half a dozen new pipes, and a pint flask of brandy.

"What sort of a den have you here?" said I.

"It cost me many a sore back-ache, that same hole in the ground," said Mick. "You see this spur of yon long ridge is mighty steep and narrow. It is so rocky that digging in it is just quarrying stone. Before I had been in this country many weeks I had occasion to go into the woods and dress a young filly's hair. I happened to come to this very place. When I had finished the job I looked around me and thought this was as good a place as another for a

gentleman of a retiring disposition. I had some hair-dye and some other traps that I did n't care to carry away with me, so I cast about how I might hide them. I bethought me to make a hole in the steep hill-side here and cover it with one of these big flat stones. I did so, and when I did be here afterwards I would be enlarging my cellar every now and then, until at last I had a gallery, loike, from one side of this little ridge to the other. I'll show you tomorrow how you can go in at one side and out at the other."

We were stirring betimes next morning. I will not trouble the reader with a catalogue of the wonders of Mick's cave. It contained a varied and extensive assortment of tools and implements, hair dye and herbs for the manufacture of more, wigs, false whiskers, and disguises of nearly all kinds; dried provisions, tobacco, pipes, liquor, matches, candles, and candlesticks. These and many more miscellanies were stowed away with an economy of space equal to that observed on shipboard. Having a fair knowledge of the German language and literature, and being found upon trial tolerably proficient in that peculiar style of broken English affected by educated Germans, it was at once decided that I should travel in the guise of a German *savant*, making a book on America. A pair of spectacles, a flaxen wig and whiskers, an outlandish, long-tailed coat, and a few touches from the master hand of Mick, metamorphosed me so completely that I almost doubted my own identity.

"Now," said Mick, "if you will but mind your grammar, and will be so near-sighted as to seem to smell of everything you look at, you're safe enough. You'll find the spectacles of great service to you in reading a book with your nose against the leaves. They were selected for that same quality."

Mick arrayed himself in the habiliments of an Irishwoman of mature years and slender circumstances, a character which he adorned with superior and well-sustained acting. Having provided himself with a big bundle, and me with

a queer, foreign-looking portmanteau, he led the way through the woods about two hours, when we emerged into a settlement. We arranged that we should hold little or no communication in public, but should as if by accident stop at the same houses and travel by the same conveyances. In this way we traveled one day by stage and stopped one night at the village of New Moscow, which is, as most of my readers are doubtless aware, about seventy miles north of Locofocoville.

Next morning we paid our fare and took our seats in the stage for Hyperion, a small village near the Canada line. Mick, in his assumed character of an elderly lady, was of course obliged to travel inside, where he amused himself by berating a widower who injudiciously let slip a remark which led to the inference that he was looking for a new wife. In my character of a foreign scholar observing the country and making notes of its resources and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, I rode on the outside with the driver. I plied that functionary with questions and made notes of his answers in a little book I had with me, until in sheer desperation he handed me half a dozen newspapers which he happened to have with him, hoping thereby to escape my inquiries for at least a time. Among the papers which he handed me was the last copy of the Locofocoville Herald. With the instinct of an editor I turned at once to the "local" page, where I met the following article:—

BROKE JAIL!

ESCAPE OF TWO PRISONERS!

One charged with Murder and one with Horse Stealing!—The Modus Operandi of the Escape.—Strange Dénouement.—The Prisoner charged with Murder turns out to be Innocent.—The real Murderer of Mrs. Henderson found at last.—A Dying Confession.

Our readers are aware that Mr. Thomas Wynans, the editor of the Locofocoville Whig, being suspected of the murder of his aunt, Mrs. Eunice Hen-

derson, gave himself up to the sheriff a few days since, and was lodged in our county-jail to protect him from the rising fury of the populace. It will be remembered that in our last issue we expressed our entire confidence in his innocence. Just after our paper went to press last week, and on the same day, a formal complaint was made against Mr. Wynans, and he was regularly committed by Justice Howland to await the action of the grand jury.

Yesterday morning the cell that should have been occupied by Wynans and Mulen was found empty. The occupants—to use the simple but expressive phrase of Scripture—"had departed straightway and gone into another place."

[Here followed a long and graphic paragraph, descriptive of the appearance of the cell and the means by which it seemed to have been broken. The article proceeded:]

Some time during the terrific storm of the night before, some account of which will be found in another column, the jail-birds had flown, leaving no track nor clew by which to trace them. Mr. Wynans left in the cell a written explanation of his motives for breaking jail. He strongly protested his entire innocence of the horrible crime with which he stood charged. In a few brief but eloquent and touching sentences he spoke of his deceased aunt's good qualities, her great kindness to him, his gratitude to her, and his affection for her. He then alluded to the wide-spread belief in his guilt, and proceeded to array in his strongest and most cogent style the circumstantial evidence which could be brought against him, and concluded by avowing his firm belief that notwithstanding his innocence he would be convicted if tried. Self-preservation, he said, was the first law of nature; and he felt fully justified in breaking jail and assisting an avowed criminal to escape, in order to save himself from an undeserved and ignominious death.

We are now at liberty to put our readers in possession of what was then one of the secrets of the sheriff's office. At the instance of our sheriff, an acute and

experienced detective officer had come on from Philadelphia immediately after the murder of Mrs. Henderson. This functionary arrived just as the excitement against Mr. Wynans broke out. The detective immediately repaired to the scene of the murder, and made a thorough examination of the house and its surroundings. Fortunately no rain had fallen since the fatal night. The trained eye of the professional detective immediately took note of many things which inexperienced observers had failed to see.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wynans testified before the coroner's jury that immediately after the murder he had seen three men running down the broad, graveled walk leading from the house to the high-road, that he had fired all the barrels of his revolver after the retreating figures, and that one of them had partly fallen but had immediately regained his feet and fled faster than before. The detective made a searching examination of this walk, and found without difficulty numerous minute blood-stains on the gravel, commencing about thirty paces from the door and extending all the way to the gate. In a search of less than half an hour he picked up more than thirty blood-stained pebbles. He then weighed the bullet found in the body of the deceased. It was nearly three times as heavy as those cast for Mr. Wynans's revolver. It had doubtless been fired from what is commonly called a horse-pistol. An examination of the door-key showed that it had been turned in the lock with burglars' nippers, and that they had slipped probably more than once. At the Whig printing-office was found the manuscript prepared by Mr. Wynans on the night of the murder. There was enough of it to keep a rapid writer busy from early in the evening until after midnight. Of course the detective and all who were cognizant of the facts brought to light by him were fully satisfied of Mr. Wynans's innocence. After that the officers bent all their energies to a search for some trace of the three men, one of whom had doubtless committed the murder, the

other two being present aiding and abetting. Up to forty-eight hours ago this search did not thrive at all. It is needless to say that Mr. Wynans was not informed of the presence of the detective, to say nothing of the discoveries made by him.

Just after the arrival of the detective, Mick Mullen, the celebrated Irish horse-thief, was arrested for a larceny said to have been committed about two years ago. Mick was lodged in the same cell with Mr. Wynans, and was of course thoroughly searched before his incarceration. As usual, it turns out that he was well supplied with implements for cutting his way out of prison.

Immediately after the escape of Mullen and Wynans, the sheriff appointed some thirty special deputies to assist him and his "regulars" in beating up the country far and near. It was believed that Mick was too shrewd to attempt a long flight until the excitement of the search for him and his companion had somewhat abated. It was thought to be characteristic of his audacious confidence in his own resources, to remain in hiding right under the noses of the officers and in full view of their operations. Accordingly the woods and thickets in the neighborhood of Locofocoville were subjected to a search of unexampled thoroughness.

No traces or tidings of Mullen or Wynans have been obtained at this writing. But last night a party of special deputies, five in number and consisting of some of our most respectable citizens, in beating up the bush about five miles north of here, suddenly came upon a rudely constructed wigwam in the woods. In it they found John Grant almost at the point of death. He told them that his brothers Philo and Morris Grant had just fled at the approach of the party. He very freely and frankly told them that he was the murderer of Mrs. Henderson; that he and his brothers went to the house on the fatal night and broke in, intending to rob the old lady's strong-box and to carry off any other valuables they could lay their hands upon; that Mrs. Henderson had suddenly come among them

and had seized him with a grip so strong and determined that he was obliged to fire the fatal shot in order to release himself from her hold; that he had been wounded by some person who emptied a revolver after him as they were running away from the house; and that he had become too weak from loss of blood to go any farther, when he and his brothers reached the spot where he then was. It appeared that he had been wounded in the back, the ball having lodged somewhere in his body, and that the wound was now mortified so that he could not long survive. Nevertheless medical aid was procured for him as soon as possible, but in vain. He died this morning at half-past eight o'clock. His dying deposition was reduced to writing in the presence and hearing of numerous witnesses, and is beyond all question true to the letter.

The establishment of Mr. Wynans's innocence, in a way that could hardly have happened but for his and Mullen's jail-breaking escapade, has gone far to reconcile the people and even the sheriff to that rash and lawless act. At any rate, Mr. Wynans will, we are fully authorized to say, be cordially welcomed back to Locofocoville.

Mr. Brock, the foreman in the Whig office, has gathered his printers together, and has made up his mind to publish Mr. Wynans's paper for him, in the absence of the editor-in-chief, to the best of his ability. He informs us that the Whig will be published next Saturday as usual.

After reading the above article, I was, of course, full of impatience to communicate with Mick. I availed myself of the first opportunity to descend from the driver's box and take a seat in the stage. Mick and the widower had suspended hostilities, and were engaged in an animated flirtation. I seated myself *vis à vis* with Mick, and offered him the paper with the highest air of foreign politeness that I could summon. Mick of course understood that there was something in the paper to be read without delay. He accordingly accepted it with a profu-

sion of florid compliments, and betook himself diligently to its perusal. He was not long in finding and devouring the article I have copied. About four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Hyperion. But Mick and I, when we descended from the vehicle, instead of entering the hotel, went off in an easterly direction, he leading the way, and I following at such a distance as not to excite suspicion. We marched in this order until we were well out of the village and upon a by-road where there was no danger of interruption. Here Mick halted until I came up with him.

"Well," said I, "what do you advise?"

"Of course you must go back, and I must go on. Before an hour I will be transformed into a runaway nâgur. Won't I have fun, making the abolitionists run me across the border! Sure, I have traveled on the underground railroad more nor once."

"Had I better go back in this disguise, or in my own proper person?"

"You had better go back just as you are, and look the ground over a bit before you announce the return of Thomas Wynans, Esq. Any way, that's my advice."

"You are always right. Now, Mick, my dear fellow, you must allow me to preach a little. You have ingenuity and skill and energy enough for a first-class man. Can't you drop this miserable life of horse-stealing and house-breaking and sheriff-dodging, and go at some honest work? It seems to me that you can do that well enough, if you will only go where you were never heard of, and settle down to business. What say you?"

"I give you my solemn word of honor that I will never break the law again unless it be in the way of jail-breaking, if I should happen to be arrested for some of my old tricks. I have thought the matter all over and slept on it more nor fifty nights. Now go back to the hotel and leave me to my own devices. And may you never hear of Mick Mullen again."

We shook hands and bade each other

good-by with some emotion, for our short acquaintance, and the dangers and toils we had shared, had attached us one to the other more than either of us had realized up to that moment.

Two days' and two nights' staging

brought me back to Locofocoville, where I was received, when I laid aside my disguise, in quite as friendly a spirit as I deserved, and where I have ever since continued to publish the Locofocoville Whig.

D. H. Johnson.

SONNETS FROM OVER SEA.

I.

English Border.

As sinks the sun behind yon alien hills
Whose heather-purpled slopes, in glory rolled,
Flush all my thought with momentary gold,
What pang of vague regret my fancy thrills?
Here 'tis enchanted ground the peasant tills,
Where the shy ballad dared its blooms unfold,
And memory's glamour makes new sights seem old,
As when our life some vanished dream fulfills;
Yet not to thee belong these painless tears,
Land loved ere seen: before my darkened eyes,
From far beyond the waters and the years,
Horizons mute that wait their poet rise;
The stream before me fades and disappears,
And in the Charles the western splendor dies.

II.

On being asked for an Autograph in Venice.

Amid these fragments of heroic days
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,
There sits a Fame whose silent trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise;
They had far other estimate of praise
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep
In art and action, and whose memories keep
Their height like stars above our misty ways:
In this grave presence to record my name
Something within me hangs the head and shrinks;
Dull were the soul without some joy in fame;
Yet here to claim remembrance were, methinks,
Like him who, in the desert's awful frame,
Notches his cockney initials on the Sphinx.

J. R. Lowell.

LIGHTNING AND LIGHTNING-RODS.

As we stood before the rich carvings, the bas-relief, and mediæval tracery of an old cathedral in a European city, our eyes wandered upward, beyond the gargoyles, beyond the fretwork, and finally rested, before endeavoring to penetrate the mysteries of a rich cloud-form, upon a little, pointed iron rod. Within the walls of the cathedral, during the grand anthems, our eyes rested upon a chandelier which hung from a great height by a slender rod. It swung with a slow, scarcely perceptible motion, as it did in the time of Galileo. One could see that it moved, by fixing the eye upon a stained-glass image of a saint behind one of its pendants. At regular intervals this passed with a certain measure of impudence over one eye of the grim saint, and then returned from its excursion. "Science, at least, is true," we said to our companion with a sigh of relief as we emerged from the ancient pile. "Yes, but science too has its superstitions," he remarked, pointing upward to the lightning-rod.

Notwithstanding the respect that every native American feels for the name of Benjamin Franklin, there is, we are sorry to say, a wide-spread distrust of lightning-rods; we heard of a man lately who, after having put them upon his buildings, was asked why he did not gild the ends of the rods; he replied that he did not wish to offer any additional inducements. The writer has received letters from remote sections containing honest acknowledgments of a fear of thunder and a respect for lightning; together with plans of houses and barns which bristled all over with lightning-rods; and inquiring as to the probable safety of the inmates. Men often protect their buildings out of a respect to insurance companies, and shudder every time a storm-cloud breaks over their heads.

The ordinary thunder-storm needs no description. Its lightning can be divid-

ed into three classes. The first embraces those discharges which consist of long, straight or zigzag lines of brilliant white light. This phenomenon can be imitated by a Holtz electrical machine provided with powerful condensers. Upon exciting the machine a brilliant spark passes from one of its knobs to the other, which is connected with the ground. In its general character the spark closely resembles the crinkled lightning which is embraced under the first class. The same phenomenon can be produced by exciting a powerful induction-coil, in the circuit of which large Leyden jars are interposed. Upon bringing the terminals of the coil near to each other we have the zigzag line of light and the crackle which characterize lightning of the first class. The second class comprises those flashes which are ordinarily termed sheet-lightning. They light up the overshadowed bosoms of cumuli, showing their pearly folds and chaste recesses. They flash generally from the edges of clouds, not in a line, but with a diffuse glare which is often of a gorgeous hue. Our imitations of this kind of lightning are often hypothetical. If a large exhausted receiver contains the two terminals of an induction-coil, separated from each other by a convenient interval, and the induction-coil is excited, the rarefied space will be filled with a roseate flush of light which strongly reminds us of a certain phase of sheet-lightning. The experiment may be repeated with a tube which is partially filled with a salt of calcium. The beautiful light which manifests itself recalls many memories of actual lightning. The third class of lightning includes those masses of light which Arago classifies under the head of globular lightning. The appearance is like that of a ball of fire, or a meteor.

It is easy to convince ourselves by experiment that lightning chooses the shortest path. If we take a glass plate pro-

vided with strips of tin-foil separated from each other by intervals of glass, forming two rows, one of which is longer than the other, and after carefully drying it to dispel any moisture which may cling to it, coat it with a fine film of lycopodium powder, which is composed of the spores of a species of moss, and send a discharge through the tin-foil, the dust is scattered along the shortest line between the strips of tin-foil, forming a curious striated discharge. A bit of cotton saturated with ether and placed near the line of discharge, only a little out of the actual path, remains unignited. Placed in the path of the spark it is instantly ignited.

On several occasions the length of forked-lightning has been measured by noting the probable value of the angle which it subtended. Many discharges were thus found to exceed a mile in length. By exciting a Holtz machine to its full capacity, a brilliant spark nearly a foot in length passes through the air between the conductors of the machine. Imagine a similar spark, or bolt, a mile long, with an enormously greater diameter, and you can form some conception of the terrible character of a powerful lightning discharge. The duration of the forked and sheet lightning is, to all intents and purposes, instantaneous. The swiftest express train, illuminated by a flash of lightning, seems to be silently standing on the track. A cannon-ball would appear to be held aloft in mid-air for about one eighth of a second. The wind-tossed trees would seem to be silently bent over before the coming storm, as if transfixed in a mood of resignation. A circular disk of large size, painted with broad bands of color which run from the centre to the circumference in sectors, appears of a uniform gray tint when rapidly turned. When it is placed so that it can be illumined by the discharges of an electrical machine it seems to stand still, and all its colors are visible. The character of the lightning-flash has been made the subject of an extended study by Professor Rood, of Columbia College, who concludes that "the nature of the lightning discharge is more complicated

than has generally been supposed; it is usually, if not always, multiple in character, and the duration of the isolated constituents varies very much, ranging from intervals of time shorter than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second up to others at least as great as $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second." Professor Rood also favors the hypothesis that zigzag, heat, and sheet lightning are identical, being due to the same cause, but apparently differing because seen under different circumstances.

The spectroscope has been directed to the light of the different discharges of atmospheric electricity, and the result has been the determination of certain bright lines in the spectrum which belong to oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Vogel identified a number of lines in flashes of lightning which are observed in the electric spark of the common atmosphere. It was found that sometimes the spectra consisted of bright lines on a dark ground, while at other times the bright lines were traced on a less bright continuous spectrum. Sometimes a bright continuous spectrum destitute of lines was obtained. Wullner has shown that instantaneous sparks in rarefied air give a spectrum consisting of lines, while the prolonged constituent of the spark of an induction-coil often produces a banded spectrum. Spectrum analysis merely shows a close relationship between the lightning discharges and those of the electrical machine. By its analysis of lightning it throws some light upon vexed questions as to the complex distribution of layers of rarefied and non-rarefied air in the atmosphere. It endeavors to show a relationship between the shifting gleams of the northern lights and electrical discharges through rarefied media, but the relationship is yet hypothetical. There is great difficulty in observing the spectrum of lightning. After waiting in suspense for a time, one sees a number of bright lines flash out in the field of the spectroscope; they vanish before their position can be observed, and we are in doubt whether our senses have not multiplied their actual number.

Although we can closely imitate certain forms of lightning, we cannot do the

same with respect to its accompaniment, thunder. There are many theories to account for the latter, but none of them are perfectly satisfactory. Is the crackle which accompanies the electrical discharges from a machine analogous or identical with the thunder-clap? It seems highly improbable. If a large battery of Leyden jars, affording a very great surface upon which the electrical charge can accumulate, is connected with a Holtz machine, and after many turns of the electrical machine we discharge the jars, one hears a report almost as loud as that of a pistol. Some of us have heard thunder-claps which closely resembled the noise of this discharge. "It is supposed that the explosion opens for itself a passage through the air like a projectile, and that the air rushes into the vacuum thus produced, causing a loud vibration." The passage of a shot through the air, however, is not accompanied by a similar noise. When lightning strikes near us we hear a sharp crackle and then a rising and falling sound of thunder. On the other hand, a discharge at a distance is almost inaudible at first; the thunder augments in intensity, and finally rolls over us, making the objects upon our tables vibrate, and then sullenly dies away. Some have endeavored to account for thunder by supposing that the vibrations producing the sound arise from different centres, which are formed by the forked nature of the discharge, and that these waves of sound reinforce each other or interfere with each other, thus producing variations in the sound which we term thunder. The echoes produced by the various depressions and elevations of the earth's surface also, doubtless, contribute to the peculiarities of peals of thunder. The atmosphere itself may reflect the sound-waves, producing aerial echoes, so to speak. Some explain thunder by supposing that a decomposition and recombination of the constituents of the charge takes place in different media. There are no observations which lead us to believe that thunder has ever been heard more than four-teen miles from the point of discharge.

Thunder-clouds are ordinary clouds

charged with a large amount of electricity. As they float over the surface of the earth, they attract electricity of the opposite nature to that with which they are already charged, and they repel electricity of the same nature. This inductive action is manifested upon all objects on the earth's surface, but to a different degree with each object. For instance, a tree standing in sandy soil will be much less influenced than one whose roots extend down through moist earth and afford a connection with subterranean water-sheets. We generally think of the earth as a common reservoir of electricity. Thus in experiments with the electrical machine we connect one of its conductors with the ground whenever we wish to isolate the electricity of an opposite nature upon the other conductor. With even the most powerful electrical machine we find no practical differences in the power which different poorly conducting bodies possess to lead electricity to the ground. The phenomena of induction on the terminations of poorly conducting bodies connected with the earth show no marked differences in intensity. In the electricity of the clouds, however, we have an immeasurably greater electric state than we can obtain by artificial means. We must disregard the layer of rock and of dry, sandy soil, and look for great inductive effect only in good conductors, such as large bodies of water, or in projecting parts of the earth's surface which are in immediate connection with subterranean moisture. We can therefore regard the charged clouds and the earth, with the layer of air between, as a Leyden jar. The earth's surface forms one coating, the clouds the other; and instead of glass we have the air as a dielectric between. The discharge of lightning is produced by the tension of the electricity in the clouds becoming so great as to enable a disruptive discharge to take place through the intervening layer of air. The same phenomenon takes place often in our Leyden jars. When the charge upon the tin-foil becomes too great, it often shatters the glass in passing from one coating to the

other. In ordinary language we speak of the charge upon the interior of the jar uniting with the opposite charge on the outside coating. This inductive action of electricity is a very curious one, and is apt to be confusing to those who have not become familiar with the subject. The presence of a positive electrical charge upon a ball suspended from the ceiling of a room is sufficient to attract to the nearest surface of all bodies in its neighborhood a negative charge, and to repel to the surface most removed a positive charge. Any change in the amount of the charge upon the ball is followed by fluctuations in the induced charges upon neighboring bodies. Its most delicate pulsation, so to speak, is accompanied by a responsive throb in every object about it. This inductive action can be shown in various ways. Sir William Thomson's water-dropper forms a remarkably sensitive arrangement. This is a tin vessel which is mounted on a glass support, and carefully insulated from the ground. It is provided with a long, horizontal glass tube, which is drawn out to a fine point at its extremity. The vessel is filled with water, which can issue in a fine stream from the end of the glass tube, and break into fine drops a short distance below the orifice. These drops fall upon an insulated metallic plate, which is connected with a very delicate instrument for detecting electrical changes, — also invented by Sir William Thomson, — which is called an electrometer. The movement of a bright spot of light over a distant scale shows the nature of an electrical disturbance. If it moves to the right it will denote that positive electricity has been induced, and if it moves to the left, negative. If one now approaches the falling stream of water, and the metallic plate upon which it strikes, with an insulated plate containing a charge of electricity, the spot of light will move quickly to the right or left. Every time that a spark passes between the conductors of a neighboring electrical machine, a pulsation in the metallic plate upon which the stream of water falls is shown by a quick move-

ment of the spot of light. In a thunder-storm the same phenomena can be observed. I have often stood watching this spot of light on a sultry day in June. Sometimes it does not move from its position of rest for hours. Then it will vibrate as if the support of the instrument had been jarred. After such movements one hears a low, sullen rumbling of thunder, and on looking into the west one perceives a thunder-cloud rolling up. The movements of the spot of light were caused by the inductive effect of the discharges of lightning yet many miles away. We resume our position, and watch the indication on the wall with greater attention. Every few moments the spot of light jumps responsive to a distant discharge of lightning, just as it does every time that a spark passes between the conductors of a neighboring electrical machine. Some time after such pulsations we hear the thunder. Presently the room grows darker. The trees outside wave tumultuously from side to side. Heavy drops of rain strike the tinued roof, and a gray sheet of rain shuts out the landscape. Vivid flashes of lightning dart hither and thither, and the spot of light moves responsively to them. We can thus realize the inductive nature of the electricity of thunder-clouds. When they pass over the landscape they induce an electrical charge on all projecting points. Mr. Marvine, who is connected with government geological surveys, told the writer of a remarkable electrical disturbance which he witnessed in Colorado. The jagged peaks among which his party was at work, with levels and theodolites, were repeatedly struck by lightning, and each time the discharge occurred, painful shocks were felt even at some distance from the points of rock which were apparently struck. The observers were conscious of being highly electrified. Whenever they touched their instruments they experienced painful sensations. Their work was seriously interfered with. Often they were obliged to retreat to some covert and leave their instruments until a more favorable opportunity occurred. There were certain areas where thunder-storms seemed to

be the normal phenomena. They were rarely absent. Every prominence and *aiguille* of rock seemed to be in a state of discharge, and when, by reason of some great local accumulation, a lightning-flash occurred, the phenomenon of the return or back-stroke was the unfailing accompaniment; and a rapid alternation of charge and discharge ensued, in order to establish electrical equilibrium. This was an example of induction on a grand scale. When such mountain-peaks are covered with ice and snow, as among the Alps, the electricity induced by the clouds beneath the poorly conducting layer of snow tends to accumulate on projecting points of rock. On Alpine summits, in thick snow-storms, the adventurous climber sees discharges of lightning around him, and sometimes witnesses the shattering of some isolated *aiguille*. The following extract is from an article by M. Charles Martins, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 15, 1865, entitled *Ascensions on Mont Blanc*:—

“At half-past six we arrived on the Grand Plateau; the tent was standing, the instruments were intact, but we had hardly examined them before the snow began to fall as upon our first ascent. The wind freshened from the southwest. The thunder rumbled, and a violent storm burst upon the Grand Plateau. We constructed, in haste, a lightning-rod out of an Alpenstock, to which we fixed a metallic chain. The stick was erected near the tent, and the chain buried in the snow. The precaution was not useless, for the sound of the thunder almost immediately followed the lightning-flash. From the very short interval which separated them, we judged that the lightning struck some neighboring summit about a kilometre distant. To our great astonishment the thunder did not roll, but resembled the sharp crackle of the detonation of a fire-arm.”

Before an electrical discharge, a dissipation of the charge accumulated on two neighboring points takes place. The most striking manifestation of this is in the brush-discharge. Those who are near an electrical machine in a dark room can see this beautiful phenomenon.

Interweaving rays of pale light terminate a straight line of a delicate pink or rose color, accompanied with a hissing noise. By placing inside a receiver a ball which is connected with one of the conductors of an electrical machine, we can rarefy the air about this ball; and on bringing the other conductor of the machine to the neighborhood of the outside of the receiver, one will notice that the receiver is filled with a roseate flush of light. This silent discharge always accompanies great accumulations of electricity. Indeed, it is possible, by surrounding the conductors of electrical machines with points, to dissipate the charge upon them, so that a greatly lessened discharge takes place between the knobs of the machine. This glow has scarcely any heating effect. If some gunpowder is interposed in the receiver, so that it may be enveloped by the glow, it is not ignited. The silent discharge is seen about conductors over which intense streams of electricity are passing. From the facts collected by Sir William Snow Harris in regard to the manner in which ships have been struck by lightning, “it is found that the electrical state of the air is frequently such as to convey the idea of the ship being wrapped in a blaze of electrical fire; and that the discharge is often attended by a whizzing noise.” In Rogier’s *Journal*, a flash of lightning is said to have struck the conductor of a powder-magazine in Silesia. “It appeared to envelop the whole building in electrical fire.”

The return stroke is a mystery to people in general. After the clouds have discharged themselves, a discharge takes place from the earth to the clouds. This is an effect of induction. By the first discharge the electrical state of the clouds becomes lower than that of the earth, and there is then a discharge from the earth to the clouds to reestablish equilibrium. It is not difficult to show this phenomenon by an experiment. We can take two large balls, one of which is kept highly electrified positively, and the other is highly charged negatively. When they are but little removed from each other a spark passes between them;

after the passage of the spark of course it is necessary to reëlectrify the balls. If we now quickly discharge one of the balls, a discharge at once follows from the other ball to the one just exhausted of its charge. Thus it is seen that electricity passes from points of high tension or intense electrical accumulation to points of lower. The return charge is generally feebler than the direct one. Men and animals are often, however, killed by it. It is said that they exhibit no signs of burns or contusions, or of the punctures which the direct stroke generally leaves on some part of the body. Here let me observe that death from lightning must be painless. The nerves of the human body do not convey a sensation of pain instantly to the nerve-centres. There is an appreciable interval before we are cognizant of what has happened. The time of an electric flash is a small fraction of this interval. While the velocity of a nervous sensation of pain is less than a hundred feet a second, that of electricity, varying under different circumstances, is many thousand times greater. We are killed before we know it. Yet there is probably a greater dread of death from this cause than from almost any other.

Prodigious effects of lightning have been recorded. In 1769 it struck a powder-magazine in Brescia: two hundred thousand pounds of powder were exploded. One third of the houses of the city were thrown down, and three thousand men lost their lives. A similar accident occurred four months since in Turkey, which was also accompanied by great loss of life. Many ships have been destroyed by lightning, and some which have never been heard of after sailing may have been set on fire by this agency. "In July, 1848, a fine vessel was struck by lightning off Boulogne, and consumed within sight of the coast. In 1843, a large transport, the *Marian*, conveying a part of H. M. 49th Regiment, was struck by lightning off the Cape of Good Hope, five men killed, and the vessel nearly wrecked. Another ship, the *Defiance*, laden with rockets, shells, artillery, and other military stores, was fear-

fully struck by lightning at Nankin, in August, 1842, and narrowly escaped being blown up. The cases of the packet ship *New York*, nearly annihilated by lightning in April, 1827; of the *Toronto*, another liner, in 1843; of the *Underwood*, in 1840; of the *Madras*, also in 1840, in which case part of the side was knocked out; together with a multiplicity of others, present fearful examples of the terrible effects of lightning in our merchant navy, but from which ships of the royal navy are now secure." (Sir William Snow Harris, on Protection of Ships from Lightning.)

Lightning, although occurring seldom, is at no time more dangerous than in the winter. Arago, from carefully sifted data obtained from latitudes to the north of the equator, found that ships were more frequently struck in winter than in summer. His list ran as follows: January, 5; February, 4; March, 1; April, 5; May, 0; June, 0; July, 2; August, 1; September, 2; October, 2; November, 4; December, 4. It appears, therefore, that thunder-storms at sea in winter are far more dangerous than in summer. Although thunder-storms are the most frequent in the tropics, still there are warm countries in which they are rare occurrences, as for instance in Egypt, and in portions of Peru. It is said that the inhabitants of Lima rarely hear thunder. The frequency of thunder-storms diminishes as we near the poles. Scoresby, in his Arctic Expeditions, speaks of noticing but two thunder-storms. In our temperate latitude thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence. It is comparatively common to hear of houses being struck by lightning, but the proportion of deaths to the number of houses struck is exceedingly small. The damage that can ensue from strokes of lightning is, however, very great, and the question of the best method of protecting life and property from their effects is an important one.

The experience of the tower of St. Mark's in Venice is an instructive one in the history of lightning-rods. This tower is more than three hundred and sixty feet high. It has been struck

many times. Once, in 1338, it was much shattered. In 1417 it was burnt to the ground. This also happened in 1489. It had been constructed of wood; and after these repeated destructions it was rebuilt in stone. It was struck in 1548, 1565, and 1653. "In 1745 the whole tower was rent in thirty-seven places and almost destroyed. The expense of repairing it amounted to eight thousand ducats. In 1761 and 1762 it was again severely injured; but since the erection of a lightning-rod, in 1766, it does not seem to have suffered from any of the effects of lightning." The log-books of sea-captains afford the best statistics of the effects of lightning conductors. Sir William Snow Harris published in 1850 some remarkable instances of the preservation of certain ships of the royal navy from lightning. This tract was designed to show the advantage of providing ships with a conductor invented by the author. His conductor consisted of a double set of copper plates, which ran down the side of the masts and were so arranged that the movement of the yards or the tackle of the ship could not, in any event, misplace the conductor or destroy its continuity. On reaching the bottom of the mast it was connected with the metallic sheathing of the vessel. This conductor differed from the slight affairs formerly in use, by its stability and superior conducting power. The light rods formerly in use had never been properly insulated, and were liable to be displaced at any moment by the swinging of a yard-arm, or other appendage of the mast. In his preliminary remarks Sir William states that between the years 1810 and 1815, no less than thirty-five sail of the line and thirty-five frigates, together with other vessels, are known to have been disabled by lightning. He computes that the loss to the country, when the navy was on a war footing, had not been less than from seven thousand to ten thousand pounds per annum; and in times of peace from two thousand to five thousand pounds. He claims that since the adoption of his lightning conductors, serious damage by lightning to the English navy is quite unknown; and

strengthens this statement by extracts from the ship logs of over thirty men-of-war that had been struck by lightning, the destructive effects of which had been obviated by his conductors. The value of Sir William Snow Harris's method of protecting ships or buildings lies in providing a conductor of large section, which is carefully connected with the principal masses of metal about the ship, and then with the water.

We have no trustworthy statistics respecting the value of lightning-rods for the protection of buildings. The methods in use are very various. Some buildings bristle with iron points, and others rely upon a single rod. The fact that the conductor should terminate in moist ground is pretty generally known, but it is often practically disregarded. Let us examine these points in detail. In the first place, let us decide what size our lightning conductors should be of. It is a common impression that we are dealing with that kind of electrical charge which resides upon the surface of bodies, and therefore that a conductor which exposes the most surface will convey a lightning discharge with the most safety; hence that it would be better to use a flat or twisted conductor than a rounded or square one with the same amount of metal; for we should evidently obtain in the flat or twisted conductor greater surface than in the round or square conductor of the same metallic mass. It is true that a portion of the electrical discharge passes over the surface of the conductor; but the area of the section of the lightning-rod is an important element in conveying away the discharge. If one should connect the two conductors of an electrical machine by a fine iron wire, it would be found impossible to melt it, however fast the disk of the machine is turned. The same wire interposed between the poles of five voltaic cells, which depend upon chemical action for the production of electrical currents, is quickly burned. Here we are dealing with electrical quantity. However near we bring the poles of a battery of five cells, no spark will leap across the interval between

them. If we experiment in the same manner with the poles of fifty cells, we can obtain no spark until the poles are actually in contact. With the electrical machine, however, although we cannot melt the iron wire, we can obtain the most vivid sparks even when the knobs of the conductors are separated by a distance of eight inches. With the electrical machine we obtain electricity of high tension, but of very little quantity. The bolts of lightning are identical with the sparks which pass between the knobs of this machine. Can we not, therefore, disregard the heating effects of a lightning discharge? Will not an ordinary iron wire conduct the lightning to the ground, just as the iron wire recombines the charges which accumulate upon the knobs of this electrical machine? An experiment can be made which will settle this question. If we charge a large battery of Leyden jars with an electrical machine, and after a few moments discharge the jars through a fine iron wire, the wire is severed by the heat. Here we have evidently electric quantity as well as electric tension; and we have reproduced on a small scale the action of lightning, an ordinary flash of which can melt or volatilize more than three hundred feet of ordinary bell-wire. We read in a report to the United States Naval Department, that in 1827 a surveyor's chain one hundred and thirty-one and three tenths of a foot long, made of iron wire twenty-four hundredths of an inch in diameter, which served as the lightning conductor of the packet-ship New York, was melted by a stroke of lightning and scattered in incandescent fragments. The area of the lightning-rod evidently is a matter of much importance, for if it can be fused by a lightning discharge the bolt will then jump to the nearest good conductor in the building, and spread destruction in its path. A lightning-rod of this character can well justify the fears of those who claim that lightning-rods attract danger.

What should then be the size of our lightning-rods in order that they may not be melted? A commission appointed by

the French government to consider this subject concludes that square iron rods fifty-nine hundredths of an inch square, and several hundred feet in length, are perfectly competent to convey lightning discharges of the usual nature to the ground; and that copper conductors of the same section are still better than iron, on account of the superior conducting power of copper. A copper rod through which is discharged a large battery of Leyden jars, which are charged to their utmost capacity, can be held in the hand while the discharge leaps to it and then passes through it to the ground. The body in this case is a poor conductor compared with the rod, and remains unaffected, like the building which is thoroughly protected by a lightning-rod. Having decided upon the size of our rod, questions arise as to its insulation. To speak in general terms the better the insulation the better the protection. Glass insulators of any form are sufficient. Even the wood of the house itself is sometimes used; but this insulation cannot be depended on. The point most often overlooked is a proper connection with the various bell-ropes and metallic pipes which run through our buildings, and with other metallic masses. The lightning-flash descending the lightning-rod often chooses to leap to some neighboring metallic pipe or wire, through intervening partitions of wood or stone, before it seeks the ground. The effects of this peculiarity can often be noticed by a careful observer of telegraph poles. We remember last summer, in riding on a stage-coach through Maine, to have noticed four telegraph poles, in a distance of as many miles, which bore evident marks of having been struck by lightning. In some instances they were scorched; in others, large slivers of the wood projected in a bristling manner from yawning cracks which showed where the lightning had been. Why did not the lightning run along the iron wires, which are far better conductors, apparently, than the wooden posts, and descend into the ground at some telegraph station where the main wire of the line was connected with the ground? Because the passage from the telegraph

wire to the ground, which is, in general, a good conductor, is electrically shortest through the wooden posts. When we say electrically shortest, we infer that certain conditions of moisture, together with the section of conductor, make a poor conductor really a good conductor for electricity of high tension as well as high quantity. It is instructive to notice also, in passing, that in most cases when lightning seeks the ground through a poor conductor, it shatters it without setting it on fire. On the 5th of November, 1755, lightning struck a powder-magazine in the neighborhood of Rouen, and shattered two powder-kegs without setting the powder on fire. If we cause the spark from an electrical machine to pass through a heap of gunpowder, the powder-grains are instantly scattered about, but are not ignited. The spark must be retarded by passing through a comparatively poor conductor, like a wet string, before it can inflame the powder.

Supposing that our lightning conductor is of sufficient section, and is connected with all outlying metallic masses of large extent, how many projecting rods should we have, and how high should they rise above the highest point of the building? It is recommended by the French commission which we have already quoted, and also by a commission appointed by the United States government to inquire into the protection of powder-magazines, "that the height of the point of a lightning-rod above the highest point of a building to be protected should be from nine and eight tenths feet to sixteen and four tenths, according to circumstances, and that it is almost always better to increase the number of the rods, keeping within these limits, and to join them all together by a common conductor, than to increase the height of any one point." On the other hand, it is claimed by some that a high pole overtopping the highest points of a crowded area of houses, and provided with a massive conducting rod of metal, will protect a large number of buildings in its neighborhood. When we consider the probable distance from which

a stroke of lightning comes, we are converted to this opinion for a moment. The height of thunder-clouds is variously estimated. Three hundred feet would probably be a low estimate for the lowest limit of thunder-clouds over comparatively level tracts of country not far removed from the level of the sea. The discharge of lightning must therefore be at least over a hundred feet long. Possessing enormous tension and very great quantity, it will disregard the small, insufficient lightning-rods, the mass of which is insignificant in comparison with that of the building itself, and seek the higher and better conductor. Considerations of economy and convenience, however, have great weight in favor of the present method of distributing lightning conductors over each building, with proper considerations in reference to insulation and the connection of all metallic masses into one conducting system.

In reference to the best connection of lightning-rods with the ground, the opinion is unanimous that the termination should be in moist ground, or with a system of water-pipes. It is necessary to reach what is called the subterranean sheet of water, that is, the supplier of the various water-courses, wells, and springs; in short, the vast area of good conducting earth, beneath sandy and rocky tracts, which are poor conductors.

We have not, indeed, secured absolute safety from the ravages of lightning, even by our most improved systems of lightning-rods; but no one who has considered the character of lightning discharges can doubt the efficiency of properly-constructed lightning conductors. In 1838, the East India Company, believing that buildings which were provided with lightning-rods were more frequently struck than those which were without them, removed them from their powder-magazines. It is related that shortly after this action, one of their magazines was struck and destroyed. The statistics which we have upon the efficiency of lightning-rods are meagre; but there is no doubt that a building can be protected from the ravages of lightning.

John Trowbridge.

FANCIES OF SPRAY AND PETAL.

I.

Ferns.

If trees are Nature's thoughts or dreams,
And witness how her great heart yearns,
Then she has only shown, it seems,
The softest fantasies in ferns!

Those low green boughs, what shapely grace,
What wavy, lissome charm, they wear!
Delicate, supple, frail as lace,
And pliant to each passing air!

Though sweet to see when, there or here,
Along some common meadowed way,
They throng in feathery jungles near
Some stolid boulder's bulk of gray,

Yet ah! no light their spray so serves
As when, where cloistering branches cross,
I meet its shadowy silvered curves
On spaces of dark, moonlit moss!

For here quick Fancy finds a bower
Where she can watch, in pictured wise,
An Oberon squeeze the fatal flower
In poor Titania's drowsing eyes!

And nimble fay and pranksome elf
Flash vaguely past at every turn,
Or, weird and wee, sits Puck himself,
With legs akimbo, on a fern!

II.

Moss.

STRANGE tapestry, by Nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grotts
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest,—
O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?

Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
 The great prone pine-trunks, rotted red?
 Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,
 The requiescats of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
 In some quaint garden of the past,
 On some gray, crumbled basin's brim,
 With conchs that mildewed Tritons blow,
 While yonder, through the poplars prim,
 Looms up the turreted château?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
 Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,
 Above where pink porch-roses peer,
 And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
 And children laugh, . . . and you can hear
 The beatings of the heart of Home!

III.

A Tuberose.

CHASTE waxen shape, in whose clear chalice dwell
 Odors that tell
 Of moans and tears and chambers gloomed with grief,
 Wan sister of the tulip's laughing bloom,
 What primal doom
 Fashioned the lifeless pallor of your leaf?

As winds down dreamy gardens came to sigh

"The rose must die,"

At some old immemorial twilight hour,

Did you, the incarnate terror and unrest

Of summer's breast,

First bathe in chilling dews your ghostly flower?

Or did the moon, through some sweet night, long-dead,

Her splendor shed

On some rich tomb, while silence held its breath,

Till one pure sculptured blossom thrilled and grew

Strangely to you,

Cold child of moonbeams, marble, and white death!

Edgar Fawcett.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE GERMAN ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

THE Italian Renaissance was a revival not only of Greek art, but also of Pagan philosophy, mythology, and religion. The ascetic abstinence in color as in form of the pre-Raphaelite masters was supplanted by a joyous splendor of blooming and throbbing flesh, and the galleries which had once witnessed the pictured transport and ecstatic visions of pale nuns and lank saints now suddenly teemed with the spirited scenes of healthy, sensuous pleasure. And even where the painter adhered to the old themes from the sacred history, a certain profane delight in mere physical beauty invariably betrayed the influence of the Periclean age.

During the reign of Louis XIV. this Pagan Renaissance invaded France, but it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that it reached Germany. Then Winckelmann devoted his noble life to the writing of that great work on the art of the ancients which first opened the eyes of his countrymen to the true significance of the Greek civilization, and thereby completely turned the current of the intellectual life of the Fatherland. In order to complete such a work the author had virtually to emancipate himself from the sentiments and traditions of his own century; and in a measure ignore the long process of evolution through which the world had passed since the days of Phidias and Pericles; and Winckelmann did nothing short of this. In order to make the individual work of art intelligible, he had to reproduce in himself, and through himself in his reader, that sensuous equilibrium which had made its first creation possible, and that ideal simplicity of feeling from which it had sprung. His protest against modern Christianity could not be a conscious one; he could not denounce it, he could only ignore it. Nevertheless the theologians did not fail to notice the anti-Christian tendency of his writings, and

to decry them accordingly. In the mean while another intellectual giant had caught the spirit of the Renaissance, and now the dissatisfaction which had long been gathering broke out in open warfare. Lessing, although disagreeing with Winckelmann on many unessential points, willingly acknowledged himself his pupil, and the struggle with orthodoxy which the latter had indirectly occasioned, the former bravely fought to the end.

Heine has fittingly characterized Lessing's life in comparing him to those Jews who returned to Jerusalem under Nehemiah: they brandished the sword with one hand, while with the other they rebuilt the temple of God. It was not Christianity against which Lessing aimed the keen arrows of his wit, but it was bigotry, and more especially bigotry as represented by that arch-prelate, Pastor Götze, in Hamburg. The Protestant clergy of Germany were at that time a kind of self-constituted tribunal, which had assumed to itself the right to censure and, if possible, ostracize from the national literature every production which in spirit or letter was at variance with Lutheran orthodoxy. Accordingly, when Lessing undertook to publish the rationalistic fragments of his deceased friend Reimarus, these watch-dogs of the faith immediately sounded the alarm, and with Götze in their van began those attacks upon "the free-thinker" which with unwearied zeal they continued to the end of his life. To quote another of Heine's sayings, Lessing slew them, and by deigning to slay them he made them immortal; the rocks which he hurled at them in his so-called anti-Götze pamphlets, became their imperishable monuments. Indeed, the athletic stature of his intellect gained him an easy victory in all the literary tilts in which he engaged, and even after his death his country seemed for a long time to be still feeding on the surplus amount

of vitality which his vigorous individuality had imparted to it. The intellectual result of his life naturally crystallized itself into certain fixed doctrines and stereotyped phrases, which became the watch-words of a certain clique of men, the well-known party of enlightenment (*Aufklärung*). The chief of this party, the book-seller Nicolai, in Berlin, who regarded himself as Lessing's legitimate heir and successor, with a certain comic perseverance and a grand air of authority arraigned before his tribunal the rising authors of the land, thus continuing what he conceived to be the spirit of his master's criticism. Lessing had been harsh in his judgment of the *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Stress) school, not even excepting Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* from the general condemnation. Nicolai, perceiving the tendency rather than the degree of merit, therefore persevered in waging war against every incipient literary movement which accorded to emotional strength the prominence which in his opinion belonged only to the rational side of our nature. What had been an unconscious limitation in Lessing's nature, his incapacity to appreciate a purely lyrical talent, degenerated in Nicolai into a conscious, stubborn antipathy against everything which bordered on emotional vehemence. Opposition and ridicule drove the zealous book-seller into even greater paradoxes. The critical maxims which Lessing had bequeathed to posterity were now no longer new, and by constant repetition and misapplication had begun to pall on the sense of the public. The ancient saws about utility, perspicuity, and morality could now no more cause a sensation, and the people were heartily longing for something new. Lessing had endeavored to establish the supremacy of reason also in matters of religion, and had in his daily life practiced toward others the toleration he claimed for himself. Nicolai and his followers, as is too often the case with men of "advanced opinions," forgot in their partisan zeal the tolerance they were themselves preaching, and by their opposition to everything which conflicted

with their own utilitarian tendencies for a time exerted a most unwholesome influence upon the literature of the land. Narrowness of vision, a certain crude, intellectual complacency, utter absence of imagination, extreme utilitarianism, and consequent hostility to everything which points beyond this temporal sphere of existence, were the chief characteristics of this "period of enlightenment."

It is self-evident that a school which so entirely ignored the emotional nature of man could not for any length of time satisfy so warm-hearted and imaginative a nation as the Germans. Their Gothic character, with all its mystic depths of gloom and passion and pathos, soon reasserted itself, the protests became louder and louder, a strong tide of reaction rolled over the land, and this reaction has found its literary and historic expression in what is commonly known as the Romantic School. Its literary results are so numerous, and its social ramifications so intricate and so curiously entangled, that even a hasty review would be impossible within the brief space which is here allotted us. To those who care for a minute and scholarly exposition of its origin and progress, we warmly recommend the admirable and exhaustive accounts of Julian Schmidt, R. Haegm, and Koberstein. Heine's essay on Romanticism is a most fascinating book, which is equally remarkable for its epigrammatic brilliancy, its striking originality, and its utter injustice and unreliability. A distinguished Danish critic, G. Brandes, rivals Heine in vividness of style, without being in the same degree liable to the charge of partisanship. Our purpose at present is merely to illustrate the movement in its moral and social bearings, to sketch, as it were *en profile*, the more prominent features of the Romantic physiognomy, and, by gathering these into an intelligible portrait, convey to the reader an impression of what Romanticism was, or at least what it purported to be.

It was a magnificent array of poets, wits, and philosophers which the year 1798 gathered about the Romantic ban-

ner as displayed in the columns of *The Athenæum*, the first organ of the school. It is noticeable that they were nearly all young men, all sworn enemies of the *Philisterthum* (Philistinism), all filled with revolutionary ardor and eager for battle. Their object, as the first number of their journal announces, was to concentrate the rays of culture in one focus, and to reestablish the eternal synthesis of poetry and philosophy. This, to be sure, is rather vague, and the next manifesto, contained in the second number of *The Athenæum*, is not much more explicit:—

“Romantic poetry is progressive and universal. Its aim is not only to reunite all the severed branches of poetic art, and to bring poetry into contact with philosophy; it is also to blend and combine poetry and prose, genius and criticism, the poetry of nature and the poetry of art, make poetry living and social, and life and society poetic. . . . Like an *épos* it is to be the mirror of all the surrounding world, an image of the age. . . . Only a prophetic criticism would dare to characterize its ideal. It alone is infinite, because it alone is free and recognizes as its first law that the free will of the poet brooks no law above it; that beauty is something apart from truth and morality, and is entitled to equal rights. . . . Like transcendental idealism Romantic poetry—and in a certain sense all poetry ought to be romantic—should in representing outward objects also represent itself. If poetry is to be an art, then the poet must philosophize; in the same degree as poetry is made a science, it also becomes an art.”

This confused document, which defies every effort at a clear and accurate translation, is remarkable as showing that Romanticism was, from its very outset, a conscious and deliberate movement. All the tendencies which during the next decade blossomed into full vigor are here distinctly indicated: rebellion against existing social laws, foreshadowed by the hint about the identification of life and poetry, the sovereignty of genius, and the morbid self-reflection which by coördinating poetry with philosophy

makes it a speculative art and thereby kills that warm spontaneity of utterance in which rests the chief strength of the poet. It is needless to say that the author of this bold manifesto, Friedrich Schlegel, although a writer of numerous verses, had never known the divine madness of the Pythian god: Nevertheless he was a man of most extraordinary powers. All the extravagances, as well as many of the nobler qualities, of the rising school found their living embodiment in him. In the scope and reach of his faculties none among his contemporaries, except Goethe, excelled or even equaled him. His mind, thronged with gigantic possibilities and overflowing with a certain vast, chaotic fruitfulness, seems to have resembled an antediluvian landscape: unruly passions like dark reptiles slept in its depths of philosophic contemplation; huge trees and ferns of strange, primeval growth sprung from its soil; but the more delicate flowers of sentiment seem to have been choked by these luxuriant exotics. The description given by his most intimate friend, Schleiermacher, will make the portrait of this youthful Titan complete and intelligible. He possessed, evidently, not only the strength, but also something of the coarseness, of the primeval race. “He is exceedingly child-like, open-hearted, and joyous; *naïve* in all his expressions, rather inconsiderate, a mortal enemy of formality as also of drudgery, violent in his wishes and inclinations, and, as children are apt to be, a little suspicious and full of antipathies. . . . What I miss in him is the delicate sense for all the charming trifles of life, and for the finer expressions of beautiful sentiments, which often in little things spontaneously reveal the entire character. As he has a predilection for books with large type, so he also prefers men with large and strong features. What is only tender and beautiful does not appeal to him, because, judging according to the analogy of his own nature, he regards everything as weak, if it is not strong and fiery.”

The society of Berlin, at the time when Schlegel made his appearance there, was divided between numerous conflicting

tendencies in morals, philosophy, and religion. On one side there was the sober, utilitarian life of the "enlighteners," with whom poetry, religion, and even human passions were recognized only so far as they were useful, and with whom love had been trained to walk meekly and steadily within the prescribed sphere of matrimony; then there was the fashionable circle which gathered around the court, and in which religion possibly was worn as a holiday cloak on ecclesiastical occasions, but at other times abandoned to give place to open licentiousness and coarse unrestraint. Half-way between these lay the society of the Jewish *salons*, where black-eyed Judiths and Rachels and Rebeccas, radiant with the beauty of their rich, Oriental womanhood, burned incense somewhat indiscriminately to every new candidate for literary laurels. Of course Goethe's "magnificent immorality" no less than the greatness of his genius had long made him the idol of this *coterie*; but besides Goethe they also worshiped Engel and Ramler and a dozen other ephemeral phenomena, whose very names have now dropped out of memory. Prééminent in this interesting sisterhood was the beautiful Rahel Levin, whose wealth, genius, and indifference to popular prejudice enabled her to shine upon the social horizon of the capital, and made her the intimate friend and confidante of two generations of literary celebrities. Acuteness of mind coupled with a certain intellectual voracity, enthusiastic defiance of the restraints which society imposes upon her sex, in short all the peculiarities which made her circle so attractive to men of letters, were combined and, as it were, concentrated into a type in her brilliant personality.

A man like Schlegel could not of course remain long in Berlin without drifting into this *coterie*, and the day when he first was introduced into Rahel's salon made an epoch in his life. It was here that he met Dorothea Veit, daughter of Lessing's friend, the famous Moses Mendelssohn, and wife of the Jewish banker, Veit. This Dorothea, whose name, together with that of Rahel, henceforth

appears on every page in the annals of the Romantic School, was, to say the least, a woman of the most extraordinary attainments. As a young girl of sixteen she had, according to her father's wish, married the prosaic banker whose intellectual inferiority to herself, and indifference to literature, art, and all the things which her early training had taught her to worship and revere, must gradually have widened the gulf which already from the beginning separated them. Nevertheless their marriage had for many years preserved an outward show of harmony, and Dorothea was already the mother of two sons when her acquaintance with Schlegel suddenly called to life the slumbering dreams of her youth, and fanned the torpid passion of her nature into full blaze. Here was a man built, as it were, in a larger style than those whom she had been wont to meet; a man, on the wide horizon of whose mind the future dawned with golden promise; a man whose very faults and passions by their intensity assumed the dimensions of grandeur. Schlegel came, saw, and conquered. Never until then had a woman made any lasting impression upon him; he felt convinced that this was the one love of his life; he knew that his love was returned; he was furthermore aware that she was married, which does not seem to have caused him any serious scruples. His inevitable conclusion was that marriage was an irrational, immoral, and objectionable institution, which ought to be abolished. The result was what might have been expected. Veit closed his eyes as long as it was possible, and at last, when he learned that his wife neither asked nor desired his forgiveness, he consented to a separation. "Réjoice with me," Schlegel writes to his sister-in-law, "for now my life has a foundation and soil, a centre and a form. Now the most extraordinary things will be accomplished." In another letter to his brother he describes his beloved in the following manner: "She is a fine woman of genuine worth; but she is quite simple, and has no thought for anything in the world except love, music, wit, and philosophy. In her

arms I have found my youth again, and I can now no more reason it out of my life. . . . Even if I cannot make her happy, I can at least hope that the germ of happiness in her soul will thrive in the sunshine of my love, so that the mists which envelop it may no more be able to hinder its growth."

It was at this time that the first chapters of that much-praised and much-reviled romance, *Lucinde*, were written, and if there were not too much proof to the contrary, we should prefer to believe that the book was a pure fiction, and had not been suggested by the author's relation to Dorothea. The latter herself declared, when *Lucinde* was read to her, that "poets tell tales out of school." It seems almost inconceivable at the present day that a production so chaotic, so wildly extravagant, and so artistically feeble, could have made so much noise in a land and at a time which rejoiced in the living presence of poets like Goethe and Schiller. *Lucinde* impresses one as a succession of bold leaps; there is a good deal of impetuous vigor displayed in the onset, but when the author is near reaching the height at which he aimed, his strength suddenly fails him, and he collapses and comes down very flat. The story, as such, shows no remarkable originality of invention, but as it contains an abundance of striking thoughts, and moreover has been considered as the most significant social manifesto of the school, it is well worthy of a closer examination.

The pervading sentiment of the book is one of profound contempt for all the prosy realities of life, and for all the senseless rules and laws with which man has imprisoned his spirit, born for freedom. Julius, the hero, like all romantic heroes, is a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He is a *dilettante* in almost everything, and an artist by inclination but not by profession. His youthful excesses are described at great length; he is forever craving excitement, and when he can find nothing else to do, he feeds as it were on his own vitals, indulges in a sort of psychological vivisection, makes the minutest observations on each of his

passing moods, registers the result, reasons over it, and philosophically accounts for it. This is the realization of that "beautiful self-reflection" which Schlegel in his first manifesto announced as being the essence of Romantic poetry. It is this same vein which Chateaubriand simultaneously worked with so much success in his *René*, and which in a somewhat modified shape has found its representative in Byron's *Childe Harold*. In fact, it is the prevailing mood of the age, which the poets naturally were the more keenly conscious of, through the greater delicacy and sensitiveness of their mental organism. Goethe had given it expression in *Werther*, Jean Paul in *Rouguairol*, and Tieck in *William Lovell*; and henceforward the Romantic literature teems with dissolute, philosophic, and morbidly contemplative young men and maidens, who, without respect for moral or social obligations, live only to enjoy, and then, when the natural reaction succeeds the intoxication of the senses, strike tragically interesting attitudes before a mental mirror, and make profound observations on themselves in a carefully-kept journal, which the next day they read to an appreciative audience of intimate female friends. This, in brief outline, is the Romantic type, and a glance at the society of the day will easily convince one that the poets are not altogether responsible for its existence. Its most conspicuous features have even found their way into the philosophic systems of the time. What is, for instance, Fichte's "sovereign I," which creates the world out of the depths of its own consciousness, but a doctrinal embodiment of the Romantic defiance of law and social order? Again, no one will mistake the Romantic tendency of his *Wissenschaftslehre* (Doctrine of Science) when it deals with his favorite theme of self-contemplation. In order to understand the external phenomena of the world, which only exist in their relation to the subject or to his consciousness, he (the subject) must watch the *modus operandi* of his own mind. As Heine puts it, the thought must listen to itself while it thinks, which reminds one of the

monkey which took it into his head to boil his own tail. For, as he reasoned, the most refined art of cookery does not consist in mere objective boiling, but in the subjective consciousness of being boiled.

It is in the portrayal and analysis of these ever-shifting moods that the author of *Lucinde* has his real *forte*. Here, for instance, is a piece of characterization which shows the hand of a virtuoso: "A love without object burned within him (Julius) and consumed his heart. On the slightest provocation the flames of his passion blazed up. . . . His spirit was in a state of constant ferment; he was always expecting that something extraordinary was going to happen to him. Thus nothing could really have surprised him, and least of all his own destruction. Without any business or aim, he roamed about like a man who is anxiously seeking something on which he might risk his whole happiness. Everything excited, but nothing satisfied him. Hence it was that a dissipation only interested him as long as it was untried and unknown; there was as much scorn in his nature as levity. He could preserve his coolness in the midst of a sensual revel, and, as it were, studiously measure the enjoyment; but neither in this nor in the many fanciful studies and occupations, into which he plunged with youthful enthusiasm and a certain voracious hunger for knowledge, did he find that supreme bliss which his heart so vehemently demanded."

Then, at length, Julius makes the acquaintance of a woman, *Lucinde*, who, like himself, is an amateur in art, and who shares his contempt for the world with all its emptiness. "She lived," says the author, "not in this commonplace world, but in a world of her own imagining. She, too, had by one daring resolution thrown away all considerations and broken all bonds, and now lived in perfect freedom."

Now the veil suddenly falls from Julius's eyes, his art becomes warmer and more animated, and a life of brighter promise dawns before him. *Lucinde* loves him, and he too, after a fashion,

loves her; that is to say, the feeling with which she inspires him affords him a new subject for study. For love, according to Schlegel, is not that sudden, spontaneous flowering of the soul, that impetuous, generous, and self-forgetful emotion which the romancers of all ages have delighted in picturing, but rather an empiric science, a curious medley of sensuality and speculative philosophy, with a slight admixture of real tenderness.

In justice to the author we must remark that in his own life his heart put his intellect to shame. He never wavered in his devotion to the woman who for his sake had braved the judgment of the world, and exchanged a life of ease and luxury for one of vain and aimless wanderings. Their love, in spite of its lawlessness, was its own law, and needed, according to their own testimony, no social statute to shield it; for it rested on the sure foundation of real kinship of soul. It was not until many years after they had joined their fates together, when persecution and want had quelled their revolutionary ardor, that they suffered their union to be sanctioned by the church. Then their social ostracism was at an end, Schlegel obtained a position in Vienna, and Dorothea could again show her face in the company of virtuous matrons.

The book fell like a bombshell into the peaceful circles of Berlin society. An open attack upon the holy institution of marriage and an undisguised avowal of the doctrine of free-love could not fail to arouse the indignation of those whose office it was to guard the public morality. Schlegel was hunted from place to place; in Göttingen the authorities refused him entrance to the city. In Berlin he was notified that, if he attempted to lecture, the police would interfere, and even in the academic halls of the University of Jena, where he disputed for his degree of Ph. D., he was overwhelmed with invective and abuse. No doubt he had the satisfaction of believing himself a martyr for a good cause, and Dorothea, whose enthusiastic faith in his greatness never for a moment flagged, did her best to uphold him in this conviction. To be sure, her

womanly instincts were too fine not to make her at times doubt the expediency of Lucinde's publication; in fact, we learn from a letter of hers to Schleiermacher that she rather regretted that her Friedrich had written the book; but if Schleiermacher had ventured to agree with her, we dare say that she would have promptly retracted her opinion. "In regard to Lucinde," she writes, "I often shudder with cold, and then again burn with shame, to see that which to me was the most secret and the most holy exposed to the view of curious and hostile men. In vain he tries to strengthen me by the thought that you would have been even bolder than he. It is not the boldness which frightens me. Nature celebrates the adoration of the Most High in open temples and over the whole world — but love?"

In Rahel's coterie, Lucinde naturally excited the liveliest interest. The tone of this society had always been of the freest, and its members, carried away by the fervor and æsthetic susceptibility of their temperaments, had often strayed beyond what the Philistine world regarded as the boundary-line of female propriety. Their characters had, to begin with, been further removed from prudery than moralists might have deemed desirable; and now came Schlegel with his Lucinde, and the last remnant of the veil of Isis was torn away. Women like Rahel, whose lives and conduct were above reproach, had sudden attacks of artistic depravity, and there was not a thing in heaven or on earth which they blushed to discuss. They were half convinced that Lucinde was destined to revolutionize society and establish a freer relation between the sexes; and for the time being it really seemed as if the prophecy was to be fulfilled. The intellectual women of the day especially showed a great willingness to break the ancient fetters. Schlegel's definition of marriage as being "devotion unfettered" was joyfully received. Schleiermacher, then minister of the Charité Church in Berlin, cherished a profound admiration for the Jewess, Henriette, the wife of the physician Herz, one of the chief

ornaments of Rahel's circle. Henriette cordially returned his sentiments of affection and regard, and their relation soon ripened into the most intimate friendship. Here, indeed, we find an ideal realization, not of the relation which Lucinde deals with, but of a far higher and nobler one, which the author of Lucinde would have been incapable of comprehending. Henriette, according to the testimony of contemporaries, was a woman of magnificent form and stature, and bore a decided resemblance to one of Titian's most beautiful heads. Her character was proud, with perhaps a touch of defiance; her impressible yet vigorous mind could grasp and retain the most abstruse ideas; her culture was broad and many-sided; her command of picturesque language, and her dialectic skill, as her published correspondence with Schleiermacher testifies, were truly marvelous. And yet her attitude toward her friend is so womanly! She clothes his abstract speculations in a bodily form, as it were, and imparts to them the warm flush of her own intense and sympathetic nature. No wonder that he who had half-jocosely expressed his desire "to take a course in womanliness" became gradually more and more dependent upon her, rejoiced in the intellectual stimulus her society afforded him, and confided to her the most secret thoughts and desires of his heart. Schleiermacher was a singularly pure-minded and unsophisticated man, and when ignoble whispers concerning his relation to Henriette began to reach his ears, he showed a sincere surprise, and even attempted to justify himself. Not so with her; she had known from the very beginning what she risked by accepting his friendship, but she had calmly decided that he was worth more to her than the opinion of the world.

The account of their studies, mutual confessions, doubts, and resolutions, preserved in their own correspondence and in that of their friends, giving us a glimpse of two beautiful and original characters, is one of the most fascinating chapters which the history of the Romantic School has to show. The only doubt

which harasses us, the only question which remains unanswered, is how Dr. Hertz bore this seeming neglect of himself, and whether he sanctioned his wife's intimacy with the æsthetic clergyman. But there was revolution in the air, and it was rather the fashion to shock one's fellow-men; so Dr. Hertz, knowing his own inferiority to his wife, probably accepted the inevitable.

That Schleiermacher himself, however, was occasionally in the dark regarding the nature of his feelings toward Henriette, the following extract from a letter to his sister, in spite of its confident tone, sufficiently proves: "You are afraid of relations of tenderness and intimacy with persons of the other sex, and no doubt you are right; to keep watch over myself is my constant endeavor; I call myself to account for the most trifling thing. I belong to Henriette's existence; passion will ever be excluded from our friendship, for it has already endured the most decisive tests. It is deeply implanted in my nature that I can become more closely attached to women than to men; for there is so much in me which only a woman can understand. I must, then, if I will not renounce a true friendship, remain standing on this otherwise dangerous point. In regard to what you write about the appearance, I have my own *principles* on that subject; I believe that it is plainly a part of my office to despise it. It is my simple *duty*."

In another letter he makes the discovery that, if he could have married Henriette, it would have been nearly an ideal marriage; the only objection, aside from the fact that it is an impossibility, is that their wedded life would have been rather too harmonious.

It is difficult to decide whether it was Schleiermacher's desire to justify himself in the eyes of the world, or a disinterested friendship for Schlegel, which induced him to enter the lists and break a lance in defense of Lucinde. At all events, considering his social position as preacher of the gospel in the Prussian capital, it was a most audacious thing for him to do. In his confidential let-

ters on Lucinde, addressed to three female friends, in one of whom the public recognized his Henriette, he boldly attacks the prudish insincerity of the age, which took a secret delight in the lascivious romances of Wieland, and gloated over the coarse platitudes of Lafontaine,¹ while it cried out in virtuous horror at the immorality of Schlegel, who, dealing with essentially the same thing, had the courage to call it by its right name.

We might select a dozen more instances from the private and public life of the Romantics, showing that the school in its early rebellion against the prejudices of society went to the opposite extreme, and methodically arranged as a new system of ethics what had hitherto been regarded as an abnormal phase of human intercourse. Amid a great deal of youthful folly, amid a great deal that was accidental, extravagant, and purely personal, there was also sufficient talent, earnestness, and justice on the side of the reformers to insure a certain degree of success, and a sufficient amount of immorality, hollowness, and irreligion among the adherents of the old to justify the rebellion. Schlegel, who, like many another young man, mistook his own personal peculiarities for universal laws, and the momentary cravings of his heart for the voice of humanity, was unfortunately during this period the spokesman and, to the eyes of the world, the public representative of Romanticism. His mind, having a peculiarly colossal structure of its own, was so constituted that even the simplest truism, as soon as he attempted to utter it, assumed the shape of a paradox. It was in the nature of the case, then, that when he defended a proposition which in itself closely bordered on the paradoxical, it assumed the most monstrous dimensions, and frightened even those who were half inclined to agree with him. In his glorification of the *ἐραῖαι*, "the free women of Greece," the Romantic paradox of marriage culminated.

"All marriages," he writes, "are

¹ A popular German novelist; not the Frenchman of the same name.

nothing but concubinages, morganatic marriages, or, rather, provisional attempts at marriage. . . . The domestic man clings to the hearth where he gets his food; gradually, as he ripens, he begins to strike root like a plant, and renounces the foolish wish to move about according to pleasure, until at length he becomes a fossil. Man in his civic aspect is a machine, . . . the individual as the whole multitude. He feeds, marries, grows old, and leaves children behind him; and so on *in infinitum*. To live merely for the sake of living is the real source of all vulgarity. . . . According to the idea of the ancients, the nobility of human nature should prevail in man as well as in woman. The character of the race should be predominant over the diverging qualities of the sexes. In modern society the very opposite is the case. We can never represent a woman sufficiently weak and womanly, and we take it for granted that she must be so. This view has the most injurious effect upon those artistic representations which are meant to be ideal. We include in our idea of woman features which are merely derived from experience. . . . In Athens, where the public judgment was equally far removed from silly prudery and from lawless indifference, where only what was evil was improper, where there were none of those prejudices which with barbarians take the place of moral feeling, there the wisest man of his age (Socrates) could engage in conversation with a frivolous priestess of joy. . . . This peculiar position of woman in Greece is justified by the endeavor to refine manhood as well as womanhood into the higher unit of humanity (*Menschlichkeit*). . . . What we moderns call womanliness is nothing

but a total lack of character. The Greeks made the mistake of placing their ideal, cultivated, free women outside of the social order of morality; we moderns make a far greater mistake in altogether separating ideality and all kindred qualities from our idea of woman."

Some later essays on similar subjects are openly addressed to Dorothea, and in these the author brings his heaviest artillery into the field. But we must forbear to quote, especially as we do not wish to take the responsibility of deciding whether Schlegel, in his last conclusions, was really in earnest. He ends with asking whether, as an experiment, a marriage *en quatre* would not be a good thing. Here the paradox indeed reaches the dangerous point where it threatens to topple over and crush its own foundation.

In reviewing the incidents of this curious drama we are repeatedly struck with its resemblance to one branch of the so-called "woman's rights" movement of our own day. If in their fight for the civil equality of the sexes Schlegel and Schleiermacher did not demand the rights of suffrage for women, it was only because it was a right to which, according to Prussian law, they were not themselves entitled. Whatever may have been the causes of their failure, it certainly was not lack of genius, earnestness, or dialectic skill; they have anticipated many of the chief arguments of some among our own revolutionary ladies, and have besides constructed many plausible theories which, *mutatis mutandis*, might find an apt application at the present day. Certain of our reformers might, indeed, read a most instructive lesson from the history of these Romantic enthusiasts.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

RODERICK HUDSON.

VIL

SAINT OECILIA'S.

ROWLAND went often to the Coliseum; he never wearied of it. One morning, about a month after his return from Frascati, as he was strolling across the vast arena, he observed a young woman seated on one of the fragments of stone which are ranged along the line of the ancient parapet. It seemed to him that he had seen her before, but he was unable to localize her face. Passing her again, he saw that one of the little red-legged French soldiers at that time on guard there had approached her and was gallantly making himself agreeable. She smiled brilliantly, and Rowland recognized the smile (it had always pleased him) of a certain comely Assunta, who sometimes opened the door for Mrs. Light's visitors. He wondered what she was doing alone in the Coliseum, and conjectured that Assunta had admirers as well as her young mistress, but that, being without the same domiciliary conveniences, she was using this massive heritage of her Latin ancestors as a boudoir. In other words, she had an appointment with her lover, who had better, from present appearances, be punctual. It was a long time since Rowland had ascended to the ruinous upper tiers of the great circus, and, as the day was radiant and the distant views promised to be particularly clear, he determined to give himself the pleasure. The custodian unlocked the great wooden wicket, and he climbed through the winding shafts, where the eager Roman crowds had billowed and trampled, not pausing till he reached the highest accessible point of the ruin. The views were as fine as he had supposed; the lights on the Sabine Mountains had never been more lovely. He gazed to his satisfaction and retraced his steps. In a moment he paused again on an abutment

somewhat lower, from which the glance dropped dizzily into the interior. There are chance anfractuosities of ruin in the upper portions of the Coliseum which offer a very fair imitation of the rugged face of an Alpine cliff. In those days a multitude of delicate flowers and sprays of wild herbage had found a friendly soil in the hoary crevices, and they bloomed and nodded amid the antique masonry as freely as they would have done in the virgin rock. Rowland was turning away, when he heard a sound of voices rising from below. He had but to step slightly forward to find himself overlooking two persons who had seated themselves on a narrow ledge, in a sunny corner. They had apparently had an eye to extreme privacy, but they had not observed that their position was commanded by Rowland's stand-point. One of these cozy adventurers was a lady, thickly veiled, so that, even if he had not been standing directly above her, Rowland could not have seen her face. The other was a young man, whose face was also invisible, but who, as Rowland stood there, gave a toss of his clustering locks which was equivalent to the signature — Roderick Hudson. A moment's reflection, hereupon, satisfied him of the identity of the lady. He had been unjust to poor Assunta, sitting patient in the gloomy arena; she had not come on her own errand. Rowland's discoveries made him hesitate. Should he retire as noiselessly as possible, or should he call out a friendly good morning? While he was debating the question, he found himself distinctly hearing his friends' words. They were of such a nature as to make him unwilling to retreat, and yet to make it awkward to be discovered in a position where it would be apparent that he had heard them.

"If what you say is true," said Christina, with her usual soft deliberateness, — it made her words rise with peculiar

distinctness to Rowland's ear, — "you are simply weak. I'm sorry! I hoped — I really believed — you were not."

"No, I'm not weak," answered Roderick, with vehemence; "I maintain that I'm not weak! I'm incomplete, perhaps; but I can't help that. Weakness is a man's own fault!"

"Incomplete, then!" said Christina, with a laugh. "It's the same thing, so long as it keeps you from splendid achievement. Is it written, then, that I shall really never know what I have so often dreamed of?"

"What have you dreamed of?"

"A man whom I can perfectly respect!" cried the young girl, with a sudden flame. "A man, at least, whom I can unrestrictedly admire. I meet one, as I have met more than one before, whom I fondly believe to be cast in a larger mold than most of the vile human breed, to be large in character, large in talent, large in will! In such a man as that, I say, one's weary imagination at last may rest; or it may wander if it will, yet never need to wander far from the deeps where one's heart is anchored. When I first knew you, I gave no sign, but you had struck me. I observed you, as women observe, and I fancied you had the sacred fire."

"Before Heaven, I believe I have!" cried Roderick.

"Ah, but so little! It flickers and trembles and sputters; it goes out, you tell me, for whole weeks together. From your own account, it's ten to one that in the long run you're a failure."

"I say those things sometimes myself, but when I hear you say them they make me feel as if I could work twenty years at a sitting, on purpose to refute you!"

"Ah, the man who is strong with what I call strength," Christina replied, "would neither rise nor fall by anything I could say! I'm a poor, weak woman; I have no strength myself, and I can give no strength. I'm a miserable medley of vanity and folly. I'm silly, I'm ignorant, I'm affected, I'm false. I'm the fruit of a horrible education, sown on a worthless soil. I'm all that, and yet

I believe I have one merit! I should know a great character when I saw it, and I should delight in it with a generosity which would do something toward the remission of my sins. For a man who should really give me a certain feeling — which I have never had, but which I should know when it came — I would send Prince Casamassima and his millions to perdition. I don't know what you think of me for saying all this; I suppose we have not climbed up here under the skies to play propriety. Why have you been at such pains to assure me, after all, that you are a little man and not a great one, a weak one and not a strong? I innocently imagined that your eyes declared you were strong. But your voice condemns you; I always wondered at it; it's not the voice of a conqueror!"

"Give me something to conquer," cried Roderick, "and when I say that I thank you from my soul, my voice, whatever you think of it, shall speak the truth!"

Christina for a moment said nothing. Rowland was too interested to think of moving. "You pretend to such devotion," she went on, "and yet I am sure you have never really chosen between me and that person in America."

"Do me the favor not to speak of her," said Roderick, imploringly.

"Why not? I say no ill of her, and I think all kinds of good. I'm certain she's a far better girl than I, and far more likely to make you happy."

"This is happiness, this present, palpable moment," said Roderick; "though you *have* such a genius for saying the things that torture me!"

"It's greater happiness than you deserve, then! You have never chosen, I say; you have been afraid to choose. You have never really faced the fact that you are false, that you have broken your faith. You have never looked at it and seen that it was hideous, and yet said, 'No matter, I'll brave the penalty, I'll bear the shame!' You have closed your eyes; you have tried to stifle remembrance, to persuade yourself that you were not behaving as badly as you

seemed to be, and there would be some way, after all, of compassing bliss and yet escaping trouble. You have faltered and drifted, you have gone on from accident to accident, and I'm sure that at this present moment you can't tell what it is you really desire!"

Roderick was sitting, with his knees drawn up and bent, and his hands clasped round his legs. He bent his head and rested his forehead on his knees.

Christina went on with a sort of infernal calmness: "I believe that, really, you don't greatly care for your friend in America any more than you do for me. You are one of the men who care only for themselves and for what they can make of themselves. That's very well when they can make something great, and I could interest myself in a man of extraordinary power who should wish to turn all his passions to account. But if the power should turn out to be, after all, rather ordinary? Fancy feeling one's self ground in the mill of a third-rate talent! If you have doubts about yourself, I can't reassure you; I have too many doubts myself, about everything in this weary world. You have gone up like a rocket, in your profession, they tell me; are you going to come down like the stick? I don't pretend to know; I repeat frankly what I have said before—that all modern sculpture seems to me weak, and that the only things I care for are some of the most battered of the antiques of the Vatican. No, no, I can't reassure you; and when you tell me—with a confidence in my discretion of which, certainly, I am duly sensible—that at times you feel terribly small, why, I can only answer, 'Ah, then, my poor friend, I'm afraid you are small.' The language I should like to hear, from a certain person, would be the language of magnificent decision."

Roderick raised his head, but he said nothing; he seemed to be exchanging a long glance with his companion. The result of it was to make him fling himself back with an inarticulate murmur. Rowland, admonished by the silence, was on the point of turning away, but he was arrested by a gesture of the

young girl. She pointed for a moment into the blue air. Roderick followed the direction of her gesture.

"Is that little flower we see outlined against that dark niche," she asked, "as intensely blue as it looks through my veil?" She spoke apparently with the amiable design of directing the conversation into a less painful channel.

Rowland, from where he stood, could see the flower she meant—a delicate plant of radiant hue, which sprouted from the top of an immense fragment of wall some twelve feet from Christina's place.

Roderick turned his head and looked at it without answering. At last, glancing round, "Put up your veil!" he said. Christina complied. "Does it look as blue now?" he asked.

"Ah, what a lovely color!" she murmured, leaning her head on one side.

"Would you like to have it?"

She stared a moment and then broke into a light laugh.

"Would you like to have it?" he repeated in a ringing voice.

"Don't look as if you would eat me up," she answered. "It's harmless if I say yes!"

Roderick rose to his feet and stood looking at the little flower. It was separated from the ledge on which he stood by a rugged surface of vertical wall, which dropped straight into the dusky vaults behind the arena. Suddenly he took off his hat and flung it behind him. Christina then sprang to her feet.

"I'll bring it you," he said.

She seized his arm. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to kill yourself?"

"I shall not kill myself. Sit down!"

"Excuse me. Not till you do!" And she grasped his arm with both hands.

Roderick shook her off and pointed with a violent gesture to her former place. "Go there!" he cried fiercely.

"You can never, never!" she murmured beseechingly, clasping her hands. "I implore you!"

Roderick turned and looked at her, and then in a voice which Rowland had never heard him use, a voice almost

thunderous, a voice which awakened the echoes of the mighty ruin, he repeated, "Sit down!" She hesitated a moment and then she dropped on the ground and buried her face in her hands.

Rowland had seen all this, and he saw more. He saw Roderick clasp in his left arm the jagged corner of the vertical partition along which he proposed to pursue his crazy journey, stretch out his leg, and feel for a resting-place for his foot. Rowland had measured with a glance the possibility of his sustaining himself, and pronounced it absolutely nil. The wall was garnished with a series of narrow projections, the remains apparently of a brick cornice supporting the arch of a vault which had long since collapsed. It was by lodging his toes on these loose brackets and grasping with his hands at certain moldering protuberances on a level with his head, that Roderick intended to proceed. The relics of the cornice were utterly worthless as a support. Rowland had observed this, and yet, for a moment, he had hesitated. If the thing *were* possible, he felt a sudden admiring glee at the thought of Roderick's doing it. It would be finely done, it would be gallant, it would have a sort of masculine eloquence as an answer to Christina's sinister *persiflage*. But it was not possible! Rowland left his place with a bound, and scrambled down some neighboring steps, and the next moment a stronger pair of hands than Christina's were laid upon Roderick's shoulder.

He turned, staring, pale and angry. Christina rose, pale and staring too, but beautiful in her wonder and alarm. "My dear Roderick," said Rowland, "I'm only preventing you from doing a very foolish thing. That's an exploit for spiders, not for young sculptors of promise."

Roderick wiped his forehead, looked back at the wall, and then closed his eyes, as if with a spasm of retarded dizziness. "I won't resist you," he said. "But I've made you obey," he added, turning to Christina. "Am I weak now?"

She had recovered her composure;

she looked straight past him and addressed Rowland: "Be so good as to show me the way out of this horrible place!"

He helped her back into the corridor; Roderick after a short interval followed. Of course, as they were descending the steps, came questions for Rowland to answer, and more or less surprise. Where had he come from? how happened he to have appeared at just that moment? Rowland answered that he had been rambling overhead, and that, looking out of an aperture, he had seen a gentleman preparing to undertake a preposterous gymnastic feat, and a lady swooning away in consequence. Interference seemed justifiable, and he had made it as prompt as possible. Roderick was far from hanging his head, like a man who has been caught in the perpetration of an extravagant folly; but if he held it more erect than usual, Rowland believed that this was much less because he had made a show of personal daring than because he had triumphantly proved to Christina that, like a certain person she had dreamed of, he too could speak the language of decision. Christina descended to the arena in silence, apparently occupied with her own thoughts. She betrayed no sense of the privacy of her interview with Roderick needing an explanation. Rowland had seen stranger things in New York! The only evidence of her recent agitation was that, on being joined by her maid, she declared that she was unable to walk home; she must have a carriage. A fiacre was found resting in the shadow of the Arch of Constantine, and Rowland suspected that after she had got into it she disburdened herself, under her veil, of a few natural tears.

Rowland had played eavesdropper to so good a purpose that he might justly have omitted the ceremony of denouncing himself to Roderick. He preferred, however, to let him know that he had overheard a portion of his talk with Christina.

"Of course it seems to you," Roderick said, "a proof that I'm completely enslaved."

"Miss Light appeared to be saying things which proved that she had measured her power and found it great," Rowland answered. "Your attempting that crazy pursuit of the flower she had noticed was the act of a man whom a woman feels that she can make a fool of!"

"Yes," said Roderick, meditatively; "she is making a fool of me."

"And what do you expect to come of it?"

"Nothing good!" And Roderick put his hands into his pockets and looked as if he had announced the most colorless fact in the world.

"And in the light of your late interview, what do you make of your young lady?"

"If I could tell you that, it would be plain sailing. But she'll not tell me again I'm weak!"

"Are you very sure you are not weak?"

"I may be, but she shall never know it."

Rowland said no more until they reached the Corso, when he asked his companion whether he was going to his studio.

Roderick started out of a reverie and passed his hands over his eyes. "Oh no, I can't settle down to work after such a scene as that. I was not afraid of breaking my neck then, but I feel all in a tremor now. I'll go—I'll go and sit in the sun on the Pincio!"

"Promise me this, first," said Rowland, very solemnly: "that the next time you meet Miss Light, it shall be on the earth and not in the air."

Since his return from Frascati, Roderick had been working doggedly at the statue ordered by Mr. Leavenworth. To Rowland's eye he had made a very fair beginning, but he had himself insisted, from the first, that he liked neither his subject nor his patron, and that it was impossible to feel any warmth of interest in a work which was to be incorporated into the ponderous personality of Mr. Leavenworth. It was, all against the grain; he wrought without love. Nevertheless after a fashion he

wrought, and the figure grew beneath his hands. Miss Blanchard's friend was ordering works of art on every side, and his purveyors were in many cases persons whom Roderick declared it was an infamy to be paired with. There had been grand tailors, he said, who declined to make you a coat unless you got the hat you were to wear with it from an artist of their own choosing. It seemed to him that he had an equal right to exact that his statue should not form part of the same system of ornament as the "Pearl of Perugia," a picture by an American *confrère* who had, in Mr. Leavenworth's opinion, a prodigious eye for color. As a customer, Mr. Leavenworth used to drop into Roderick's studio, to see how things were getting on, and give a friendly hint or so. He would seat himself squarely, plant his gold-topped cane between his legs, which he held very much apart, rest his large white hands on the head, and enunciate the principles of spiritual art, as he hoisted them one by one, as you might say, out of the depths of his moral consciousness. His benignant and imperturbable composure gave Roderick the sense of suffocating beneath a large fluffy bolster, and the worst of the matter was that the good gentleman's placid vanity had an integument whose toughness no sarcastic shaft could pierce. Roderick admitted that in thinking over the tribulations of struggling genius, the danger of dying of over-patronage had never occurred to him.

The deterring effect of the episode of the Coliseum was apparently of long continuance; if Roderick's nerves had been shaken, his hand needed time to recover its steadiness. He cultivated composure upon principles of his own: by frequenting entertainments from which he returned at four o'clock in the morning, and lapsing into habits which might fairly be called irregular. He had hitherto made few friends among the artistic fraternity; chiefly because he had taken no trouble about it, and there was in his demeanor an elastic independence of the favor of his fellow-mortals which made social advances on his own part peculiarly

ilarly necessary. Rowland had told him more than once that he ought to fraternize a trifle more with the other artists, and he had always answered that he had not the smallest objection to fraternizing: let them come! But they came on rare occasions, and Roderick was not punctilious about returning their visits. He declared there was not one of them whose works gave him the smallest desire to make acquaintance with the insides of their heads. For Gloriani he professed a superb contempt, and, having been once to look at his wares, never crossed his threshold again. The only one of the fraternity for whom by his own admission he cared a straw was little Singleton; but he expressed his regard only in a kind of sublime hilarity whenever he encountered this humble genius, and quite forgot his existence in the intervals. He had never been to see him, but Singleton edged his way, from time to time, timidly, into Roderick's studio, and agreed with characteristic modesty that brilliant fellows like the sculptor might consent to receive homage, but could hardly be expected to render it. Roderick patted his head, laughed indiscriminately at everything he said, and seemed to regard him as one of Nature's good-humored jokes. Roderick's taste as to companions was singularly capricious. There were very good fellows, who were disposed to cultivate him, who bored him to death; and there were others, in whom even Rowland's good-nature was unable to discover a pretext for tolerance, in whom he appeared to find the highest social qualities. He used to give the most fantastic reasons for his likes and dislikes. He would declare he could n't speak a civil word to a man who brushed his hair in a certain fashion, and he would explain his unaccountable fancy for an individual of imperceptible merit by telling you that he had an ancestor who in the thirteenth century had walled up his wife alive. "I like to talk to a man whose ancestor has walled up his wife alive," he would say. "You may not see the fun of it, and think poor P—— is a very dull fellow. It's very possible;

I don't ask you to admire him. But, for reasons of my own, I like to have him about. The old fellow left her for three days with her face uncovered, and placed a long mirror opposite to her, so that she could see, as he said, if her gown was a fit!"

His relish for an odd flavor in his friends had led him to make the acquaintance of a number of people outside of Rowland's well-ordered circle, and he made no secret of their being very queer fish. He formed an intimacy, among others, with a crazy fellow who had come to Rome as an emissary of one of the Central American republics, to drive some ecclesiastical bargain with the papal government. The Pope had given him the cold shoulder, but since he had not prospered as a diplomatist, he had sought compensation as a man of the world, and his great flamboyant curricule and negro lackeys were for several weeks one of the striking ornaments of the Pincian. He spoke a queer jargon of Italian, Spanish, French, and English, humorously relieved with scraps of ecclesiastical Latin, and to those who inquired of Roderick what he found to interest him in such a fantastic jackanapes, the latter would reply, looking at his interlocutor with his lucid blue eyes, that it was worth any sacrifice to hear him talk nonsense! The two had gone together one night to a ball given by a lady of some renown in the Spanish colony, and very late, on his way home, Roderick came up to Rowland's rooms, in whose windows he had seen a light. Rowland was going to bed, but Roderick flung himself into an arm-chair and chattered for an hour. The friends of the Costa Rican envoy were as amusing as himself, and in very much the same line. The mistress of the house had worn a yellow satin dress, and gold heels to her slippers, and at the close of the entertainment had sent for a pair of castagnettes, tucked up her skirts, and danced a fandango, while the gentlemen sat cross-legged on the floor. "It was awfully low," Roderick said; "all of a sudden I perceived it, and bolted. Nothing of that kind ever

amuses me to the end: before it's half over it bores me to death; it makes me sick. Hang it, why can't a poor fellow enjoy things in peace? My illusions are all broken-winded; they won't carry me twenty paces! I can't laugh and forget; my laugh dies away before it begins. Your friend Stendhal writes on his book-covers (I never got further) that he has seen too early in life *la beauté parfaite*. I don't know how early he saw it; I saw it before I was born—in another state of being! I can't describe it positively; I can only say I don't find it anywhere now. Not at the bottom of champagne glasses; not, strange as it may seem, in that extra half-yard or so of shoulder that some women have their ball-dresses cut to expose. I don't find it at merry supper-tables, where half a dozen ugly men with pomatumed heads are rapidly growing uglier still with heat and wine; not when I come away and walk through these squalid, black streets, and go out into the Forum and see a few old battered stone posts standing there like gnawed bones stuck into the earth. Everything is mean and dusky and shabby, and the men and women who make up this so-called brilliant society are the meanest and shabbiest of all. They have no real frankness; they are all cowards and popinjays. They have no more dignity than so many grasshoppers. Nothing is good but one!" And he jumped up and stood looking at one of his statues, which shone vaguely across the room in the dim lamplight.

"Yes, do tell us," said Rowland, "what to hold on by!"

"Those things of mine were tolerably good," he answered. "But my idea was better—and that's what I mean!"

Rowland said nothing. He was willing to wait for Roderick to complete the circle of his metamorphoses, but he had no desire to officiate as chorus to the play. If Roderick chose to fish in troubled waters, he must land his prizes himself.

"You think I'm an impudent humbug," the latter said at last, "coming up to moralize at this hour of the night. You think I want to throw dust into your

eyes, to put you off the scent. That's your eminently rational view of the case."

"Excuse me from taking any view at all," said Rowland.

"You have given me up, then?"

"No, I've merely suspended judgment. I'm waiting."

"You have ceased then *positively* to believe in me?"

Rowland made an angry gesture. "Oh, cruel boy! When you have hit your mark and made people care for you, you should n't twist your weapon about at that rate in their vitals. Allow me to say I'm sleepy. Good night!"

Some days afterward it happened that Rowland, on a long afternoon ramble, took his way through one of the quiet corners of the Trastevere. He was particularly fond of this part of Rome, though he could hardly have expressed the charm he found in it. As you pass away from the dusky, swarming purlieus of the Ghetto, you emerge into a region of empty, soundless, grass-grown lanes and alleys, where the shabby houses seem moldering away in disuse, and yet your footstep brings figures of startling Roman type to the doorways. There are few monuments here, but no part of Rome seemed more historic, in the sense of being weighted with a crushing past, blighted with the melancholy of things that had had their day. When the yellow afternoon sunshine slept on the sal-low, battered walls, and lengthened the shadows in the grassy court-yards of small, closed churches, the place acquired a strange fascination. The church of Saint Cecilia has one of these sunny, waste-looking courts; the edifice seems abandoned to silence and the charity of chance devotion. Rowland never passed it without going in, and he was generally the only visitor. He entered it now, but found that two persons had preceded him. Both were women. One was at her prayers at one of the side altars; the other was seated against a column at the upper end of the nave. Rowland walked to the altar, and paid, in a momentary glance at the clever statue of the saint in death, in the niche beneath

it, the usual tribute to the charm of polished ingenuity. As he turned away he looked at the person seated and recognized Christina Light. Seeing that she perceived him, he advanced to speak to her.

She was sitting in a listless attitude, with her hands in her lap, as if she were tired. She was dressed simply, as if for walking and escaping observation. When he had greeted her he glanced back at her companion, and recognized the faithful Assunta.

Christina smiled. "Are you looking for Mr. Hudson? He's not here, I'm happy to say."

"But you?" he asked. "This is a strange place to find you."

"Not at all! People call me a strange girl, and I might as well have the comfort of it. I came to take a walk; that, by the way, is part of my strangeness. I can't loiter all the morning in an arm-chair, and all the afternoon in a carriage. I get horribly restless. I must move; I must do something and see something. Mamma suggests a cup of tea. Meanwhile I put on an old dress and half a dozen veils, I take Assunta under my arm, and we start on a pedestrian tour. It's a bore that I can't take the poodle, but he attracts attention. We trudge about everywhere; there's nothing I like so much. I hope you'll congratulate me on the simplicity of my tastes."

"I congratulate you on your wisdom. To live in Rome and not to walk would, I think, be poor pleasure. But you're terribly far from home, and I'm afraid you're tired."

"A little—enough to sit here a while."

"Might I offer you my company while you rest?"

"If you'll promise to amuse me. I'm in dismal spirits."

Rowland said he would do what he could, and brought a chair and placed it near her. He was not in love with her; he disapproved of her; he mistrusted her; and yet he felt it a kind of privilege to watch her, and he found a strange excitement in talking to her. The background of her nature, as he

would have called it, was large and mysterious, and it emitted strange, fantastic gleams and flashes. Watching for these rather quickened his pulses. Moreover, it was not a disadvantage to talk to a girl who made one keep guard on one's composure; it diminished one's chronic liability to utter something less than revised wisdom.

Assunta had risen from her prayers, and, as he took his place, was coming back to her mistress. But Christina motioned her away. "No, no; while you are about it, say a few dozen more!" she said. "Pray for me," she added in English. "Pray I say nothing silly. She has been at it half an hour; I envy her capacity!"

"Have you never felt in any degree," Rowland asked, "the fascination of Catholicism?"

"Yes, I have been through that too! There was a time when I wanted immensely to be a nun; it was not a laughing matter. It was when I was about sixteen years old. I read the *Imitation* and the *Life of Saint Theresa*. I fully believed in the miracles of the saints, and I was dying to have one of my own. The least little accident that could have been twisted into a miracle would have carried me straight into the bosom of the church. I had the real religious passion. It has passed away, and, as I sat here just now, I was wondering what had become of it!"

Rowland had already been sensible of something in this young lady's tone which he would have called a want of veracity, and this epitome of her religious experience failed to strike him as an absolute statement of fact. But the trait was not disagreeable, for she herself was evidently the foremost dupe of her inventions. She had a fictitious history in which she believed much more fondly than in her real one, and an infinite capacity for extemporized reminiscence adapted to the mood of the hour. She liked to idealize herself, to take interesting and picturesque attitudes to her own imagination; and the vivacity and spontaneity of her character gave her, really, a starting-point in experience; so that the many-

colored flowers of fiction which blossomed in her talk were not so much perversions, as sympathetic exaggerations, of fact. And Rowland felt that whatever she said of herself might have been, under the imagined circumstances; impulse was there, audacity, the restless, questioning temperament. "I am afraid I am sadly prosaic," he said, "for in these many months now that I have been in Rome, I have never ceased for a moment to look at Catholicism simply from the outside. I don't see an opening as big as your finger-nail, where I could creep into it!"

"What do you believe?" asked Christina, looking at him. "Are you religious?"

"I believe in God."

Christina let her beautiful eyes wander a while, and then gave a little sigh. "You're much to be envied!"

"You, I imagine, in that line have nothing to envy me."

"Yes, I have. Rest!"

"You're too young to say that."

"I'm not young; I have never been young! My mother took care of that. I was a little wrinkled old woman at ten."

"I'm afraid," said Rowland, in a moment, "that you are fond of painting yourself in dark colors."

She looked at him a while in silence. "Do you wish," she demanded at last, "to win my eternal gratitude? Prove to me that I am better than I suppose."

"I should have first to know what you really suppose."

She shook her head. "It would n't do. You would be horrified to learn even the things I imagine about myself, and shocked at the knowledge of evil displayed in my very mistakes."

"Well, then," said Rowland, "I will ask no questions. But, at a venture, I promise you to catch you some day in the act of doing something very good."

"Can it be, can it be," she asked, "that you too are trying to flatter me? I thought you and I had fallen, from the first, into rather a truth-speaking vein."

"Oh, I have not abandoned it!" said Rowland; and he determined, since he had the credit of homely directness; to

push his advantage further. The opportunity seemed excellent. But while he was hesitating as to just how to begin, the young girl said, bending forward and clasping her hands in her lap, "Please tell me about your religion."

"Tell you about it? I can't!" said Rowland, with a good deal of emphasis.

She flushed a little. "Is it such a mighty mystery it can't be put into words, nor communicated to my base ears?"

"It is simply a sentiment that makes part of my life, and I can't detach myself from it sufficiently to talk about it."

"Religion, it seems to me, should be eloquent and aggressive. It should wish to make converts, to persuade and illumine, to sway all hearts!"

"One's religion takes the color of one's general disposition. I am not aggressive, and certainly I am not eloquent."

"Beware, then, of finding yourself confronted with doubt and despair! I'm sure that doubt, at times, and the bitterness that comes of it, can be terribly eloquent. To tell the truth, my lonely musings, before you came in, were eloquent enough, in their way. What do you know of anything but this strange, terrible world that surrounds you? How do you know that your faith is not a mere crazy castle in the air; one of those castles that we are called fools for building when we lodge them in this life?"

"I don't know it, any more than any one knows the contrary. But one's religion is extremely ingenious in doing without knowledge."

"In such a world as this it certainly needs to be!"

Rowland smiled. "What is your particular quarrel with this world?"

"It's a general quarrel. Nothing is true, or fixed, or permanent. We all seem to be playing with shadows more or less grotesque. It all comes over me here so dismally! The very atmosphere of this cold, deserted church seems to mock at one's longing to believe in something. Who cares for it now? who comes to it? who takes it seriously? Poor, stupid Assunta there gives in her adhesion

in a jargon she does n't understand, and you and I, proper, passionless tourists, come lounging in to rest from a walk. And yet the Catholic church was once the proudest institution in the world, and had quite its own way with men's souls. When such a mighty structure as that turns out to have a flaw, what faith is one to put in one's own poor little views and philosophies? What is right and what is wrong? What is one really to care for? What is the proper rule of life? I'm tired of trying to discover, and I suspect it's not worth the trouble. Live as most amuses you!"

"Your perplexities are so terribly comprehensive," said Rowland, smiling, "that one hardly knows where to meet them first."

"I don't care much for anything you can say, because it's sure to be half-hearted. You're not in the least contented, yourself."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I'm an observer!"

"No one is absolutely contented, I suppose, but I assure you I complain of nothing."

"So much the worse for your honesty. To begin with, you're in love."

"You would n't have me complain of that!"

"And it does n't go well. There are grievous obstacles. So much I know! You need n't protest; I ask no questions. You'll tell no one — me least of all. Why does one never see you?"

"Why, if I came to see you," said Rowland, deliberating, "it would n't be, it could n't be, for a trivial reason — because I had n't been in a month, because I was passing, because I admire you. It would be because I should have something very particular to say. I have not come, because I have been slow in making up my mind to say it."

"You're simply cruel. Something particular, in this ocean of inanities? In common charity, speak!"

"I doubt whether you'll like it."

"Oh, I hope to Heaven it's not a compliment!"

"It may be called a compliment to your reasonableness. You perhaps re-

member that I gave you a hint of it the other day at Frascati."

"Has it been hanging fire all this time? Explode! I promise not to stop my ears."

"It relates to my friend Hudson." And Rowland paused. She was looking at him expectantly; her face gave no sign. "I'm rather disturbed in mind about him. He seems to me at times to be in an unpromising way." He paused again, but Christina said nothing. "The case is simply this," he went on. "It was by my advice he renounced his career at home and embraced his present one. I made him burn his ships. I brought him to Rome, I launched him in the world, and I stand surety, in a measure, to — to his mother, for his prosperity. It is not such smooth sailing as it might be, and I am inclined to put up prayers for fair winds. If he is to succeed, he must work — quietly, devotedly. It is not news to you, I imagine, that Hudson is a great admirer of yours."

Christina remained silent; she turned away her eyes with an air, not of confusion, but of deep deliberation. Surprising frankness had, as a general thing, struck Rowland as the key-note of her character, but she had more than once given him a suggestion of an unfathomable power of calculation, and her silence now had something which it is hardly extravagant to call portentous. He had of course asked himself how far it was questionable taste to inform an unprotected girl, for the needs of a cause, that another man admired her; the thing, superficially, had an uncomfortable analogy with the shrewdness that takes a cat's-paw and lets it risk being singled. But he decided that even rigid discretion is not bound to take a young lady at more than her own valuation, and Christina presently reassured him as to the limits of her susceptibility. "Mr. Hudson is in love with me!" she said.

Rowland flinched a trifle. Then — "Am I," he asked, "from this point of view of mine, to be glad or sorry?"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, is Hudson to be happy, or unhappy?"

She hesitated a moment. "You wish him to be great in his profession? And for that you consider that he must be happy in his life?"

"Decidedly. I don't say it's a general rule, but I think it is a rule for him."

"So that if he were very happy, he would become very great?"

"He would at least do himself justice."

"And by that you mean a great deal?"

"A great deal."

Christina sank back in her chair and rested her eyes on the cracked and polished slabs of the pavement. At last, looking up, "You have not forgotten, I suppose, that you told me he was engaged?"

"By no means."

"He is still engaged, then?"

"To the best of my belief."

"And yet you desire that, as you say, he should be made happy by something I can do for him?"

"What I desire is this. That your great influence with him should be exerted for his good, that it should help him and not retard him. Understand me. You probably know that your lovers have rather a restless time of it. I can answer for two of them. You don't know your own mind very well, I imagine, and you like being admired, rather at the expense of the admirer. Since we are really being frank, I wonder whether I might not say the great word."

"You need n't; I know it. I'm a horrible coquette."

"No, not a horrible one, since I'm making an appeal to your generosity. I'm pretty sure you can't imagine yourself marrying my friend."

"There's nothing I can't imagine! That's my trouble."

Rowland's brow contracted impatiently. "I can't imagine it, then!" he affirmed.

Christina flushed faintly; then, very gently, "I'm not so bad as you think," she said.

"It is not a question of badness; it is a question of whether circumstances don't make the thing an extreme improbability."

"Worse and worse. I can be bullied, then, or bribed!"

"You are not so candid," said Rowland, "as you pretend to be. My feeling is this. Hudson, as I understand him, does not need, as an artist, the stimulus of strong emotion, of passion. He's better without it; he's emotional and passionate enough when he's left to himself. The sooner passion is at rest, therefore, the sooner he will settle down to work, and the fewer emotions he has that are mere emotions and nothing more, the better for him. If you cared for him enough to marry him, I should have nothing to say; I would never venture to interfere. But I strongly suspect you don't, and therefore I would suggest, most respectfully, that you should let him alone."

"And if I let him alone, as you say, all will be well with him for ever more?"

"Not immediately and not absolutely, but things will be easier. He will be better able to concentrate himself."

"What is he doing now? Wherein does he dissatisfy you?"

"I can hardly say. He's like a watch that's running down. He's moody, desultory, idle, irregular, fantastic."

"Heavens, what a list! And it's all poor me?"

"No; not all. But you are a part of it, and I turn to you because you are a more tangible, sensible, responsible cause than the others."

Christina raised her hand to her eyes, and bent her head thoughtfully. Rowland was puzzled to measure the effect of his venture; she rather surprised him by her gentleness. At last, without moving, "If I were to marry him," she asked, "what would have become of his *fiancée*?"

"I am bound to suppose that she would be extremely unhappy."

Christina said nothing more, and Rowland, to let her make her reflections, left his place and strolled away. Poor

Assunta, sitting patiently on a stone bench, and unprovided, on this occasion, with military consolation, gave him a bright, frank smile, which might have been construed as an expression of regret for herself, and of sympathy for her mistress. Rowland presently seated himself again near Christina.

"What do you think," she asked, looking at him, "of your friend's infidelity?"

"I don't like it."

"Was he very much in love with her?"

"He asked her to marry him. You may judge."

"Is she rich?"

"No, she's poor."

"Is she very much in love with him?"

"I know her too little to say."

She paused again, and then resumed: "You have settled in your mind, then, that I will never seriously listen to him?"

"I think it unlikely, until the contrary is proved."

"How shall it be proved? How do you know what passes between us?"

"I can judge, of course, but from appearance; but, like you, I'm an observer. Hudson has not at all the air of a prosperous suitor."

"If he is depressed, there is a reason. He has a bad conscience. One must hope so, at least. On the other hand, simply as a friend," she continued gently, "you think I can do him no good?"

The humility of her tone, combined with her beauty, as she made this remark, was inexpressibly touching, and Rowland had an uncomfortable sense of being put at a disadvantage. "There are doubtless many good things you might do, if you had proper opportunity," he said. "But you seem to be sailing with a current which leaves you little leisure for quiet benevolence. You live in the whirl and hurry of a world into which a poor artist can hardly find it to his advantage to follow you."

"In plain English, I'm hopelessly frivolous. You put it very generously."

"I won't hesitate to say all my

thought," said Rowland. "For better or worse, you seem to me to belong, both by character and by circumstance, to what is called the world, the great world. You are made to ornament it magnificently. You are not made to be an artist's wife."

"I see. But even from your point of view, that would depend upon the artist. Extraordinary talent might make him a member of the great world!"

Rowland smiled. "That's very true."

"If, as it is," Christina continued in a moment, "you take a low view of me, — no, you need n't protest, — I wonder what you would think if you knew certain things."

"What things do you mean?"

"Well, for example, how I was brought up. I have had a horrible education. There must be some good in me, since I have perceived it, since I have turned and judged my circumstances."

"My dear Miss Light!" Rowland murmured.

She gave a little, quick laugh. "You don't want to hear? you don't want to have to think about that?"

"Have I a right to? You need n't justify yourself."

She turned upon him a moment the quickened light of her beautiful eyes, then fell to musing again. "Is there not some novel or some play," she asked at last, "in which some beautiful, wicked woman who has ensnared a young man sees his father come to her and beg her to let him go?"

"Very likely," said Rowland. "I hope she consents."

"I forget. But tell me," she continued, "shall you consider — admitting your proposition — that in ceasing to flirt with Mr. Hudson, so that he may go about his business, I do something magnanimous, heroic, sublime — something with a fine name like that?"

Rowland, elated with the prospect of gaining his point, was about to reply that she would deserve the finest name in the world; but he instantly suspected that this tone would not please her, and, besides, it would not express his meaning.

"You do something I shall greatly respect," he contented himself with saying.

She made no answer, and in a moment she beckoned to her maid. "What have I to do to-day?" she asked.

Assunta meditated. "Eh, it's a very busy day! Fortunately I have a better memory than the signorina," she said, turning to Rowland. She began to count on her fingers. "We have to go to the *Pit di Marmo* to see about those laces that were sent to be washed. You said also that you wished to say three sharp words to the *Buonvicini* about your pink dress. You want some moss-rosebuds for to-night, and you won't get them for nothing! You dine at the Austrian Embassy, and that Frenchman is to powder your hair. You're to come home in time to receive, for the signora gives a dance. And so away, away till morning!"

"Ah, yes, the moss-roses!" Christina murmured, caressingly. "I must have a quantity — at least a hundred. Nothing but buds, eh? You must sew them in a kind of immense apron, down the front of my dress. Packed tight together, eh? It will be delightfully barbarous. And then twenty more or so for my hair. They go very well with powder; don't you think so?" And she turned to Rowland. "I'm going *en Pompadour*."

"Going where?"

"To the Spanish Embassy, or wherever it is."

"All down the front, signorina? *Dio buono!* You must give me time!" Assunta cried.

"Yes, we'll go!" And she left her place. She walked slowly to the door of the church, looking at the pavement, and Rowland could not guess whether she was thinking of her apron of moss-rosebuds or of her opportunity for moral sublimity. Before reaching the door she turned away and stood gazing at an old picture, indistinguishable with blackness, over an altar. At last they passed out into the court. Glancing at her in the open air, Rowland was startled; he imagined he saw the traces of hastily suppressed tears. They had lost time, she said, and they must hurry; she sent As-

sunta to look for a *fiacre*. She remained silent a while, scratching the ground with the point of her parasol, and then at last, looking up, she thanked Rowland for his confidence in her "reasonableness." "It's really very comfortable to be asked, to be expected, to do something good, after all the horrid things one has been used to doing — taught, commanded, forced to do! I'll think over what you have said to me." In that deserted quarter *fiacres* are rare, and there was some delay in Assunta's procuring one. Christina talked of the church, of the picturesque old court, of that strange, decaying corner of Rome. Rowland was perplexed; he was ill at ease. At last the *fiacre* arrived, but she waited a moment longer. "So, decidedly," she suddenly asked, "I can only harm him?"

"You make me feel very brutal," said Rowland.

"And he's such a fine fellow that it would be really a great pity, eh?"

"I shall praise him no more," Rowland said.

She turned away quickly, but she lingered still. "Do you remember promising me, soon after we first met, that at the end of six months you would tell me definitively what you thought of me?"

"It was a foolish promise."

"You gave it. Bear it in mind. I will think of what you have said to me. Farewell." She stepped into the carriage, and it rolled away. Rowland stood for some minutes, looking after it, and then went his way with a sigh. If this expressed general mistrust, he ought, three days afterward, to have been reassured. He received by the post a note containing these words:—

"I have done it. Begin and respect me!
C. L."

To be perfectly satisfactory, indeed, the note required a commentary. He called that evening upon Roderick, and found one in the information offered him at the door, by the old serving-woman — the startling information that the signorino had gone to Naples.

Henry James, Jr.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE EAST.

It is a remarkable and romantic fact that the struggle between Russia and England for the control of Asiatic commerce and the supremacy over the Central Asiatic peoples, is going on in the very region whence the Aryan hordes poured forth to populate India and Europe. This struggle has not yet reached the proportions of a warlike collision. But for almost two centuries Russia has been drawing nearer and nearer, by gradual and almost stealthy steps, to the seats of British power in the East; and it does not need an intimacy with the secrets of European cabinets to perceive that such a collision grows more imminent every day.

Whether the Aryans came, as Sir Henry Rawlinson claims, from the vicinity of the region now called Khiva, or, according to learned German authority, from the still mysterious valleys beyond the great Thian Shan range, now ruled over by the usurping Amir of Kashgar, it is certain that Russia and England are contending for the historically primitive home of their common ancestry. The great highways of commerce between Europe and Asia must pass through both Khiva and Kashgar; and the power which is destined to dominate them must acquire undisputed possession of these two states.

In view of what has long been an impending contest, — a contest which seems continually becoming more probable, and one which must almost necessarily involve other European powers besides those immediately interested, — it is worth while to understand clearly the relative positions of Russia and England in the East, and to trace briefly the steps by which the former, from being, a little more than two centuries ago, a comparatively insignificant European power, has extended her frontiers to those of Persia, to Samarkand, and, on the southeast, to within a brief march of the Punjab in North Hindoostan.

Russia began her long career of Asiatic conquest towards the close of the sixteenth century. Theodore I., who was afterwards poisoned, was Czar of Muscovy, which did not become the Russian Empire till more than a century afterwards. Elizabeth was reigning in England, and, far from dreaming of the gorgeous Eastern empire over which her successors were to rule, was engaged in defeating Philip's Armada. The first advance was made in the extreme north. Step by step the territories occupied by the nomad tribes of Siberia were absorbed; then the Cossacks of the Don, settled around the northern shores of the Caspian, were conquered; the Ural Tartars were brought under the rule of the Czar; and colonies were established at Perm and other points eastward and southeastward of Muscovy.

By the close of the seventeenth century the dominion of Russia had stretched completely across the dreary expanses of Siberia, and had included the still more bleak and distant country of Kamtchatka. Peter the Great succeeded to an empire which had become, at least in extent of territory, more Asiatic than European. His sway included the indefinite hordes of Turanian tribes scattered between the rivers Ishim and Irtysh and the northern boundaries of Asia. Peter was the most ambitious, the ablest, and the most civilized Czar who had ever sat on the Muscovite throne. He formed vast projects of conquest, which comprehended not only that portion of Asia lying between the Caspian and China, but also Constantinople and modern Turkey. He left it as a legacy to his successors that they should establish the Greek Church in the ancient metropolis of the emperors of the East; and he pointed out the steps by which Russian ascendancy in Asia was to be attained.

Siberia and the northern shores of the Caspian were hers; it remained to ex-

tend her dominions to the more fertile south, to cross the great arid steppes occupied by the Kirghiz hordes, and finally to found Russian seats of commerce on the southern Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and even the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. Such was the vista of enterprise which the injunction of Peter spread before succeeding Czars. It seemed a gigantic undertaking. It must necessarily be the work of generations. The conquests must be made, as that of Siberia had been made, piecemeal. The progress of Russia in the lines set down by Peter has been, indeed, slow, painful, interrupted; but on the whole it has been steadily onward. From the time of Peter to that of Nicholas this progress was scarcely perceptible. Catherine II. and Alexander I. found themselves absorbed in European affairs, and had their hands full in the wars which, at brief intervals in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, shook the western continent. The more peaceful era after the final overthrow of Napoleon enabled the Czar to prosecute the long postponed objects of ambition in Asia.

Something had, however, been done, between 1750 and 1830, to prepare the way for future operations. A glance at the map of Central Asia will reveal that between the frontiers of Siberia and Turkistan, there lie vast expanses of steppe and desert, broken but rarely by rivers and mountain ranges, and divided, towards the west, by the Sea of Aral and a long, narrow range approaching it from the north. This desert waste is no less than two thousand miles long and one thousand wide. It has always been occupied by fierce Kirghiz nomads: on the western side by the Kirghiz of the "Little Horde," and on the east (between Siberia and Khokand) by the Kirghiz of the "Great Horde." It was Russia's task to conquer and obtain unhampered passage across these immense deserts. It was no less an obstacle than this which lay between her and the fruitful promised lands watered by the Jaxartes and the Oxus. The process by which Russia has finally obtained

the mastery of that great region was the same as that employed in Siberia. She began by establishing a line of military posts within easy distance of her frontiers. Then she sent emissaries among the tribes just beyond, who persuaded them to cease from their wandering ways, and under Russian protection and alliance to settle down in permanent villages. A time would always come when these nearest tribes, threatened by their savage neighbors on the other side, appealed to Russia to defend them; and before they knew it, they were not only defended, but quietly included within the Eastern dominions of the Czar. Then a further line of military stations would be established, and the contiguous tribes would come, first under Russian protection, and speedily, at a moment when resistance would have been sheer folly, under Russian government. By these means, which required time, but were certain in their operation so long as the strength and treasure of Russia held out, she had reduced, by 1830, the Kirghizes of the Little Horde to vassalage. All this was, moreover, so cleverly done as to attach to Russia the real respect and hearty allegiance of the Kirghiz tribes; and this has been an advantage of the utmost importance in the pursuit of her designs farther south.

To bring into clear view the position of Russia in Central Asia forty years ago—since which period her advance has been far more rapid, effective, and alarming to England than had previously been the case—it is necessary to narrate briefly her relations with the great Khanate of Khiva.

Khiva, or Khwarizm, finds its limits between the Caspian on the west, the Sea of Aral and the desert of Ust-Urt on the north, the Oxus or Amu River on the east, and Persia and Cabul on the south. It has been the scene of innumerable wars, incursions, revolutions; conquered and reconquered by rival and turbulent tribes; the prize contended for by great chieftains, now of the Buddhist and now of the Mohammedan faith, from Timour Tamerlane to Kahim Khan; his-

toric ground, where Alexander's legions are said to have trod; and it is now the necessary *entrepôt* between Asia and Europe, which must be held by the power which assumes to control the intercontinental commerce of the future. For a while during the last century, Khiva was governed by Kirghiz rulers, friendly to Russian progress; but early in the present century the Uzbegs, a tribe bitterly and even cruelly hostile to Russia, drove out the Kirghiz "legates," and established over their four tribes princes of their own race, and an Uzbeg Khan over the whole country.

Russia saw the inestimable advantage of getting control of Khiva, at the very beginning of her career of Asiatic conquest. Peter the Great tried to subjugate it as long ago as 1717. The country was inaccessible from the side of the Ural, for then the Kirghiz Horde interposed an impenetrable barrier. Peter commissioned one of his generals, Prince Bekovitch, to conquer Khiva. Bekovitch set out from the northeastern shores of the Caspian at the head of six thousand men, and after a painful march of nearly three months reached the Khivan oasis. "He repulsed," says an account by a Russian author, "the attacks of the Khivans for three days, but was then deluded into accepting their overtures, and allowed his famished troops to be distributed in small parties among the villages, where hospitality was promised to them. There defense was impossible, and they were nearly all murdered, a few only escaping to tell the tale, and a few lingering on in captivity." Bekovitch himself was flayed alive, and a drum-head was made of his skin; and so utterly disastrous was the issue of the expedition, that "to be swallowed up like Bekovitch" is to this day a familiar Russian saying.

The Czars made no further serious attempt to conquer Khiva from that time until 1839; but on several occasions in the eighteenth century its rulers offered allegiance to the Russian crown; and this fact, indeed, has always since constituted one of the Czar's claims to Khivan sovereignty. In 1839, the celebrated expe-

dition of General Perovski took place. England herself was forced to acknowledge that this expedition was a justifiable one. For many years the Uzbegs had made a practice of obstructing and robbing the Russian caravans, making sudden attacks upon the outposts, imprisoning, torturing, and often murdering merchants who were peaceably going their ways of trade, endeavoring to incite the Kirghizes north of them to insurrection against Russian rule, and returning insulting responses to demands for reparation. Thus the Czar's dignity and his aggressive interest coincided in impelling him to undertake the subjugation of the Khivan Uzbegs. His design was hastened by the English expedition into Afghanistan; for now it was clear that Central Asia was to be the battleground of Russian and English interests in the Orient. Perovski set out from the shores of the Caspian on the 29th of November, 1839. His force comprised five thousand men, ten thousand camels of burden, and twenty-two field-guns. Of his army, two thousand were cavalry. It was with a force and armament so small that Russia hoped to conquer a country with a fixed population of half a million, and having tributary tribes numbering as many more. One feature of this, as of all the Russian expeditions in the East, is worthy of note and of praise. The preparations for it were ample. Money was not spared to make every appointment complete. The ten thousand camels carried plenty of warm clothing for every soldier, six months' rations for each man, and even many comforts for the protracted camp life expected in the deserts.

But Perovski, like Bekovitch before him, was doomed to failure. In more than two months he had advanced only four hundred miles, less than half-way from the Caspian to the oasis; and here, in the midst of the bleak desert, finding that one fifth of his army and four fifths of his camels had succumbed to the bitter hardships of winter, and to various diseases, the general resolved to retrace his steps. The retreat was a masterly one, and Perovski was received by Nich-

olas with almost as much honor as if he had returned a conqueror. His enterprise, indeed, had not been wholly fruitless. His troops had at least one engagement with the Khivans, which so deeply impressed them with Russian prowess that the Khan, fearing another expedition, released the Russian prisoners in his hands, prohibited his subjects from reducing Russians to slavery, and received the Czar's envoys with effusive demonstrations of respect.

Between Perovski's expedition in 1839, and that which, under General Kauffmann, in the winter of 1873 finally reduced Khiva to Russian vassalage, the advance of Russia in other parts of Central Asia was rapid, and well calculated to arouse the fears of England. A comparison of her outposts held in 1839 with those acquired since, down to the present time, clearly indicates how energetic has been the pursuit of her long-cherished ambition during the past forty years. At the former period, the bold and historic frontiers of the Caucasus were still independent of Russian rule; and Russia was forced to keep an army of one hundred thousand men to defend her territory from the depredations of the Caucasian tribes. There were no railways, and Russia but timidly navigated the extreme northern waters of the Caspian with two small steamers. She had just acquired the island of Ashurada, then only a sandbank, now one of her most important strongholds in the Caspian. The frontiers of Russia across the continent from west to east found their southern limit in a line of forts and outposts drawn from the Ural River to the ancient Tartar city of Semipalatinsk, on the Irtysh, in the southeast corner of Siberia. Thus, forty years ago, Russia was, at the nearest point, fully one thousand miles from the giant range of the Hindu Kush, which separates British India from Turkistan.

Now a line of railway connects St. Petersburg and Moscow with the Black Sea, and within the past two years a railway has been completed between a convenient point on the Black Sea and the Caspian, passing below the spurs of

the Caucasus range. Several hundred steamers are constantly afloat on the Volga, and for the past ten years Russia has maintained a war flotilla of from fifty to eighty vessels on the Caspian. On the distant and desert-bound Sea of Aral itself, there is quite a formidable Russian war fleet, which, since the acquisition of Khiva and the water-roads of the Jaxartes and the Oxus, has been considerably increased. Russian naval stations have been established from time to time on the Persian coast of the Caspian, so that the dominions of the Shah would be completely at the mercy of Russia, were it not for the guaranteed protection afforded to him by England. The same may be said of the dominions of the Amir Shere Ali of Cabul and Afghanistan. Russian troops to-day confront the boundary of Cabul on the right bank of the Oxus; and probably the only motive which restrains them from advancing to the conquest of that rich and fertile land, which would open to them the southern seas, is the declaration of England that the passage of the Oxus by Russian troops would be regarded by her as a declaration of war.

Perhaps the most interesting and significant of all the operations of Russia in Central Asia were those by which she has become virtually dominant over the great Khanates of Bukhara and Khokand. Bukhara has always been the chief centre, *dépôt*, and market of Central Asian trade; and as such has long been coveted by both Russia and England. From the time when, but a generation after Mohammed's death, a Moslem army overran the country, conquering both the Tartar nomads scattered over its wastes and the more civilized Iranese followers of Zoroaster in the settled districts, Bukhara has been almost constantly the battle-ground of Oriental religions, races, and fierce rival ambitions. When settled under Mohammedan rule, which sought its chief military support not from the primitive Tajiks, fire-worshippers, but from the Mongol Buddhists, Bukhara about the ninth century reached a high degree of power and even splendor. "It was not only the

seat," says a historian, "of a magnificent empire, but the centre of liberal cultivation and learning." Then came the ruthless Jengis Khan, with his Tartar hordes, overrunning Turkistan from the Indus to the Mesopotamian mountains; and soon succeeding this warrior, a still greater warrior appeared on the same theatre in the person of Timour Tamerlane, who built up a vast and powerful empire, and who lies entombed at Samarkand, the second of Bukharan cities. The descendants of these two chiefs long disputed the sovereignty of the southern Turkistan states; but finally the grand viziers gained possession of the power, as the mayors of the palace had done in France. The last prince of Bukhara who claimed a descent from Jengis Khan was deposed by his vizier in 1784; and the grandson of that vizier is the present reigning Amir of Bukhara.

In the contention between Russia and England for the control of Bukhara, Russia had the start, and has pursued her advantage with sleepless pertinacity. While Khiva on the one side, and Khokand on the other, have always bitterly resisted Russian influence and progress, Bukhara, jealous of the ascendancy which England has acquired in neighboring Cabul, has rather encouraged Russian projects, with the result of finding herself at last reduced to a state of virtual dependence upon that power. Russia began her designs upon Bukhara by endeavoring to establish diplomatic relations and commercial treaties with the Amir. Missions were exchanged between the two courts as long ago as the middle of the last century; but the results were not large, and at the proper moment Russia entered upon the project of bringing Bukhara within her military control. In order to reach Bukhara, however, it was necessary first to subdue the large, formidable, and warlike Khanate of Khokand, lying between Bukhara and the Kara Tagh range, and occupying the banks of the Jaxartes down to where it flows into the Sea of Aral. Khokand was long ruled by the descendants of Timour; then it became for a while a dependency of Bukhara;

then, under another descendant of Timour, it regained, about a century ago, its independence. The Khans of Khokand extended their dominions by frequent conquests, until they came into collision, in the lower valley of the Jaxartes, with the Khivans and the Kirghiz hordes; and it was their attack upon the latter, who enjoyed the protection of Russia, which gave this power the excuse and opportunity to assume an aggressive warfare on Khokand.

It was about forty years ago, four or five years before the ill-fated Perovski expedition against Khiva, that the Russians established their first military post on the Jaxartes. This river flows into the northern arm of the Sea of Aral, as the Oxus does into its southern arm; and this step was the first of the series by which Russia advanced her frontier line from Orenburg and Semipalatinsk to the wide semicircle stretching from Fort Kopal around the foot of the great southern ranges to the Sea of Aral. At Aralsk, near the mouth of the Jaxartes, she built a fort, and soon after, a second fort, some sixty miles distant, farther up the Jaxartes, at Kazaly. The Russians were now in a position to defend their vassals, the Kirghiz nomads, from the constant forays of the Khokandis. These latter had, as their extreme northern post, Fort Ak Masjid, on the Jaxartes, three hundred miles distant from Aralsk. This fort was commanded by Yakub Beg, one of the most remarkable figures in modern Oriental history. Yakub, a foreign adventurer, probably of Caucasian origin, had taken service under the Khan of Khokand, and by the exhibition of rare military capacity had risen to the command of what was the most important outpost of the Khan's recently acquired dominions. It is the same Yakub Beg who now reigns, with Draco-like severity and with the sternest and most impartial justice, over the great kingdom of Kashgar, which he himself has created by conquest.

It was in 1852 that the Russians made their first attack upon Yakub, then commanding the Khokandi fort Ak Masjid; but he repulsed them with heavy loss.

In the following year Perovski — the same who had vainly marched against Khiya — led a force of seventeen hundred men against Yakub, and this time, after a most obstinately fought siege and series of battles, Fort Ak Masjid fell. At almost the same time Russian forces descended from Semipalatinsk on the extreme northeast, and established Forts Kopal, Iliisk, and Vernoë. Thus were acquired the two horns of that vast semicircle by which the Russian frontier has been pushed, within twenty years, a thousand miles nearer India and the sea. The progress of the Russians was stayed by the disastrous war of the Crimea, but gradually the Russian lines, from Ak Masjid on the one side and Kopal on the other, drew near each other along the river banks and mountain bases. In 1857 they had established a station at Suzek, at the foot of the Kara Tagh range; two years later they had reached Kastek, and had narrowed the gap on the other side by erecting a fort at Julek. Finally, by 1864, the Russians had completed their possession of the great semicircular frontier, had brought the neighboring nomads into a not unwilling vassalage, and had contracted the Khokand Khanate to less than half of its ancient dimensions. The capture of Hazrat Sultan, a flourishing town lying between the Jaxartes and the Kara Tagh Mountains, and of Chamkand, south of it, soon followed. The next object of assault was the large city of Tashkent, which is said to spread over an area of ten miles by five, with very high walls, and fortifications as formidable as Uzbeg science could make them. The first attack upon Tashkent was repulsed with heavy loss to the assailants. The Khokandis swarmed northward, and the Russian occupation of Hazrat Sultan was for a while threatened. Reinforcements enabled the Russian general once more to assume the offensive, early in 1865, but not until the Amir of Bukhara had hastened to the assistance of the Khan of Khokand, probably with the real object of getting possession of the beleaguered Khanate for himself. General Cherniayeff laid siege to Tashkent, with its two

hundred thousand inhabitants, with a force of about two thousand men. The resistance of the Khokandis was obstinate, but the Russians succeeded first in cutting off the water supply, and then in defeating the valiant Khokandi general, Alim Kul, in a sortie; Alim himself falling in the battle, and thus leaving Khokand without a single leader of courage and conspicuous ability. The supply of food, as well as of water, was now cut off from the doomed city, which capitulated after a siege of six weeks.

The capture and occupation of Tashkent may be said to have given the Russians final and well nigh complete control of the great Khanate of Khokand. They established there not only a large garrison, but a commercial emporium and a civil government; and at the present moment a Russian governor and council, and Russian courts and police, are settled there. It is the centre of all their military operations, and from thence they are able to dictate to the Khan at Khokand, and to protect the upper valley of the Jaxartes.

A new and unexpected foe now confronted the Russian conquerors. This was Musaffar-ud-din, Amir of the powerful state of Bukhara, of which we have before spoken as the chief seat of Central Asian trade. This prince demanded that Tashkent should be evacuated; and when he found that remonstrance was useless, he marched against that city with forty thousand soldiers. The Russian general Romanovski advanced to meet him with a force of about three thousand, and finding him intrenched some miles south of the Jaxartes, gave him battle. "The Bukharan artillery," says a narrator, "was numerous and heavy, but fired over the heads of the Russians, while the Russian shells and rockets filled their camp with carnage and confusion." The result was that Musaffar soon retreated in disorder, leaving his treasure, arms, and camp equipage behind him. In consequence of this victory the Russians were able to occupy the strongly-fortified and commercial city of Khojand, and a little later to advance into that beautiful, fertile, and historic valley of Samarkand,

where Timour Tamerlane rested from his conquests, died, and still lies entombed.

Such have been the features and acquisitions of Russian progress in the valley of the Jaxartes down to the present time. Khokand and Samarkand are virtually subject to the dominion of the Czar. Bukhara, if still nominally independent, has lost some portion of its eastern territory, and is held in awe by the Russian troops; while Russian diplomatic agents have the predominating influence at the Amir's court.

To capture Khiva was a task that still remained after Khokand had fallen. The valley of the Oxus was quite as necessary to Russian projects as that of the Jaxartes, and Khiva once captured and held, the doom of Bukhara would apparently be sealed beyond doubt. The third and successful Russian expedition against Khiva is fresh in the memory of all readers. It was undertaken in the winter of 1872-73. It was commanded by General Kauffmann, and consisted of four columns, starting from different points and converging on the desert capital. Two of these columns—one of them accompanied by the commander-in-chief—proceeded eastward across the desert from two points on the Caspian, the most northerly following very nearly in the line taken by Perovski in 1839. The other two columns proceeded southward from the eastern and western banks of the Sea of Aral. In all there were but four thousand men; and Khiva contained at least half a million inhabitants. Russia staked her whole prestige in Central Asia on the issue of this undertaking. If a third failure to capture Khiva occurred, there was no doubt that a general uprising against Russian rule would take place in the valley of the Jaxartes. Success would go far towards finally establishing Russian supremacy throughout Turkistan. So admirable were Kauffmann's plans that the four columns reached the walls of the Uzbek capital within a few days of each other, that commanded by the general himself being first on the spot. A short and sharp struggle ensued; the fiery young Khan defended his chief city with pluck

and courage, but his utmost efforts were vain. He capitulated and became the prisoner of Russia; and the city of Khiva was occupied by Kauffmann's troops.

England was thoroughly alarmed by the Khivan expedition, and yet more so when Khiva fell. She demanded of Russia that when the Khan had been punished for imprisoning Russians, and the safety of Russian caravans crossing the desert had been secured, Khiva should be evacuated. Assurances to this effect were given by a special envoy of the Czar sent to London. Two years have passed, and the promise has not been kept. A Russian garrison still holds Khiva, and Russian war ships have been put, within two or three months, on the Oxus. By the destruction of the dams which shut the Oxus to navigation, there is now free passage for the Russian flotilla for hundreds of miles southward, even to within forty or fifty miles of the city of Bukhara itself; while navigation on the Jaxartes is possible to within the same distance of Samarkand on the other side. The Russian stations on the Caspian, the two great rivers, and the Sea of Aral now sustain each other in a great cordon of military, naval, and river bases; and Russian power makes itself directly felt on the frontiers of Persia, Bukhara, and Kashgar.

The two latter states alone intervene to obstruct the complete control of Turkistan, east and west, and the great highroads of Oriental commerce of which Central Asia is the seat, by the Czar. The next conquest will be Bukhara, already overshadowed from the Oxus and Samarkand. Then the Russians must reckon with the greatest of modern Central Asian warriors and rulers, Yakub Beg, the usurping Amir of Kashgar. Successful in this, Russian power in the East will at last have brought itself face to face with the British in India. It is not probable that Russia has a definite purpose of attacking the vast and gorgeous empire so well founded by Clive and consolidated by Warren Hastings, Ellenborough, Dalhousie, and Canning; but it is openly asserted at St. Petersburg that, by confronting India, Russia will have a

check upon England in the East, and that, by thus tying the hands of her traditional rival, she will be able unmo-
lested to undertake that march upon Con-

stantinople which was the dream of Peter the Great, and the failure to accomplish which broke the heart of the austere and haughty Nicholas.

George M. Towle.

ON RE-READING TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

If at this moment in his distant isle

And home, shut in by trees and ivied walls,

Where, hidden like the fountains of the Nile,

He dreams among his palms and waterfalls —

If there he knew how one beneath the pines

Of transatlantic lands to him unknown,

Followed with glowing throb the poet's lines

From page to page o'er all the waves of tone,

And read with stirring pulse and moistened eyes,

And fancy in delighted tumult caught

'Mid fairy splendors, visionary skies,

And wild Æolian melodies of thought, —

Should then this stranger tell him all he felt,

In speech or letter burdened with his praise,

Think you that proud sequestered soul would melt

To answer from behind his British bays?

Nay, might he not his gates more closely bar

Against the intrusion, as of one who sought

With alien touch to unsphere the poet's star,

And dwarf with diagrams his orbèd thought?

So have I whistled to a woodland thrush

That charmed the silence of a forest green.

Sudden the liquid cadence ceased to gush:

Deep in the leafy gloom he hid unseen.

And so the poet sings; nor can unmask,

With gloss of random talk, his sacred runes.

Hope not the English nightingale will task

His tongue beneath the old unbidden tunes,

Nor seek to snare the aroma of the rose

That fills the garden with its mystic scents;

Nor, when the enchanted stream of music flows,

Press a prose-comment from the instruments.

Enough that one who prompts the melody

Of younger bards, and lords it in their style,

Should sing unanswered, where alone and free

He dreams amid his fountains of the Nile.

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

WHEN the British forces retreated from Concord and Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, they had but one way open to a place of shelter under the guns of their men-of-war, and that was through Charlestown. Harassed all the way from Lexington to West Cambridge, they could not pass through Cambridge, for a hornet's nest of rebels was there; Lord Percy's reinforcements, which had met the main body retreating through Lexington, had come from Roxbury and found the planks on the Cambridge and Brighton bridge taken up; they had replaced them, it is true, and crossed, but they lost their convoy of provisions, and had the return been made that way, the exhausted troops would have found the bridge planks again up, and this time erected into a barricade. There was a quicker route to the protection of their guns, and when they had passed through West Cambridge they took the road round Prospect Hill, receiving there the hottest fire of any point along the route, and so came into the direct road which led from Cambridge to Charlestown. Down that road they poured, still fired upon and closely pursued, narrowly escaping, too, being headed off by Colonel Pickering with the Essex militia, hurrying forward from Winter Hill, whence they had espied the retreating enemy.

At Charlestown Common, lying just outside of the neck, they found their first relief, General Heath staying the pursuit at this point, for fear of injuring the people of Charlestown. The news of their approach had been growing more distinct all the afternoon, and a great number of people had, in alarm, been making their way into the country over the neck, and by means of Penny Ferry (where Malden bridge now is). It was now after sunset, and people were still streaming out, when the approaching regulars, no longer pursued, spent their rage and fear in discharg-

ing their pieces at boys and women, so that the panic-stricken fugitives turned back and fled to the clay-pits and swamps. The troops poured into town over the narrow neck, calling for drink at the houses and taverns, and finally "encamped on a place called Bunker's Hill." Bunker's private and personal interest in the hill having long since become utterly insignificant, the possessive *s* has gradually been dropped in history, though retained colloquially, and the place called Bunker Hill has come to stand collectively for the two hills, Bunker's and Breed's. Here they were under cover of the guns of their men-of-war, and the next day they were transported back to Boston, to the British garrison there.

The two towns were substantially one as regards commercial interests. The Boston Port Bill, which had been a year in operation, had destroyed the commerce of Boston, and was equally disastrous to that of Charlestown. The assistance given to the poor of one town was extended to those of the other, there being a common stock held between the two towns, distributed in a regular proportion to each, Charlestown receiving seven per cent. of it, and the divided spirit of resolution and of adherence to the governing power was seen in each place. The population of Charlestown at this time was a little over two thousand, concentrated mainly at the foot of the elevation which, highest at Bunker Hill, fell by Breed's Hill to the slope of Moulton's Hill, which met the harbor at Moulton's Point. A ferry plied across the channel to Boston, but no goods could be taken over it without liability to seizure. The effect upon the two towns was alike in the closing of stores, and the general suspension of all trades and industrial pursuits.

The pressure thus brought to bear upon the contumacious rebels by the British government was a part of the theory, in-

sisted upon especially by General Gage, that a strong repressive force at the outset would crush the incipient rebellion. All his movements looked in this direction: he called for reinforcements; he sent out the several parties to secure the arms and ammunition which he knew to be in the province—to Quarry Hill, in what is now Somerville, for the powder stored in the powder-house there; to Cambridge for the two field-pieces there; to Salem for a few brass cannon and gun-carriages, which he did not get, and finally to Concord, to seize the military stores there. Up to this point General Gage was the aggressor. He had a force of about four thousand men, and at least five men-of-war; his barracks and camps were seen in all parts of the town, and fortifications at Boston Neck effectually commanded ingress and egress. He asked for twenty thousand men; he held Boston, as it seemed, securely against attack, and as a point from which to exercise his authority as royal governor. The patriots, on the other hand, avoided taking the aggressive, but they were unceasingly active in thwarting Gage's designs, and in preparing for hostilities whenever the time must come. The authority of the royal governor extended just as far as his guns could carry. Beyond that there were constant drilling of troops, secret meetings, accumulation of military stores and provisions, and that incessant correspondence by committees and private citizens which was making the particles of patriotism cohesive, and uniting them into a solid power of resistance. The tone which Gage took was that of a master of the situation, but the retreat of his expedition to Concord marks the real beginning of the siege of Boston. Immediately upon the issue of that event, Boston was invested by an army of observation which seemed to spring from the ground. From all the country about, from all parts of New England, reinforcements came tumbling into camp at Cambridge. "Even the gray-haired came to assist their countrymen." The Massachusetts Committee of Safety called upon the towns of the colony for men, and sent letters to the other colonies of

New England asking for aid; and aid came before they could ask it. Two days after the battle of Concord twenty thousand men, according to one authority, were on the ground. "So that in the course of two days," writes a British officer, narrating the Concord affair, "from a plentiful town we were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of living on salt provisions, and fairly blocked up in Boston." The Provincial Congress, meeting at Concord on the 22d of April, resolved that an army of thirty thousand was required, and that the quota of Massachusetts should be thirteen thousand six hundred. New Hampshire voted to raise two thousand men, and before that many had enlisted in the Massachusetts regiments. Connecticut voted to send six thousand, Rhode Island fifteen hundred; but there were the separate, distinct army of Massachusetts, army of New Hampshire, army of Rhode Island, army of Connecticut. Good feeling and a common purpose prevailed, but no common organization; there were officers without commands, and companies without officers; many of the minute-men who sprang to arms at the first alarm went back to their farms when the immediate occasion for their services had passed; men came and went, bringing what arms they could, and very efficiently could they use them, if they only had powder with which to charge them. General Ward, who had command of the Massachusetts army, was enfeebled by disease; General Folsom, in command of the New Hampshire army, did not appear for nearly two months after the first New Hampshire forces were in the field; Generals Spencer and Putnam commanded the Connecticut forces, and General Greene the Rhode Island army. The fact that he was commander of the largest body of forces secured for General Ward a tacit recognition as general-in-chief, a recognition which was made formal after the battle of Bunker Hill, when the need of a responsible head had been demonstrated.

This collection of companies of armed men sat down before Boston, beginning a leaguer which was shortly to take the

form of a regular siege. Roxbury and Cambridge and Prospect Hill and Chelsea were occupied, fortifications were begun, and preparations made for maintaining the army of observation in its position. But officers, military and civil, were alike uneasy at the straggling order of the occupation. The passage through Roxbury was very inadequately defended; Dorchester Heights were not occupied; there were as yet no fortifications on Winter Hill or Prospect Hill, and, most important perhaps of all, Charlestown lay undefended, and offering itself as a tempting vantage-ground to the beleaguered forces in Boston. It was under the shore of that peninsula that the British troops had been conveyed when they landed at Lechmere Point on their way to Lexington and Concord; it was over the narrow neck joining the peninsula to the mainland that the same troops had rushed when escaping from the minute-men to the protecting cover of their men-of-war. So aware were the inhabitants of Charlestown of the perilous condition of their town, that preparations for abandoning it began immediately after the affair of the 19th of April, and the two thousand or more inhabitants were reduced in a short time to a bare two hundred. The American authorities aimed to stop all passage to Boston by this avenue, and no one was allowed to enter the town without a pass.

The importance of Charlestown was well understood by the British, and it seems at first blush singular that it was not at once occupied after the Concord fight. But although that encounter had disclosed the determination of the Americans, there was all the reluctance to precipitate further conflict that would belong to forces situated as the British were. General Gage was waiting for reinforcements; when they should arrive he would be able to carry out his plans with a display of military strength which would preclude and not invite opposition. The condition of Boston, with its loyalists who desired protection and its rebels who wished to pass out of the town; the condition of the neighboring country, sending Tories into

Boston and receiving patriots and their families from the town; all this produced an uneasy and shifting state of affairs very unfavorable to secret and prompt military action. Gage was busy adjusting the affairs of the town, and while negotiating with citizens for the safe conduct of those who wished to leave, and giving orders cutting off communication with the country, thereby acknowledging the besieged state of the town, he was contemptuous of the preparations made for hemming in his forces, and resented the idea that the British army was under any necessity of remaining in Boston if they chose to pass out.

Meanwhile the American commanders were growing more and more alive to the situation. The impending conflict was clearly perceived; either the British would throw their forces upon the Roxbury pass to gain possession of that, and occupy Dorchester Heights and Charlestown Heights, or they must themselves strengthen the army at Roxbury and preoccupy the two commanding heights. Whichever army was the first to gain the advantage would be dislodged only at great cost of life and fortune. They urged the colonies to send forward more troops; they studied well the character of the ground; they even resorted to manœuvres to conceal their weakness from the enemy. General Thomas, with his small force of seven hundred men on the highlands in Roxbury, marched his men round and round the hill by a sort of *coup de théâtre*; and so "multiplied their appearance to any who were reconnoitring them at Boston." On the 12th of May, a joint committee consisting of members of the Committee of Safety and of the council of war recommended the construction of strong works on Prospect Hill, Winter Hill, and Bunker Hill; a strong redoubt on this last place, "with cannon planted there to annoy the enemy coming out of Charlestown, also to annoy them going by water to Medford." "When these are finished," the committee say, "we apprehend the country will be safe from all sallies of the enemy in that quarter." The next day, all the troops

stationed at Cambridge, excepting the guard, marched to Charlestown under command of General Putnam. They were twenty-two hundred in number, and the line was so extended as to reach a mile and a half in length. They passed over Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill and as far as where Charles River bridge now is, returning thence to Cambridge. It was a trial of the nerve of the army. The guns of the enemy in Boston and in the shipping could have made deadly havoc amongst them; but though they were probably watched closely by glasses, no more deadly instrument was leveled at them.

A fortnight after this, May 25th, General Gage's reinforcements arrived in Boston. His forces now counted nearly ten thousand men, and he was supported by Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. There could be no longer need to delay active operations. The policy of intimidation could be begun at once, and the incipient rebellion utterly put down. On June 12th appeared Governor Gage's proclamation, declaring martial law, offering pardon to those who should lay down their arms, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." The proclamation, exacerbatng the people, provoked a counter proclamation from the Provincial Congress, in which Gage and a few others were excepted from pardon in phrases that mimic those of the first proclamation, and its chief effect was to intimate that the British were about to move, and to stimulate the efforts of the patriots to anticipate them. General Gage, it was ascertained, had fixed upon the night of the 18th of June to take possession of Dorchester Heights. News of this reached the American commanders on Tuesday, the 13th, and the Committee of Safety on the same day called for a statement of the condition of the several regiments; on Thursday, the 15th, they recommended the Provincial Congress to take measures for an immediate increase of

forces, and also counseled the people generally to go to meeting armed on the ensuing Sunday, the day fixed upon by General Gage for his movement. They passed, on this same day, the following resolution:—

"Whereas, it appears of importance to the safety of this colony that possession of the hill called Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, be securely kept and defended; and also some one hill or hills on Dorchester Neck be likewise secured; therefore, resolved unanimously, that it be recommended to the council of war that the above-mentioned Bunker's Hill be maintained, by sufficient forces being posted there; and as the particular situation of Dorchester Neck is unknown to this committee, they advise that the council of war take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the security of this colony." To guard against the plan leaking out, the resolve was not then recorded, but only after the battle, on the 19th.

This quick succession of resolute movements reveals the spirit of the men who were at the head of affairs; without being able to look to any one leader of transcendent ability and authority, with full knowledge of the ill-organized condition of the army and of the excellent condition of the British troops, knowing too how incomplete was their own supply of ammunition, they did not wait to receive the attack of the enemy, they did not even seek to anticipate him on the ground which they knew he was about to seize first, but by a bold counter movement took the aggressive in another quarter, and encountered great risks determinedly and bravely. Gage was to move upon Dorchester on Sunday, the 18th; on Friday, the 16th of June, the commanders of the American army proceeded to carry out the resolve of the Committee of Safety by taking possession of Bunker Hill.

The centre of the American army was at Cambridge, the main body was quartered on Cambridge Common, and General Ward's headquarters were in the old Holmes mansion. The plans of the coun-

cil were carried on in secrecy. Friday, the 16th, orders were issued for a parade at six o'clock in the evening, about a thousand men from Prescott's, Frye's, and Bridge's regiments, and a fatigue party of two hundred Connecticut troops, being ordered to present themselves with all the intrenching tools in the Cambridge camp; with them also Captain Gridley's company of artillery, consisting of forty-nine men and two field-pieces. The detachment was under command of Colonel William Prescott, whose name has received literary honors in the person of his grandson, and whose own name shines brightly out of the smoke of this engagement. He was one of the patriots, of good birth and high connections, whose faith was steady and courage unquestioned. His brother-in-law, the tory Councillor, Willard, had tried to dissuade him from the part he was taking, holding before him the warning of confiscation and death. "I have made up my mind on that subject," he replied. "I think it probable I may be found in arms, but I will never be taken in arms. The tories shall never have the satisfaction of seeing me hanged." With Prescott was the chief engineer of the American forces, Colonel Richard Gridley, who had won his honors at the siege of Louisburg. The expedition carried provisions for one day, and blankets.

Three hours seem to have been spent in necessary preparations. Then prayer was offered by President Langdon, of Harvard College, who had recently been appointed chaplain of the army in Cambridge, standing, tradition says, on the steps of the Holmes house, and at nine o'clock the party started, headed by Colonel Prescott, accompanied by two sergeants bearing dark lanterns open in the rear. The plan of the expedition had as yet been kept secret, but its general purpose could hardly have been unknown to any in the party, after these preparations, when they passed down what is now called Kirkland Street, and marched for two miles, past Inman's woods, under Prospect Hill, into the present Washington Street, and so

leaving Cobble Hill, now crowned by the McLean Asylum, on the right, entered Charlestown Common, halting at Charlestown Neck. It is very likely that two months before, some of this little company had halted just short of this point by General Heath's order, and turned back from following the retreating forces of the British.

A company was now detailed to proceed to the lower part of Charlestown as a guard. Here, also, they were joined by General Israel Putnam, a notable reinforcement. It does not appear that Putnam brought with him any men, but his own presence was a host. Brave, frank, and popular, he was known by sight to a great many other than the fatigue party of two hundred Connecticut men. It was he who had led the troops a month before over this same road, when they had marched to Charlestown and back, to rehearse for a bolder expedition. He had been in the council of war which discussed this movement, and had been, with Prescott, a zealous advocate of it. Impatient of inaction, he was for drawing the British wolf out of its den. Brave himself, he believed in the bravery of the troops. "The Americans," he said "are not afraid of their heads, though very much afraid of their legs; if you cover these, they will fight forever."

After this halt they moved forward again, and took the road which began at the neck and led up Bunker Hill, rising gradually for about three hundred yards, when it reached a height of one hundred and twelve feet, sloping on two sides toward the two rivers which flow on either side of the peninsula. The road descended at the farther end of the hill, and then completely encircled the base of Breed's Hill, a lesser elevation, at that time sixty-two feet in height. Another halt was made after the main body had crossed Bunker Hill, and now, under a waning moon, in the clear starlight, began an earnest consultation as to the plan of intrenchment. The orders, now first disclosed by Colonel Prescott, called distinctly for the fortification of Bunker Hill, but with the

work immediately before them, and in full view of the situation, there at once arose a conflict of judgment as to the intrenching Bunker Hill before Breed's Hill, which was nearer Boston, should be secured. It is possible that the somewhat confused condition of nomenclature furnished those in favor of departing from the literal instruction with an excuse for believing that the name Bunker covered the whole ridge; but in view of the undefined relation which subsisted between the civil and the military authorities, and of the not very strict discipline in the army itself, it is not difficult to see that the most weighty arguments at the time would prevail. "On the pressing importunity of one of the generals," we are told, "it was concluded to proceed to Breed's Hill." Moreover, it was very plain that to hold Bunker Hill would not be to hold Charlestown or to command Boston, and that was the object of the movement. It was decided to fortify Breed's Hill; and afterward to strengthen the position by fortifying Bunker Hill.

Precious time had been expended on this discussion, which it seems incredible should not have been anticipated when the plans were first formed in camp at Cambridge. The troops were marched up the hill, packs were thrown off and guns stacked; and at midnight Colonel Gridley had marked out the plans of a fortification, and the men were at work with spade and pick. A party was also sent out to patrol the shore, and especially to keep watch at the ferry, which lay at the end of Main Street, not far from where a thousand men were silently at work, digging and casting up the loose earth. On the Boston side of the ferry, only a mile distant, lay the Somerset man-of-war. Other men-of-war and floating batteries were about them; the opposite shore was patrolled by sentinels, and every once in a while the cry of "All's well" was heard from the watch on the men-of-war. Twice Colonel Prescott left his men and went down to the river

to reconnoitre, anxious lest their design should be discovered. His great concern was for the erecting of some sort of a protective screen against the attack which he knew was sure to come in the early morning. With all his energy, therefore, he urged forward the work, and doubtless when he recalled the patrol party, a little before dawn, he set them also to work on the intrenchment.

The sun rose on the morning of Saturday, the 17th of June, at about half after four o'clock; less than four hours of darkness, therefore, had been allowed to the little band to build its intrenchments. Yet they had worked to purpose. The redoubt itself, that stood in the gray light of that summer morning, was eight rods square, the southern side, running parallel with Main Street, being constructed "with one projecting and two entering angles." On a line with the eastern side, which faced the Navy Yard, was a breastwork nearly four hundred feet in length, running down the hill toward the Mystic. The sally-port opened upon the angle between this breastwork and the northern side of the redoubt, and was defended by a blind."¹ Within this redoubt and behind this breastwork, between six and seven feet in height, were gathered the brave company of men who had toiled all the night and still kept at work. Prescott was everywhere, cheering them on; mounting the works, his commanding presence was the personal power which, above all official authority, governed men who felt the same ardor which he possessed, and knew how to obey a brave man. General Putnam had returned in the night to Cambridge, to urge forward reinforcements and provisions.

The sentries on the man-of-war *Lively*, relieving each other during the night of the 16th, had not heard the thousand soldiers digging within ear-shot, and their cry of "All's well" had sounded very peacefully, but now as the dawn broke, promising the full splendor of a June day, the work of the night was discovered, and

¹ Ellis. In preparing this article the writer has followed, as every one must now follow, in the track of Frothingham, Ellis, and Swett, using the material

which they have so diligently gathered and consulting the authorities which their thorough research has brought to light and pointed out.

the captain, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sudden noise of the guns gave the alarm to the fleet, to the army, to all the town of Boston, and must have been heard with beating hearts by the patriots in the town and the waiting companies in Cambridge and Roxbury. Then the firing ceased by order of the admiral. It had served as an alarm, and General Gage promptly acted, calling a council of war at his headquarters in the Province House. There was a division of opinion as to the best method of attacking the rebels, one counsel being that under cover of their men-of-war and floating batteries the men should be landed at Charlestown Common in the rear of the fortifications, and be placed also where they could command the approach to Cambridge. It is said that the majority of the council favored this plan, and certainly it had been regarded as the enemy's probable method by General Ward and his associates when planning the enterprise, so that anxiety was felt not only concerning the holding of Charlestown, but also for the safety of the remaining forces at Cambridge, who might be suddenly called upon to meet the enemy. But General Gage not only apprehended the peril of placing his troops between two bodies of the enemy, in a country which abounded in quagmires, but also depreciated the difficulty of an open attack upon the works. His arguments and his authority combined to determine the mode of attack, and orders were immediately issued for the disposition of the forces.

It was now nine o'clock. Firing had been renewed both from the ships and from a battery of six guns on Copp's Hill, in Boston. One man, a private, rashly venturing outside of the works, had been killed, but as yet the intrenchments afforded a safe protection to the men busily engaged in completing their work, raising platforms of wood or earth upon which to stand when the time should come for returning the enemy's fire. But a hotter fire than that from the British guns descended upon them: the hot sun of a summer morning beat mer-

cilessly upon them, worn out with their night's labor, and under it there was such evident failure of the men's strength that urgent efforts were made to induce Prescott to relieve them from further service. He would not do this; he was vehement against the plan of sending off the men who had raised the work; he doubted if the enemy would undertake to attack them; if they did, still these men were able to defend the redoubt. His own fiery determination, the inspiring power of the day, burned in his men. The plan was dropped, but Prescott sent to General Ward for further reinforcements and supplies, detaching for the purpose Major Brooks, who set out on foot, for Captain Gridley refused to allow him one of his artillery horses, since the safety of his pieces depended upon his ability to remove them at any time; the messenger arrived at Cambridge about ten o'clock, where he found the Committee of Safety.

General Ward was still disinclined to weaken the force at Cambridge, where was held the most important collection of military stores; but Major Brooks's urgent call was seconded by one of the members of the Committee of Safety, Richard Deven's, himself a citizen of Charlestown, and after an hour's discussion orders were given for the two New Hampshire regiments — Colonel Stark's, posted at Medford, and Colonel Read's, at Charlestown Neck — to join the forces at Breed's Hill; the companies at Chelsea also, of Gerrish's regiment, were recalled to Cambridge. General Putnam was not in Cambridge when Brooks appeared, but was already on his way back to Charlestown, possibly having met Brooks on the way. Riding back and forth he was constantly seen by the men, but as yet had none of his own troops on the peninsula, excepting the two hundred men who came with the expedition. He rode up to the redoubt and expostulated with Colonel Prescott for allowing the intrenching tools to remain as they were, piled up in the rear of the redoubt. Colonel Prescott replied that if men were sent away with the tools, they would none of them re-

turn; he knew well the discouraged condition of many of them. Putnam declared they would return, and a party was sent with the tools to Bunker Hill, where General Putnam gave orders for them to throw up a breastwork, carrying out the original plan of providing protection in case of retreat. Some of the party seized the opportunity to escape from the impending danger; others took part in the engagement.

Meanwhile the British had been keeping up a cannonade from floating batteries and from the men-of-war, while making active preparation for the assault. The activity in the intrenchments had given way to a rest and an anxious looking for reinforcements and provisions. From Boston many eyes were watching the little redoubt. Only a gun now and then was fired from it, but the movement of men could be seen, — the passing back and forth of messengers, and the tall form of Colonel Prescott as he continued to inspire the little army with bravery. General Gage, leveling his glass at him and seeing his activity, turned to a bystander, Councillor Willard, and asked him who it was.

"It is my brother-in-law, Colonel Prescott," said Willard, and likely enough remembered how he had warned him against the pass he had come to.

"Will he fight?"

"Yes, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins!"

"The works must be carried."

Half after eleven o'clock was the hour named by General Gage for the regiments and companies to parade with ammunition, blankets, and provisions, and march to Long Wharf and the North Battery, while the remainder of the troops were to hold themselves in readiness to embark at a moment's warning. At noon Colonel Prescott and his men, looking down from their intrenchments, saw twenty light barges come through the channel between Boston and Noddle's Island (East Boston) and make for Moulton's Point, where Chelsea bridge now leads from Charlestown.

The bright sun shone upon their splendid accoutrements and polished firelocks, and, in the bows of the leading barges, upon glittering pieces of ordnance. At the same time the Falcon and the Liveley swept the low grounds in front of Breed's Hill, to protect the troops in landing, should any sally be made from the redoubt. But the little band on the hill had not built their intrenchment to throw themselves out of it upon this superior force. Turning their eyes inland, the Americans looked anxiously still for the desired reinforcements. They were under a heavy fire from the Somerset, from floating batteries, and from the battery of the redoubt on Copp's Hill, and they could see the Glasgow frigate and the Symmetry transport moored close under the shore beyond Lechmere Point, raking the narrow neck and making any attempt of reinforcements to cross a perilous one.

The roar of the cannon was heard in Cambridge and immediately it was known that the British had landed. It was just after dinner, and the sudden alarm was communicated by the ringing of bells and beating of drums. Reinforcements were immediately sent forward by General Ward, who reserved only a small number of troops to guard Cambridge, and by General Putnam, who ordered forward the remainder of the Connecticut troops. The general himself was ubiquitous, flying back and forth between the camp and the battle-ground; but it seems that upon now sending forward his own army he remained on the field to the end. The effect upon the soldiers is given with great spirit in a letter by Captain John Chester. "Just after dinner," he says, "I was walking out from my lodgings, quite calm and composed, and all at once the drums beat to arms, and bells rang, and a great noise in Cambridge. Captain Putnam¹ came by on full gallop. 'What is the matter?' says I. 'Have you not heard?' 'No.' 'Why, the regulars are landing at Charlestown,' says he; 'and father says you must all meet, and march directly to Bunker Hill, to

¹ Captain Daniel Putnam, son of General Israel Putnam.

oppose the enemy.' I waited not, but ran and got my arms and ammunition, and hasted to my company (who were in the church for barracks), and found them nearly ready to march. We soon marched with our frocks and trousers on over our other clothes (for our company is in uniform wholly blue, turned up with red), for we were loath to expose ourselves by our dress, and down we marched."

But General Howe, who was in command of the British forces which had landed at Moulton's Point, after an examination of the ground sent back to General Gage for reinforcements, not satisfied that the men at his command were sufficient for the attack upon so strong a position. While waiting for the return of the barges, he sent a detachment along the shore of the Mystic, apparently with the intention of executing a flank movement and surrounding the redoubt. This was discovered by Colonel Prescott, who sent Captain Knowlton with the Connecticut troops, accompanied by two field-pieces, to the rear of the redoubt, where a low ridge of land separated the hill from Bunker Hill. From the road which ran along this ridge, a double rail fence, under a small part of which was a stone wall about two feet high, extended to the Mystic. Bringing other fence material, a parallel was made and the space between filled in with grass which had been mown just previous to this, and lay on the ground. This slight breastwork was some seven hundred feet in length, but it began about a hundred feet north of the redoubt and lay nearly six hundred in the rear, so that there was a large gap between it and the redoubt. There were a few scattered trees in this gap, part of the ground being of a clayey, marshy character.

Meanwhile, just before the arrival of the British reinforcements, the Americans were cheered by the arrival of those they had anxiously looked for. Notably there came Dr. Joseph Warren, President of the Provincial Congress, who had just received his commission as major-general, and was perhaps the best known and most popular leader in Massachu-

setts. He was at Cambridge when the news came, and with a bravery of which he had already given signal example, he hurried forward to the post of danger; in common with General Ward, he had on prudential grounds advised against the expedition. He presented himself at the redoubt, and Colonel Prescott at once tendered the command to him, but he refused, only asking that he might serve as a volunteer. He brought news of two thousand reinforcements which he had passed on the way. There came also General Pomeroy, a veteran of the French wars; without a command he had asked of General Ward a horse to take him to the field, but on reaching the neck he would not expose the horse to the murderous fire, dismounted, shouldered his musket, walked across, and joined the men at the rail fence, who received him with cheers, and with them he fought all that day, animating, inspiring them with words and his own courage and enthusiasm. Colonel John Stark, also, who had been ordered forward when Major Brooks had first applied for aid, arrived with his regiment at the neck. The enemy's guns were pouring their fire across that narrow isthmus, — one could toss a stone from the centre into either river, — and he was advised to quicken the pace of his men as they crossed. "One fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones," he replied, and marched over in good order and steadiness. He carried his men to the rail fence and helped Captain Knowlton complete his work. Here, too, General Putnam was a prominent figure.

It was now three o'clock, and the hour had struck. General Howe's reinforcements had arrived, and he had about three thousand men drawn up in line. He stepped before them and said: —

"Gentlemen: I am very happy in having the honor of commanding so fine a body of men. I do not in the least doubt but that you will behave like Englishmen, and as becometh good soldiers. If the enemy will not come from their intrenchments, we must drive them out at all events, otherwise the town of Boston will be set on fire by them. I shall not

desire one of you to go a step farther than where I go myself at your head. Remember, gentlemen, we have no recourse to any resources if we lose Boston, but to go on board our ships, which will be very disagreeable to us all."

There was now a general discharge from Howe's field-pieces, from the Copp's Hill batteries, and from those on the ships, while the British columns moved forward in two divisions: the right commanded by General Howe, who proposed to move along the Mystic in order to penetrate the American line stationed at the rail fence, and cut off retreat from the redoubt; the left under General Pigot to storm the breastwork and redoubt. In the redoubt stood Colonel Prescott, awaiting the attack; behind the rail fence was General Putnam. Both of these commanders knew how scanty was the supply of ammunition, and how needful it was that their men should meet the attack with the courage of veterans. "Wait till the enemy are within eight rods;" "Save your powder;" "Aim at the handsome coats;" "Pick off the commanders;" "Fire low;" "Aim at the waistbands," were the orders passed along as Prescott and Putnam moved about among the men. "Men, you are all marksmen," said Putnam; "don't one of you fire till you see the whites of their eyes." The eager men, their hearts beating at the approach of the enemy, who came tramping up the hill and over the shore, could not restrain themselves, and here and there, as the enemy came within gunshot, began to return the fire. Prescott was indignant; he commanded them to obey his orders, and threatened to shoot any man who disobeyed; his lieutenant-colonel, Robinson, sprang upon the top of the works and knocked up the leveled muskets. At the rail fence it was the same; the enemy was steadily approaching but had not yet fired, when the Americans behind the fence began to pick them off. Putnam instantly threatened to cut down any man who fired before the order was given.

On came General Pigot, marching steadily up to the face of the redoubt,

but when his line was within eight rods, the order came from inside the redoubt to fire, and in an instant the Americans, standing on their platform, poured a murderous shower of balls into the advancing lines. Down fell the first rank, swept by the terrible discharge; the next advanced, and that too strewed the ground; and as the enemy staggered forward over the dead and dying, they were met by the same deliberate aim. General Pigot ordered a retreat, and a shout of triumph burst forth from the redoubt.

It was answered from the rail fence. The enemy's artillery, stuck fast in the clay-pits and furnished with balls too large for the pieces, had been left behind, and the troops had advanced, firing with precision, and doing no damage to the Americans, but only to the branches of the trees above them. As they came within the prescribed distance, the word was given, and quickly the marksmen behind the fence began taking deadly aim and thinning the ranks with their cool, deliberate fire, shouting to one another, "There! see that officer! Let us have a shot at him!" They used the fence as a rest; the British could not get over that strange, rustic breastwork of green grass packed between rail fences. They began to lose terribly, and the order was given to retreat. The Americans set up a shout, some of them leaping over the barricade, and eagerly attacking the foe even before they retreated. In the retreat the flying enemy left behind the dead and dying, and some even ran to the boats for security.

The attack had been made and repulsed.

If but reinforcements and ammunition would come! General Putnam rode to Bunker Hill and to the rear of it to urge forward the troops which were gathering about Charlestown Common and the neck. But the Glasgow and the batteries continued to rake the neck, and plowing up the soil to make a cloud of dust and smoke which must have made the passage almost indistinguishable. Some troops struggled forward in an irregular fashion; some reached Bun-

ker Hill, but went no farther; the hasty earthworks begun there had been left incomplete, and the men who had toiled the night through to fortify Breed's Hill, and had borne the brunt of the battle thus far, were left, almost unaided by any new recruits, to meet the second attack which they saw was sure to come; to meet it, too, hungry, exhausted, beaten upon by the hot sun.

In a quarter of an hour more the second attack came. Reinforcements for the British had landed, this time at the ferry, to support the left column. But that column, as they advanced before, had been annoyed by the sharp-shooting of men posted in the wooden houses of the town commanding their approach. The order went out for burning the town, and carcasses¹ were thrown from Copp's Hill, while a party of marines from the Somerset aided in setting fire. The dry wooden buildings sent up their flames and smoke with a terrible roar, but the wind favored the little band of defenders by driving away the smoke and giving them a full view of the left wing under Pigot, advancing as before, while the light infantry that formed the right column again advanced to attack the party at the rail fence. They came on, keeping up a steady fire, but as before the Americans reserved their fire until the columns should come even nearer; then again at the word of command they rose above the breastwork and redoubt, and delivered their fire with fearful precision; the ranks of the enemy fell before it, yet they closed and repeated the attack. General Howe was in the hottest part of the encounter; three times was he left alone, so quickly fell his aids and officers

at his side. From the opposite shore and from the vessels the spectators could see the officers pricking with bayonets the reluctant men who had fallen back from the deadly fire, but the second attack ended like the first, and the enemy was forced to retreat down the hill, leaving the field covered with the bodies of the dead and dying.²

Twice had these resolute men met the attack, and twice repulsed it. The shout of triumph that rang out when they first drove the enemy back was repeated, but the terrible conflict was beginning to tell on them. Prescott, unflinching in his courage, went back and forth, assuring them that they needed only to hold on, and the day would be theirs; that if the British were once more driven back they could not be rallied. "We are ready for the red-coats again," cheered back the now veteran soldiers. Yet scarcely more than two hundred men at this time occupied the redoubt, and, hardest of all, they knew bitterly that their ammunition was nearly expended. A few artillery cartridges alone contained all the powder on hand. Prescott ordered these to be opened and the powder distributed, bidding them "not to waste a kernel of it, but to make it certain that every shot should tell." Some of the men even gathered loose stones from the parapet to serve as shot. About fifty had bayonets fixed, and these were stationed at points most likely to be scaled. The rest could but club their muskets and spend their strength in desperate encounter.

The third attack was ordered in a more prudent manner. General Clinton, who saw the discomfiture of the British forces from Copp's Hill, crossed the river and

¹ Hollow cases, iron-ribbed, filled with combustibles.

² "And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived: if we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land; and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze — the church steeples being timber were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was engaged; the hills around the

country covered with spectators; the enemy all in anxious suspense; the roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubt with the objects above described to fill the eye; and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the *British Empire in America* to fill the mind; made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to." (General Burgoyne to Lord Stanley, in *Force's American Archives*.) Several letters from British officers preserved in *Force* bear hearty testimony to the pluck of the American soldiers.

took command of some five or six hundred men who stood hesitating, without orders, on the beach. His presence and his reinforcement were most timely; if he had not come up "we should have been forced to retire," says the British report on the Conduct of the War. General Howe now left his place at the head of the left column and massed his men on the right, making at the same time a demonstration at the rail fence, chiefly to cover the movement of the artillery, which was placed so as to take advantage of the gap between the breastwork and fence, where it could rake the interior of the redoubt. The extreme left was led as before by General Pigot and by General Clinton, while Howe led the centre. The men were ordered to reserve their fire, to advance in column with bayonets fixed, and to carry the redoubt in front.

Prescott took in the situation at once. When he saw the artillery in position, he knew that a straight, unobstructed line led from the mouth of the guns to the interior of the redoubt; when he saw the solid column advancing without firing, up the hill, right in face, he knew that the storming of the redoubt was to follow. Yet the same resolution and steady nerve held him and his men as before. Again they waited; again the heroic, grimy line of men rose behind the parapet and swept the enemy's ranks with their concentrated fire. The advancing forces staggered; they were pushed forward by those behind, by the swords of the officers, and goaded by the fury of discomfited men. The artillery was plowing up the earth in the redoubt, stones were falling from within upon the desperate British, sure sign that the ammunition was gone, and with shouts they began to scale the face of the redoubt. Brave men within and brave men without, maddened by the conflict, which had been raging for more than an hour, were now engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The Americans clubbed their muskets, struck down the men that climbed the parapet, and fought for every inch of ground; but the redoubt was now filled with red-coats and

the farmer-soldiers, the dust was filling the air, the soldiers without were swarming into the works, and Prescott, iron and steel to the last, gave the word to retreat. Scarcely could way be found to the sally-port, but, fighting as they went, the little band pushed their way out of the redoubt, over the ridge towards Bunker Hill.

Then it was that the party at the rail fence did good service. The same men who had held the position from the first kept cool and steady possession of it. They had been reinforced by a few companies, which had bravely crossed the neck and entered the fight near its close, and the firm action of this party did much to save the main body in its retreat. General Putnam and General Pomeroy, as before, were the leading spirits here. They held the men by their own heroic conduct, and step by step the whole body retreated toward the neck, principally by the road over Bunker Hill. It was at the brow of this hill that the greatest slaughter took place. Warren, indeed, fell in the redoubt, fighting in the place he had chosen, the place of the greatest peril; Gridley, who had returned, was wounded there; Prescott, almost the last to leave the redoubt, was thrust at with bayonets, which pierced his loose coat and waistcoat. The fight on the retreat was desperate. At the last moment reinforcements had come on, and descending the slope of Bunker Hill faced the enemy, and poured upon them a fire that did much to protect the retreating forces. At the crown of the hill, by the half-finished works which Putnam had vainly sought all day to complete, he called on his men to make another stand.

"Make a stand here!" he cried; "we can stop them yet! In God's name, form, and give them one shot more!" By him too stood the veteran Pomeroy, with his shattered musket, facing the foe and calling on the men to rally. But the day was over; the retreat continued over the hill and across the neck, still raked by the fire from the enemy's ships and batteries. One only of the six field-pieces that went into action was

gallantly rescued. A single piece of cannon at the neck fired upon the enemy and covered the retreat, and here too they met fresh troops coming forward, who could now only serve to aid in conveying the wounded and helping the exhausted troops on their way to Cambridge.

The British forces did not pursue them. At about five o'clock they were in full possession of the contested works, and General Clinton advised an immediate attack on Cambridge: but Howe was more cautious, and while the American forces lay on their arms at Prospect Hill and Winter Hill, expecting an attack, the British, reinforced from Boston, began to throw up works on Bunker Hill. Each side had suffered. The Americans had lost General Warren, and no one can read the history of those days without feeling something of the

general grief over his death, which was so keen as to be a measure of his great worth and of the promise that his life held out. The official record made by General Ward reads, "Killed, one hundred and fifteen; wounded, three hundred and five; captured, thirty; total, four hundred and fifty." The loss of the British by their official account is made to be two hundred and twenty-six killed; eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded; total, one thousand and fifty-four.

Here we leave the story. What follows is the whole story of the war for independence. That hard-fought battle of the 17th of June was the red line which unmistakably divided the new from the old, so clearly that both parties once and for all saw each other face to face. On that day the sword cut in two the British empire.

Horace E. Scudder.

WAKING.

BEFORE my senses or my soul awake,
Sorrow begins to stir within my heart;
Keen anguish dawns before the day doth break;
Ere fluttering birds chirp faintly towards the east,
A bat-like terror flaps above my breast
With a shrill cry that sleeping makes me start,
And moan with unclosed lips, in drear dismay,
Reluctant greeting to another day;
And though perchance through pity of the night
I have not dreamt of misery, but have slept,
Tears stand within my eyes before the light
Smites them with its new beams, — cold tears unwept,
That from their brimming fountain up have crept,
In which the morning rounds her rainbows bright.

Frances Anne Kemble.

WASHINGTON IN CAMBRIDGE.

FROM the battle of Lexington, Concord, and Cambridge until the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, Cambridge was the seat of war. Here was the American army, and here were the forts and other defenses of the colonies. England and America were represented by Boston and Cambridge, while Charles River answered to the Atlantic.

Within a few feet of the room where these lines were written stands the majestic elm which is the living memorial of those eventful days. Just beyond is Cambridge Common, with its granite monument in memory of the men of Cambridge who fell in the recent war. Opposite the common is the ancient burying-ground, where, among the good and great of earlier and later days, lie five men who found patriot graves in the first year of the Revolutionary War. Across the way rise the red walls of Harvard College. On this side of the historic tree towers the tall spire of the church which bears the name of Thomas Shepard, the first minister of Cambridge. At the summit of the spire stands the renowned cockerel who in 1721 ascended to his lofty station upon the "New Brick Church" in Hanover Street, Boston, and who from that eminence for a hundred and fifty years looked down upon the shifting scenes of peace and war. He marked the entrance of the British ships into Boston harbor; through the mist of evening he overlooked the destruction of the tea; he heard the muffled sound of the English oars on the night of the 18th of April; he caught the light of the twin lamps which hung on

"The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still ;"

he listened to the roar of cannon and musketry at the battle of Bunker Hill, and saw the flames which made Charlestown a desolation. Now he surveys the peaceful field, the busy streets, the pleasant homes, the churches, the schools,

the college, and keeps his restless watch above the Washington Elm.

This tree is believed to be a survivor of the primeval forest. Its size bears witness to its great age; its trunk is more than six feet in diameter, and it is nearly one hundred feet in height and ninety feet in the spread of its branches. Notwithstanding its antiquity, the tree is full of life and strength; and while it has lost some of its branches, it retains its graceful and imposing form. Very many *souvenirs* have been made from its wood, and the pulpit in the chapel of the neighboring church is partly constructed from one of its limbs, which was necessarily removed. Through the generosity of a clergyman an iron fence has been placed around the tree. Visitors from all lands come with interest to the spot, gaze into the spreading branches, and account themselves happy if they can bear away a twig as a sacred token. On a thick granite slab is this inscription:—

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 3, 1775.

Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill it was voted by the Continental Congress to appoint a general for the Continental army. At the suggestion of John Adams, and on the nomination of Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, George Washington, of Virginia, was unanimously chosen by ballot as commander-in-chief. On the 17th of June his commission, signed by John Hancock, was reported to Congress and adopted. The new general expressed his sense of the honor conferred upon him, and declared his devotion to the cause. "But," he added in words specially worthy of record, "lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gen-

tleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

Four major-generals were also appointed, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, and Israel Putnam. To these were added eight brigadier-generals.

On the 21st of June Washington left Philadelphia on horseback, to take command of the army at Cambridge. He was accompanied by Major-Generals Lee and Schuyler. He was everywhere received with honor as he made the journey. At New York he heard of the battle of the 17th, and asked eagerly, "Did the militia stand fire?" When he was told of their firmness and heroism he answered, "The liberties of the country are safe." At New York and at Watertown the Provincial Congress presented an address of congratulation, to which he afterwards made a fitting reply. In the latter response he said, "In exchanging the enjoyments of domestic life for the duties of my present honorable but arduous station, I only emulate the virtue and public spirit of the whole province of Massachusetts Bay." At Springfield he was met by a congressional committee who attended him on his way.

On Sunday the 2d of July, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Washington entered Cambridge, "escorted by a troop of light horse and a cavalcade of citizens." "As he entered the confines of the camp the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleaguered in Boston of his arrival." Major-General Lee was with him. The Provincial Congress had prepared for their reception the house of the president of the college, reserving one room for President Langdon's use, and thither Washington and Lee were conducted.

The house was first occupied by President Wadsworth, who has left this record: "The President's House to dwell in was raised May 24, 1726. No life was lost, nor person hurt in raising it; thanks be to God for his preserving goodness. In y^e Evening, those who raised y^e House had a Supper in y^e Hall; after we sang y^e first stave or staff in y^e 127 Psalm." The house is yet standing on the college grounds, though it has not been occupied by the president since Mr. Everett retired from office.

In the accounts which Washington promised to keep, the first entry charges the United States as follows: "1775, June. To the purchase of five horses (two of which were had on credit from Mr. James Mease) to equip me for my journey to the army at Cambridge, & for the service I was then going upon, having sent my chariot and Horses back to Virginia, £239 (Pens^a currency)." After this we have an entry of "the acct of Thomas Mifflin Esq^r for money Expended by him in the journey from Philadelphia to Cambridge, in which the expences of General Lee, Col^o Reed etc. were included, 129-8-2 (Pens^a)." And again, "Sandry sums paid by myself in the aforesaid journey amounting to 34-8-3 (Lawful)." The Massachusetts Congress made provision for a steward and servants for Washington, and for the furnishing of his table. What was needed in his house was provided. July 22 it was "Resolved, That the Committee of Safety be desired to complete the furnishing of General Washington's house, and in particular to provide him four or five more beds." But at the time of this vote Washington was probably established in the house which is generally known as his headquarters, and is now the residence of Mr. Longfellow. Why he removed from the president's house we are not told. It has been suggested that he wished for a house from which he would have a more extended view of the country and of some of the fortifications. Possibly a shell which came over the president's house and descended in Harvard Square may have made a residence more dis-

tant from the enemy seem desirable. In Washington's accounts is this entry, 1775, July 15: "To Cash paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters & w^{ch} had been occupied by the Marblehead Regmt, 2-10-9 (Lawful)." It was undoubtedly about that time that he removed to the house on Brattle Street with which his name is connected.¹ This was the house of John Vassall, who early in the year had been driven to Boston on account of his tory principles.

On the morning of the 3d of July the patriot soldiers were drawn up on Cambridge Common, and Washington, with a numerous suite, rode from his headquarters, and under the branches of the ancient elm wheeled his horse, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the Continental army. A multitude of people — men, women, children — had assembled to behold this military pageant, and to look upon the Virginia chieftain, whose fame had preceded him. They saw a man forty-three years old, about six feet and two inches in height, of well-proportioned figure, with large hands and feet, with a somewhat florid complexion, a profusion of brown hair brushed back from the forehead, and blue eyes which were very far apart. His whole appearance was dignified and commanding. He wore a blue coat with buff facings, and buff small-clothes, a rich epaulette on each shoulder, and a cockade on his hat.

What did Washington find upon his arrival at the camp? On the 27th of July he wrote to his brother: "I found a mixed multitude of people here, under very little discipline, order, or government; the enemy in possession of a place called Bunker's Hill, on Charlestown Neck, strongly intrenched, and fortifying themselves; part of our own army on two hills, called Winter and Prospect hills, about a mile and a quarter from the enemy on Bunker's Hill, in a very insecure state; another part at this village; and a third part at Roxbury, guarding the entrance in and out of Bos-

ton. My whole time, since I came here, has been employed in throwing up lines of defense at these three several places, to secure, in the first instance, our own troops from any attempts of the enemy; and in the next place, to cut off all communication between their troops and the country. To do this, and to prevent them from penetrating into the country with fire and sword, and to harass them if they do, is all that is expected of me. . . . The enemy's strength, including marine forces, is computed, from the best accounts I can get, at about twelve thousand men; ours, including sick and absent, at about sixteen thousand; but then, we have to guard a semicircle of eight or nine miles, to every part of which we are obliged to be equally attentive, whilst they, situated as it were in the centre of the semicircle, and having the entire command of the water, can bend their whole force against any one part of it with equal facility. This renders our situation not very agreeable, though necessary." In his first letter to Congress, dated July 10, he states that about seven hundred men were posted in several small towns along the coast. He reported the "want of engineers to construct proper works and direct the men, a want of tools and a sufficient number of men to man the works in case of an attack." He said they were laboring under great disadvantages for lack of tents, and begged that some might be sent from Philadelphia. The arrangement for supplies was inconvenient, and he was much embarrassed for a military chest. He asked that money might be sent to him; he said that the soldiers, and especially the troops raised in Massachusetts, were very deficient in necessary clothing, and recommended that ten thousand hunting-shirts be furnished them. He complained that there was so great destitution of ammunition that the artillery would be of little use. Added to all these difficulties, there was much dissatisfaction in the provinces of Massachusetts and Connecticut with the appointment of general officers, and there

¹ For a full discussion of the question of "General Washington's Headquarters in Cambridge,"

see a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in September, 1872, by Mr. Charles Deane

was danger that the whole army would be thrown into disorder. He had "a sincere pleasure in observing that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage;" but he thought their spirit had "exceeded their strength," and he humbly submitted "the propriety of making some further provision of men from other colonies."

The soldiers in Cambridge occupied the common; but, though the sea-port towns had sent a collection of sails, there were not tents enough, as we have seen, and troops were quartered in private houses and in the colleges. Soon after the 19th of April "the students were ordered to quit the college;" they were removed to Concord. A portion of the library and apparatus was also taken there, while the rest was kept at Andover. The vacated buildings were of great service. The college held a prominent place in those days. It was said to have been a part of General Gage's plan to supplement the destruction of the stores at Concord by destroying the college buildings and throwing up an intrenchment on the common. As early as 1683, Cranfield, the Governor of New Hampshire, wrote to Sir Lionel Jenkins, "This country can never be well settled, or the people become good subjects, till the preachers be reformed and that college suppressed." Verily, the spirit of prophecy was upon the loyal governor.

The headquarters of General Ward, who had been commander-in-chief of the forces here, and was next in rank to Washington, were in the house subsequently occupied by the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., near the college and the common. General Putnam's headquarters were at the "Inman house," in what is now Cambridgeport. Near Washington's headquarters were many houses whose historical associations have become familiar by frequent repetition.

Soon after Washington assumed the command, the army was in three divisions, each of which consisted of two brigades, or twelve regiments. In dividing the soldiers' pains were taken to put

the men from each colony together, so far as possible, and under a commander from that colony. The right wing was placed at "Roxbury and its southern dependencies," under General Ward; the left wing, under General Lee, was stationed on Prospect and Winter hills; the centre was at Cambridge, under General Putnam. Thus did the army settle down to its work.

During the months which followed there were frequent skirmishes, — at Charlestown Neck, at Lechmere's Point, now East Cambridge, at Beverly, at Dorchester, — but the general position of affairs was not changed by these conflicts. It was a very trying period for Washington. The expectation of the country was large, but the means in Washington's hands were small. It was difficult for him to keep his army together. Most of the men had hurried to the field without enlistment, or engaged only for a year's service. The new regulations were irksome to them, while liberty was the watchword. There was still a great lack of ammunition. "Our situation in the article of powder is much more alarming than I had the most distant idea of." "The bay is open," wrote Colonel Moylan, in January; "everything thaws here except Old Put. He is still as hard as ever, crying out for powder, powder, ye gods, give us powder!" "In all his wants Washington had no safe trust but in the spirit of the country, and that never failed him. Between the 25th of July and the 7th of August, fourteen hundred riflemen, a greater number than Congress had authorized, arrived in the camp." Men came from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania; but as winter drew on the situation of the "naked army" was deplorable. The time of service of most of the men was almost expired, and no provision had been made for this event. There was no money in the military chest, and the commissary-general had strained his credit to the utmost in providing subsistence for the troops. Washington felt himself neglected. Congress responded to his appeal by sending a committee, including Franklin, to confer with him,

and the result was a scheme for an army of about twenty-three thousand men.

Congress was anxious to have some blow struck which would revive the popular enthusiasm, but delegates sent to confer with Washington were not prepared to advise the bombardment of Boston. Washington was quite as desirous of active operations as any one. But his general officers, glad as they would have been to engage in it, thought an attack on Boston imprudent and unpromising, and he was forced to wait. So the months dragged on. In Boston the "Old South" was a riding-school, and Faneuil Hall a theatre; the British occasionally sent their play-bills to Cambridge, in derision of Washington and his army.

The American sentinels annoyed the English by scattering handbills among their soldiers. One of these was a contrast of the condition of the soldiers on the two sides:—

PROSPECT HILL.	BUNKER'S HILL.
I. Seven dollars a month.	I. Three pence a day.
II. Fresh provisions and in plenty.	II. Rotten salt pork.
III. Health.	III. The scurvy.
IV. Freedom, ease, affluence, and a good farm.	IV. Slavery, beggary, and want.

But amusement of this nature could not do much to break the dreary monotony of inactivity. In November Mrs. Washington was invited to join her husband in the camp, as it was impossible for him to visit his home; and her coming brightened the dark days for him and for the army.

The position of Washington made it necessary for him to maintain his house in a generous style. His wishes were consulted by the Provincial Congress in this regard. Some of his officers dined with him every day. Frequently members of Congress and other public men were his guests. He was social but not convivial in his habits. "His own diet was extremely simple, sometimes nothing but baked apples or berries, with cream and milk. He would retire early

from the board, leaving an aid-de-camp or one of his officers to take his place." In his accounts we find the charge of "a light phaeton" and "double harness," which must have been used in the public service. He was always very neat in his dress, and though he left his tent at sunrise, when he was in camp, he was usually dressed for the day.

On Sundays he attended divine service in the old church which stood on the college grounds, near the spot where Dane Hall now stands; the minister being the venerable Nathaniel Appleton, D. D. One stone from the foundation of the old house is now in the walls of the church whose spire rises above the Washington Elm.

The unfortunate expedition against Canada relieved the tedium of the long months of waiting, in some measure, but could not quicken hope. In October, Falmouth, now Portland, was burned by the British. In January, Norfolk was burned. In August, several Indian chiefs came into camp in savage costume, and offered to take up the hatchet for the Americans, if an invasion of Canada should be made.

On the first day of 1776, "the day which gave being to the new army,"—organized out of the old one with such additions as could be gained,—the Union flag of thirteen stripes was hoisted "in compliment to the United Colonies."

Not long after his coming to Cambridge, Washington was obliged to enter into correspondence with General Gage in behalf of American officers who had fallen into the hands of the enemy and were thrown into a common jail, without regard to rank or personal condition. "My duty now makes it necessary to apprise you that, for the future, I shall regulate all my conduct towards those gentlemen who are, or may be, in our possession, exactly by the rule you shall observe towards those of ours now in your custody." Among others in whose behalf Washington interposed was, according to the story, the daring sexton who hung out the lanterns on the night of the 18th of April, and who

had been arrested at a funeral and condemned to death. Upon Washington's threat of retaliation he was respited, and finally exchanged.

These incidents illustrate the variety of occupation in which Washington engaged. There seems to have been nothing wanting to make his position arduous in the extreme. Admirably was he fitted by disposition and training for the work given him to do. His mind was intent upon his task; sore was the trial of his patience, with the enemy intrenched before him, a clamorous Congress and people behind him, and around him a poorly furnished body of undisciplined men to be made into an army; but he was strong in waiting. There is a doubtful story that he had a platform built among the branches of the elm, where he used to sit, and with his glass survey the surrounding country. Better than that, his watchful eyes were everywhere. Here in his accounts is a charge of "the expences of myself and party reconnoit^r the Sea Coast East of Boston Harbor." Again, "333 $\frac{1}{4}$ Dollars give to — to induce him to go into the Town of Boston, to establish a secret correspondence for the purpose of conveying intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs." Again, "Expens^e of myself and Party visit'g the shores about Chelsea." At length the time of his reward came. Here is an entry, 1776, March 4: "To exp^e of myself and Party recon'g Dorchester Heights previous to our possessing them." In the early part of March, 1776, there were in the American camp signs of an impending conflict. Materials for intrenchment were collected, two thousand bandages for broken limbs were prepared, boats were gathered in Charles River, and two floating batteries were placed there. The militia came in from the surrounding country, ready for action. Washington was about to take possession of Dorchester Heights, and he hoped to be able to make the attack on Boston which had been so much desired and so long delayed. The attention of the British was drawn to other points, and on the morning of the 5th of

March they were amazed to find the heights covered with works which commanded the town and harbor of Boston. "The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." "They were raised with an expedition equal to that of the genii belonging to Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp."

The question of evacuating the town or driving back the Americans was forced upon General Howe for an immediate answer. He determined to attack the American works with his whole available force. A storm delayed the attack, and gave Washington time for strengthening his works. General Howe was compelled to withdraw the troops he had sent out, and his position remained critical. On the 7th of March General Howe held a council with his officers, and it was decided to leave the town to save the army. But Washington kept at work. He determined to fortify Nook's Hill, which was still nearer Boston. The first attempt was not successful, but on the 16th, Washington sent a strong force for that purpose. The Americans held their ground, though the British cannonaded the hill through the night. General Howe was at last satisfied, and early on the morning of Sunday, the 17th, the embarkation of his army began. At nine o'clock the troops left Bunker Hill, and a large number of boats filled with soldiers and loyalists left the Boston wharves for the ships. The old cockerel, on his lofty post, saw the fleet drop down to Nantasket Road, where a few ships lingered for several weeks. But most of the fleet presently sailed for Halifax.

The siege was raised; the work was done; the patriot army had conquered. Congratulations were showered upon the victorious chieftain: the selectmen of Boston sent their greeting; the Council and House of Representatives of Massachusetts presented their testimonial; Congress offered to him thanks and gratitude, and ordered a gold medal to be struck in honor of his triumph; and from individuals came hearty praise and blessing.

At the Commencement of 1776, Harvard College conferred for the first time the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and it stands in her triennial catalogue, as an "expression of the gratitude of this college for his eminent services in the cause of his country and to this society:" 1776. GEORGIUS WASHINGTON, LL. D.

Henceforth his duties were upon another field, in the cause to which his life was devoted. His own feeling and

purpose had advanced. It was not long after his first great success that he said, what he often repeated, "A reconciliation with Great Britain is impracticable, and would be in the highest degree detrimental to the true interest of America; when I first took command of the army, I abhorred the idea of independence; but now I am fully convinced that nothing else will save us."

On the 4th of April, 1776, Washington left Cambridge.

Alexander McKenzie.

AN OBSOLETE FINE GENTLEMAN.

IN 1748 began for Italy a peace of nearly fifty years, when the Wars of the Succession, with which the contesting strangers had ravaged her soil, absolutely ceased. In Lombardy the Austrian rulers who had succeeded the Spaniards did and suffered to be done many things for the material improvement of a province which they were content to hold, while leaving the administration mainly to the Lombards; the Spanish Bourbon at Naples also did as little harm and as much good to his realm as a Bourbon could; Pier Leopoldo of Tuscany, Don Filippo I. of Parma, Francis III. of Modena, and the Popes Benedict XIV., Clement XIV., and Pius VI., were all disposed to be paternally beneficent to their peoples, who at least had repose under them, and in this period gave such names to science as those of Galvani and Volta, to humanity that of Beccaria, to letters those of Alfieri, Filicaja, Goldoni, Parini, and many others.

But in spite of the literary and scientific activity of the period, Italian society was never quite so fantastically immoral as in this long peace, which was broken only by the invasions of the French republic. A wide-spread sentimentality, curiously mixed of love and letters, enveloped the peninsula. Commerce, politics, all the business of life

went on as usual under the roseate veil which gives its hue to the social history of the time; but the idea which remains in the mind is one of a tranquillity in which every person of breeding devoted himself to the cult of some muse or other, and established himself as the conventional admirer of his neighbor's wife. The great Academy of Arcadia,¹ founded to restore good taste in poetry, prescribed conditions by which everybody, of whatever age or sex, could become a poetaster, and good society expected every gentleman and lady to be in love. The Arcadia still exists, but that gallant society hardly survived the eighteenth century. Perhaps the greatest wonder about it is that it could have lasted so long as it did. Its end was certainly not delayed for want of satirists who perceived its folly and pursued it with the keenest scorn. But this again only brings me the doubt, often felt, whether satire ever accomplished anything beyond a lively portraiture of conditions it proposed to reform.

It is the opinion of some Italian critics that Italian demoralization began with the reaction against Luther, when the Jesuits rose to supreme power in the church, and gathered the whole educa-

¹ Some Arcadian Shepherds, *Atlantic Monthly* January, 1872.

tion of the young into the hands of the priests. Cesare Cantù, whose book on *Parini ed il suo Secolo* may be read with pleasure and instruction by such as like to know more fully the time of which I speak, is of this mind; he has of late been a leader of the clerical party in Italy, and may be supposed to be without unfriendly prejudice. He alleges that the priestly education made the Italians *litterati* rather than citizens; Latinists, poets, instead of good magistrates, workers, fathers of families; it cultivated the memory at the expense of the judgment, the imagination at the cost of the reason, and made them selfish, polished, false; it left a boy "apathetic, irresolute, thoughtless, pusillanimous; he flattered his superiors and hated his fellows, in each of whom he dreaded a spy." He knew the beautiful and loved the grandiose; his pride of family and ancestry was inordinately pampered. What other training he had was in the graces and accomplishments; he was thoroughly instructed in so much of warlike exercise as enabled him to handle a rapier perfectly and to conduct or fight a duel with punctilio.

But he was no warrior; his career was peace. The old mediæval Italians who had combated like lions against the French and Germans, and against each other, when resting from the labors and the high conceptions which have left us the chief sculptures and architecture of the Peninsula, were dead; and their posterity had almost ceased to know war. Italy had indeed still remained a battleground, but not for Italian quarrels nor for Italian swords; the powers which, like Venice, could afford to have quarrels of their own, mostly hired other people to fight them out. All the independent states of the Peninsula had armies, but armies that did nothing; in Lombardy, neither Frenchman, Spaniard, nor Austrian had been able to recruit or draft soldiers; the flight of young men from the conscription depopulated the province, until at last Francis II. declared it exempt from military service; Piedmont, the Macedon, the Bæotia of that Greece, alone remained

warlike, and Piedmont was alone able, when the hour came, to show Italy how to do for herself.

Yet, except in the maritime republics, the army, idle and unwarlike as it was in most cases, continued to be one of the three careers open to the younger sons of good family; the civil service and the church were the other two. In Genoa, nobles had engaged in commerce with equal honor and profit; nearly every argosy that sailed to or from the port of Venice belonged to some lordly speculator; but in Milan a noble who descended to trade lost his nobility, by a law not abrogated till the time of Charles IV. The nobles had therefore nothing to do. They could not go into business; if they entered the army it was not to fight; the civil service was of course actually performed by subordinates; there were not cures for half the priests, and there grew up that odd, polite rabble of *abbati*, priests without cures, sometimes attached to noble families as chaplains, sometimes devoting themselves to literature or science, sometimes leading lives of mere leisure and fashion; they were mostly of plebeian origin when they did anything at all besides paying court to the ladies.

In Milan the nobles were exempt from many taxes paid by the plebeians; they had separate courts of law, with judges of their own order, before whom a plebeian plaintiff appeared with what hope of justice can be imagined. Yet they were not oppressive; they were at worst only insolent to their inferiors, and they commonly used them with the gentleness which an Italian can hardly fail in. There were many ties of kindness between the classes, the memory of favors and services between master and servant, landlord and tenant, in relations which then lasted a life-time, and even for generations. In Venice, where it was one of the high privileges of the patrician to spit from his box at the theatre upon the heads of the people in the pit, the familiar bond of patron and client so endeared the old republican nobles to the populace that the Venetian poor of this day, who know them only

by tradition, still lament them. But, on the whole, men have found it, at Venice, as elsewhere, better not to be spit upon, even by an affectionate nobility.

The patricians were luxurious everywhere: In Rome they built splendid palaces, in Milan they gave gorgeous dinners. Goldoni, in his charming memoirs, tells us that the Milanese of his time never met anywhere without talking of eating, and they did eat upon all possible occasions, public, domestic, and religious; throughout Italy they have yet the nickname of *lupi lombardi* (Lombard wolves) which their good appetites won them. The nobles of that gay old Milan were very hospitable, easy of access, and full of invitations for the stranger. A French writer found their cooking delicate and estimable as that of his own nation; but he adds that many of these friendly, well-dining aristocrats had not good *ton*. One can think of them at our distance of time and place with a kindness which Italian critics, especially those of the bitter period of struggle about the middle of this century, do not affect. Emiliani-Giudici, for example, does not, when he calls them and their order throughout Italy an aristocratic leprosy. He assures us that at the time of that long peace, "the moral degradation of what the French call the great world was the inveterate habit of centuries; the nobles wallowed in their filth untouched by remorse; the eye of a decent man, beholding the ridiculous and immoral scenes of their daily life, must turn away in horror;" and he presently speaks of them as "gilded swine, vain of the glories of their blazons, which they glided through the mire of their vices."

This is when he is about to consider a poem in which the Lombard nobility are satirized — if it was satire to paint them to the life. He says that he would be at a loss what passages to quote from it, but fortunately, "an unanimous posterity has done Parini due honor," and he supposes "now there is no man, of whatever sect or opinion, but has read his immortal poem, and has its finest scenes by heart." It is this fact which

embarrasses me, however, for how am I to rehabilitate a certain obsolete characteristic figure without quoting from Parini, and constantly wearying people with what they know already so well? The gentle reader, familiar with Parini's immortal poem, —

The Gentle Reader. — His immortal poem? What is his immortal poem? I never heard even the name of it!

Is it possible? But you, fair reader, who have its finest scenes by heart, —

The Fair Reader. — Yes, certainly; of course. But one reads so many things. I don't believe I half remember those striking passages of — what is the poem? And who did you say the author was?

Oh, madam! And is this undying fame? Is this the immortality for which we waste our time? Is this the remembrance for which the magazinist sicklies his visage over with the pale cast of thought? Why, at this rate, even those whose articles are favorably noticed by the newspapers will be forgotten in a thousand years. But it is at least consoling to know that you have merely forgotten Parini's poem, the subject of which you will at once recollect when I remind you that it is called *The Day*, and celebrates *The Morning*, *The Noon*, *The Evening*, and *The Night* of a gentleman of fashion as Milan knew him for fifty years in the last century.

This gentleman, whatever his nominal business in the world might be, was first and above all a *cavalier servente*, and the cavalier servente was the invention, it is said, of Genoese husbands who had not the leisure to attend their wives to the theatre, the promenade, the card-table, the *conversazione*, and so installed their nearest idle friends permanently in the office. The arrangement was found so convenient that the cavalier servente presently spread throughout Italy; no lady of fashion was thought properly appointed without one; and the office was now no longer reserved to bachelors: it was not at all good form for husband and wife to love each other, and the husband became the cavalier of some other lady, and the whole fine world was thus united, by a usage of which it is very hard to

know just how far it was wicked and how far it was only foolish; perhaps it is safest to say that at the best it was always somewhat of the one and a great deal of the other. In the good society of that day, marriage meant a settlement in life for the girl who had escaped her sister's fate of a sometimes forced religious vocation. But it did not matter so much about the husband if the marriage contract stipulated that she should have her cavalier servente, and, as sometimes happened, specified him by name. With her husband there was a union of fortunes, with the expectation of heirs; the companionship, the confidence, the faith, was with the cavalier; there could be no domesticity, no family life with either. The cavalier servente went with his lady to church, where he dipped his finger in the holy-water and offered it her to moisten her own finger at; and he held her prayer-book for her when she rose from her knees and bowed to the high-altar. In fact, his place seems to have been as fully acknowledged and honored, if not by the church, then by all the other competent authorities, as that of the husband. Like other things, his relation to his lady was subject to complication and abuse; no doubt, ladies of fickle minds changed their cavaliers rather often; and in those days following the disorder of the French invasions, the relation suffered deplorable exaggerations and perversions. But when Giuseppe Parini so minutely and graphically depicted the day of a noble Lombard youth, the cavalier servente was in his most prosperous and illustrious state; and some who have studied Italian social conditions in the past bid us not too virtuously condemn him, since, preposterous as he was, his existence was an amelioration of disorders at which we shall find it better not even to look askance.

Parini's poem is written in the form of instructions to the hero for the politest disposal of his time; and in a strain of polished irony allots the follies of his day to their proper hours. The poet's apparent seriousness never fails him, but he does not suffer his irony to become a burden to the reader, relieving it con-

stantly with pictures, episodes, and excursions, and now and then breaking into a strain of solemn poetry which is very fine. The work will suggest to the English reader the light mockery of *The Rape of the Lock*, and in less degree some qualities of Gay's *Trivia*; but in form and manner it is more like Phillips's *Splendid Shilling* than either of these; and yet it is not at all like the last in being a mere burlesque of the epic style. These resemblances have been noted by Italian critics, who find them as unsatisfactory as myself; but they will serve to make the extracts I am to give a little more intelligible to the reader who does not recur to the whole poem. Parini was not one to break a butterfly upon a wheel; he felt the fatuity of heavily moralizing upon his material; the only way was to treat it with affected gravity, and to use his hero with the respect which best mocks absurdity. One of his arts is to contrast the deeds of his hero with those of his forefathers, of which he is so proud, — of course to the disadvantage of his forefathers, — and in these allusions to the past glories of Italy it seems to me that the modern patriotic poetry, which has done so much to make Italy, begins for the first time to feel its wings, though one must not forget Filicaja's melodious, despairing sigh, —

"Deh, fossi tu men bella o almen più forte!"

The difference is that Parini thought Italy might become stronger without ceasing to be fair; and he was in all things a very stanch, brave, and original spirit, for the sources of whose peculiar power we need not look beyond himself. If he was of any school, it was that of the Venetian, Gaspare Gozzi, who wrote pungent and amusing social satires in blank verse, and published at Venice an essay-paper, like the *Spectator*, the name of which he turned into *l'Osservatore*. It dealt, like the *Spectator* and all that race of journals, with questions of letters and manners, and is still honored, like the *Spectator*, as a model of prose: I do not know whether, with the tacit understanding that it is read a great deal, it is read

so little. With an apparent prevalence of French taste, there was in fact much study by Italian authors of English literature at this time, which was encouraged by Dr. Johnson's friend, Baretti, the author of the famous *Frusta Letteraria* (*Literary Scourge*), which drew blood from so many authorlings, now bloodless; it was wielded with more severity than wisdom, and fell pretty indiscriminately upon the bad and the good. It scourged among others Goldoni, the greatest master of the comic art then living, but it spared our Parini, the first part of whose poem Baretti salutes with many kindly phrases, though he cannot help advising him to turn the poem into rhyme. But when did a critic ever know less than a poet about a poet's business?

The first part of Parini's *Day is The Morning*, that mature hour at which the hero awakes from the glories and fatigues of the past night. His valet appears, and throwing open the shutters asks whether he will have coffee or chocolate in bed, and when he has broken his fast, and risen, the business of the day begins. The earliest comer is perhaps the dancing-master, whose elegant presence we must not deny ourselves:—

"He, entering, stops

Erect upon the threshold, elevating
Both shoulders; then contracting like a tortoise
His neck a little, at the same time drops
Slightly his chin, and, with the extremest tip
Of his plumed hat, lightly touches his lips."

In their order come the singing-master and the master of the violin, and, with more impressiveness than the rest, the teacher of French, whose advent hushes all Italian sounds, and who is to instruct the hero to forget his plebeian native tongue. He is to send meanwhile to ask how the lady he serves has passed the night, and attending her response he may read Voltaire in a sumptuous Dutch or French binding, or he may amuse himself with a French romance; or it may happen that the artist whom he has engaged to paint the miniature of his lady (to be placed in the same jeweled case with his own) shall bring his work at this hour for criticism. Then the valets robe him from head to

foot in readiness for the hair-dresser and the barber, whose work is completed with the powdering of his hair.

"At last the labor of the learned comb
Is finished, and the elegant artist strews
With lightly shaken hand a powdery mist,
To whiten ere their time thy youthful locks.

Now take heart,
And in the bosom of that whirling cloud
Plunge fearlessly. O brave! O mighty! Thus
Appeared thine ancestor through smoke and fire
Of battle, when his country's trembling gods
His sword avenged, and shattered the fierce foe,
And put in flight. But he, his visage stained
With dust and smoke, and smirched with gore and
sweat,
His hair torn and tossed wild, came from the strife
A terrible vision, even to compatriots
His hand had rescued; milder thou by far,
And fairer to behold, in white array
Shalt issue presently to bless the eyes
Of thy fond country, which the mighty arm
Of thy forefather and thy heavenly smile
Equally keep content and prosperous."

When the hero is finally dressed for the visit to his lady, it is in this splendid figure:—

"Let purple gaiters clasp thine ankles fine
In noble leather, that no dust or mire
Blemish thy foot; down from thy shoulders flow
Loosely a tunic fair, thy shapely arms
Cased in its closely-fitting sleeves, whose borders
Of crimson or of azure velvet let
The heliotrope's color tinge. Thy slender throat
Encircle with a soft and gauzy band.
Thy watch already
Bids thee make haste to go. O me, how fair
The arsenal of tiny charms that hang
With a harmonious tinkling from its chain!
What hangs not there of fairy carriages
And fairy steeds so marvelously feigned
In gold that every charger seems alive?"

This magnificent swell, of the times when swells had the world quite their own way, finds his lady already surrounded with visitors, when he calls to rever her, as he would have said, and he can therefore make the more effective arrival. Entering her presence he puts on his very finest manner, which I am sure we might all study to our advantage.

"Let thy right hand be pressed against thy side
Beneath thy waistcoat, and the other hand
Upon thy snowy linen rest, and hide
Next to thy heart; let the breast rise sublime,
The shoulders broaden both, and bend toward her
Thy pliant neck; then at the corners close
Thy lips a little, pointed in the middle
Somewhat; and from thy mouth thus set come
forth
A murmur inaudible. Meanwhile her right
Let her have given, and now softly drop
On the warm ivory a double kiss.

Seat thyself then, and with one hand draw closer
Thy chair to hers, while every tongue is stilled.
Thou only, bending slightly over, with her
Exchange in whisper secret nothings, which
Ye both accompany with mutual smiles,
And covert glances that betray, or seem
At least your tender passion to betray."

It must have been mighty pretty, as
Master Pepys says, to look at the life
from which this scene was painted, for
many a dandy of either sex doubtless sat
for it. The scene was sometimes height-
ened by the different humor in which the
lady and the cavalier received each other,
as for instance when they met with
reproaches, and offered the spectacle of
a lovers' quarrel to the company. In
either case, it is for the hero to lead the
lady out to dinner.

"With a bonnd
Rise to thy feet, signor, and give thy hand
Unto thy lady, whom, drooping tenderly,
Support thou with thy strength, and to the table
Accompany, while the guests come after you,
And last of all the husband follows." . . .

Or rather —

"If to the husband still
The vestige of a generous soul remain,
Let him frequent another board; beside
Another lady sit, whose husband dines
Yet somewhere else beside another lady,
Whose spouse is likewise absent; and so add
New links unto the chain immense, wherewith
Love, alternating, binds the whole wide world.

Behold thy lady seated at the board:
Relinquish now her hand, and while the servant
Places the chair that not too far she sit,
And not so near that her soft bosom press
Too close against the table, with a spring,
Stoop thou and gather round thy lady's feet
The wandering volume of her robe. Beside her
Then sit thee down; for the true cavalier
Is not permitted to forsake the side
Of her he serves, except there should arise
Some strange occasion warranting the use
Of so great freedom."

When one reads of these springs and
little hops, which were once so elegant,
it is almost with a sigh for a world which
no longer springs or hops in the service
of beauty, or even dreams of doing it.
But a passage which will touch the sym-
pathetic with a still keener sense of loss
is one which hints how lovely a lady
looked when carving, as she then some-
times did: —

"Swiftly now the blade,
That sharp and polished at thy right hand lies,
Draw naked forth, and like the blade of Mars
Flash it upon the eyes of all. The point
Press 'twixt thy finger-tips, and bowing low
Offer the handle to her. Now are seen

The soft and delicate playing of the muscles
In the white hand upon its work intent.
The graces that around the lady stoop
Clothe themselves in new forms, and from her fla-
gers

Sportively flying, flutter to the tips
Of her unconscious rosy knuckles, thence
To dip into the hollows of the dimples
That Love beside her knuckles has impressed."

Throughout the dinner it is the part of
the well-bred husband — if so ill-bred as
to remain at all — to sit impassive and
quiescent, while the cavalier watches over
the wife with tender care, prepares her
food, offers what agrees with her, and
forbids what harms. He is virtually mas-
ter of the house; he can order the serv-
ants about; if the dinner is not to his
mind, it is even his high prerogative to
scold the cook.

The poet reports something of the talk
at table; and here occurs one of the most
admired passages of the poem, the light
irony of which it is hard to reproduce in
a version. One of the guests, in a strain
of affected sensibility, has been denounc-
ing man's cruelty to animals: —

"Thus he discourses; and a gentle tear
Springs, while he speaks, into thy lady's eyes.
She recalls the day —
Alas, the cruel day! — what time her lap-dog,
Her beauteous lap-dog, darling of the Graces,
Sporting in youthful gayety, impressed
The light mark of her ivory tooth upon
The rude foot of a menial; he, with bold
And sacrilegious toe, flung her away.
Over and over thrice she rolled, and thrice
Rumpled her silken coat, and thrice inhaled
With tender nostril the thick, choking dust,
Then raised imploring cries, and 'Help, help,
help!'

She seemed to call, while from the gilded vaults
Compassionate Echo answered her again,
And from their cloistral basements in dismay
The servants rushed, and from the upper rooms
The pallid maidens trembling flew; all came.
Thy lady's face was with reviving essence
Sprinkled, and she awakened from her swoon.
Anger and grief convulsed her still; she cast
A lightning glance upon the guilty menial,
And thrice with languid voice she called her pet,
Who rushed to her embrace and seemed to invoke
Vengeance with her shrill tenor. And revenge
Thou hadst, fair poodle, darling of the Graces.
The guilty menial trembled, and with eyes
Downcast received his doom. Naught him availed
His twenty years' desert; naught him availed
His zeal in secret services; for him
In vain were prayer and promise; forth he went,
Spoiled of the livery that till now had made him
Envious with the vulgar. And in vain
He hoped another lord; the tender dames
Were horror-struck at his atrocious crime,
And loathed the author. The false wretch snee-
cumbered

With all his equalid brood, and in the streets,
With his lean wife in tatters at his side,
Vainly lamented to the passer-by."

It would be quite out of taste for the lover to sit as apathetic as the husband in the presence of his lady's guests, and he is to mingle gracefully in the talk from time to time, turning it to such topics as may best serve to exploit his own accomplishments. As a man of the first fashion, he must be in the habit of seeming to have read Horace a little, and it will be a pretty effect to quote him now; one may also show one's acquaintance with the new French philosophy, and approve its skepticism, while keeping clear of its pernicious doctrines, which insidiously teach—

"That every mortal is his fellow's peer,
That not less dear to Nature and to God
Is he who drives thy carriage, or who guides
The plow across thy field, than thine own self."

* But at last the lady makes a signal to the cavalier that it is time to rise from the table:—

"Spring to thy feet
The first of all, and drawing near thy lady
Remove her chair and offer her thy hand,
And lead her to the other rooms, nor suffer longer
That the stale reek of viands shall offend
Her delicate sense. Thee with the rest invites
The grateful odor of the coffee, where
It smokes upon a smaller table hid
And graced with Indian webs. The redolent gums
That meanwhile burn, sweeten and purify
The heavy atmosphere, and banish thence
All lingering traces of the feast. — Ye sick
And poor, whom misery or whom hope perchance
Has guided in the noonday to these doors,
Tumultuous, naked, and unsightly throng,
With mutilated limbs and squalid faces,
In litters and on crutches, from afar
Comfort yourselves, and with expanded nostrils
Drink in the nectar of the feast divine
That favorable zephyrs waft to you;
But do not dare besiege these noble precincts,
Impudently offering her that reigns
Within your loathsome spectacle of woe!
— And now, sir, 't is your office to prepare
The tiny cup that then shall minister,
Slow sipped, its liquor to thy lady's lips;
And now bethink thee whether she prefer
The boiling beverage much or little tempered
With sweet; or if perchance she like it best
As doth the barbarous spouse, then when she sits
Upon brocades of Persia, with light fingers
The bearded visage of her lord caressing."

With the dinner the second part of the poem, entitled *The Noon*, concludes, and *The Afternoon* begins with the visit which the hero and his lady pay to one of her friends. He has already

thought with which of the husband's horses they shall drive out; he has suggested which dress his lady shall wear, and which fan she shall carry; he has witnessed the agonizing scene of her parting with her lap-dog,—her children are at nurse and never intrude,—and they have arrived in the palace of the lady on whom they are to call:—

"And now the ardent friends to greet each other
Impatient fly, and pressing breast to breast
They tenderly embrace, and with alternate kisses
Their cheeks respond; then, clasping hands, they
drop

Plummet-like down upon the sofa, both
Together. Seated thus, one flings a phrase,
Subtle and pointed, at the other's heart,
Hinting of certain things that rumor tells,
And in her turn the other with a sting
Assails. The lovely face of one is flushed
With beauteous anger, and the other bites
Her pretty lips a little; evermore
At every instant waxes violent
The anxious agitation of the fans.
So, in the age of Turpin, if two knights
Illustrious and well cased in mail encountered
Upon the way, each cavalier aspired
To prove the valor of the other in arms,
And, after greetings courteous and fair,
They lowered their lances and their chargers dashed
Ferociously together; then they flung
The splintered fragments of their spears aside,
And, fired with generous fury, drew their huge,
Two-handed swords and rushed upon each other!
But in the distance through a savage wood
The clamor of a messenger is heard
Who comes full gallop to recall the one
Unto King Carlo, and th' other to the camp
Of the young Agramante. Dare thou, too,
Dare thou, invincible youth to expose the curls
And the toupet, so exquisitely dressed
This very morning, to the deadly shock
Of the infuriate fans; to new emprises
Thy fair invite, and thus the extreme effects
Of their perilous enmity suspend."

Is not this most charmingly done? It seems to me that the warlike interpretation of the scene is delightful, and those embattled fans—their perfumed breath comes down a hundred years in the verse!

The cavalier and his lady now betake them to the promenade, where all the fair world of Milan is walking or driving, with a punctual regularity which still distinguishes Italians in their walks and drives. The place is full of their common acquaintance, and the carriages are at rest for the exchange of greetings and gossip, in which the hero must take his part. All this is described in the same note of ironical seriousness as the

rest of the poem, and *The Afternoon* closes with a strain of stately and grave poetry which admirably heightens the desired effect:—

"Behold the servants
Ready for thy descent; and now skip down,
And smooth the creases from thy coat, and order
The laces on thy breast; a little stoop,
And on thy snowy stockings bend a glance,
And then erect thyself and strut away
Either to pace the promenade alone,
'Tis thine, if 't please thee walk; or thou mayst
draw

Anigh the carriages of other dames.
Thou clamberest up, and thrustest in thy head
And arms and shoulders, half thyself within
The carriage-door. There let thy laughter rise
So loud that from afar thy lady hear,
And rage to hear, and interrupt the wit
Of other heroes who had swiftly run
Amid the dusk to keep her company
While thou wast absent. O ye powers supreme,
Suspend the night, and let the noble deeds
Of my young hero shine upon the world
In the clear day! Nay, Night must follow still
Her own inviolable laws, and droop
With silent shades over one half the globe;
And slowly moving on her dewy feet,
She blends the varied colors infinite,
And with the border of her mighty garments
Blots everything; the sister she of Death
Leaves but one aspect indistinct, one guise
To fields and trees, to flowers, to birds and beasts,
And to the great and to the lowly born,
Confoundng with the painted cheek of beauty
The haggard face of want, and gold with tatters.
Nor me will the blind air permit to see
Which carriages depart, and which remain,
Secret amidst the shades; but from my hand
The pencil caught, my hero is involved
Within the tenebrous and humid veil."

The concluding section of the poem, by chance or by wise design of the author, remains a fragment. In this he follows his hero from the promenade to the evening party, with an account of which *The Night* is mainly occupied, so far as it goes. There are many lively pictures in it, with light sketches of expression and attitude, but on the whole it has not so many distinctly quotable passages as the other parts of the poem. The perfunctory devotion of the cavalier and the lady continues throughout, and the same ironical reverence depicts them alighting from their carriage, arriving in the presence of the hostess, sharing in the gossip of the guests, supping, and sitting down at those games of chance with which every fashionable house was provided, and at which the lady loses or doubles her pin-money. In Milan long trains were then the mode,

and any woman might wear them, but only patricians were allowed to have them carried by servants; the rich plebeian must drag her costly skirts in the dust; and the nobility of our hero's lady is honored by the flunkeys who lift her train as she enters the house. The hostess, seated on a sofa, receives her guests with a few murmured greetings, and then abandons herself to the arduous task of arranging the various partners at cards. When the cavalier serves his lady at supper, he takes his handkerchief from his pocket and spreads it on her lap: such usages and the differences of costume distinguished an evening party at Milan then from the like joy in our time and country.

The poet who sings this gay world with such mocking seriousness was not himself born to the manner of it. He was born plebeian in 1729 at Bosisio, near Lake Pusiano, and his parents were poor. He himself adds that they were honest, but the phrase has now lost its freshness. His father was a dealer in raw silk, and was able to send him to school in Milan, where his scholarship was not equal to his early literary promise. At least he took no prizes; but this often happens with people whose laurels come abundantly later. He was to enter the church, and in due time he took orders, but he did not desire a cure, and he became, like so many other accomplished abbati, a teacher in noble families (the great and saintly family Borromeo among others), in whose houses and in those he frequented with them he saw the life he paints in his poem. His father was now dead, and he had already supported himself and his mother by copying law-papers; he had also, at the age of twenty-three, published a small volume of poems, and had been elected a shepherd of Arcadia; but in a country where one's copyright was good for nothing across the border—scarcely a fair stone's-throw away—of one's own little duchy or province, and the printers everywhere stole a book as soon as it was worth stealing, it is not likely that he made great gains by a volume of verses which, later in life, he repudiated. Baretti had

then returned from living in London, where he had seen the prosperity of "the trade of an author" in days which we do not now think so very prosperous, and he viewed with open disgust the abject state of authorship in his own country. So there was nothing for Parini to do but to become a *maestro in casa*. With the Borromei he always remained friends, and in their company he went into society a good deal. Emiliani-Giudici supposes that he came to despise the great world with the same scorn that shows in his poem; but probably he regarded it quite as much with the amused sense of the artist as with the moralist's indignation; some of his contemporaries accused him of a snobbish fondness for the great, but certainly he did not flatter them, and in one passage of his poem he is at the pains to remind his noble acquaintance that not the smallest drop of patrician blood is microscopically discoverable in his veins. His days were rendered more comfortable when he was appointed editor of the government newspaper,—the only newspaper in Milan,—and yet easier when he was made professor of eloquence in the Academy of Fine Arts. In this employment it was his hard duty to write poems from time to time in praise of archdukes and emperors; but by and by the French Revolution arrived in Milan, and Parini was relieved of that labor. The revolution made an end of archdukes and emperors, but the liberty it bestowed was peculiar, and consisted chiefly in not allowing one to do anything that one liked. The altars were abased, and trees of liberty were planted; for making a tumult about an outraged saint a mob was severely handled by the military, and for "insulting" a tree of liberty a poor fellow at Como was shot. Parini was chosen one of the municipal government, which, apparently popular, could really do nothing but register the decrees of the military commandant. He proved so little useful in this government that he was expelled from it, and

giving his salary to his native parish, he fell into something like his old poverty. He who had laughed to scorn the insolence and folly of the nobles could not enjoy the insolence and folly of the plebeians, and he was unhappy in that wild ferment of ideas, hopes, principles, sentiments, which Milan became in the time of the Cisalpine Republic. He led a retired life, and at last in 1799, having risen one day to studies which he had never remitted, he died suddenly in his arm-chair.

Many stories are told of his sayings and doings in those troubled days when he tried to serve the public. At the theatre once some one cried out, "Long live the republic, death to the aristocrats!" "No," shouted Parini, who abhorred the abominable bloodthirstiness of the liberators; "long live the republic, death to nobody!" They were going to take away a crucifix from a room where he appeared on public business; "Very well," he observed, "where Citizen Christ cannot stay, I have nothing to do," and went out. "Equality does n't consist in dragging me down to your level," he said to one who had impudently given him the *thou*, "but in raising you to mine, if possible. You will always be a pitiful creature, even though you call yourself citizen; and though you call me citizen, you can't help my being the Abbate Parini." To another, who reproached him for kindness to an Austrian prisoner, he answered, "I would do as much for a Turk, a Jew, an Arab; I would do it even for you if you were in need." In his closing years, many sought him for literary counsel; those for whom there was hope he encouraged; those for whom there was none, he made it a matter of conscience not to praise. A poor fellow came to repeat him two sonnets, in order to be advised which to print; Parini heard the first, and, without waiting further, besought him, "Print the other!"

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. INGERSOLL'S book¹ is written by a member of the old democratic party which looked back to Jefferson as its founder and to Jackson as its most vigorous leader. This party of late years has had but a factitious existence, for the modern democrats have little in common with either Jackson or Jefferson. Yet it keeps up its traditions, and in these, apparently, Mr. Ingersoll has been nurtured. Hence his treatment of the slavery question and the late civil war is partial and inadequate; but in the earlier portion of his book, which deals with Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the other framers of our form of government, he displays an intimate knowledge of American history, and a breadth and grasp of mind which are exceptional. Few writers have understood Washington better, or more clearly pointed out the high political value of his presidency to the youthful republic, which was not yet a democracy, but only tending towards one. It was Elbridge Gerry, afterwards a leader of the democrats in Massachusetts, and vice-president with Madison in 1813-14, who said in the constitutional convention of 1787, "The evils we experience flow from the excess of democracy. It would seem to be a maxim of democracy to starve the public servants." He mentioned the popular clamor in Massachusetts for the reduction of salaries. He had, he said, been too republican heretofore; he was still, however, republican, but had been taught by experience the danger of the leveling spirit. And it was a wealthy Virginian planter (an ancestor of Senator Mason of the fugitive slave bill), George Mason, who replied to Gerry. "He admitted that we had been too democratic, but was afraid we should incautiously run into the opposite extreme. We ought to attend to the rights of every class of the people. He had often wondered at the indifference of the superior classes of society to this dictate of humanity and policy, considering that, however affluent their circumstances or elevated their situations might be, the course of a few years not only might, but certainly would, distribute their poster-

ity throughout the lowest class of society."

This was true foresight, and so was the wisdom that led Washington to a similar conclusion with that of Mr. Mason. "Washington," says Mr. Ingersoll, "had this advantage over all who have succeeded him: he let the country find its own way. A man may be a statesman of a high order, and not discover what is best for his country; but the country is sure to discover it." Jefferson, he says, "could not make democracy universal, but he made it orthodox. Mr. Jefferson's were called French principles, but the theory, and for the most part the practice, of his democracy was to leave the people to themselves; while in French democracy, unfortunately, the government does everything." But as he afterwards adds, the negligences of democracy in America have produced what we now have — "a government that answers to itself, and not to the people; a government without responsibility." "Central power goes by the most despicable instruments, on the meanest errands, to every corner of the republic. Every election is the president's. Every movement, however small it may seem, is for him or against him. Thus is expelled the local spirit, the spirit of independence, which is the very blood of the heart of liberty."

These citations will show how well Mr. Ingersoll writes, and what condensation and almost obscurity of style he affects. This seems to be partly the result of diminishing the number of his pages before publishing his book. Here and there it would appear that the connection of sentences is lost by an omission made in condensing. This is a rare fault, and one that we need not censure in an American author. It is much more common to expand and dilute what is written, especially upon the topics of this book, which, amid many faults, has the signal merit of stimulating thought while reviving our knowledge of what was actually said and imagined, as well as what was done, by the fathers of the American republic. It can hardly be said to propose a remedy for the evils which it exhibits in our present form of government; but in this respect it is not singular among treatises of its class.

¹ *Fears for Democracy, regarded from the American Point of View.* By CHARLES INGERSOLL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

—There are two pieces among Miss Phelps's Poetic Studies¹ which we think very notable. The first of these is that singular poem, *That never was on Sea or Land*, of which we shall not vex the reader's interpretation by any confident guess of our own. We insecurely understand it to be a dream, wherein the dead lover comes back to the living and restores a fair, harassing image of their lost happiness, which presently is shattered by some capricious turn of the dreaming thought, and nothing but the old, aching hope-in-fear is left. But this version may be quite too simple, and there may be meanings in the poem which we have not fathomed. It belongs to a sort of poems, however, whose charm we are willing to feel without caring to analyze it very closely, though we think it a fault in the author that they are left so vague. Of certain beauties in them one can always be sure, like that strong fancy in Miss Phelps's lines, —

"The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea,
And turned his head and looked upon the shore,
As if he never saw the world before ;"

or that perfect expression of the truth which enforces itself more and more with the ever increasing tasks and burdens, —

"So hard it is for work-worn souls to play !"

which, indeed, is a line that the greatest poet might have been glad to write.

"I woke afraid : around the half-lit room
The broken darkness seemed to stir and creep,"

are verses that impart the shuddering sense of the dreamer to the reader ; and the whole effect of the poem is a profoundly weird and sorrowful sensation. Perhaps this is sufficient, and we have no right to ask of a poem that gives so much a greater distinctness. But we do not believe this ; and we blame the poet's unwilling — it seems unwilling rather than inadequate — art, because in the inferior pieces here collected we have so often the darkness without the fascination.

Petronilla is the other poem which we find so notable. It is the legend of Peter's daughter, bedridden her whole life long, who rose at the bidding of her father when the Spirit gave him power, and ministered to him and his guests. This too is troubled with Miss Phelps's vagueness, or over-subtlety, at times ; and it may be said, by those who like, that two blended shadows, in the flesh called Browning, are cast from afar,

¹ *Poetic Studies*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

and move evanescently up and down upon the poem ; or it may be as justly contended that one manner may be original in several poets of the same mood. There is a very sensitive appreciation of the young girl's languid, bedridden dream of life in this description : —

"She lived,
Yet lived not ; breathed, yet stifled ; ate, but starved ;
The ears of life she had, but heard not ; eyes,
But saw not ; hands, but handled neither bud
Nor fruit of joy : for the great word of God,
In some dim crevice of eternal thought
Which he called *Petronilla*, had gone forth
Against her — for her — call it what we may.

Since childhood she had lain upon her bed
In peace and pain, nor had ever raised her body
Once to its young lithe length, to view the dawn
Of all her young lithe years, nor had once laid
Her little feverish feet upon the face
Of the cool, mocking, steadfast floor which laughed
When other girls, with other thinking done
Some time in heaven about their happy names, —
Set like a song about their happy names, —
Tripped on it like a trill."

When her father, to warm the faith of
his friends, commanded her in Christ's
name to rise and serve them, —

"Erect,
Unaided, with a step of steel, she rose.
What should she do but rise ? And walked ; how else ?

For God had said it, sent it, dropped it down,
The sweetest, faintest fancy of her life.
And fancying faintly how her feet dropped far
Below the dizzy dancing of her eyes,
Adown the listening floor ; and fancying
How all the rising winds crept mutely up
The court, and put their arms around her neck
For joy ; and how for joy the sun broke through
The visor which the envious day had held
Across his happy face, and kissed her hair ;
And fancying faintly how those men shrank back,
And pulled their great gray beards at sight of her,
And nodded, as becometh holy men,
Approvingly, at wonders, as indeed
They'd bade her walk themselves, — so musingly,
As she had been a fancy of herself,
She found herself live, warm, and young within
The borders of the live, warm world.

But still,
As faintly as a fancy felt the voice
Of Peter : ' Serve us, daughter, at the board.'
And dimly as a fancy served she them,
And sweetly as a fancy to and fro
Across the gold net of the lightening day
She passed and paused.

Caught in its meshes fast ;
Tangled into the happy afternoon,
Tangled into the sense of life and youth,
Blind with the sense of motion, leap of health,
And wilderness of undiscovered joy,
Stood *Petronilla*. Down from out her hand
A little platter dropped, and down upon
Her hands her face dropped, broken like the ware
Of earth that sprinkled all the startled floor,
And down upon her knees her face and hands

Fell, clinging to each other ; crouching there
At Peter's feet, — her father's feet, — she gave
One little, little longing cry, — no more ;
And like the fancy of a cry, — so faint ;
And like the angel of a cry, — so brave."

The end is that Petronilla, having answered the divine need for the moment, goes, and lies down again upon the bed, from whose monotonous life she rises no more. All is said and suggested in the way that the reader must have felt ; but the effect is oddly marred at times by the author's inability to let well alone — by a certain feminine desire to get yet one sigh or one gasp more out of expression. She speaks of Petronilla's "young lithe length," which is well ; and then apparently cannot help speaking of her "young lithe years," which is not at all well ; she tells of "the fancy of a cry — so faint," which is poetry, and then "of the angel of a cry — so brave," which is nonsense. This defect, like the obscurity of the first poem, repeats and exaggerates itself painfully in her less successful work. Among the shorter pieces which wholly or nearly escape both tendencies is *Congratulation*, a thoughtful poem, too wise to be quite sad ; and *Atalanta*, a very sweet and happy inspiration. But what is here of Miss Phelps's verse, good or bad, is something that must interest the reader in her poetic experiment, and make him curious to see more of her studies. We are not sure that she will not yet find her best literary expression in their direction — if she can bring herself to respect the useful limitations in which there is strength, and to remember that excess is not only a waste, but also a burden.

— Mr. Baker has a cleverness which, without being too fine or deep, is pleasant ; and his pretty book of society verses¹ is one that you may read with a fair degree of "cheerfulness and refreshment." Our fashionable life affords scope enough for the more amiable sort of light satire, and Mr. Baker is fortunately not a satirist who cares much to moralize his theme. He does not begin to exhaust his material ; the situations he suggests or portrays are not the most unhackneyed, but then, he does them with dramatic skill, and he renders without unnecessary vulgarity the tone and talk of the kind of stylish girls whose souls are in their clothes — as not even Bostonians are bound to believe the

souls of stylish New York girls mostly are. Society-verses, we observe, are largely addicted to a lightly tripping measure of anapests.

"I do think that sexton's too stupid !

He's put some one else in our pew —

And the girl's dress just kills mine completely ;

Now what am I going to do ?" —

is the tune to which most of the pieces in Mr. Baker's book are set ; and it becomes a little monotonous. The mental attitudes are the flirtational, the softly-regretful-for-the-old-love, the lightly aspirational, the lover's-quarrelsome ; the talk of a girl about the people in church at her marriage, the struggles of an engaged young lady to keep a lover from offering himself, the reverie over an old coat of the bachelor who orders a new one for his wedding, are such matters as Mr. Baker deals with. The best poem is *An Idyl of the Period*, which has had great vogue in the newspapers : two young persons who have been flirting together on the stairs at a dancing-party confide their perfidy to the girl-friend and bachelor-friend whom each meets next day ; it is very light, gay, and natural, with lively go and real humor, and one laughs the more willingly because the laugh is against the man-flirt. Mr. Baker has grace, touch, and a good notion of dramatic points, with a feeling for character which would enable him to present types less conventional than he does here ; and we do not know why we have not the right to ask him to look at society with an eye to the subtler meaning of its contrasts and combinations. The strongest interests of modern life all lie below the surface, but they are in plain sight for all that.

— We have always liked Colonel Waring's magazine writing for qualities which make themselves felt at once. There is a good, wholesome, unaffected manner into which he falls, avoiding literary finicalness on the one hand, and on the other the boisterous familiarity of people who commonly treat of the subjects of this little book of his ;² he is quite able to write like a gentleman about the horse, — an animal objectionable to us in literature and in life because of the company he mostly keeps, — and he can convey the sense of soldierly good comradeship without shouting at you or clapping you on the knee or shoulder at every point. When we add to these nega-

¹ *Point-Lace and Diamonds*. Poems by GEORGE A. BAKER, JR. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. New York : F. B. Patterson. 1875.

² *Whip and Spur*. By GEORGE E. WARING, JR., formerly Colonel of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, U. S. V. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

tive virtues the positive charms of a very easy, sufficiently picturesque style, a ready sense of humor, and a genuine, refined love of all out-doors, we suppose ourselves to have offered to our readers' liking a writer who is altogether worthy of it. Most Atlantic readers, however, already know Colonel Waring's pleasant papers, and need only be reminded of Vix, Ruby, Wettstein, Campaigning with Max, How I got my Overcoat, and the rest. It was the author's good fortune to see military service in one of its most attractive aspects. The Fourth Missouri was a regiment of cavalry, mainly German, and it did rather more riding than fighting, and often served by standing and waiting. The history of its frequent forays and chases through the enemy's country in the Southwest, and of its long, luxurious campings in favorable seasons and situations, is full of a humor which Colonel Waring felt, while he had a keen eye for the European quality of character in his men, as it took a novel color from its American circumstance. The sketch of the trumpeter Wettstein, and his mare Klitschka, is a charming example of how intelligibly he can present this sort of character. It is very touching, with a self-controlled pathos which leaves one moved as one should be at the fate of the poor, gay, hapless soul; on the whole, we are inclined to rate it higher than the other sketches. It opens with a bit of shrewd self-study which is so imaginably true that we think most soldiers must find its truth in their own experience:—

"We may not have confessed it even to ourselves; but on looking back to the years of the war, we must recognize many things that patted our vanity greatly on the back,—things so different from all the dull routine of equality and fraternity of home, that those four years seem to belong to a dream-land, over which the haze of the life before them and of the life after them draws a misty veil. Equality and Fraternity! a pretty sentiment, yes, and full of sensible and kindly regard for all mankind, and full of hope for the men who are to come after us; but Superiority and Fraternity! who shall tell all the secret emotions this implies? To be the head of the brotherhood, with the unremitted clank of a guard's empty scabbard trailing before one's tent-door day and night; with the standard of the regiment proclaiming the house of chief authority; with the respectful salute of all passers, and the natural obedience

of all members of the command; with the shade of deference that even comrades show to superior rank; and with that just sufficient check upon coarseness during the jovial bouts of the headquarters' mess, making them not less genial, but void of all offense,—living in this atmosphere, one almost feels the breath of feudal days coming modified through the long tempestuous ages to touch his cheek."

Here also is an excellent study of a mood which carries the warrant of its own reality with it:—

"My coffee was gone to its dregs; the closing day was shutting down gloomily in such a weary rain as only a New York back-yard ever knows; and I was wondering what was to become of a man whom four years of cavalry service had estranged from every good and useful thing in life. The only career that then seemed worth running was run out for me; and, worst of all, my pay had been finally stopped.

"The world was before me for a choice, but I had no choice. The only thing I could do was to command mounted troops, and commanders of mounted troops were not in demand. Ages ago I had known how to do other things, but the knowledge had gone from me, and was not to be recalled so long as I had enough money left with which to be unhappy in idle foreboding. I had not laid down my life in the war, but during its wonderful four years I had laid down, so completely, the ways of life of a sober and industrious citizen, and had soaked my whole nature so full of the subtle ether of idleness and vagabondism, that it seemed as easy and as natural to become the Aladdin I might have dreamed myself to be as the delver I had really been. With a heavy heart, then, and a full stomach, I sat in a half-disconsolate, half-reminiscent, not wholly unhappy mood, relapsing with post-prandial ease into that befogged intellectual condition in which even the drizzle against the window-panes can confuse itself with the patter on a tent roof."

These are the opening passages of that very clever little story, *How I got my Overcoat*; and we are glad to have given them, because they partly show (not so well, of course, as the undetachable strain running through the whole series of war-sketches) that Colonel Waring looks at his war-experience, which soldiers are so seldom able to make civilians understand aright, in a spirit that is thoroughly comprehensible to

them. It seems to us that no soldier has yet written quite so well of our soldiering. The reader new to our author's work will find in this book abundant evidence of his power to mount to the fierier effects of the tales he tells. But in these he does not lose his head at all; it is you, not he, who become thrilled and heated. Another thing which we like in his writing is that when he makes a horse his hero or heroine, the animal is always appreciated in its due subordination to humanity. One may not think very well of mankind; but it is disagreeable to have one's race relatively viewed as an enthusiastic Houyhnhnm would view it. The most equine of the horse-sketches is Vix; Ruby and Max give their names to what are really for the most part stories of soldierly adventure. In fact, it is on the whole rather of riding than of horses that Colonel Waring writes in *Whip and Spur*. This is particularly true of *Fox-Hunting in England*, a very admirable piece of work throughout, by help of which one may order and understand all that large part of one's English novel-reading in which fox-hunting prevails. There are some splendid bits of picturesqueness in this paper, and a manly, affectionate feeling for English landscape and English life which those may like who have not the feeling. In the *Gloaming*, the only sketch alien to the title of the book, is a fuller expression of this tenderness, and we should be sorry not to have it here, where it perhaps does not belong.

Whip and Spur is printed in that pretty *Saunterers' Series* of Messrs. Osgood & Co., which is on the whole so good that the publishers have now a duty in not issuing any but choice books in it. We wish they could exclude all reprints from it, and reserve it for the best of their lighter American literature.

— A few months ago we had the pleasure of mentioning with commendation an entertaining novel by Mr. Benedict, *John Worthington's Name*, which, in spite of its rather strong appeal to the novel-reader's love of sensational matter, was a tolerably fair picture of a certain sort of life, and showed in the drawing of the main heroine, Mrs. Marchmont, ingenuity and study. Although it would have been very easy to point out the difference between that novel and the tract, it was entertaining, and

seemed to indicate considerable advance on the part of its author over what he had previously written. His latest novel, Mr. Vaughan's *Heir*,¹ comes, unfortunately, just in time to disappoint our hopes. It is a story full of complications of the most refined villainy, and it is a sad sight to see a novelist who has shown his ability to secure the interest of the public by less violent means, dragging his characters into the mire in order to arouse a sort of morbid curiosity. To tell Mr. Benedict that this is not high art would be as unnecessary as to tell him that one of Alfred de Musset's plays at the *Théâtre Français* is a more refining sight than a performance at the circus. He has the ability to do better things; why should he not rise above the herd who exercise their invention merely in putting together all kinds of offensive-ness?

The villain of this story hides in his black heart, under a fair outside, enough viciousness to supply a ship's crew of pirates. His euphonious name is Darrell Vaughan. He is reeking with every sin, some of the more offensive sorts being needlessly dwelt on; he takes hasheesh, he marries for money, swears before his wife, sells her mother's homestead, where her parents are buried, to a railroad corporation, belongs to the thinly disguised Tammany Ring, is nearly guilty of murder and quite guilty of some complicated swindling of his relations, is a member of Congress in the bargain, and a contributor to the most eminent reviews. This complex character, this condensed circulating library, has a lovely wife, who once believed in him, who wrote his speeches for him when he was insensible under the influence of hasheesh, but who has learned what a monster he is. She has more respect for a cousin of his, and it is hinted that after the final exit of Darrell, — which did not take place before the sheriff of the county and a number of his fellow-citizens, we regret to say, — she consoles herself with marrying him, which is certainly, as Dr. Johnson said of a vaguely similar case, the triumph of hope over experience.

These are by no means the only people in the book, — Mr. Benedict always introduces us to a large number. There is a representative French wife, who naturally despises her aged, unvenerable husband, ton's Name. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

¹ *Mr. Vaughan's Heir*. A Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of *My Daughter Elinor*, *Miss Van Kortland*, *Miss Dorothy's Charge*, *John Worthing-*

who is madly attached to her. She does what, fortunately, few of her kind do; she comes over to this country and contributes to a wildly Bohemian paper in New York until she is brought in as an important strand for the knot of the story. Her latter end is amusing enough, and more edifying than other parts of her life or that of her mother. She gives up writing improper novels, lives in Geneva, where she turns Calvinist and writes pious books, and tries to force them upon the Roman bishop on the very steps of his chapel.

Mr. Benedict by this time writes easily, and if he will but keep out of the slough on the edge of which he seems inclined to play, there is no reason why he should not in time write a good novel. If, however, he prefers devoting his skill to a form of writing which bears about the same relation to real literature that bill-posters do to Corot's paintings, he can make his name possibly a nine days' wonder as the writer of the last rowdy novel, and then he can sink into the most complete neglect. The choice lies entirely with him. In spite of this falling off from grace we have not yet given up hoping for him.

— We have a large title to a large book.¹ Ten hundred and seventy-four closely printed pages are none too many for the range of topics to which they are devoted. The list of titles of subjects treated occupies six pages in fine print, with four columns of names to each page; the editor has been actively engaged upon the work for several years, "and the preparation for it dates back to 1860." This is a department of literature where candor is constantly required, and so far as we have been able to examine the work now before us, the author seems to have exercised an eminent fairness and amiability. This is no small praise. Yet this is essential, if the book is at all to further his desire that truth may be left free to combat error, that difference of form may not prevent a unity of spirit, and that there may come the development of "a broad, generous, catholic, but earnest and aggressive Christianity." "Christianity needs no other defense than a fair statement of its doctrines and those of its opponents." This is the feeling with which Mr. Abbott has prepared and sent out his book. He distinctly avows that

"his personal sympathies are all Protestant and evangelical." Of this the careful reader could hardly be in doubt; nor will he be less interested because the author warms up to the views of truth which he esteems true. Of course these remarks apply to only a small part of this ample volume. Most of the subjects are of such a nature that there is no room for controversy or difference. In the list of titles "Atonement" is flanked by "Athens" and "Attalia," "Baptism" by "Banns" and "Barabbas," "Faith" by "Fairs" and "Fakirs." It is not easy to think of any subject which could have a place in a dictionary of this character which is not found here. We name at random architecture, animal, astronomy, chancellor, money, Mormons, Moslems, prison, Puritans, Shakers, symbolism, temperance, versions, vestments, Young Men's Christian Association. We chance to notice that we have "Ophir" but not "Uphaz." We miss "Hiddekel," though we have "Euphrates." We have "Sanballat" and "Tobiah," but not "Gashmun," whose name provokes curiosity. We see nothing upon "councils," under that title, or under Nicæa, Trent, or Chalcedon, though there are allusions to the famous councils in different parts of the work. We have the Puritans given as "the founders of the New England States," without reference to the fact that the first permanent settlers of New England were more than Puritans, and bear another name. We do not think that Congregationalists are prepared to recognize Robert Brown as the founder of their denomination—a man who made a stir for a time in the interest of free thought and fellowship, but afterwards submitted to the church against which he had rebelled, and was restored to its priesthood: of whom Dr. Palfrey says, "He takes a place in history from his connection with a great religious movement, which he by no means originated, and which he did quite as much to prejudice as to promote;" of whom Dr. Bacon has recently written, "He had not even the desperate self-respect which prompted Judas to hang himself; but, like Benedict Arnold, he took care not to lose the poor reward of his baseness." It is not quite correct to say that "the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions devotes itself exclusively to

¹ *A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, for Popular and Professional Use; comprising full Information on Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Subjects. With Several Hundred Maps and Illustrations.*

Edited by the REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, assisted by the REV. T. J. CONANT, D. D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

the propagation of the gospel in foreign lands," inasmuch as a considerable part of its work is among the Indians in our own land. Nor is the Congregational Publishing Society devoted merely to the publishing of literature, for it has an extensive Sabbath-school work.

We have made these somewhat desultory and superficial comments, but having done so are prepared to commend the book as a useful work, especially for "unprofessional readers," but convenient also for scholars. We know of no other book precisely of its kind. Smith's admirable Bible Dictionary necessarily has a much narrower range of topics. We are sure this Dictionary of Religious Knowledge will be found very helpful. As the quantity of things to be known increases, such books must be used more and more; and the results of the special studies of different men must supplement the researches of others.

The name of Dr. Conant on the title-page of this book, and the assurance that the whole work was read in proof by him, is an additional testimony to the value of the dictionary to readers of all classes.

— As there is no common ground whereon those who have traveled and those who have not can meet to compare their impressions regarding the things which, even unseen, are eternal in every one's consciousness, it is impossible to say to which class of readers Mr. James's¹ records and reminiscences of England, Germany, Switzerland, the Low Countries, and Italy will give most enjoyment; whether they have more power to suggest or to recall. In either case the satisfaction will be so full and so peculiar that each class will feel there is nothing to envy the other. Mr. James's mode of writing travels is unusual: he gives us no history, no legends; quotes no poetry; tells no personal adventures, or very few; what he treats of are the external aspects and "the soul of things," to use an expression of his own: but all that he tells of what he sees, detects, or divines, is saturated with the essence of a penetrating individuality. In his method, perhaps, he has taken a lesson from the French writers on foreign lands, with Théophile Gautier at their head, but it is the eye and brain of an American which he brings to bear on the subjects of his observation. He is a triumphant and most comfortable proof—to such of us as have been troubled by

doubts on the question—that a high, perhaps the highest, degree of general culture, drawn as it must ever be from the old imperishable springs, in nowise impairs the natural character of real talent. He never obtrudes his information, but it enriches every line that he writes. In England two impressions are always being made upon his mind: that of the outward, actual, and present, and one reflected from these but refracted from the mirror of the past,—from the humorists of the last century, the novelists of fifty years ago, the poets and dramatists of Elizabethan and earlier times. His article on the Parisian theatres is seasoned by familiarity with the French drama, the traditions of the stage in that and other countries, the long habit of intelligent play-going, and the fine critical discernment which admits no confusion between the merit of the pieces and the actor, the school and individual genius. Wherever he goes, he looks at pictures, statues, buildings, with the eye of a connoisseur, and at nature with the gaze of an artist and a worshiper. For if a round tower in the distance, or a pillared portico in the foreground of a landscape, together with certain circumstances of earth and sky, make it to him less a simple view than a picture by Claude, his sense is as keen for the beauty of a wood-bank covered with wild flowers, "in the raw green light of early spring,"—a subject no painter has yet attempted with success.

Nobody has so fully conveyed as Mr. James the peculiar feelings of an American in Europe: the mingled pain and happiness we feel in England, as of coming to our own at last, yet finding ourselves aliens and exiles there (for let no American think of it as home; we do not and cannot belong to it, nor it to us); the blissful, unquestioning, "irresponsible" (to use his favorite word) relaxation of that terrible tension in which we live here, which comes to us in Italy; the sense of history in the very air of the Old World, so unrecognized by most Europeans, so sensible to us in every breath we draw there; the sudden revelation of the picturesque, "the crooked, the accidental, the unforeseen, . . . the architectural surprises, caprices, and fantasies, . . . the infinite accident and infinite effect which give a wholly novel zest to the use of the eyes," and gradually produce a boundless expansion of the range of perception. Nobody else has so faithfully and minutely described the various stages and

¹ *Transatlantic Sketches*. By HENRY JAMES, JR.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

phases of our acquaintance with foreign parts, from the excitement of first visits to the deep delight of return, the rapturous unrest of novelty, the rapturous repose of familiarity. He has too the faculty of hitting the peculiarity which makes foreigners seem odd to us, but which we are at a loss ourselves to define, so that when he speaks of traveling English people, for instance, we think he must have met the very lady who sat beside us at the *table d'hôte* at Interlaken, or the gentleman with whom we went through the Mont Cenis tunnel. He moralizes and philosophizes very casually; he writes with the careless indulgence of one who is only in quest of enjoyment, and who finds it on all sides; yet here and there a chance remark probes national failings sharp and deep. Mr. James has the profound, romantic enthusiasm for England which only an American can feel, and he has it in perfection; yet he gauges her pretensions with a steady hand. "Conservatism here has all the charm, and leaves dissent and democracy and other vulgar variations, nothing but their bald logic. Conservatism has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry. Dissent has the dusty brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the *h*, and the poor *mens sibi conscia recti*. Differences which in other countries are slight and varying, almost metaphysical, as one may say, are marked in England by a gulf. Nowhere does the degree of one's respectability involve such solid consequences." And again: "The bishop sat facing me, enthroned in a stately Gothic alcove, and clad in his crimson bands, his lawn sleeves, and his lavender gloves; the canons in their degree with the arch-deacons, as I suppose, reclined comfortably in the carved stalls, and the scanty congregation fringed the broad aisle. But though scanty, the congregation was select; it was unexceptionably black-coated, bonneted, and gloved. It savored intensely, in short, of that inexorable gentility which the English put on with their Sunday bonnets and beavers, and which fills me—as a purely sentimental tourist—with a sort of fond reactionary remembrance of those animated bundles of rags which one sees kneeling in the churches in Italy." Now Italy is the country for which Mr. James cherishes and confesses an incurable weakness; Germany, despite the pretty touches in his

chapters on Homburg and Darmstadt, is, we suspect, a land to which it costs him nothing to deal the sternest justice; yet a fortnight after leaving the Lake of Como for Hesse, he writes, "I have shifted my standard of beauty, but it still commands a glimpse of the divine idea. There is something here too which pleases, suggests, and satisfies. Sitting of an evening in the Kurgarten, within ear-shot of the music, you have an almost inspiring feeling that you never have in Italy; a feeling that the substantial influences about you are an element of the mysterious future. They are of that varied order which seems to indicate the large needs of large natures."

As yet we have not spoken of what, after all, is the chief charm, the spell, of Mr. James's style—a felicity of epithets, an exquisite choice and use of language, a graphic and pictorial quality in his mere words, which impart to his descriptions that property which every one has felt in a scent, a sound, or a hue, to awaken the memory of impressions and sensations, to revive the very reality of a vanished moment. Not the scene alone is before your eyes, you are conscious of the atmosphere of the place and time, and the emotions with which you were filled. But this gift sometimes betrays its possessor into an abuse. There is danger of his over-refining his expressions, of overloading his phrases with adverbs and adjectives. He has a large vocabulary for the finer, more delicate, subtle, and evanescent or impalpable shades of difference, whether in the material or in the supersensuous order, but they are terms whose expressiveness and effectiveness depend a good deal on their being used sparingly; so he should beware of the pleasure of having pet words and phrases. The fault is more than skin-deep, too, though we fancy the origin was on the surface and that it has struck in rather than come out; for there is a tendency to distill and subtilize the thought, or simile, which he recognizes when he catches himself "spinning his fancies rather too fine." He is over fond of the triple extract of an idea. To this same error of taste appears to belong an occasional trick of letting you down suddenly from a highly poetic fancy to a cynical or commonplace conclusion, a habit which in Mr. James may be ascribed to the influence of Hawthorne, who carried it to a point which was almost intolerable. But the risk of becoming a sort of *petit maître* of style, a metaphysical euphuist, is much more imminent.

One who has read his papers singly, at intervals, with almost unalloyed pleasure, cannot help wondering with some dread what the effect would be, in going through the volume, of a number of such sentences as the following: The wood-carving in Siena cathedral "is like the frost-work on one's window-panes interpreted in polished oak." We fear it would beg t a gnawing hunger for the daily bread of common speech. But it must not be inferred that all the virtue of his descriptive power lies in these superfine touches, or even his extraordinary command of color; he has a bold, graphic way of putting a picture before you in a few strokes of black and white: "Florence lay amid her checkered fields and gardens, with as many towers and spires as a chess-board half cleared."

It would be no injustice to Mr. James or his publishers, if space allowed, to quote half a hundred of his most charming passages. To make an extract from the Italian sketches is most difficult; they are a study, or an enjoyment, apart, and should be read as a separate series. Exquisitely as Mr. James writes about England, charming and playful and true as are his chapters on other countries, it is only Italy that calls forth his full poetic power; we choose the following description of the Protestant cemetery at Rome, partly because it has been so often described before: "Here is a mixture of tears and smiles, of stones and flowers, of mourning cypresses and radiant sky, which almost tempts one to fancy one is looking back at death from the brighter side of the grave. The cemetery nestles in an angle of the city wall, and the older graves are sheltered by a mass of ancient brick-work, through whose narrow loop-holes you may peep at the purple landscape of the Campagna. Shelley's grave is here, buried in roses — a happy grave every way for a poet who was personally poetic. It is impossible to imagine anything more impenetrably tranquil than this little corner in the bend of the protecting rampart. You seem to see a cluster of modern ashes held tenderly in the rugged hand of the Past."

— Mr. Abbott's *Paragraph History of the United States*¹ is intended, the preface tells us, "for the use of those Americans who, at this centennial period, wish to re-

fresh their memories as to some main facts in their country's history, and have only a few moments to do it in." Within the space of less than a hundred, small pages the compiler has jotted down leading facts with their dates, arranging his material chronologically and classifying it into familiar historic periods. The facts are all drawn from American history, but by means of brief side-notes he has aimed to give a suggestion as to contemporaneous events in European history, and historic personages, especially in literature, then living. The selection of leading facts is in the main, judicious, but we are surprised that the compiler should have compressed the Revolutionary War after the opening scenes into one paragraph of less than two pages. This may be in good proportion, so far as the whole history from 860 to 1875 is regarded, but if the book is intended for special use at the centennial period, we think he would have consulted his readers' interests by expanding this portion, at the risk of sacrificing historic proportions, and giving in detail the successive points which during the coming eight years will be lifted into commemorative importance. Such an epitome, outlining the various local anniversaries, would have been of great convenience. The side-notes are frequently quite felicitous, as where, against the paragraph "Cartier in Canada," he notes "1540 Ignatius Loyola founds the Order of the Jesuits," and reminds the reader by a note under 1757 of the supremacy of the English in India just as they are taking active measures to alienate the American colonies. Another suggestive side-note, "1561-1626 Francis Bacon," set against the grant of New Hampshire to Mason, might remind us of the attempt, recently disclosed, of Captain John Smith to engage Bacon's co peration in a New Hampshire colony.² The note might better have been placed under 1614, but the editor has adopted an arbitrary and unsatisfactory rule of placing the names of eminent persons against the year of their death. We notice an omission and one or two errors to which we call the author's attention. No notice is taken of the significant Albany Congress of 1754; Florida is said to have been called so because of its luxurious vegetation, with

¹ *A Paragraph History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent to the Present Time. With Brief Notes on Contemporaneous Events. Chronologically Arranged.* By EDWARD ABBOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² Smith's Letter to Bacon. *English State Papers (colonial)* vol. i. No. 42. Cited in Jenness's *The Isles of Shoals*.

no reference to its discovery on Easter Sunday (Pascua Florida); the name Labrador is referred to the Portuguese for laborer, instead of to *tierra labrador*, or cultivable land, in distinction from Greenland, and the heading Persecution of the Quakers, together with the paragraph, perpetuates a distorted view of the facts; Persecution by the Quakers would have been nearer the truth.

—The size and type of Macready's memoirs¹ render the volume, at first sight, a little formidable to those to whom the great actor is a brilliant tradition only, not a delightful memory. But no sympathetic student of human nature, no one with a genuine enthusiasm for simple, chivalrous, lofty types of character, will find the book too long. For our own part, before it was half read, we found ourselves gloating over, and, so to speak, *hoarding* the remaining pages as we used those of favorite romances long ago. The modest editor of these remains, Sir Frederick Pollock, has literally made himself naught, allowing Macready to tell his own story. The mere literary critic may justly observe that it might have been better told in fewer words, but who cares? The man lives again for us in these crowded pages, and what a man he was! He glorified the British stage, and had well-nigh achieved the high adventure of redeeming the stage in general; yet, looking to the distinguished *quality* of the man (son of a stage-manager though he was), his refinement of feeling and habits, sensitive conscience, nice honor, and always unworldly motives, we cannot help our puritanical feeling that there was something tragically unfit in his profession. The pious motives which led him to adopt and adhere to it, and the new lustre which he lent to dramatic art, fully reconcile us to his choice, indeed, and enhance our love and reverence for the man, but leave us sad for the inevitable strife and sorrow of his career. A bright boy at Rugby school, careless and popular, he learns abruptly during the Christmas holidays of 1808 that his father is insolvent,—which the latter had tried to conceal from his son, hoping that friends would advance the money for keeping him at school. But William, never patient of a pecuniary obligation, will not have it so. He sees clearly that he cannot properly remain among gentlemen's sons at an expen-

sive school. He knows what he can do well, being already the star of the private school theatricals, and his mind is made up. He seeks his father not so much to propose going on the stage as to announce his fixed intention of doing so at once. The father is distressed, but too much harrassed in his affairs seriously to demur, and the die is cast. The stage had doubtless its own fascination for the susceptible boy of sixteen, but when one of the Rugby masters not long before had asked him if he had any thought of adopting his father's profession, he had rejected the idea with a good deal of pride, saying that his preference was for the bar, for which his father intended him. And still he adds, simply and rather affectingly, "I was not then aware of the difference between the two starting-points in life. My father was impressive in his convictions that the stage was a gentlemanly profession. My experience has taught me that while the law, the church, the army and navy, give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society by the individual bearing." Few, at any period of his career, can have had the effrontery to dispute William Macready's right to that title, but he confesses once and for all to "many moments of depression, many angry swellings of the heart, and many painful convictions of the uncertainty of my position."

Great responsibilities were at once thrust upon the young actor by his exacting father, of which, on the whole, he acquitted himself with extraordinary address. Great temptations also came in his way. He succumbed occasionally, but records with wondering gratitude his escape from many of them. At Newcastle, where he played for a season at the age of seventeen or eighteen, he made the acquaintance of three maiden sisters, the Misses Hedley, good, wise, and rich, who cared to do what they could by personal kindness and social encouragement to save the ingenuous and gentlemanlike youth from the contaminations of theatrical society. Chivalrous and docile, he listened to their counsels, and their friendship lasted through life. Six years later, when the provincial fame so early won had obtained for Macready a London engagement, and the path was plain to the highest eminence in his profession, he was seized by so strong a disgust for theatrical life, and especially for green-room associates, that he resolved to abandon it all, and to accept the loan (much as he

¹ *Macready's Reminiscences and Diaries*. Edited by SIR F. POLLOCK. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

hated borrowing) of money enough to enable him to reside in Oxford till he had taken a degree, "not then," he says, "a difficult matter." But just at this time came the opportunity to purchase his brother Edward's promotion in the army, which he could only hope to do by retaining and, if possible, increasing his theatrical income; and with the spirit which animated all his life ("in honor preferring one another"), he decided to remain where he was. His brother was worthy of the sacrifice, if sacrifice that can properly be called which finally secured so great an artist to the stage and to the world, and the tenderest and most honorable friendship always subsisted between them. "I had reason to be proud of him," says Macready, "and of the faith he held in me, which seemed unbounded. In the endeavor to save the life of a brother officer, who was bathing with him in a tank in India, he very narrowly escaped drowning, and in his desperate struggle to reach the shore with his helpless companion, the thought which rushed across his mind with the prospect of death before him was, in his own words, 'I know William would approve of what I am doing.' I may truly apply the Psalmist's words to him, 'My brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love was wonderful, passing the love of women.'" The marriage of Macready, which took place before he was thirty (the great Mrs. Siddons, after approving one of his boyish performances, had solemnly warned him against an early marriage) might also, from a worldly point of view, be considered a sacrifice of himself. Miss Atkins was an obscure little actress, and all his delicate circumlocutions cannot disguise the fact that she was at the time of their engagement extremely ignorant, but her devotion to him was unbounded, and her docility equaled her devotion. Their relation was one of extreme sweetness, and the great artist's home was always a pure and peaceful retreat where he could forget for a time, in domestic joy, the strifes and heart-burnings of his illustrious middle-life. From the purchase of his brother's commission, and his irretrievable acceptance of the stage, seems to date what may, with strict truth, be called Macready's *consecration* to his art. Faithfully to portray every phase of human passion, worthily to realize the ideals of the greatest poets, and, while so doing, to purge the stage so far as possible from unclean associations, — such became the object of his life, pursued with a single-

mindfulness, a constant determination to profit by failure no less than by success, rare indeed in any order of effort. He attracted to himself the friendship and coöperation of good men and great minds, Talfourd, Browning, Bulwer, Dickens, but he also excited, inevitably, a world of coarse and virulent opposition, and his high spirit, and the fiery temper whose effects he often so profoundly deplored, suffered him to take no insult meekly. It ought to be subject of shame and sorrow to us Americans whom he always loved, and warmly defended from the snobbish criticisms of his countrymen, his dear Dickens among them, that Macready's last engagement in this country was signalized by the disgraceful Astor Place riots. His theatrical life was now nearly done. He returned to England on the 23d of May, 1849, to meet, in the illness and death of his beautiful daughter Catherine, the first of the long series of domestic bereavements which desolated his idolized home, and to play his farewell engagements amid unprecedented enthusiasm. The spirit in which he took leave of the stage can best be illustrated by a few extracts from his diaries.

"March 21st. In Mrs. R.'s note she expresses a doubt whether I shall not regret the relinquishment of an art in which I am considered to excel, and in the exercise of which I am perhaps displaying greater power than ever. My fear of exhibiting vanity restrains me from speaking more positively, but I think not. I certainly never feel pleasure in going to act; would always rather be excused from it. How this may be when the abstinence is made compulsory, I will not be so arrogant as positively to say. But I think, I hope, I pray, that my time, devoted to the elevation of my own nature, and to the advancement of my children's minds, will be agreeably and satisfactorily passed, leading me onward toward the end appointed for me by the blessed and merciful Disposer of all. Amen. Acted Othello."

"November 27th. Acted Hamlet in my very, very best manner. It is the last time but one I shall ever appear in this wonderful character. I felt it, and that to many, to most, it would be the last time they would ever see me in it. I acted with that feeling. I never acted better. I felt my allegiance to Shakespeare, the glorious, the divine. Was called and welcomed with enthusiasm."

"December 5th. I pray that my income

(£1200) may be maintained. I am grateful for it. As I look back on my past life, the thought of being rich, the ambition to be so never once entered my mind. I was most anxious to be independent, and, after having purchased my brother's company, thought of retiring (1829) on what I then, without children, regarded as independence, £400 per annum. God sent us children (his blessing be on them!) and all my plans were altered. Still I could not think of wealth for them, as they came and fast dear, but diminished my own means to secure them by insurances the means of education and subsistence in case of my death. Thus I am what the world would call a poor man. I trust in reality a grateful and contented one."

These passages, taken quite at random from the voluminous diary, will at once suggest what seems to us the most remarkable aspect of Macready's character—the union in him of a profound religious life with the keenest and most stringent worldly honor. When the connected autobiographical story, which he did not live to carry beyond 1826, and in which he had always preserved a certain dignified reserve, ceases, and we are admitted to the privacy of the original, informal diary, and to a view of that part of his life which no true man ever parades while life lasts, we are amazed and affected to discover that that inmost life was literally, in the exalted phrase of the apostle, "hidden with God." We are in the world, on the stage, but with a constant memory of the closet, almost of the cloister. It is in the lives of the saints that we must look for anything like this prayerful importunity, this stern and searching self-examination, this humble, and, at times (as in the affair with Bunn), almost morbid repentance for outbreaks of temper, and other venial sins. Moreover, this man studies his play-book as if it were a prayer-book; thanks God for a truthful personation; devotes himself with renewed diligence after a comparative failure. A piety steadfast and passionate as his is rare nowadays under any circumstances. Its union with a knightly cast of character, with that prompt and full-armed personal dignity which strikes wholesome terror into the baser sort of men, is, unhappily, rarer still. We are in the habit of quoting with a smile (as at what do we not now smile?) the somewhat hackneyed triad of epithets, "a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian." Now anybody can be a scholar, but it is

apparently not easy to be both a gentleman and a Christian. That is to say, the religion of this world, which is honor, seems partly to supersede and partly to exclude the religion of the other; or at least what is commonly accepted as the Christian type of it. Too many of those who profess the latter hold themselves, and are held by the world, absolved from the more perilous and severe obligations of the former, to the just contempt of other high-minded men who hold, with show of reason, that the responsibilities of the present life should be paramount while we are in it. The man who honorably reconciles the two states of feeling and orders of duty has done more for Christianity than a hundred priests, by a thousand sermons. Macready did this.

The quiet close of his life fell in the sombre afternoon of our century, when the mists of universal doubt were already rolling heavily in over the civilized world. Amid the chill and bewilderment of these fast-gathering shadows he kept his foot-hold, and no enlisted and commissioned apostle has clung more tenaciously to the old faith than did he. Occasionally he is smitten by the universal distrust, and cries, "Oh for an apostle of the truth! He *must* be near at hand!" But the last trembling and almost illegible entries in his diary are these: "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief!"

Clinging to this slight spar—last stay of how many passing souls!—the great spirit from which we part with lingering regret vanished in the unknown.

—It is difficult to feel much gratitude to Mr. Higginson for preparing his volume on English statesmen¹ by snipping passages from the critical and descriptive sketches contained in two or three recent books. Men and Manners in Parliament, Political Portraits, McCarthy's Modern Leaders, Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's Cabinet Portraits, and Earl Russell's Recollections and Suggestions furnish the bulk of the matter, and the compiler has frankly pointed out in foot-notes the several sources from which he has drawn. The biographies, so called, comprise notices of six leading statesmen, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, Earl Russell, Earl Granville, The Duke of Argyll, and of twelve subordinate men of note, equally divided between members of Mr. Disraeli's ministry, and candidates for

¹ *Brief Biographies: English Statesmen.* Prepared by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875

the liberal leadership. The selection of names, under explanation of the omission of certain radical leaders, is a good selection, and a volume characterizing these persons would go far toward a personal illustration of current English history. English periodical literature also abounds in acute observations upon the genius and temperament of these representative men, for English political criticism is curiously psychological in its method, being constantly directed toward an attempt to explain the course of a statesman by reference to known or fancied qualities of his disposition. This is scarcely more than saying, what the very plan of this book intimates, that parliamentary government is singularly obedient to the mastery of a few minds trained by long official experience and perpetually renewed competitive examination at the hands of the English people. To examine the claim of these six leaders and twelve subordinates upon contemporary respect is to inquire into the personal influences which control English government, and we do not see why it may not be possible for an American student, occupying somewhat the position of posterity, so to speak, to present in sketches of these men an analysis of current English politics, which would both serve to account for England to-day, and give opportunity for comparison of English and American machinery of government. Perhaps this is asking more than we are likely to get, yet it is so desirable an object that we confess to disappointment when we find that Mr. Higginson has done scarcely more than bring together the reflections, sometimes over-subtle, of a few clever English observers, writing always upon an assumption that their readers will supply all needful background of fact and historic perspective. We think an editor who should content himself with this use of familiar material ought to consider his readers as persons not especially at home in the workings of English politics, and so furnish them with more elementary information. As it is, this book seems rather likely to furnish agreeable reading to such Americans as keep *au courant* in English affairs, but do not happen to have seen the books out of which it is manufactured, rather than to supply the average reader with an intelligible account of English statesmen.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

A book on fashions, especially if adorned with plates, is tolerably sure of a certain number of readers, and although this is a misleading description of the volume we have before us to-day,² which treats only of the costumes of the past, it need be no reason for treating it with indifference. The author, M. Quicherat, director of the *École des Chartes*, set himself the task of writing a complete history of costume in France from the earliest times until the end of the last century. Tattooing, which indicates the awakening of the taste for personal adornment, is merely hinted at; the first decoration described is a bracelet of shells strung together, which has been found among the memorials of the men who lived in caverns countless ages ago. Then follow illustrations of the dress of the Gauls, who were renowned in ancient times for their dexterous work in the metals, and for their skill in making woollens. They wore trousers, and to them belongs the honor of inventing soap. The Romans, who were continually absorbing what they could from their enemies, made use of the accomplishments of the Gauls, and borrowed from them many improvements in armor. When they had conquered Gaul their toga became in that country, as elsewhere, the badge of Roman citizenship, which was generally sought for. The Gallic dress appeared provincial, and all wanted to look like Romans. With time the inconvenience of the toga for general use led to its becoming merely a robe to be worn on solemn occasions, a sort of dress-suit; its place for every-day wear was taken by various robes and coverings, into which the Gauls introduced new decorations.

It would be too difficult a task to describe by word alone, without the aid of the numerous illustrations of the book, the gradual modifications of the dress worn in France from the date just mentioned until the feudal period. The general tendency of the men's dress is from a superfluity of cloak to more convenient, closer-fitting raiment; that of the women is much less uniform in its change, but it presents a sort of monotony, until that time, which is more than made up for by its later variations. Every one who is accustomed to look over old

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

² *Histoire du Costume en France depuis les Temps*

les plus reculés jusqu'à la Fin du XVIII^e Siècle.
Par J. QUICHERAT, Directeur de l'École des Chartes.
Paris: Hachette. 1875.

prints knows vaguely the singular dress of our ancestors ; but, thanks to M. Quicherat, it is now easy to notice the changes, to make one's vague knowledge sure, and to ascertain the dress of different characters known to history with considerable accuracy. The cause of change in the fashions has for a long time puzzled social philosophers. In the past this could not have presented so much difficulty to the observer. For instance, we read that in 1485 an order appeared forbidding the use of silk and velvet to all but the noblest classes of society ; this, however, was not a well-marked example, for it was not obeyed satisfactorily. A more complete change was made in 1461. Philip the Good had an illness, during which his physicians obliged him to have his head shaved. When he had recovered he felt ashamed of his appearance, and promulgated an edict commanding all noblemen to have their heads shaved like his. More than five hundred of them followed this new fashion, but the vast majority stood out in opposition to it, much to his grief. In his royal wrath he sent out men to cut the hair of the recalcitrant. The man who most distinguished himself in this enforcement of law was, we are told, *Petér de Hagenbach*, who figures in *Scott's Anne of Geierstein*. Long hair finally won the day, growing luxuriously in spite of opposition. On reading this incident one cannot help wondering what means an evil-minded king would have taken to establish uniformity in fashions. Sumptuary laws were frequent but powerless against extravagance in dress. Many such were enacted about the middle of the sixteenth century. *Montaigne* wrote about their inefficiency as follows :—

“The way by which our laws attempt to regulate idle and vain expenses in meat and clothes seems to be quite contrary to the end designed. The true way would be to beget in men a contempt of silks and gold, as vain, frivolous, and useless ; whereas, we augment to them the honors, and enhance the value of such things, which is a very absurd way of creating a disgust. For to enact that none but princes shall eat turbot, shall wear velvet or gold lace, and to interdict these things to the people, what is it but to bring them into a greater esteem, and to set every man agog to eat and wear them ? . . .” It is strange how suddenly, and with how much ease, custom, in these indifferent things, establishes itself, and becomes authority. We had scarce worn cloth a year, at court, for the mourning of

Henry the Second, but that silks were grown into such contempt with every one that a man so clad was presently concluded a cit. Silks were left in share betwixt the physicians and surgeons, and though all other people almost went dressed alike, there was notwithstanding, in one thing or other, sufficient distinction of the calling and condition of men.”

With the invention of watches, about three hundred years ago, pockets came again into fashion after long disuse. The earliest pocket has been found in a tunic of the eleventh century, but pockets were then very rare, their place being supplied by purses to hold the handkerchief, gloves, money, papers, etc. When the purse went out of fashion the hat was employed for carrying such things, a fashion not yet wholly extinct. Pockets were considered dangerous as tempting their owner to carry concealed weapons, and were formally prohibited in 1563 ; but, as is known, they survived legal persecution, and although, in this country at least, the old objection holds good, the advantages outweigh this one defect.

M. Quicherat gives us also some information about the habits of the French in earlier times with regard to washing. In 1644 a pamphlet appeared urging its readers to bathe sometimes, to wash their hands every day, and the face almost as often. The public bathing-places had become resorts of the vicious, and on that account had been denounced by both Catholics and Protestants, so that attention to bathing seemed inseparable from debauchery. This pamphlet goes on, “as to one's clothes, the main rule is” to “change them frequently and to have many of them which shall be in the fashion.”

Fully to describe the violent excesses of the fashions in the later years of the French monarchy would be impossible. The chapters the author devotes to this part of his subject are perhaps the most interesting of the book. Some of the illustrations might serve for the dresses one sees to-day in every street ; others have an unfamiliar and consequently more outlandish look. With the Revolution came in the habit of wearing raiment *à la Bastille*, *à la citoyenne*, etc. Of this time the most extraordinary dress, with the exception of the gauze which two ladies in vain endeavored to make popular, was that adopted by the young men who, naturally enough, became known as the *Incroyables*. A man who belonged to that band

wore enormous spectacles; his hair was cut short behind, but left long in front and "on the top of his head; he wore huge ear-rings, and a large cravat, which inclosed his chin. He wore no shirt-frill nor cuffs, but, like the recent politicians of New York city, he bore a huge jewel in his shirt. His coat was long and shapeless, with a multitude of wrinkles; his baggy trousers were stuck recklessly into low boots. He was a lamentable caricature. With him and his contemporaries this entertaining volume ends. It is a book, however, which is not merely entertaining, it has real value to the archæologist and to the student of history. Of its usefulness to the moralist nothing need be said; text and illustrations combine to make his task a light one.

—Another book which is deserving of praise is Guizot's *L'Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789*.¹ The fourth volume, which covers the period from the death of Henry IV. to that of Louis XIV., is now before us. As is well known, this is the history of France as set forth by Guizot for the instruction of his grandchildren, and in these days of new methods of education, and of new ways of writing history, which give the subject something of human interest instead of leaving it in the artificial school which oratory has so recently occupied, Guizot's manner deserves mention.

The epoch treated of in this volume is one which no treatment could make dull, but this venerable author gives it a new charm. It is no simple record of wars and battles; due mention is made of the various changes of peace, and nearly one hundred pages of this volume are devoted to an account of literature in the reign of Louis XIV. Pascal, Fénelon, Molière, Corneille, Racine, etc., are all agreeably written about, not in the usual way of literary criticism, but with little, impressive anecdotes, which secure a lasting place in the memory.

By means of copious quotations and a few words of discreet comment, these eminent characters are set clearly before us. Speaking of La Bruyère, Guizot says:—

"From the solitude of his working-closet issued a book unique in kind, sagacious, acute, severe without venom; a picture of the manners of the court and of the world drawn by a spectator who had no experience of their temptations, but who had di-

vined and weighed them all. . . . Its success was great from the beginning. The courtiers were entertained by the portraits, and tried to give a name to each one; the good sense, the delicacy, and the truth of the remarks struck every one; all felt sure they had met the originals a hundred times. The manner was even more singular than the matter; the style was brilliant, rare, as various as human nature, always elegant and pure, original and animated, sometimes rising to the noblest thoughts, jesting and grave, delicate and serious." Then follow some intelligent quotations. The account runs on, "La Bruyère was received at the Academy in 1693; in his admission speech he praised living writers, Bossuet, Fénelon, Racine, La Fontaine, contrary to the custom of the time. Those who were not praised were annoyed, and the papers of the day attacked virulently the new Academician. This pained him, and he withdrew into retirement, but yet four days before his death 'he was in company, when he noticed that he had entirely lost his hearing. He returned to Versailles; there an attack of apoplexy carried him off in a quarter of an hour, May 11, 1696.'"

The purely historical part is equally well written, with the same impressive distinctness, and with an air of naturalness about the whole story which makes it delightful reading. The book hides all the machinery of erudition and shows only its smooth results; the consequence is that it is exceedingly readable. Many of the incidents are ingeniously told in a conversational form; the words, real or imaginary, of the actors are put into their mouths, and numerous quotations from contemporary writers lend vivacity to the book. The first of these devices would be a dangerous one for every writer to follow, but when wisely used, as it is here, it is sure to win the attention of children, and of more grown people than perhaps would think it. In fact, history remained classical and was unreal; now it respects the whims of human nature, and there are but few reasons why it should not supplant the reading of novels.

With regard to this particular history the reader will be glad to know that it was completed before the death of its author. We have already stated that a beautifully illustrated translation is now publishing by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston.

PAR M. GUIZOT. Tome quatrième. Paris: Hachette 1875.

¹ *L'Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789, racontée à mes Petits-Enfants.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: *Fungi; Their Nature and Uses*. By M. C. Cooke, M. A., LL. D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M. A., F. L. S.—*Nature and Life. Facts and Doctrines relating to the Constitution of Matter, the New Dynamics, and the Philosophy of Nature*. By Fernand Papillon. Translated from the Second French Edition by A. B. Macdonough, Esq.—*Outline of the Evolution-Philosophy*. By Dr. M. E. Cazelles. Translated from the French by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. With an Appendix by E. L. Youmans, M. D.—*Astronomy*. By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. With Illustrations.—Alice Brand. *A Romance of the Capital*. By A. G. Riddle.—*Health. A Handbook for Households and Schools*. By Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S., LL. B.—*The Science of Music; or, the Physical Basis of Musical Harmony*. By Sedley Taylor, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—*The Natural History of Man. A Course of Elementary Lectures*. By A. De Quatrefages, Member of the Academy of Sciences, Professor in the Museum of Natural History. Translated from the French by Eliza A. Youmans. With an Appendix.—*The Chemistry of Light and Photography*. By Dr. Hermann Vogel, Professor in the Royal Industrial Academy of Berlin. With One Hundred Illustrations.—*Boys and Girls in Biology; or, Simple Studies of the Lower Forms of Life; based upon the latest lectures of Prof. T. H. Huxley, and published by his permission*. By Sarah Hackett Stevenson. Illustrated.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Oakridge. An Old-Time Story*. By J. Emerson Smith.—*Little Classics*. Edited by Rosseter Johnson. *Mystery. Heroism.—Leisure-Day Rhymes*. By John Godfrey Saxe.—*Other People's Money*. From the French of Emile Gaboriau.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *The Maintenance of Health. A Medical Work for Lay Readers*. By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., M. R. C. P.—*Protection and Free Trade. An Inquiry whether Protective Duties can benefit the Interests of a Country in the Aggregate; including an Examination into the Nature of Value, and the Agency of the Natural Forces in producing it*. By Isaac Butts.—*A Series of American Clinical Lectures*. Edited by E. C. Seguin, M. D. Vol. I., No. 3. *Pneumo-Thorax*. By Austin Flint, Sr., M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in Bellevue Hospital Medical College.—*Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, January, 1875.—The Sexes throughout Nature*. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell.—*On Teaching. Its Ends and Means*. By Henry Calderwood, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.—*Elements of Magnetism and Electricity. With Practical Instructions for the Performance of Experiments, and the Construction of Cheap Apparatus*. By John Angell, Senior Science Master, Manchester Grammar School. With One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations.—*Principles of Metal Mining*. By J. H. Collins, F. G. S. With Seventy-Six Illustrations.—*Religion as Affected by Modern Materialism. An Address delivered in Manchester New College, London, at the opening of its Eighty-Ninth Session, on Tuesday, October 6, 1874.*

By James Martineau, LL. D. With an Introduction by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D.

Harper and Bro., New York: *Mohammed and Mohammedanism. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February and March, 1874*. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With an Appendix containing Emanuel Deutsch's article on Islam.—*The Invasion of the Crimea. Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan*. By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. III. *Battle of Inkerman.—Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1874*. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science.—*Safely Married. A Novel*. By the Author of *Caste*, *Colonel Dacre*, etc.—*Songs of Our Youth*. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Set to music.—*The Story of Valentine and his Brother. A Novel*. By Mrs. Oliphant.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Our Sketching Club. Letters and Studies on Landscape Art*. By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M. A., formerly Student and Rhetoric Reader of Christ Church, Oxford. With an Authorized Reproduction of the Lessons and Wood-Cuts in Professor Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.—*Harry Blount. Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea*. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.—*The Defense of Guenivere, and other Poems*. By William Morris.—*Christian Belief and Life*. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University.—*Victor La Tour-ette. A Novel*. By a Broad Churchman.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Bric-a-Brac Series. The Greville Memoirs. A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By Charles F. C. Greville, Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Notes on Paris*. By H. Taine, D. C. L. Oxon., etc. Translated with Notes by John Austin Stevens.—*Mr. Smith. A Part of his Life*. By J. L. Walford. *Leisure Hour Series*.—*Ralph Wilton's Weird. A Novel*. By Mrs. Alexander.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Nature and Culture*. By Harvey Rice.—*Young Folks' History of the United States*. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.—*Spain and the Spaniards*. By N. L. Thieblin.—*Warrington's Manual. A Manual for the Information of Officers and Members of Legislatures, Conventions, Societies, Corporations, Orders, etc., in the Practical Governing and Membership of all such Bodies, according to the Parliamentary Law and Practice in the United States*. By William S. Robinson, "Warrington," Clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts from 1862 to 1873.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*. By William Robertson, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by William H. Prescott. New Edition. In Three Volumes Vols. II. and III.—*Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1843*. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. V.

Macmillan & Co., London: *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lans-*

downe, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. I. 1737-1766.—History Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. History of Greece. By C. A. Fyffe, M. A., Fellow and late Tutor of University College. Oxford. With Maps.—The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's; with other Essays. By David Masson, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edin-

burgh.—Govina Sámanta; or, the History of a Bengal Ráigat. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day Chinsurah. Bengal.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Poems of Mystery and Fancy. By St. George Best.

Geo. Routledge and Sons, London: Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter. Illustrated by more than Three Hundred Original Anecdotes. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S.

ART.

WE confess a strong dislike for that traditional method of exhibiting pictures practiced in the case of *The Prodigal Son* (lately shown at the Horticultural Hall, in Boston), which subjects them to the operations of systematic gas-light and temporarily reduces the spectators to a regiment of chair-holders. The attendant difficulty of changing one's point of view always interferes with satisfactory examination of a work so situated; though in this instance it did not prevent our doing, as we think, justice to the carefully studied arrangement, the light, firm drawing, and the brilliant colors. Hardly more than a first glance was needed to reveal a radical and pervasive unspontaneousness in the whole performance. The artist is the son of that Monsieur Claude M. Dubufe, whose *Les Souvenirs* and *Les Regrets* have succeeded as engravings, and whose *Temptation* and *Expulsion* were exhibited in this country many years since. Dubufe senior was a pupil of David's, and Edouard studied under his father and Paul Delaroche. If there is anything in heredity and association, one would say that the young man had only to lay his paints on his palette to become great. But is Mr. Edouard Dubufe really a great painter? We have before us an immense stretch of canvas, divided into three compartments. The two smaller pictures, at either end, are carried out in gray and brown: they represent respectively the prodigal repenting amongst the swine, on a bleak hill-side, with a flock of birds dependently winging their way into the background,—a picturesque and pathetic conception,—and the prodigal received by his father. The latter is an exceedingly dry and uninteresting piece of work, in the academical cartoon manner. The large extent between is occupied by a typical revel of the prodigal's, held on a

sort of terrace, with a great flight of steps on the left, and on the right a *loggia* full of shadows, which supplies a shelter for the regular villains of the piece. On the step leading up to this pavilion stands the prodigal, prominent in crimson and holding a wine-cup, with riotous women on his left hand and a gently pleading one on his right, whose conflicting influences meet in his person. At their feet a poet recites verses; women sit or recline near him in voluptuous attitudes, and in the open space at the left a group of young girls are posed in graceful dancing attitudes; while within the *loggia* are seen the dark and lurid shapes of certain gamblers and drinkers, male and female. By way of contrast, a pair of doves hover above them in the vault. All these persons are dressed in the rich and picturesque costumes of the Renaissance period. A blue sky, with long, idle white clouds, fills the background; and in fact the whole composition reminds one strongly of Paul Veronese. The choice of these costumes and accessories, instead of a true and praiseworthy boldness, seems to us a mere assumption of bravery with something of impudence in it. The Venetians might paint anachronisms of this sort with irreproachable innocence, but the best tendencies of modern art seem to indicate local truth and historical accuracy as indispensable in subjects of this sort. It is just as much out of our way to imagine the scene with these surroundings and this attire as it would be to the uninstructed mind to imagine it in its actual historic guise. Accordingly, it is a mistake to say that the artist has chosen not to "hamper himself" with the necessity of being true to the facts. He decidedly *does* hamper himself by the particular choice he has made, and at once reduces his work to the level of a quasi-imitation. It is putting the mint-mark of an

accepted and historic genius upon his own fresher metal, which happens to contain too much alloy. The imitation is a brilliant one, to be sure. But the thin vein of patent-puzzle invention which runs through the piece from left to right, and which is supposed to illustrate the passage from a free, sensuous delight in "music and sweet poetry" to base and abandoned riot, fails as completely to take the place of that deeper and subtler imagination which belongs to real creative genius, as does the assumed bravery of throwing off historical accuracy. In *The Prodigal Son* we have, in short, nothing more than a brilliant and showy collection of bright colors, sheeny surfaces modulated with wonderful care and skill, and elaborately drawn figures ingeniously posed. But the latter are really quite wanting in movement, though professing a great deal of action. It is, as a *New York Journal* has observed, "theatrical in the good sense," and in this as in execution it is as much superior to Kaulbach as it ought to be, being the work of a Frenchman. But on the other hand, we look to it in vain for a single trace of profound thinking or of deep feeling, to which we might respond with pleasure.

— The Boston Society of Architects has lately succeeded, in spite of many obstacles, in getting together a very interesting exhibition of objects of decorative art. It was difficult to find suitable rooms that could be hired for a short enough time, and the best that could be had for the purpose were a little too much out of the current of common traffic to attract their full share of visitors, while the uncertainty of the return obliged the managers to be very moderate in the scale of their exhibition and its expenses.

A more needless impediment was the jealousy of manufacturers, which made many of them unwilling to exhibit their work, lest their fellows should profit by it to steal their ideas. This petty policy was encountered in some unexpected places, and banished from the exhibition several firms from whom a good deal of interest might fairly have been expected. The managers undertook, wisely, to make an exhibition of such things as the market of the day offers, rather than a collection of curiosities, and in spite of difficulties they got together material enough to fill their modest quarters pretty full of the best work that our community produces, and enough to give hopeful encouragement to those among us — and

they become every day more in number and influence — who are interested in decorative art.

It was as well, perhaps, considering how small the rooms were, that furniture and other bulky wares did not abound, and that the exhibition was mainly of works of decoration pure and simple. There were a good many specimens of stained glass, showing a considerable variety in treatment, and giving a fair example on a small scale of the best English and American work. The most ambitious pieces were two good-sized church windows, designed by Mr. John A. Mitchell and executed by Messrs. Cook and Redding. One contained a full-sized angelic figure, drawn with skill, but not quite successful, to our thinking; the other, of conventional ornament, showed some passages in mosaic of great beauty and splendor, though it lacked coherence and unity. Messrs. W. J. McPherson & Co. exhibited some charming Japanese outlines on rolled glass, in delicate tints, and a beautiful and luminous rendering in transparent antique glass of the picture of the Good Shepherd. We noticed a lovely small panel from the famous Morris & Co. in rich and sober coloring, a trifle opaque, representing Ruth in the cornfield; and a piece of so-called fifteenth century work by Hardman, of Birmingham, of great beauty and refinement, both in color and in treatment.

There was some clever ornamental sculpture by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Evans, that of the former full of dash and *élan* — especially a series of small heads modeled in plaster — but somewhat lacking in discipline; Mr. Evans's work was more self-restrained, not wanting in spirit, and on the whole more satisfactory, though of narrower range and less ambitious.

One of the most hopeful things in the exhibition was to us the unpretending collection of "antiquarian ware," in common yellow clay, from the pottery of Mr. C. A. Lawrence, of Beverly. It included a great variety of forms of jugs and basins, with no attempt at fine molding, but well-shaped, and freely and vigorously handled. Many of the shapes have considerable beauty, and would lend themselves to a better studied decoration than was sparingly shown on one or two of them. Fictile art has held such a contemptible place among American manufacturers that we are very thankful for this reasonable, unpretentious, and successful attempt to improve it. There is no branch of ornamental art, we believe, which more

readily rewards any honest and intelligent endeavor; none in which the material answers more obediently to any artistic power in the workman, none more universally influential, and none more sensitive to the imprint of pretense and vulgarity.

Mr. Wellington's collection of English tiles, with the Messrs. Turner's fine array of rich draperies, and the paper-hangings from Bumstead's and from Robinson's, showed how the foreign market has enlarged our means for decoration in the last few years.

Of metal work there was not a great deal in the exhibition. Messrs. Bubier contributed some wrought-iron finials and grills of straightforward solid workmanship and good design. Messrs. William H. Jackson & Co., of New York, sent some finely wrought and rather pretentious fireplaces and grates; one a very handsome fireplace with apparently a cast-iron lining in imbricated plates and facings of rich bronze and nickel plating. Messrs. Murdock & Co., of Boston, showed among other things a pair of nickel-plated andirons of elaborate design, and admirable finish, except in the modeling of the sculptured ornament, which might have been better. With these may be classed Mr. Rogers Rich's specimens of metallized plaster, with which, however, we are not yet enough acquainted to speak of them to any purpose.

A very interesting and significant feature of the exhibition was the collection of decorative work furnished by various ladies. This department shows very distinctly the influence of our recent importation and study of Japanese art, and indeed it is noticeable that throughout the exhibition the predominating influences are either Japanese or mediæval. In truth, excepting in the furniture, of which there is not much, and in some of the metal work, we can think of little that shows classical, Renaissance, or modern French feeling, and little that does not betray more or less of one of the other influences we have mentioned. This may be partly the result of an accidental predominance among a limited selection of objects; partly, perhaps, of

some prepossessions of the committee to whom the selection is mainly due; but also in great part to actual tendencies which prevail in this part, at least, of our country, and which are, in our judgment, hopeful tendencies, inasmuch as they are toward sincere and manly treatment, and not as yet toward pedantry. And these tendencies are not as incongruous as might be fancied, for the Japanese and the mediæval workmen, apart from the greater technical skill of the former in the rendering of natural form and the management of color, have much that is alike in their feeling for decorative treatment; and the ardent mediævalist of our time may do well to temper his exuberance with the disciplined power of the Japanese.

In this collection of decorative work by ladies were painted silk fire-screens, embroidered bell-ropes, table-cloths, cushions, — many of them of the richest and most ingeniously tasteful sort, — boxes decorated with pen-and-ink, decorative tiles, sumptuous laces, and carved wood, all the achievement of persons who have labored, if to some degree for fashion's sake, yet also in a good measure for the sake of beauty. Among these Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr., stood easily foremost, we think, by virtue of her remarkably rich and graceful embroideries on silk. One of these was of a light-brown ground over which were scattered fine pink and white blossoms in a cloud, with a few large brown or purple oak-leaves; another was in a graver tone, a black embroidered growth of some sort, in which a crescent moon was tangled, with many gold-beads for stars, while below lay a mystic breadth of large white daisies spanned and surrounded by fine strands of green silk. These, in frames, might serve for fire-screens, or with their mimic glimpses of conventionalized (not pictorially presented) natural objects would admirably adorn many wall-spaces. Put to whatever use, they are certainly wonderful achievements in their way, and open a charming vista of possibilities to the feminine artistic genius, which almost always includes a high capacity for decoration.

EDUCATION.

IN order to appreciate any educational scheme in England for the benefit of women it is necessary to consider the limited opportunities they have hitherto enjoyed, especially that large class—one half of the whole number of Englishwomen—who are dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood. For those destined to teach there are no such institutions maintained by the public as our normal schools, and nothing corresponding to our high schools for girls; nor are there charitable foundations like St. Paul's and others that exist in London and elsewhere in England for the use of boys. Large sums of money and grants of land, given originally for the purpose of founding schools for both boys and girls, have been appropriated to the exclusive use of the former. The most noteworthy example of this kind is that of Christ's Hospital, designed for the support and education of both sexes, which now gives to twelve hundred boys free of all expense a good public-school education, and provides outside of London for the support of forty girls who are trained in the capacity of domestic servants. It is not surprising that this and other instances of glaring injustice should have aroused the indignation of women and called forth condemnation from men of ability and distinction. But a large number of Englishmen still persist in seeing in the educational movement only a convenient means on the part of its advocates for producing a universal chaos in which parental authority, conjugal fidelity, and maternal love are to be scattered to the winds.

It may be true, as their opponents have said, that lectures are superfluous and examinations are the test and not the means for acquiring an education, but there are sometimes predicaments in which a choice is denied; and to have received any recognition at all of their claims to higher education by the University of Cambridge has been a subject of congratulation with most Englishwomen, who as a class have heretofore been limited to the ordinary advantages of a home education. This system still has its devoted advocates, and it has doubtless in times past thoroughly harmonized with the organization of English society; for above all others it is the plan best

adapted to secure seclusion, to foster a love of privacy. Excellent as home education may be under favorable circumstances, the method as pursued at present is as a general thing very inadequate, and presents in England a pitiful contrast to the magnificent opportunities so generously lavished upon the young men at the public schools and universities. As a rule, the girls of a family, no matter how numerous, share between them the imperfectly trained faculties of a governess employed at a stipend of about two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. By means of her assistance the pupil very soon attains the necessary proficiency in inaccuracies and want of method to enable her to fill the position of governess, and in her turn to impart these acquisitions to future generations. The more intelligent among Englishwomen have long felt restless under these conditions, and have grasped eagerly at the opportunities given by the different university examinations, namely, those of Cambridge, Oxford, London, and Queen's College, Ireland. At Cambridge a closer connection has been effected than elsewhere. This connection, real as it is, is by no means very great, and may be regarded rather as an introduction to a future relation of a more substantial character. A beginning has nevertheless been made in a quiet and praiseworthy manner, by men and women who, while they have *talked* comparatively little, have acted in a consistent and determined manner.

The experiment of holding local examinations has now extended over a period of ten years, and may be fairly deemed a success, not only on account of the numbers who have presented themselves for examination, but on account of the average good scholarship. These examinations are held in such places as the syndics appointed by the university may determine upon. Twenty-five fees of ten dollars must be guaranteed before the syndicate will entertain an application; a committee of ladies must also undertake to superintend the examination, one of whom is expected to act as local secretary and another to receive the examination papers and collect the answers. The fortunate candidates have long since begun to reap substantial benefits from

having received the Cambridge certificate: not only are they preferred as teachers and governesses, but in the public estimation are deemed worthy of better salaries than those who have not passed the examination.

The lectures at Cambridge for women are of more recent date, and are given with the view of enabling women to make more thorough preparation for the existing examinations. These lectures are delivered by some of the college professors and lecturers, and are under the control of a general committee of management composed of university fellows and lecturers, also of an executive committee whose members are resident ladies and gentlemen. The range of studies embraced by this plan is approximately similar to those required of the candidate for the Cambridge bachelor of art degree. The fee for a single course of lectures is five dollars, reduced to one half in the case of those intending to become teachers. The lectures are not usually delivered unless the applicants number from three to six. For the benefit of young ladies from a distance a pleasant home has been provided at Merton Hall, an ivy-covered house, which aside from its present attraction is interesting as an old Saxon building; the so-called school of Pythagoras is said to have been once held within its venerable walls.

Here the young ladies apparently have no temptation to lead other than a studious life, and their surroundings are all of a refined and home-like character. Not more than a dozen young ladies can be comfortably lodged at present. These, in the regulation of their conduct, are subject to certain rules laid down by the managing committee; while the domestic arrangements are left entirely to the good sense of the principal. Young ladies of limited means, particularly those preparing to teach, are aided by a special fund. There are also in existence four scholarships, worth from fifty to sixty dollars each. The committee is at present trying to collect money for the purpose of establishing others; gifts of money have been made from time to time by the friends of the movement, in order to meet incidental expenses; but the want of money is still a serious drawback to the success of this as of other educational schemes.

As an instance of the indifference felt by the English public towards projects of the kind for the benefit of girls, we cite the appeal made through the papers in behalf of the Camden collegiate schools in London.

This appeal for money resulted in contributions to the amount of six hundred dollars, whereas about the same time three hundred thousand dollars were obtained by the same means for a boys' middle-class school in Cowper Street. We allude particularly to the Camden schools since they are esteemed at Cambridge among the best of the London schools for women; they have become through the disinterestedness and energy of Miss Bass (the former principal) an endowed institution.

Among the other London colleges for women are Queen's and Bedford. The former is connected with the established church, the latter is independent of it. To each is attached a small school in which pupils of the college take their first lessons in the art of teaching. Alexandra College, Dublin, under the immediate supervision of Archbishop Trench, although a young institution, is said to be one of the best in the United Kingdom.

One of the most interesting of the experiments that have been made at Cambridge is that of instruction by correspondence. This method would seem in many respects applicable to our own wants, in a country where distances are so great and where so many women are engaged as teachers in remote places, away from the centres of learning. In the prospectus the committee only claim for this system value as an aid to self-education, and do not offer it as a substitute for thorough oral instruction where such can be obtained; it is furthermore only recommended to such persons as are willing to make considerable exertions. The committee do assert, however, that when pupils have sufficient intelligence to grapple with the subject valuable aid has been rendered. The teachers, fortunately for themselves, reserve the right of discontinuing the correspondence whenever its results do not seem profitable. The range of subjects embraced by this plan includes most of those contained in the different groups of the examination papers. The instruction consists of general directions in the choice of books, and of questions set from time to time, the answers to which are carefully looked over and returned with comments. The correspondence is carried on at fortnightly or monthly intervals, as the case may demand. Drawing and music are both omitted in this plan, although the former suggests itself as one of the possibilities of the system, particularly since the prevailing realistic tendencies in drawing

leave so much to be done by the pupil and comparatively little by the teacher. Some of the most exquisite pen-and-ink drawings it has been the writer's good fortune to see, the artist confessed to have been the result of patient labor and attention to written criticisms and suggestions that were made from time to time by Mr. Ruskin.

The different individuals interested in the various educational projects for women have felt the necessity for active coöperation, and out of this necessity has sprung the National Union for Improving the Education of All Classes. The members of this union have gone to work with surprising energy and directness of purpose; branch committees have been formed to investigate and report upon the local needs of the communities over which they have supervision. The central committee in London, in addition to other incentives, now offers a number of scholarships to the most successful candidates for the different university examinations.

The heretofore unprecedented solicitude and activity in England has doubtless in a measure been awakened by the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission. This report is unrelenting in its condemnation of the existing systems of education for girls. In the same report Mr. Fisk observes, "If the reproach be just, that women do not reason accurately and that their knowledge when they possess it is deficient in organic unity, in coherence and depth, there is no need to look for any recondite explanation of the fact: the state of the schools in which they are educated explains it."

Again, in a report upon certain local schools, the writer says, "They (the schools) suffer from the want of some guiding principle, which the boys' schools find in the public schools and universities."

With the view of meeting this last deficiency, and of giving direction and aim to the education of girls, "Girton College was founded, incorporated by license of the board of trade, and opened temporarily in 1869 at Hichen; its ultimate destination is the parish of Girton, about three miles from Cambridge. The buildings in process of construction give assurance that the 'airy nothing' of skeptical minds is destined to find a local habitation." The ambitious object of this college is to obtain for the students admission to the examination for the degrees conferred by the university, and to permit neither compromises nor half-way substitutes, but to insist upon the full rigor of a university education.

In England it was as by a sort of inspiration that the leaders of the women's educational movement dropped the ragged schools and staked everything upon higher education. Their method has been from the beginning to work from the top to the bottom; ours just the reverse. The action in this matter cannot be better illustrated than by a comparison of the Edinburgh Ladies Educational Association with the one in Boston "for the better education of women." The former is said to be the most systematic and successful attempt that has yet been made to meet the so-called great want of the age. It is an association the avowed object of which is to provide an education for women according to the university standard. The examination papers are based upon those of the university, and the diplomas conferred are said to have a real value in the educational world. At the University of Edinburgh there is strictly speaking no collegiate department, nor has the dormitory system been adopted; therefore but few obstacles have been met in the organization of classes for women. In Boston, on the other hand, the association has not concentrated its attention upon the higher forms of education, but has labored equally in behalf of the industrial.

The necessity for taking some steps towards the diffusion of sanitary knowledge has been so thoroughly recognized in England that an association of ladies, with the Duchess of Argyll at the head, has been formed with the view of promoting "the physical and social well-being of those around them." These ladies propose effecting their object by the distribution of tracts on sanitary and domestic subjects, written with especial reference to the poor. Loan-libraries of popular books on kindred subjects have been established, and lectures are given from time to time on health, domestic economy, etc.

The sustained efforts and disposition on the part of Englishwomen to find out their own wants and to help themselves, and the number of women dependent upon the result, has invested their action with great weight and responsibility; the leaders have found themselves closely watched by a large class actively engaged in the struggle of life, against whom there exist practically trades-unions in the professions and in other lines of business; and for whom, while there is but little incentive to industry, there is no provision made on the part of the state for supporting in idleness.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVI.—AUGUST, 1875.—No. CCXIV.

—◆—
RODERICK HUDSON.

VIII.

PROVOCATION.

ABOUT a month later, Rowland addressed to his cousin Cecilia a letter of which the following is a portion:—

... "So much for myself; yet I tell you but a tithe of my own story unless I let you know how matters stand with poor Hudson, for he gives me more to think about just now than anything else in the world. I need a good deal of courage to begin this subject. You warned me, you know, and I made rather light of your warning. I have had all kinds of hopes and fears, but hitherto, in writing to you, I have resolutely put the hopes foremost. Now, however, my pride has forsaken me, and I should like hugely to give expression to a little comfortable despair. I should like to say, 'My dear wise woman, you were right and I was wrong; you were a shrewd observer and I was a meddlesome donkey!' When I think of a little talk we had about the 'salubrity of genius,' I feel my ears tingle. If this is salubrity, give me raging disease! I'm pestered to death; I go about with a chronic heart-ache; there are moments when I could shed salt tears. There's a pretty portrait of the most placid of men! I wish I could make you understand; or rather,

I wish you could make me! I don't understand a jot; it's a hideous, mocking mystery; I give it up! I don't in the least give it up, you know; I'm incapable of giving it up. I sit holding my head by the hour, racking my brain, wondering what under heaven is to be done. You told me at Northampton that I took the thing too easily; you would tell me now, perhaps, that I take it too hard. I do, altogether; but it can't be helped. Without flattering myself, I may say I'm sympathetic. Many another man before this would have cast his perplexities to the winds and declared that Mr. Hudson must lie on his bed as he had made it. Some men, perhaps, would even say that I am making a mighty ado about nothing; that I have only to give him rope and he will tire himself out. But he tugs at his rope altogether too hard for *me* to hold it comfortably. I certainly never pretended the thing was anything else than an experiment; I promised nothing, I answered for nothing; I only said the case was hopeful, and that it would be a shame to neglect it. I have done my best, and if the machine is running down I have a right to stand aside and let it scuttle. Amen, amen! No, I can write that, but I can't feel it. I can't be just; I can only be generous. I love the poor fellow and I can't give him up. As for understand-

ing him, that's another matter; nowadays I don't believe even you would. One's wits are sadly pestered over here, I assure you, and I'm in the way of seeing more than one puzzling specimen of human nature. Roderick and Miss Light, between them! . . . Have n't I already told you about Miss Light? Last winter everything was perfection. Roderick struck out bravely, did really great things, and proved himself, as I supposed, thoroughly solid. He was strong, he was first-rate; I felt perfectly secure and sang private pæans of joy. We had passed at a bound into the open sea, and left danger behind. But in the summer I began to be puzzled, though I succeeded in not being alarmed. When we came back to Rome, however, I saw that the tide had turned and that we were close upon the rocks. It is, in fact, another case of Ulysses alongside of the Sirens; only Roderick refuses to be tied to the mast. He is the most extraordinary being, the strangest mixture of qualities. I don't understand so much force going with so much weakness—such a brilliant gift being subject to such lapses. The poor fellow is incomplete, and it is really not his own fault; Nature has given him the faculty out of hand and bidden him be hanged with it. I never knew a man harder to advise or assist, if he is not in the mood for listening. I suppose there is some key or other to his character, but I try in vain to find it; and yet I can't believe that Providence is so cruel as to have turned the lock and thrown the key away. He perplexes me, as I say, to death, and though he tires out my patience, he still fascinates me. Sometimes I think he has n't a grain of conscience, and sometimes I think that, in a way, he has an excess. He takes things at once too easily and too hard; he is both too lax and too tense, too reckless and too ambitious, too cold and too passionate. He has developed faster even than you prophesied, and for good and evil alike he takes up a formidable space. There's too much of him for me, at any rate. Yes, he is hard; there is no mistake about that. He's inflexible, he's brit-

tle; and though he has plenty of spirit, plenty of soul, he has n't what I call a heart. He has something that Miss Garland took for one, and I'm pretty sure she's a judge. But she judged on scanty evidence. He has something that Christina Light, here, makes believe at times that she takes for one, but she is no judge at all! I think it is established that, in the long run, egotism makes a failure in conduct: is it also true that it makes a failure in the arts? . . . Roderick's standard is immensely high; I must do him that justice. He will do nothing beneath it, and while he is waiting for inspiration, his imagination, his nerves, his senses must have something to amuse them. This is a highly philosophical way of saying that he has taken to dissipation and that he has just been spending a month at Naples—a city where 'pleasure' is actively cultivated—in very bad company. Are they all like that, all the men of genius? There are a great many artists here who hammer away at their trade with exemplary industry; in fact I am surprised at their success in reducing the matter to a steady, daily grind: but I really don't think that one of them has his exquisite quality of talent. It is in the matter of quantity that he has broken down. The bottle won't pour; he turns it upside down; it's no use! Sometimes he declares it's empty—that he has done all he was made to do. This I consider great nonsense; but I would nevertheless take him on his own terms if it was only I that was concerned. But I keep thinking of those two praying, trusting neighbors of yours, and I feel wretchedly like a swindler. If his working mood came but once in five years I would willingly wait for it and maintain him in leisure, if need be, in the intervals; but that would be a sorry account to present to them. Five years of this sort of thing, moreover, would effectually settle the question. I wish he were less of a genius and more of a charlatan! He's too confoundedly all of one piece; he won't throw overboard a grain of the cargo to save the rest. Fancy him thus with all his brilliant personal charm, his hand-

some head, his careless step, his look as of a nervous nineteenth-century Apollo, and you will understand that there is mighty little comfort in seeing him in a bad way. He was tolerably foolish last summer at Baden Baden, but he got on his feet, and for a while he was steady. Then he began to waver again, and at last toppled over. Now, literally, he's lying prone. He came into my room last night, miserably tipsy. I assure you, it did n't amuse me. . . . About Miss Light it's a long story. She is one of the great beauties of all time, and worth coming barefoot to Rome, like the pilgrims of old, to see. Her complexion, her glance, her step, her dusky tresses, may have been seen before in a goddess, but never in a woman. And you may take this for truth, because I'm not in love with her. On the contrary! Her education has been simply infernal. She is corrupt, perverse, as proud as the Queen of Sheba, and an appalling coquette; but she is generous, and with patience and skill you may enlist her imagination in a good cause as well as in a bad one. The other day I tried to manipulate it a little. Chance offered me an interview to which it was possible to give a serious turn, and I boldly broke ground and begged her to suffer my poor friend to go in peace. After a good deal of finessing she consented, and the next day, with a single word, packed him off to Naples to drown his sorrow in debauchery. I have come to the conclusion that she is more dangerous in her virtuous moods than in her vicious ones, and that she probably has a way of turning her back which is the most provoking thing in the world. She's an actress, she could n't forego doing the thing dramatically, and it was the dramatic touch that made it fatal. I wished her, of course, to let him down easily; but she desired to have the curtain drop on an attitude, and her attitudes deprive inflammable young artists of their reason. . . . Roderick made an admirable bust of her at the beginning of the winter, and a dozen women came rushing to him to be done, *mutatis mutandis*, in the same style. They were all

great ladies and ready to take him by the hand, but he told them all their faces did n't interest him, and sent them away vowing his destruction!"

At this point of his long effusion, Rowland had paused and put by his letter. He kept it three days and then read it over. He was disposed at first to destroy it, but he decided finally to keep it, in the hope that it might strike a spark of useful suggestion from the flint of Cecilia's good sense. We know he had a talent for taking advice. And then it might be, he reflected, that his cousin's answer would throw some light on Mary Garland's present vision of things. In his altered mood he added these few lines:—

"I unburdened myself the other day of this monstrous load of perplexity; I think it did me good, and I let it stand. I was in a melancholy muddle, and I was trying to work myself free. You know I like discussion, in a quiet way, and there is no one with whom I can have it as quietly as with you, most sagacious of cousins! There is an excellent old lady with whom I often chat, and who talks very much to the point. But Madame Grandoni has disliked Roderick from the first, and if I were to take her advice I would wash my hands of him. You will laugh at me for my long face, but you would do that in any circumstances. I am half ashamed of my letter, for I have a faith in my friend that is deeper than my doubts. He was here last evening, talking about the Naples Museum, the Alcibiades, the bronzes, the Pompeian frescoes, with such a beautiful intelligence that doubt of the ultimate future seemed blasphemous. I walked back to his lodging with him, and he was as mild as midsummer moonlight. He has the ineffable something that charms and convinces; my last word about him shall not be a harsh one."

Shortly after sending his letter, going one day into his friend's studio, he found Roderick suffering from the grave infliction of a visit from Mr. Leavenworth. Roderick submitted with extreme ill grace to being bored, and he

was now evidently in a state of high exasperation. He had lately begun a representation of a *lazzarone* lounging in the sun; an image of serene, irresponsible, sensuous life. The real *lazzarone*, he had admitted, was a vile fellow; but the ideal *lazzarone*—and his own had been subtly idealized—was a precursor of the millennium.

Mr. Leavenworth had apparently just transferred his unhurrying gaze to the figure.

"Something in the style of the Dying Gladiator?" he sympathetically observed.

"Oh no," said Roderick seriously; "he's not dying, he's only drunk!"

"Ah, but intoxication, you know," Mr. Leavenworth rejoined, "is not a proper subject for sculpture. Sculpture should not deal with transitory attitudes."

"Lying dead drunk is not a transitory attitude! Nothing is more permanent, more sculpturesque, more monumental!"

"An entertaining paradox," said Mr. Leavenworth, "if we had time to exercise our wits upon it. I remember at Florence an intoxicated figure by Michael Angelo which seemed to me a deplorable aberration of a great mind. I myself touch liquor in no shape whatever. I have traveled through Europe on cold water. The most varied and attractive lists of wines are offered me, but I brush them aside. No cork has ever been drawn at my command!"

"The movement of drawing a cork calls into play a very pretty set of muscles," said Roderick. "I think I will make a figure in that position."

"A Bacchus, realistically treated! My dear young friend, never trifle with your lofty mission. Spotless marble should represent virtue, not vice!" And Mr. Leavenworth placidly waved his hand, as if to exorcise the spirit of levity, while his glance journeyed with leisurely benignity to another object—a marble replica of the bust of Miss Light. "An ideal head, I presume," he went on; "a fanciful representation of one of the pagan goddesses—a Diana,

a Flora, a naiad or dryad? I often regret that our American artists should not boldly cast off that extinct nomenclature."

"She is neither a naiad nor a dryad," said Roderick, "and her name is as good as yours or mine."

"You call her"—Mr. Leavenworth blandly inquired.

"Miss Light," Rowland interposed, in charity.

"Ah, our great American beauty! Not a pagan goddess—an American, Christian lady! Yes, I have had the pleasure of conversing with Miss Light. Her conversational powers are not remarkable, but her beauty is of a high order. I observed her the other evening at a large party, where some of the proudest members of the European aristocracy were present—duchesses, princesses, countesses, and others distinguished by similar titles. But for beauty, grace, and elegance my fair countrywoman left them all nowhere. What women can compare with a truly refined American lady? The duchesses the other night had no attractions for my eyes; they looked coarse and sensual! It seemed to me that the tyranny of class distinctions must indeed be terrible when such countenances could inspire admiration. You see more beautiful girls in an hour on Broadway than in the whole tour of Europe. Miss Light, now, on Broadway, would excite no particular remark."

"She has never been there!" cried Roderick, triumphantly.

"I'm afraid she never will be there. I suppose you have heard the news about her."

"What news?" Roderick had stood with his back turned, fiercely poking at his *Lazzarone*; but at Mr. Leavenworth's last words he faced quickly about.

"It's the news of the hour, I believe. Miss Light is admired by the highest people here. They tacitly recognize her superiority. She has had offers of marriage from various great lords. I was extremely happy to learn this circumstance, and to know that they all had been left sighing. She has not been

dazzled by their titles and their gilded coronets. She has judged them simply as *men*, and found them wanting. One of them, however, a young Neapolitan prince, I believe, has after a long probation succeeded in making himself acceptable. Miss Light has at last said yes, and the engagement has just been announced. I am not generally a retailer of gossip of this description, but the fact was alluded to an hour ago by a lady with whom I was conversing, and here, in Europe, these conversational trifles usurp the lion's share of one's attention. I therefore retained the circumstance. Yes, I regret that Miss Light should marry one of these used-up foreigners. Americans should stand by each other. If she wanted a brilliant match we could have fixed it for her. If she wanted a fine fellow—a fine, sharp, enterprising modern man—I would have undertaken to find him for her without going out of the city of New York. And if she wanted a big fortune, I would have found her twenty that she would have had hard work to spend: money down—not tied up in fever-stricken lands and worm-eaten villas! What is the name of the young man? Prince Castaway, or some such thing!"

It was well for Mr. Leavenworth that he was a voluminous and imperturbable talker; for the current of his eloquence floated him past the short, sharp, startled cry with which Roderick greeted his "conversational trifle." The young man stood looking at him with parted lips and an excited eye.

"The position of woman," Mr. Leavenworth placidly resumed, "is certainly a very degraded one in these countries. I doubt whether a European princess can command the respect which in our country is exhibited toward the obscurest females. The civilization of a country should be measured by the deference shown to the weaker sex. Judged by that standard, where are they, over here?"

Though Mr. Leavenworth had not observed Roderick's emotion, it was not lost upon Rowland, who was making

certain uncomfortable reflections upon it. He saw that it had instantly become one with the acute irritation produced by the poor gentleman's oppressive personality, and that an explosion of some sort was imminent. Mr. Leavenworth, with calm unconsciousness, proceeded to fire the mine.

"And now for our Culture!" he said, in the same sonorous tones, demanding with a gesture the unveiling of the figure, which stood somewhat apart, muffled in a great sheet.

Roderick stood looking at him for a moment with concentrated rancor, and then strode to the statue and twitched off the cover. Mr. Leavenworth settled himself into his chair with an air of flattered proprietorship, and scanned the unfinished image. "I can conscientiously express myself as gratified with the general conception," he said. "The figure has considerable majesty, and the countenance wears a fine, open expression. The forehead, however, strikes me as not sufficiently intellectual. In a statue of Culture, you know, that should be the great point. The eye should instinctively seek the forehead. Could n't you heighten it up a little?"

Roderick, for all answer, tossed the sheet back over the statue. "Oblige me, sir," he said, "oblige me! Never mention that thing again."

"Never mention it? Why my dear sir"—

"Never mention it. It's an abomination!"

"An abomination! My Culture!"

"Yours indeed!" cried Roderick.

"It's none of mine. I disown it."

"Disown it, if you please," said Mr. Leavenworth sternly, "but finish it first!"

"I'd rather smash it!" cried Roderick.

"This is folly, sir. You must keep your engagements."

"I made no engagement. A sculptor is n't a tailor. Did you ever hear of inspiration? Mine is dead! And it's no laughing matter. You yourself killed it."

"I—I—killed your inspiration?"

cried Mr. Leavenworth, with the accent of righteous wrath. "You're a very ungrateful boy! If ever I encouraged and cheered along any one, I'm sure I've done so to you."

"I appreciate your good intentions, and I don't wish to be uncivil. But your encouragement is — superfluous. I can't work for you!"

"I call this ill-humor, young man!" said Mr. Leavenworth, as if he had found the damning word.

"Oh, I'm in infernal humor!" Roderick answered.

"Pray, sir, is it my infelicitous allusion to Miss Light's marriage?"

"It's your infelicitous everything! I don't say that to offend you; I beg your pardon if it does. I say it by way of making our rupture complete, irretrievable!"

Rowland had stood by in silence, but he now interfered. "Listen to me," he said, laying his hand on Roderick's arm. "You are standing on the edge of a gulf. If you suffer anything that has passed to interrupt your work on that figure, you take your plunge. It's no matter that you don't like it; you will do the wisest thing you ever did if you make that effort of will necessary for finishing it. Destroy the statue then, if you like, but make the effort. I speak the truth!"

Roderick looked at him with eyes that still inexorableness made almost tender. "You too!" he simply said.

Rowland felt that he might as well attempt to squeeze water from a polished crystal as hope to move him. He turned away and walked into the adjoining room with a sense of sickening helplessness. In a few moments he came back and found that Mr. Leavenworth had departed — presumably in a manner somewhat portentous. Roderick was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

Rowland made one more attempt. "You decline to think of what I urge?"

"Absolutely."

"There's one more point — that you should n't, for a month, go to Mrs. Light's."

"I go there this evening."

"That too is an utter folly."

"There are such things as necessary follies."

"You're not reflecting; you're speaking in passion."

"Why then do you make me speak?"

Rowland meditated a moment. "Is it also necessary that you should lose the best friend you have?"

Roderick looked up. "That's for you to settle!"

His best friend clapped on his hat and strode away; in a moment the door closed behind him. Rowland walked hard for nearly a couple of hours. He passed up the Corso, out of the Porta del Popolo and into the Villa Borghese, of which he made a complete circuit. The keenness of his irritation subsided, but it left him with an intolerable weight upon his heart. When dusk had fallen, he found himself near the lodging of his friend Madame Grandoni. He frequently paid her a visit during the hour which preceded dinner, and he now ascended her unilluminated staircase and rang at her relaxed bell-rope with an especial desire for diversion. He was told that, for the moment, she was occupied, but that if he would come in and wait, she would presently be with him. He had not sat musing in the firelight for ten minutes when he heard the jingle of the door-bell and then a rustling and murmuring in the hall. The door of the little salon opened, but before the visitor appeared he had recognized her voice. Christina Light swept forward, preceded by her poodle, and almost filling the narrow parlor with the train of her dress. She was colored here and there by the flickering firelight.

"They told me you were here," she said simply, as she took a seat.

"And yet you came in? It's very brave," said Rowland.

"You are the brave one, when one thinks of it! Where is the padrona?"

"Occupied for the moment. But she's coming."

"How soon?"

"I have already waited ten minutes; I expect her from moment to moment."

"Meanwhile we are alone?" And she glanced into the dusky corners of the room.

"Unless Stenterello counts," said Rowland.

"Oh, he knows my secrets — unfortunate brute!" She sat silent awhile, looking into the firelight. Then at last, glancing at Rowland, "Come! say something pleasant!" she exclaimed.

"I have been very happy to hear of your engagement."

"No, I don't mean that. I have heard that so often, only since breakfast, that it has lost all sense. I mean some of those unexpected, charming things that you said to me a month ago at Saint Cecilia's."

"I offended you, then," said Rowland. "I was afraid I had."

"Ah, it occurred to you? Why have n't I seen you since?"

"Really, I don't know." And he began to hesitate for an explanation. "I have called, but you have never been at home."

"You were careful to choose the wrong times. You have a way with a poor girl! You sit down and inform her that she is a person with whom a respectable young man cannot associate without contamination; your friend is a very nice fellow, you are very careful of his morals, you wish him to know none but nice people, and you beg me therefore to desist. You request me to take these suggestions to heart and to act upon them as promptly as possible. They are not particularly flattering to my vanity. Vanity, however, is a sin, and I listen submissively, with an immense desire to be just. If I have many faults I know it, in a general way, and I try on the whole to do my best. '*Voyons*,' I say to myself, 'it is n't particularly charming to hear one's self made out such a low person, but it is worth thinking over; there's probably a good deal of truth in it, and at any rate we must be as good a girl as we can. That's the great point! And then here's a magnificent chance for humility. If there's doubt in the matter, let the doubt count against one's self. That is what Saint

Catherine did, and Saint Theresa, and all the others, and they are said to have had in consequence the most ineffable joys. Let us go in for a little ineffable joy!" I tried it; I swallowed my rising sobs, I made you my courtesy, I determined I would not be spiteful, nor passionate, nor vengeful, nor anything that is supposed to be particularly feminine. I was a better girl than you made out — better at least than you thought; but I would let the difference go and do magnificently right, lest I should n't do right enough. I thought of it a deal for six hours when I know I did n't seem to be, and then at last I did it! *Dio buono!*"

"My dear Miss Light, my dear Miss Light!" said Rowland, pleadingly.

"Since then," the young girl went on, "I have been waiting for the ineffable joys. They have n't yet turned up!"

"Pray listen to me!" Rowland urged.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing has come of it. I have passed the dreariest month of my life!"

"My dear Miss Light, you are a very terrible young lady!" cried Rowland.

"What do you mean by that?"

"A good many things. We'll talk them over. But first, forgive me if I have offended you!"

She looked at him a moment, hesitating, and then thrust her hands into her muff. "That means nothing. Forgiveness is between equals, and you don't regard me as your equal."

"Really, I don't understand!"

Christina rose and moved for a moment about the room. Then turning suddenly, "You don't believe in me!" she cried; "not a grain! I don't know what I would n't give to *force* you to believe in me!"

Rowland sprang up, protesting, but before he had time to go far one of the scanty *portières* was raised, and Madame Grandoni came in, pulling her wig straight. "But you shall believe in me yet," murmured Christina, as she passed toward her hostess.

Madame Grandoni turned tenderly to Christina. "I must give you a very solemn kiss, my dear; you are the hero-

ine of the hour. You have really accepted him, eh?"

"So they say!"

"But you ought to know best."

"I don't know — I don't care!" She stood with her hand in Madame Grandoni's, but looking askance at Rowland.

"That's a pretty state of mind," said the old lady, "for a young person who is going to become a princess."

Christina shrugged her shoulders. "Every one expects me to go into ecstasies over that! Could anything be more vulgar? They may chuckle by themselves! Will you let me stay to dinner?"

"If you can dine on a *risotto*. But I imagine you are expected at home."

"You are right. Prince Casamassima dines there, *en famille*. But I'm not in *his* family, yet!"

"Do you know you are very wicked? I have half a mind not to keep you."

Christina dropped her eyes, reflectively. "I beg you will let me stay," she said. "If you wish to cure me of my wickedness you must be very patient and kind with me. It will be worth the trouble. You must show confidence in me." And she gave another glance at Rowland. Then suddenly, in a different tone, "I don't know what I'm saying!" she cried. "I'm weary, I'm more lonely than ever, I wish I were dead!" The tears rose to her eyes, she struggled with them an instant, and buried her face in her muff; but at last she burst into uncontrollable sobs and flung her arms upon Madame Grandoni's neck. This shrewd woman gave Rowland a significant nod, and a little shrug, over the young girl's beautiful bowed head, and then led Christina tenderly away into the adjoining room. Rowland, left alone, stood there for an instant, intolerably puzzled, face to face with Miss Light's poodle, who had set up a sharp, unearthly cry of sympathy with his mistress. Rowland vented his confusion in dealing a rap with his stick at the animal's unmelodious muzzle, and then rapidly left the house. He saw Mrs. Light's carriage waiting at the door, and heard afterwards that Christina went home to dinner.

A couple of days later he went, for a fortnight, to Florence. He had twenty minds to leave Italy altogether; and at Florence he could at least more freely decide upon his future movements. He felt profoundly, incurably disgusted. Reflective benevolence stood prudently aside, and for the time touched the source of his irritation with no softening side-lights.

It was the middle of March, and by the middle of March in Florence the spring is already warm and deep. He had an infinite relish for the place and the season, but as he strolled by the Arno and paused here and there in the great galleries, they failed to soothe his irritation. He was sore at heart, and as the days went by the soreness deepened rather than healed. He felt as if he had a complaint against fortune; good-natured as he was, his good-nature this time quite declined to let it pass. He had tried to be wise, he had tried to be kind, he had embarked upon an estimable enterprise; but his wisdom, his kindness, his energy, had been thrown back in his face. He was disappointed, and his disappointment had an angry spark in it. The sense of wasted time, of wasted hope and faith, kept him constant company. There were times when the beautiful things about him only exasperated his discontent. He went to the Pitti Palace, and Raphael's Madonna of the Chair seemed, in its soft serenity, to mock him with the suggestion of unattainable repose. He lingered on the bridges at sunset and knew that the light was enchanting and the mountains divine, but there seemed to be something horribly invidious and unwelcome in the fact. He felt, in a word, like a man who has been cruelly defrauded and who wishes to have his revenge. Life owed him, he thought, a compensation, and he would be restless and resentful until he found it. He knew — or he seemed to know — where he should find it; but he hardly told himself, and thought of the thing under mental protest, as a man in want of money may think of certain funds that he holds in trust. In his melancholy meditations the idea of some-

thing better than all this, something that might softly, richly interpose, something that might reconcile him to the future, something that might make one's tenure of life deep and zealous instead of harsh and uneven — the idea of concrete compensation, in a word — shaped itself sooner or later into the image of Mary Garland.

Very odd, you may say, that at this time of day Rowland should still be brooding over a plain girl of whom he had had but the lightest of glimpses two years before; very odd that so deep an impression should have been made by so lightly-pressed an instrument. We must admit the oddity and offer simply in explanation that his sentiment apparently belonged to that species of emotion of which, by the testimony of the poets, the very name and essence is oddity. One night he slept but half an hour; he found his thoughts taking a turn which excited him portentously. He walked up and down his room half the night. It looked out on the Arno; the noise of the river came in at the open window; he felt like dressing and going down into the streets. Toward morning he flung himself into a chair; though he was wide awake he was less excited. It seemed to him that he saw his idea from the outside, that he judged it and condemned it; yet it stood there before him, distinct, and in a certain way imperious. During the day he tried to banish it and forget it; but it fascinated, haunted, at moments frightened him. He tried to amuse himself, paid visits, resorted to several rather violent devices for diverting his thoughts. If on the morrow he had committed a crime, the persons whom he had seen that day would have testified that he had talked strangely and had not seemed like himself. He felt certainly very unlike himself; long afterwards, in retrospect, he used to reflect that during those days he had for a while been literally *beside* himself. His idea persisted; it clung to him like a sturdy beggar. The sense of the matter, roughly expressed, was this: If Roderick was really going, as he himself had phrased it, to "fizzle out," one

might help him on the way — one might smooth the *descensus Averni*. For forty-eight hours there swam before Rowland's eyes a vision of Roderick, graceful and beautiful as he passed, plunging, like a diver, from an eminence into a misty gulf. The gulf was destruction, annihilation, death; but if death was decreed, why should not the agony be brief? Beyond this vision there faintly glimmered another, as in the children's game of the "magic lantern" a picture is superposed on the white wall before the last one has quite faded. It represented Mary Garland standing there with eyes in which the horror seemed slowly, slowly to expire, and hanging, motionless hands which at last made no resistance when his own offered to take them. When, of old, a man was burnt at the stake it was cruel to have to be present; but if one was present it was kind to lend a hand to pile up the fuel and make the flames do their work quickly and the smoke muffle up the victim. With all deference to your kindness, this was perhaps an obligation you would especially feel if you had a reversionary interest in something the victim was to leave behind him.

One morning, in the midst of all this, Rowland walked heedlessly out of one of the city gates and found himself on the road to Fiesole. It was a completely lovely day; the March sun felt like May, as the English poet of Florence says; the thick-blossomed shrubs and vines that hung over the walls of villa and *podere* flung their odorous promise into the warm, still air. Rowland followed the winding, climbing lanes; lingered, as he got higher, beneath the rusty cypresses, beside the low parapets, where you look down on the charming city and sweep the vale of the Arno; reached the little square before the cathedral, and rested awhile in the massive, dusky church; then climbed higher, to the Franciscan convent which is poised on the very apex of the mountain. He rang at the little gateway; a shabby, senile, red-faced brother admitted him with almost maudlin friendliness. There was a dreary chill in the chapel and the

corridors, and he passed rapidly through them into the delightfully steep and tangled old garden which runs wild over the forehead of the great hill. He had been in it before, and he was very fond of it. The garden hangs in the air, and you ramble from terrace to terrace and wonder how it keeps from slipping down, in full consummation of its bereaved forlornness, into the nakedly romantic gorge beneath. It was just noon when Rowland went in, and after roaming about awhile he flung himself in the sun on a mossy stone bench and pulled his hat over his eyes. The short shadows of the brown-coated cypresses above him had grown very long, and yet he had not passed back through the convent. One of the monks, in his faded snuff-colored robe, came wandering out into the garden, reading his greasy little breviary. Suddenly he came toward the bench on which Rowland had stretched himself, and paused a moment, attentively. Rowland was lingering there still; he was sitting with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees. He seemed not to have heard the sandaled tread of the good brother, but as the monk remained watching him, he at last looked up. It was not the ignoble old man who had admitted him, but a pale, gaunt personage of a graver and more ascetic, and yet of a benignant, aspect. Rowland's face bore the traces of extreme trouble. The *frate* kept his finger in his little book, and folded his arms picturesquely across his breast. It can hardly be determined whether his attitude, as he bent his sympathetic Italian eye upon Rowland, was a happy accident or the result of an exquisite spiritual discernment. To Rowland, at any rate, under the emotion of that moment, it seemed blessedly opportune. He rose and approached the monk, and laid his hand on his arm.

"My brother," he said, "did you ever see the Devil?"

The *frate* gazed, gravely, and crossed himself. "Heaven forbid!"

"He was here," Rowland went on, "here in this lovely garden, as he was once in Paradise, half an hour ago.

But have no fear; I drove him out." And Rowland stooped and picked up his hat, which had rolled away into a bed of cyclamen, in vague symbolism of an actual physical tussle.

"You have been tempted, my brother?" asked the friar, tenderly.

"Hideously!"

"And you have resisted — and conquered?"

"I believe I have conquered."

"The blessed Saint Francis be praised! It is well done. If you like, we will offer a mass for you."

"I'm not a Catholic," said Rowland.

The *frate* smiled with dignity. "That is a reason the more."

"But it's for you, then, to choose. Shake hands with me," Rowland added; "that will do as well; and suffer me, as I go out, to stop a moment in your chapel."

They shook hands and separated. The *frate* crossed himself, opened his book, and wandered away, in relief against the western sky. Rowland passed back into the convent, and paused long enough in the chapel to look for the alms-box. He had had what is vulgarly termed a great scare; he believed, very poignantly for the time, in the Devil, and he felt an irresistible need to subscribe to any institution which engaged to keep him at a distance.

The next day he returned to Rome, and the day afterwards he went in search of Roderick. He found him on the Pincian with his back turned to the crowd, looking at the sunset. "I went to Florence," Rowland said, "and I thought of going farther; but I came back on purpose to give you another piece of advice. Once more, you refuse to leave Rome?"

"Never!" said Roderick.

"The only chance that I see, then, of your reviving your sense of responsibility to — to those various sacred things you have forgotten, is in sending for your mother to join you here."

Roderick stared. "For my mother?"

"For your mother — and for Miss Garland."

Roderick still stared; and then, slowly and faintly, his face flushed. "For Mary Garland—for my mother?" he repeated. "Send for them?"

"Tell me this; I have often wondered, but till now I've forbore to ask. You are still engaged to Miss Garland?"

Roderick frowned darkly, but assented.

"It would give you pleasure, then, to see her?"

Roderick turned away and for some moments answered nothing. "Pleasure!" he said at last, huskily. "Call it pain."

"I regard you as a sick man," Rowland continued. "In such a case Miss Garland would say that her place was at your side."

Roderick looked at him some time askance, mistrustfully. "Is this a deep-laid snare?" he asked slowly.

Rowland had come back with all his patience rekindled, but these words gave it an almost fatal chill. "Heaven forgive you!" he cried bitterly. "My idea has been simply this. Try, in decency, to understand it. I have tried to befriend you, to help you, to inspire you with confidence, and I have failed. I took you from the hands of your mother and your betrothed, and it seemed to me my duty to restore you to their hands. That's all I have to say."

He was going, but Roderick forcibly detained him. It would have been but a rough way of expressing it to say that one could never know how Roderick would take a thing. It had happened more than once that when hit hard, deservedly, he had received the blow with touching gentleness. On the other hand, he had often resented the softest taps. The secondary effect of Rowland's present admonition seemed reassuring. "I beg you to wait," he said, "to forgive that shabby speech, and to let me reflect." And he walked up and down awhile, reflecting. At last he stopped, with a look in his face that Rowland had not seen all winter. It was a strikingly beautiful look.

"How strange it is," he said, "that

the simplest devices are the last that occur to one!" And he broke into a light laugh. "To see Mary Garland is just what I want. And my mother—my mother can't hurt me now."

"You'll write, then?"

"I'll telegraph. They must come, at whatever cost. Striker can arrange it all for them."

In a couple of days he told Rowland that he had received a telegraphic answer to his message, informing him that the two ladies were to sail immediately for Leghorn, in one of the small steamers which ply between that port and New York. They would arrive, therefore, in less than a month. Rowland passed this month of expectation in no very serene frame of mind. His suggestion had had its source in the deepest places of his agitated conscience; but there was something intolerable in the thought of the suffering to which the event was probably subjecting those undefended women. They had scraped together their scanty funds and embarked, at twenty-four hours' notice, upon the dreadful sea, to journey tremulously to shores darkened by the shadow of deeper alarms. He could only promise himself to be their devoted friend and servant. Preoccupied as he was, he was able to observe that expectation, with Roderick, took a form which seemed singular even among his characteristic singularities. If redemption—Roderick seemed to reason—was to arrive with his mother and his affianced bride, these last moments of error should be doubly erratic. He did nothing; but inaction, with him, took on an unwonted air of gentle gayety. He laughed and whistled and went often to Mrs. Light's; though Rowland knew not in what fashion present circumstances had modified his relations with Christina. The month ebbed away and Rowland daily expected to hear from Roderick that he had gone to Leghorn to meet the ship. He heard nothing, and late one evening, not having seen his friend in three or four days, he stopped at Roderick's lodging to assure himself that he had gone at last. A cab was standing in the street, but as

it was a couple of doors off he hardly heeded it. The hall at the foot of the staircase was dark, like most Roman halls, and he paused in the street-doorway on hearing the advancing foot-step of a person with whom he wished to avoid coming into collision. While he did so he heard another footstep behind him, and turning round found that Roderick in person had just overtaken him. At the same moment a woman's figure advanced from within, into the light of the street-lamp, and a face, half-startled, glanced at him out of the darkness. He

gave a cry — it was the face of Mary Garland. Her glance flew past him to Roderick, and in a second a startled exclamation broke from her own lips. It made Rowland turn again. Roderick stood there, pale, apparently trying to speak, but saying nothing. His lips were parted and he was wavering slightly with a strange movement — the movement of a man who has drunk too much. Then Rowland's eyes met Miss Garland's again, and her own, which had rested a moment on Roderick's, were formidable!

Henry James, Jr.

THE LONGEST DEATH-WATCH.¹

THE woman is a picture now.
The Spanish suns have touched her face;
The coil of gold upon her brow
Shines back on an imperial race
With most forlorn and bitter grace.

Old palace-lamps behind her burn,
The ermine molders on her train.
Her ever-constant eyes still yearn
For one who came not back to Spain;
And dim and hollow is her brain.

One only thing she knew in life,
Four hundred ghostly years ago —
That she was Flemish Philip's wife:
Nor much beyond she cared to know;
Without a voice she tells me so.

Philip the Beautiful — whose eyes
Might win a woman's heart, I fear,
E'en from his grave! "He will arise,"
The monks had murmured by his bier,
"And reign once more among us here."

She heard their whisper, and forgot
Castile and Aragon, and all
Save Philip, who had loved her not;
The cruel darkness of his pall
Seemed on an empty world to fall.

¹ Joanna, the wife of Philip the Handsome, was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sister of Catherine of Aragon, and mother of the Emperor Charles V.

She took the dead man, — to her sight
A prince in death's disguise, as fair
As when his wayward smile could light
The throne he wedded her to share, —
And followed, hardly knowing where.

Almost as dumb as he, she fled,
Pallid and wasted, toward the place
Where he, the priestly promise said,
Must wait the hour when God's sweet grace
Should breathe into his breathless face.

Once, when the night was weird with rain,
She sought a convent's shelter. When
The tapers showed a veiled train
Of nuns, instead of cowlèd men,
She stole into the night again:

"These women, sainted though they be,"
She moaned through all her jealous mind,
"Are women still, and shall not see
Philip the Fair — though he is blind!
Favor with him I yet shall find."

Then, with her piteous yearning wild:
"Unclose his coffin quick, I pray."
Fiercely the sudden lightning smiled —
When they had laid the lid away —
Like scorn, upon the regal clay.

She kissed the dead of many days,
As though he were an hour asleep.
Dark men with swords to guard her way
Wept for her — but she did not weep;
She had her vigil left to keep.

They reached the appointed cloister. While
The heart of Philip withering lay,
She, without moan, or tear, or smile,
Watched from her window, legends say, —
Watched seven and forty years away!

Winds blew the blossoms to and fro,
Into the world and out again:
"He will come back to me, I know" —
Poor whisper of a wandering brain
To peerless patience, peerless pain.

Ah, longest, loneliest, saddest tryst
Was ever kept on earth! And yet
Had he arisen would he have kissed
The gray wan woman he had met,
Or — taught her how the dead forget?

Could she have won, discrowned and old,
 The love she could not win, in sooth,
 When queenly purple, fold on fold,
 And all the subtle grace of youth,
 Helped her to hide a hapless truth?

Did she not fancy, — should she see
 That coffin, watched so long, unclose, —
 The royal tenant there would be
 Still young, still fair, when he arose,
 Beside her withered leaves and snows?

He would have laughed to breathe the tale
 Of this crazed stranger's love, I fear,
 'Neath moon and rose and nightingale,
 With courtly jewels glimmering near,
 Into some lovely lady's ear.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

TEN DAYS' SPORT ON SALMON RIVERS.

ONE morning last March I was accosted by my friend, the general, as follows: "How would you like to go salmon-fishing next June? Sir Hugh Allan has just invited me to bring two friends to his river, the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick, and I at once thought of you and Haines as the two most likely to appreciate such a chance."

The unexpectedness of this proposition added to its charm; both Haines and I accepted it joyfully and quickly; and the months intervening were passed largely in anticipating and preparing for our destined sport.

Several delays occurred in getting off, owing to the backwardness of the season and the immense preparations which the general deemed indispensable; but on the 28th of June, having received intelligence that the salmon had commenced ascending the Restigouche River, of which the Upsalquitch is a tributary, we started for Boston on the Sound steamer, with enough impedimenta to supply a modest regiment. For our tent, as we expected to camp out, our military friend had provided one of the kind known as "hospital," as large as a

small house, and which with its long poles was the terror of all who were obliged to handle it. Boxes of canned fruits, meats, and soups we also had, besides Bermuda onions and other necessities. Onions should never be neglected in a trip of this kind. They cannot be had in Canada in the early summer, and camp-life invests them with a charm which they never have in cities. Our fishing equipment consisted of two split bamboo rods seventeen and one half feet long, two green-heart rods made by Clerk and one made by Conroy, and tackle for trout-fishing which we found not worth the trouble of taking with us. We reached St. John, New Brunswick, by the steamer from Boston, and passing Sunday and Monday there, took the railroad for Point du Chêne near Shediac, and thence by the Gulf Port steamer Miramichi, an old blockade-runner, arrived at Dalhousie on the Bay of Chaleurs after a three days' voyage. From St. John we had the company of Mr. Nicholson of that place, a very eminent salmon fisher, and the inventor of a most killing fly which will bear his name, with that of Jack Scott, a fellow inventor, to

posterity. He was on his way with a friend to the Nippeseguit River, of which he is the lessee, and we derived from him much valuable information as to the conduct we should pursue when we actually reached our theatre of operations.

From Dalhousie we engaged two large wagons to transport us and our luggage to Metapedia, thirty-five miles distant. Our road lay along the borders of the bay and the banks of the Restigouche which forms it. We could see now and then, after reaching the river, a salmon jumping, and the stream was so beautiful that we could hardly resist the impulse to alight and try a cast or two on the way. It was dark when we reached Metapedia, a very small town for its name, but having a fair hotel, built, I think, in anticipation of a much larger patronage than it has received. We found to our joy that the first run of fish was at its height, and going to the cellar saw six noble salmon, killed that day by an English officer, who was stopping at the house, and Mr. Shaw the acting landlord. None of these fish were below twenty pounds, and the heaviest was above twenty-seven pounds. The confluence of the Metapedia River with the Restigouche at this point forms a succession of pools, four, I think, in both rivers; and most of the fish taken here are large, the average weight in 1873 being above twenty-one pounds, in 1874 about nineteen pounds. The salmon that annually ascend the Restigouche River are natives of it and its tributaries, the Metapedia and Upsalquitch, and vary considerably in size and shape. The Metapedia and Restigouche fish are large but easily distinguishable from each other by persons familiar with them. The Metapedia pools seem to be the first resting-place of these fish on their journey from tide-water, about six miles below. The Upsalquitch salmon are smaller, more silvery, and shorter and thicker for their weight than those of the other rivers, and very seldom stop at these pools on their way to their own river, which they find six miles above.

The next day was the 4th of July, very cold, rainy, and windy, with the

thermometer at forty degrees. Early in the morning Mr. Mowat, the guardian of the Restigouche and the Upsalquitch, came down to see us. He said the Upsalquitch was, or should be, full of fish, and as we did not want to start for it that day, he gave us permission to fish where we were.

Haines and I, in the utmost trepidation and haste commenced getting ready amid the ill-concealed sneers of the surrounding natives, who regarded our split bamboo rods with distrust and aversion, and predicted misfortune to them should they get hold of large fish. Just as we were setting out our ardor was increased by the appearance of our English captain, followed by his two Indians bearing three large salmon, the result of his early fishing in one pool. He showed us the fly he had used, which had a dark silver-tinseled claret body, with dark turkey wings; and selecting those we had nearest like it, we, with our Indians, sallied forth.

It takes two Indians and one bark canoe to every fisherman. An Indian sits in each end, the fisherman in the middle; the canoe is paddled or poled to the head of a pool, where it is anchored by the man in the stern, he in the bow keeping it steady and straight in the stream with his paddle. As soon as possible after a fish is hooked the canoe is taken to shore; one man remains by it and the other stays by the fisherman to gaff the fish when the time comes.

Haines decided to try the Metapedia pool, and I went to the one below, where the captain had been fishing. Arrived there I found Mr. Shaw in possession, but he said the pool was large enough for both of us, and so, anchoring the canoe, I made my first cast for salmon. The split bamboo worked beautifully, and I found that my long experience with a one-handed rod in trout-fishing was of great service in assisting me to a quick knowledge in casting with both hands. After making one or two casts, Mr. Shaw, who was but a short distance from me, called out that he had a fish, and looking around I saw his rod bent half double, heard his reel whirl like a mill,

and the next instant saw his fish, fifty yards away, jump six feet out of water. A half hour's play brought him to gaff, and I resumed my own operations. After a few casts I saw a break in the water below my fly, which Peter, one of my Indians, assured me was caused by a salmon. Giving him, as I had been instructed, about five minutes' rest (it seemed an hour) after his fruitless exertion, I made another cast, letting my fly go down just above where he rose, and this time he came in earnest.

I saw the boil of the water as he took the fly, the line started slowly from the reel as he turned downward, a foot or so of his broad tail appeared in the air waving a farewell to me, and then, forgetful of all I had been told to do at this point, the instinct of the trout fisher overcame me, and I struck, hard and sharp. The fish, a large one, was going away from me to the bottom of the stream, and the result of my striking as I did was very much as though I had attempted the same thing with my line attached to a runaway horse. My line, with about half my leader, flew back high over my head, and at once realizing and cursing my folly, I put on a new leader and fly and resumed fishing. In half an hour, Shaw having killed another meantime, I had a rise, hooked my fish, and snapped off my fly in exactly the same way I had done before, being unable in my excitement to resist striking as the fish turned. Peter, at this, began talking to André, his fellow Micmac, in their native tongue, and I am sure was indulging in the most unfavorable criticism of my skill, which I cut short by telling them we would return to the house. After they landed me I went up to the Metapedia pool to see what success had attended Haines, and found he had just killed a fish of about twelve pounds, over which he felt very proud of course. Leaving him there I went to the house, where he soon joined me, bringing with his first salmon one of thirty-two pounds, the largest that had been taken on the river that season. He was a magnificent fish in shape and color, and had taken the fly within five yards of the

canoe, just as Haines was reeling up his line to go in.

We found the general had improved our absence by arranging for a ton or two more of provisions, and gaining the active friendship, which was afterwards extended to all of us, of John Mitchell, an Irishman of gigantic proportions, a contractor for a portion of the Intercolonial Railway, a sportsman by instinct, and capable of forming in five minutes from first sight the bitterest enmity or most devoted friendship. The general had exercised his fascinations over Mitchell to so much purpose that he proposed to leave his two hundred laborers to their own devices that afternoon, and he would take the general out in his boat, "none of yer tipsy canoes," and show him how to kill a salmon. He also assured us we need have no anxiety about getting ourselves and supplies to our camping-ground on the Upsalquitch next day, as he was going to give us a scow, four good horses, and three good men who would see us safely through.

Birch or log canoes can be got up these rapid streams by poling, taking care to keep close to the shore, where the water is shallow and least swift; but of course large loads cannot be carried, and they are taken up on scows drawn by three or four horses, which walk through the water where it is not too deep, and where it is, are taken on board, and the scow poled through until they can get footing again.

In the afternoon, according to agreement, Mitchell took the general to the lower pool; my Indians paddled me to the same spot, while Haines remained at the house to cultivate one of the under guardians of the river, Ferguson by name, who evidently had his doubts concerning our party.

I hooked two fish and snapped off two more flies through my confounded propensity to strike too soon, and fell still further in the esteem of Peter and André. The general, who had never even seen a fly thrown, and who with an exertion which almost made him black in the face could heave out about ten feet of line, was patiently laboring near me, when at

last he had a rise, and Mitchell shouted, "Holy Moses, is n't them fireworks!" The fish made a double jump out of water, showing his glittering sides, and darted off, making the reel sing and rousing the general to an activity of which I had deemed him incapable. After a manful struggle he landed his fish, and immediately afterwards another one, when, as it was Saturday night and nearly six o'clock, I gave up and started for shore.

One of the fishing regulations of Canada provides that from six P. M. each Saturday until six A. M. the following Monday, all tideway and other nets must be lifted and fishing of every kind stopped on all salmon rivers. The penalty for violating this law is immediate confiscation of the fishing implements of the offending party and a fine besides, all collectible by the river guardian who may bring him to justice. At 6.30 P. M. of this Saturday the general was still belaboring the river, when, instigated by Haines, Ferguson, the guardian, went down the bank of the stream, peremptorily ordered the general ashore, and shortly after appeared at the house bearing his two rods, his gaff, and fly-book. The general came next, looking very crestfallen and despondent. He called us off one side and said, "Well, boys, that d—d Ferguson has robbed me of my tackle, and I'm going home to-morrow morning; I've done all I came for, killed a salmon, and you can take the things and go on and have a good time." We endeavored to change his decision, and after a long discussion succeeded, by threatening to accompany him if he insisted on leaving, and the general brought himself down to commencing negotiations with Ferguson for the recovery of his tackle. By a course of flattery and a final appeal to his generosity he succeeded in *borrowing* it for the trip, with the promise that he would return it when we came back. The general was so elated with this successful issue of his troubles that, in honor of it and of the day, he immediately gave invitations to all the inmates of the hotel to attend an entertainment he proposed giving that even-

ing. It came off as advertised, and was a most brilliant success. Mitchell paid us a delicate compliment by appearing in his choicest attire, which, as is not uncommon, kept him in a silent and depressed state until late in the evening. He finally overcame the untoward influence of dress, and, prefacing them by the assertion that he had as much music in him as any man alive but never could get the right tune, gave us *The Harp* that once through Tara's Halls, and Pulling Hard against the Stream, which although at certain parts he accompanied with smiles seemed an exquisitely mournful ditty. Before we parted the general had made a personal friend of every man present, and *Metapedia* regarded the whole Yankee nation as an ally, known late, but for that reason all the more appreciated.

The next morning, true to his promise, Mitchell had his scow and men ready; plenty of willing hands helped us on with our luggage, and bidding farewell to our friends we started the horses, not however before Mitchell, as a last tender remembrance, had presented us with two bottles of sherry, which he said we might need before returning.

The journey up the river was delightful, though very slow on account of the high water and swift current, and our difficulties were increased when we entered the Upsalquitch, which is a more rapid river than the Restigouche.

It took us all day to get twelve miles, which brought us to the first fall, above which we found we could not get our scow. So there we halted, made camp, and passed the night, among swarms of mosquitoes, midges, and black flies. Fortunately the last-named always cease operations at dark, though they try to make up for it by beginning very early mornings.

At four A. M. Monday, with Peter and André I started for the second falls about five miles up-stream, thinking that there I surely would kill my maiden salmon. Two hours' poling brought us there and over the fall, which is more properly a long rapid. The way in which the Indians took the canoe up this was admira-

ble. In some places there were little falls, two or three feet high, straight up which the canoe had to go. This was effected by stopping at the foot of the falls, choosing the spot of ascent, and getting over it by a sudden spurt, in which the greatest skill and quickness with the poles is required. The most trifling slip of the canoe from the direct line of the current is likely to result in an overturn, which would be no joke amongst those sharp rocks and mad waters. At the top of the falls were two beautiful rocky pools, very deep under one bank and shoaling gradually upstream, where the water flowed with a quiet ripple, just the place for salmon to enjoy a rest after ascending the turbulent rapid. From one of these pools Mowat had taken, the season before, eighteen fish as fast as he could land them, but this morning I found none there. This we learned afterwards was owing to their being scared back by the coming downstream of the logs which had been put in the headwaters the winter before.

After faithfully and vainly trying the pools we started for camp, and the excitement of running the rapids almost consoled me for my bad luck. At the camp I found the general reposing after a most exciting and successful conflict with a beautiful salmon of eighteen pounds, the handsomest one I ever saw, and fresh run. The fellow was very different from the Restigouche fish we had seen, being short and broad, and of a brilliancy of silveriness utterly indescribable. He had kept the general busy for three quarters of an hour, and had nearly used him up before giving in. From this fish we made our breakfast, and Haines tasted salmon for the first time since leaving home, having vowed not to eat a mouthful before getting in camp, while the general and I had become thoroughly tired of it, having eaten scarcely anything else since leaving Boston.

After breakfast I summoned Peter and André and asked them if they felt too tired to take me to the pool at the mouth of the Upsalquitch, which, being formed by that river and the Resti-

gouche, we decided was included in our water. Peter called me one side, and, after expressing his willingness to go down, produced a spear head from his pocket and suggested that instead of going then we should wait until night and then go out spearing. Although this appeared to be the only way in which I could get a fish, I declined the proposition and administered a severe rebuke to Peter for suggesting such illegal proceedings. We then embarked, and in less than an hour had gone down the six miles and were at the Upsalquitch pool, which is long and deep, with a fine beach on one side, and terminating in a long stretch of smooth and very swift running water of an average depth of six or seven feet. Half a mile of this brings you to a gradual turn in the river (the Restigouche) where the water deepens for quite a distance without actually forming a pool, with an abrupt bank at least seventy-five feet high on one side, and a good beach on the other. Just as we came to the pool proper we saw a salmon jump, and I drew a happy augury from the sight. Anchoring the canoe at the head of the pool I began casting, having on a small fly with a yellow tail, black body, and mallard wings. I had not to wait long, when with about fifteen yards of line out I had a strike, and summoning all my resolution, kept perfectly quiet until the fish made his first halt at the bottom of the river. Then, giving a sharp but gentle twitch, to my intense joy I felt my first salmon firmly hooked, and my lost manhood partially restored. The fish was very active, but did not seem particularly strong. I soon got ashore, and a few moments later Peter gaffed and held up by the gills a creature which I recognized from descriptions as a "mended kelt," that is, a fish which had been very late in spawning the preceding fall, had remained in the river all winter, and on going down to the sea in the spring to recuperate had met some of his kind on their way to fresh water, and turning back had gone with them. My fish was nearly three feet long, but weighed only fourteen pounds and was almost black,

with a head disproportionately large. As he was mortally wounded by the gaff we killed him and gave him to some Indians who were passing down the river. This was not the fish we had seen jump, and inspired with fresh confidence I had the canoe anchored a few rods below the first place. Just as André dropped his stone overboard I saw a fish jump about twenty yards down the stream from us, and, commencing on a short cast and gradually lengthening my line, at last reached the spot where he had shown himself. A moment of anxiety as the fly passed right over where I knew the fish must be, and then with a swirl, and showing half his side, he rose and went down, taking the fly with him. So soon as he stopped I struck firmly, and the fish, feeling the steel, started off like lightning diagonally across and down the river, taking out about fifty yards of line with a rapidity which made the reel sing like a buzz-saw and the rod tremble from tip to butt. At the end of this run the fish, partially turning, made his first leap out of water, then dashing across the stream jumped again and sought the bottom for a moment's rest. This moment I improved in getting to shore; but before I was fairly out of the canoe the fish had started off again, and in spite of my running down the beach after him had gained about fifty feet more of my line, and brought up sulky behind a large stone under the opposite bank. This gave me an opportunity to reel up and collect my scattered senses, but I could not get the fish to do anything more than now and then give a succession of short and vicious tugs at the line, and at last I had to send André over with the canoe to start him out. Leaving the rock with a speed which made my reel hum, he went sailing down-stream steadily, stopping occasionally for an instant to try and rub the hook out against some stone. This trick of a salmon's, which is often successful, communicates a very peculiar vibration through the line to the rod, which shakes as if it had been sharply tapped with a stick at the butt. The water was good for half a mile further

down, so I did not check my fish as sharply as I might, not wanting to throw away a single chance. His runs began to grow shorter and he to yield a little to the pressure exercised to bring him towards the beach. At last I got him up within ten feet of the shore, and told Peter to go down and try to gaff him, getting below the fish, which I should then, by easing on the line, let go down past him tail foremost. Peter was a very poor gaffer, however, and made a motion which the fish saw, and off he went again with seemingly a new supply of strength and game. This time, at the end of his run, he came to the surface of the water and thrashed about, trying to break the line with his tail. It took twenty minutes more to get him in position to be gaffed, and when finally Peter terminated his gallant fight I was quite used up, as much from excitement as exertion, and lay down on the beach by the side of my victim deliciously fatigued and joyful "ad unguem."

This fish weighed twenty-three pounds and was the finest in condition and color of any I killed. Peter, who had gaffed him very awkwardly, bragged a good deal of the skill he had displayed, and he and André assumed a much more deferential air towards me than they had hitherto used. Both Indians were remarkable for a stupidity which each fully appreciated in the other; for example, on one occasion when Peter had made several futile attempts to gaff a fish, André, who was standing near me, remarked as though to himself, "Peter dam fool." Not five minutes later André, despite my remonstrances, allowed the canoe to drop down directly through a part of the pool where we had seen a fish jump, when Peter, turning around to me, said in a whisper, "Dat André dam fool." Both, in their rude, untutored way, had approximated to the truth.

Going back to the pool I very soon killed another smaller fish, and as it was getting late in the afternoon started back to the camp with the two salmon in front of me in the canoe, where I could feast my eyes upon them without turning. I

found the general and Haines had given up salmon-fishing, not having seen one since I left, and with their light tackle had had a good afternoon with the trout at the mouth of a little brook which flowed into the river. The next day the general went to Metapedia, and in the afternoon sent back a messenger with the welcome news that the lessee of the Restigouche, whom he had met there, had kindly given us permission to fish his river. Accordingly we made a raft to transport our luggage down, and that night pitched our tent on a beautiful bluff at the junction of the Upsalquitch and Restigouche, and just over the pool. Here we were comparatively free from flies, with good fishing all about us and a delightful view up and down both rivers.

Friday evening, Mowat, the indefatigable guardian of the river, stopped to see us on his way down to visit the tide-way nets, and left his canoe, a very long and narrow log one, in the still water behind the point of the bluff. Haines and I went down to greet Mowat, and as we complimented him on the beauty of his craft, he asked us to get in it and see how steady it was despite its apparent crankiness. I accepted the invitation, and, having had considerable previous experience of the kind, walked the length of the canoe, rocked it, and reached shore in safety. Haines, a portly man, was seized by a spirit of emulation, and with a little encouragement mounted the canoe, walked to the end of it, returned to the middle, and, animated by his success, commenced rocking it. This brought the performance to an immediate end. Two hundred pounds thrown to one side of that canoe overturned it with great ease and quickness, and the acrobat disappeared beneath the flood. The water was not more than waist deep however, and he floundered ashore bringing with him Mowat's valise which had shared his misfortune.

This disaster, especially to the valise, was so much greater than I had anticipated that I felt it my duty to condole instead of to rejoice; but as I climbed

the bluff the sight of the general, recumbent on an onion box, exhausted with laughter, overcame me, and Haines himself, who, dripping, joined us, added his voice to ours.

Mowat remained to dinner that night, and we accepted an invitation to visit him the next day at his home, Dée Side, three miles up the Restigouche. When we reached Mowat's, the next morning, we found he had a very comfortable house, beautifully situated near the river, and bearing more evidences of taste and culture inside and out than anything we had seen in the Province. The oldest boy, a lad of eleven or twelve years, was already a good fisherman and could handle a canoe remarkably well for his age. After looking about the premises, and examining the propagating house, whence this season eight hundred thousand salmon fry have been turned into the river, the general and I started out to a pool above the house to try our luck with the fish, Haines going some distance down. Just below this pool was a stretch of smooth and swift water very like that near our camp, except that it was about three quarters of a mile long. Finding nothing in the pool we gradually dropped down into this shallower place, and had no sooner reached there than we each hooked a fish. Mine was soon brought to gaff and weighed fourteen and a half pounds. The general had more trouble with his, but landed him in half an hour, — the second largest fish killed, though not a remarkably strong or active one. He turned the scale at twenty-nine pounds, and the general, covered with glory, immediately retired to Mowat's house, where he remained the rest of the day, a prey to the liveliest satisfaction.

And now I come to the saddest, as well as the most delightful part of my experience, of which I can't even write without emotion, — the contest with my "big fish," in which I came out second best.

I hooked him just in front of Mowat's house; he rose to the same small dark Nicholson fly I had killed the other salmon with. His first rush was not

rapid as he started off, but a steady, lasting gait that showed conscious power. As he went on his speed increased, until he had about sixty yards of line out, which I was obliged to give him in order not to take the canoe past the only spot where, for some distance, we could land. When he jumped he showed larger than any fish I have seen, and made me very doubtful of my ability to land him. As soon as I reached the beach I started down and began to reel in, but had only gained a few feet of line when the fish took another rush down-stream, and for a couple of hundred yards kept me going at full speed over a very rough country composed chiefly of driftwood, stumps, and large rocks. When he halted, which he did after jumping twice more, I had about ten yards of line left, and despite my fatigue and bruises (I had fallen flat over a large rock) had to keep on as fast as I could reel up. I had hardly gained half my line when off went the fish again, and I had another foot-race which left my reel almost bare. At the conclusion of this burst he jumped again and then began coming towards me. This is an exceedingly dangerous thing for a salmon to do, and if not soon checked certainly results in his breaking loose, as the current makes the line sag down-stream, and it is sure to catch on some of the rocks, which all have their sharp edges pointed in the direction of the current. Fortunately the canoe was some distance above me, and the Indians brought it over the fish and turned him down-stream before he had done any harm. He then took refuge behind a rock and sulked for half an hour, I being perfectly willing to have him do so until I could get my second wind. It took a good deal of stoning and one pike-pole to start him going again, but at last, after as arduous an hour and a half as I ever spent, during which the fish had jumped nine times and fought with unsurpassable resolution and intelligence, he was induced to come within ten yards of me, where I held him, his fins erect and his mouth open, while Peter with many a caution went just below to gaff him. When he got in position I eased up a little on the

reel, the fish slid down-stream, Peter made a dash at him out of reach and missed; the salmon made one last effort, parted the frayed gut, rolled over utterly exhausted, and disappeared. Mowat saw him that evening lying by a large stone at the edge of the rapid just moving his fins, and with about a yard of my leader hanging out of his mouth. So severe were the rushes of this fish that I found the brass ring at the end of my rod-tip cut so nearly through by the friction of the line that I was afraid to use it again. I sincerely hope that salmon lived and will populate the Restigouche with his kind, for a nobler and gamer one never swam. Mowat thought he would weigh above forty pounds, the Indians over fifty, and I, at least sixty. I don't think I had hold of so large a salmon as this again, though the next Monday I lost two leaders with heavy fish I did not see, which started up stream instead of down, as soon as hooked, and could not be checked.

The next day, Sunday, we had company, Mitchell and two gentlemen on their way up the river. In the afternoon one of the visitors got up a canoe race between his and the general's Indians, the course being about half a mile up the river, around a stake boat, and return, to pole up and paddle down. The prizes were three dollars to the first and two dollars to the second canoe. When they were in position for the word and had received it, they did not start, and on being asked the reason, Jem, the best linguist of the four, replied that they were all good Indians and belonged to the mission, and as it was Sunday they had concluded not to start unless we would make the second prize equal to the first. This proposition being indignantly negatived they fell back upon the original offer, and made a far better race than if they had received the extra dollar.

Our last day's fishing was Monday, July 13th, when in the morning and from one pool, the Upsalquitch, Haines and I killed eleven salmon and one grilse. By a series of misfortunes we lost between us on that morning twelve fish.

They had had a rest over Sunday and were just in the humor to take. For three hours we were neither of us five minutes without being fast to a fish, and not infrequently would get a rise to the first cast. The heaviest I killed weighed twenty-nine pounds, and rose five times before I hooked him; a very unusual thing, as generally after two, or rarely three misses a salmon gives up in disgust and nothing can be done with him. The score of that day's take from that pool may be interesting, and here it is: 29 pounds, $12\frac{1}{2}$, $10\frac{1}{2}$, $9\frac{1}{2}$, 24, 10, 10, $15\frac{1}{2}$, $15\frac{1}{2}$, 12, 27; and the grilse 3 pounds. Four of these were killed with a fly of my own tying, my first attempt, which shows that the fish were not at all particular as to what they jumped at. The next morning we struck our tent, loaded our canoes and raft, and started homeward. Reaching Metapedia we stopped there to bid our friends farewell, and came near converting the most active one into an enemy by offering to pay Mitchell for a portion of the service he had done us. The general skillfully smothered Mitchell's wrath by volunteering to let him harness his team and drive him to Dalhousie, thirty-five miles, which satisfied Mitchell completely. Haines and I went to Campbellton—half-way, in our canoes. There we dined, and dismissed and paid off our Indians, with whom we felt really sorry to part. Before we left, however, four of them had converted enough of their money into whisky to make them dead drunk, and the other two were following their example as fast as they could. At Campbellton there is a large salmon canning establishment owned by two Americans, and I think the fish they put up are better, as well as cheaper, than any of the so called fresh salmon which have been several days out of water. The fish there are put up the day they are caught; many in less than an hour after they are taken from the nets, and the slight boiling they undergo before being sealed in the cans detracts very little from their freshness of taste. Under the wise administration of the Dominion government the salmon fisheries are become

quite profitable to it and to the large number of men engaged in them. About five years since a system of protection was inaugurated and rigidly enforced. Fishing during the spawning season was put a stop to, spearing at any time was prohibited, the number and use of nets in the tideways were restricted, and channels were marked out which were to be kept open at all times. Many of the rivers were leased, reserving to those living upon them the right to rod-fishing, and making the lessees see that the regulations were observed. On the Restigouche, where the law has been enforced by John Mowat and his subordinates without fear or favor, the result has been most successful. Four years ago, with more nets at the mouth of the river than there are now, the channel was closed by them so completely that a rod fisherman above was lucky if he killed one or two salmon in a day; and the total take from the nets averaged little over two hundred fish per day. Last year the daily catch during the season averaged, I think, four thousand, certainly over three thousand, and the river was full of fish. Mr. Fleming told me that in one large pool high up the river, where the water was low and every fish could be seen, he made a careful estimate of the salmon, and found there were over three thousand. The other rivers on the Bay of Chaleurs are improving in the same way, and yielding a rich return for the sensible and determined course pursued in their management.

We have many rivers in the Eastern States which with equal care could be made equally productive of this finest of fish. The Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Penobscot, and others, might at a small cost be filled with salmon, and made to furnish a cheap and abundant supply of food as nutritious, pound for pound, as beef, if our legislators could be brought to force their free-born constituents to the belief that they have not an indefeasible right to net, spear, or poison any fish that ventures into their waters at any season. I suppose the introduction and enforcement of the

Canadian fishery regulations here would almost create a revolution, but we can never have salmon without a strict system of protection.

At Dalhousie our trip virtually ended, and until we parted at Albany its pleasures formed the chief topic of our discourse. We concluded that salmon-fishing was far ahead of any sport we knew about, and needed but one improvement to make it perfect; and that in the way in which the fly is taken. In most accounts of salmon-fishing we read about the fly being dropped "like a snowflake," or something of the kind, just over the fish, and he darting at it, on the surface of the water, like a large trout. Of all the salmon I saw killed, and in all I heard of from experienced fishermen, not one was known to do this. They always take the fly from two inches to a foot under water, often

their rise cannot be seen at all, and generally the only visible indication is a slight swirl in the water. If a fisherman knows just where a salmon is lying he commences casting above and to the right or left of him, by degrees letting the fly float down towards him under water. I have never seen a salmon rise at a fly the instant it touched water, as trout often do, and consequently so much skill in casting is not necessary, though late in the season, when the water is low and clear, one should be able to put out twenty-five or thirty yards of line.

After a fresh run salmon has taken the fly he disarms all criticism on his previous conduct, and hard to please must be the man who does not consider the sport he then affords ample compensation for any amount of long journeying and hard fare it takes to procure it.

Dean Sage.

SONG.

I WORE your roses yesterday :

About this light robe's folds of white,
Wherein their gathered sweetness lay,
Still clings their perfume of delight.

And all in vain the warm wind sweeps
These airy folds like vapor fine,
Among them still the odor sleeps,
And haunts me with a dream divine.

So to my heart your memory clings,
So sweet, so rich, so delicate:
Eternal summer-time it brings,
Defying all the storms of fate;

A power to turn the darkness bright,
Till life with matchless beauty glows;
Each moment touched with tender light,
And every thought of you a rose!

Celia Thaxter.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

I.

A FEW years ago I received from the friend to whom they had been addressed a collection of my own letters, written during a period of forty years and amounting to thousands—a history of my life.

It has occurred to me that when I am dead some ingenious person may undertake to publish some record of me, similar to those with which the more celebrated members of my family have been honored. Sketches and notices (more or less mendacious and veracious) I have already been favored with, and so I think my “*post mortem* examination” a not impossible event.

My letters constitute a ready written autobiography; and though it would not be easy to find a less important or valuable subject for literary illustration than myself, they contain reminiscences of people and events that may have interest for some of my contemporaries, and furnish entertainment to those who come after me.

The passion for universal history (*i. e.* any and every body's story) nowadays seems to render anything in the shape of personal recollections good enough to be printed and read; and as the public appetite for gossip appears to be insatiable, and is not unlikely some time or other to be gratified at my expense, I have thought that my own gossip about myself may be as acceptable to it as gossip about me written by another.

I have come to the garrulous time of life—to the remembering days, which only by a little precede the forgetting ones; I have much leisure, and feel sure that it will amuse me to write my own reminiscences; perhaps reading them may amuse others who have no more to do than I have. To the idle, then, I offer these lightest of leaves gathered in the idle end of autumn days, which have succeeded years of labor often severe

and sad enough, though its ostensible purpose was only that of affording recreation to the public.

There are two lives of my aunt Siddons, one by Boaden and one by the poet Campbell. In these biographies due mention is made of my paternal grandfather and grandmother. To the latter, Mrs. Roger Kemble, I am proud to see, by Lawrence's portrait of her, I bear a personal resemblance; and I please myself with imagining that the likeness is more than “*skin deep*.” She was an energetic, brave woman, who, in the humblest sphere of life and most difficult circumstances, together with her husband fought manfully a hard battle with poverty, in maintaining and as well as they could training a family of twelve children, of whom four died in childhood. But I am persuaded that whatever qualities of mind or character I inherit from my father's family, I am more strongly stamped with those which I derive from my mother, a woman who, possessing no specific gift in such perfection as the dramatic talent of the Kembles, had in a higher degree than any of them the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized nature, she joined an acute instinct of correct criticism in all matters of art, and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression, that made her conversation delightful. Had she possessed half the advantages of education which she and my father labored to bestow upon us, she would, I think, have been one of the most remarkable persons of her time.

My mother was the daughter of Captain Decamp, an officer in one of the armies that revolutionary France sent to invade Switzerland. He married the daughter of a farmer from the neighborhood of Berne. From my grandmother's home you could see the great Yungfrau

range of the Alps, and I sometimes wonder whether it is her blood in my veins that so loves and longs for those supremely beautiful mountains.

Not long after his marriage my grandfather went to Vienna, where, on the anniversary of the birth of the great Empress-King, my mother was born, and named, after her, Maria Theresa.

In Vienna, Captain Decamp made the acquaintance of a young English nobleman, Lord Monson (afterwards the Earl of Essex), who, with an enthusiasm more friendly than wise, eagerly urged the accomplished Frenchman to come and settle in London, where his talents as a draughtsman and musician, which were much above those of a mere amateur, combined with the protection of such friends as he could not fail to find, would easily enable him to maintain himself and his young wife and child.

In evil hour my grandfather adopted this advice, and came to England. It was the time when the emigration of the French nobility had filled London with objects of sympathy, and society with sympathizers with their misfortunes. Among the means resorted to for assisting the many interesting victims of the Revolution were representations, given under the direction of Le Texier, of Berquin's and Madame De Genlis's juvenile dramas, by young French children. These performances, combined with his own extraordinary readings, became one of the fashionable fancies of the day: I quote from Walter Scott's review of Boaden's life of my uncle the following notice of Le Texier: "On one of these incidental topics we must pause for a moment, with delighted recollection. We mean the readings of the celebrated Le Texier, who, seated at a desk and dressed in plain clothes, read French plays with such modulation of voice and such exquisite point of dialogue as to form a pleasure different from that of the theatre, but almost as great as we experience in listening to a first-rate actor. We have only to add to a very good account given by Mr. Boaden of this extraordinary entertainment, that when it commenced, Mr. Le Texier read over the

dramatis personæ, with the little analysis of character usually attached to each name, using the voice and manner with which he afterwards read the part; and so accurate was the key-note given that he had no need to name afterwards the person who spoke; the stupidest of the audience could not fail to recognize them."

Among the little actors of Le Texier's troupe, my mother attracted the greatest share of public attention by her beauty and grace, and the truth and spirit of her performances.

The little French fairy was eagerly seized upon by admiring fine ladies and gentlemen, and snatched up into their society, where she was fondled and fooled and petted and played with; passing whole days in Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, and many a half-hour on the knees of her royal and disloyal husband, the prince regent, one of whose favorite jokes was to place my mother under a huge glass bell, made to cover some large group of precious Dresden china, where her tiny figure and flashing face produced even a more beautiful effect than the costly work of art whose crystal covering was made her momentary cage. I have often heard my mother refer to this season of her childhood's favoritism with the fine folk of that day, one of her most vivid impressions of which was the extraordinary beauty of person and royal charm of manner and deportment of the Prince of Wales, and — his enormous appetite: enormous perhaps, after all, only by comparison with her own, which he compassionately used to pity, saying frequently, when she declined the delicacies that he pressed upon her, "Why, you poor child! Heaven has not blessed you with an appetite." Of the precocious feeling and imagination of the poor little girl, thus taken out of her own sphere of life into one so different and so dangerous, I remember a very curious instance, told me by herself. One of the houses where she was a most frequent visitor, and treated almost like a child of the family, was that of Lady Rivers, whose brother, Mr. Rigby, while in the min-

istry, fought a duel with some political opponent. Mr. Rigby had taken great notice of the little French child treated with such affectionate familiarity by his sister, and she had attached herself so strongly to him that on hearing the circumstance of his duel suddenly mentioned for the first time, she fainted away: a story that always reminded me of the little Spanish girl Florian mentions in his *Mémoires d'un jeune Espagnol*, who at six years of age, having asked a young man of upwards of five-and-twenty if he loved her, so resented his repeating her question to her elder sister, that she never could be induced to speak to him again.

Meantime, while the homes of the great and gay were her constant resort, the child's home was becoming sadder, and her existence and that of her parents more precarious and penurious day by day. From my grandfather's first arrival in London, his chest had suffered from the climate; the instrument he taught was the flute, and it was not long before decided disease of the lungs rendered that industry impossible. He endeavored to supply its place by giving French and drawing lessons (I have several small sketches of his, taken in the Netherlands, the firm, free delicacy of which attest a good artist's handling), and so struggled on, under the dark London sky and in the damp, foggy, smoky atmosphere, while the poor foreign wife bore and nursed four children.

It is impossible to imagine anything sadder than the condition of such a family, with its dark fortune closing round and over it, and its one little human jewel, sent forth from its dingy case to sparkle and glitter and become of hard necessity the single source of light in the growing gloom of its daily existence. And the contrast must have been cruel enough between the scenes into which the child's genius spasmodically lifted her, both in the assumed parts she performed and in the great London world where her success in their performance carried her, and the poor home where sickness and sorrow were becoming abiding inmates, and poverty and privation

the customary conditions of life: poverty and privation doubtless often increased by the very outlay necessary to fit her for her public appearances, and not seldom by the fear of offending or the hope of conciliating the fastidious taste of the wealthy and refined patrons, whose favor towards the poor little child-actress might prove infinitely helpful to her and to those who owned her.

The lives of artists of every description in England are not unapt to have such opening chapters as this; but the calling of a player alone has the grotesque element of fiction, with all the fantastic accompaniments of sham splendor thrust into close companionship with the sordid details of poverty; for the actor alone the livery of labor is a harlequin's jerkin lined with tatters, and the jester's cap and bells tied to the beggar's wallet. I have said artist life in England is apt to have such chapters; artist life everywhere, probably. But it is only in England, I think, that the full bitterness of such experience is felt; for what knows the foreign artist of the inexorable element of Respectability? In England alone is the pervading atmosphere of respectability that which artists breathe in common with all other men — respectability, that English moral climate, with its neutral tint and temperate tone, so often sneered at in these days by its new German title of Philistinism, so often deserving of the bitterest scorn in some of its inexpressibly mean manifestations — respectability, the preëminently unattractive characteristic of British existence, but which, all deductions made for its vulgar alloys, is, in truth, only the general result of the individual self-respect of individual Englishmen: a wholesome, purifying, and preserving element in the homes and lives of many, where without it the recklessness bred of insecure means and obscure position would run miserable riot: a tremendous power of omnipotent compression, repression, and oppression, no doubt, quite consistent with the stern liberty whose severe beauty the people of those islands love, but absolutely incompatible with license,

or even lightness of life, controlling a thousand disorders rampant in societies where it does not exist; a power which, tyrannical as it is, and ludicrously tragical as are the sacrifices sometimes exacted by it, saves especially the artist class of England from those worst forms of irregularity which characterize the Bohemianism of foreign literary, artistic, and dramatic life.

Of course, the pleasure-and-beauty-loving, artistic temperament, which is the one most likely to be exposed to such an ordeal as that of my mother's childhood, is also the one liable to be most injured by it, and to communicate through its influence peculiar mischief to the moral nature. It is the price of peril paid for all that brilliant order of gifts that have for their scope the exercise of the imagination through the senses, no less than for that crown of gifts, the poet's passionate inspiration, speaking to the senses through the imagination.

How far my mother was hurt by the combination of circumstances that influenced her childhood, I know not. As I remember her, she was a frank, fearless, generous, and unworldly woman, and had probably found in the subsequent independent exercise of her abilities the shield for these virtues. How much the passionate, vehement, susceptible, and most suffering nature was banefully fostered at the same time, I can better judge from the sad vantage-ground of my own experience.

After six years spent in a bitter struggle with disease and difficulties of every kind, my grandfather, still a young man, died of consumption, leaving a widow and five little children, of whom the eldest, my mother, not yet in her teens, became from that time the bread-winner and sole support.

Nor was it many years before she established her claim to the approbation of the general public, fulfilling the promise of her childish years by performances of such singular originality as to deserve the name of genuine artistic creations, and which have hardly ever been successfully attempted since her

time: such as *The Blind Boy*, and *Deaf and Dumb*; the latter, particularly in its speechless power and pathos of expression, resembling the celebrated exhibitions of Parisot and Bigottini, in the great tragic ballets in which dancing was a subordinate element to the highest dramatic effects of passion and emotion expressed by pantomime. After her marriage, my mother remained but a few years on the stage, to which she bequeathed, as specimens of her ability as a dramatic writer, the charming English version of *La jeune Femme colere*, called *The Day after the Wedding*; the little burlesque of *Personation*, of which her own exquisitely humorous performance, aided by her admirably pure French accent, has never been equaled; and a play in five acts called *Smiles and Tears*, taken from Mrs. Opie's tale of *Father and Daughter*.

She had a fine and powerful voice, and a rarely accurate musical ear; she moved so gracefully that I have known persons who went to certain provincial promenades frequented by her, only to see her walk; she was a capital horsewoman; her figure was beautiful, and her face very handsome and strikingly expressive; and she talked better, with more originality and vivacity, than any Englishwoman I have ever known: to all which good gifts she added that of being a first-rate cook. And oh, how often and how bitterly, in my transatlantic household tribulations, have I deplored that her apron had not fallen on my shoulders, or round my waist! Whether she derived this taste and talent from her French blood, I know not, but it amounted to genius, and might have made her a preëminent *cordons bleu*, if she had not been the wife, and *chef-fe*, of a poor professional gentleman, whose moderate means were so skillfully turned to account in her provision for his modest table that he was accused by ill-natured people of indulging in the expensive luxury of a French cook. Well do I remember the endless supplies of potted gravies, sauces, meat jellies, game jellies, fish jellies, the white ranges of which filled the shelves of her store-room, — which

she laughingly called her boudoir, — almost to the exclusion of the usual currant jellies and raspberry jams of such receptacles: for she had the real *bon vivant's* preference of the savory to the sweet, and left all the latter branch of the art to her subordinates, confining the exercise of her own talents, or immediate superintendence, to the production of the above-named "elegant extracts." She never, I am sorry to say, encouraged either my sister or myself in the same useful occupation, alleging that we had what she called better ones; but I would joyfully, many a time in America, have exchanged all my boarding-school smatterings for her knowledge how to produce a wholesome and palatable dinner. As it was, all I learned of her, to my sorrow, was a detestation of bad cookery and a firm conviction that that which was exquisite was both wholesomer and more economical than any other. Dr. Kitchener, the clever and amiable author of that amusing book *The Cook's Oracle* (his name was a *bona fide* appellation, and not a drolly devised appropriate *nom de plume*, and he was a doctor of music and not physic), was a great friend and admirer of hers; and she is the "accomplished lady" by whom several pages of that entertaining kitchen companion were furnished to him.

The mode of opening one of her chapters, "I always bone my meat" (*bone* being the slang word of the day for *steal*), occasioned much merriment among her friends, and such a look of ludicrous surprise and reprobation from Liston, when he read it, as I still remember.

My mother, moreover, devised a most admirable kind of *jujube*, made of clarified gum-arabic, honey, and lemon, with which she kept my father supplied during all the time of his remaining on the stage; he never acted without having recourse to it, and found it more efficacious in sustaining the voice and relieving the throat under constant exertion than any other preparation that he ever tried: this she always made for him herself.

The great actors of my family have received their due of recorded admiration; my mother has always seemed to

me to have been overshadowed by their celebrity; my sister and myself, whose fate it has been to bear in public the name they have made distinguished, owe in great measure to her, I think, whatever ability has enabled us to do so not unworthily.

I was born on the 27th of November, 1809, in Newman Street, Oxford Road, the third child of my parents, whose eldest, Philip, named after my uncle, died in infancy. The second, John Mitchell, lived to distinguish himself as a scholar, devoting his life to the study of his own language and the history of his country in their earliest period, and to the kindred subject of Northern Archaeology.

Of Newman Street I have nothing to say, but regret to have heard that before we left our residence there my father was convicted, during an absence of my mother's from town, of having planted in my baby bosom the seeds of personal vanity, while indulging his own, by having an especially pretty and becoming lace cap at hand in the drawing-room, to be immediately substituted for some more homely daily adornment when I was exhibited to his visitors. In consequence (probably) of which, I am a disgracefully dress-loving old woman of near seventy, one of whose minor miseries is that she can no longer find *any* lace cap whatever that is either pretty or becoming to her gray head. If my father had not been so foolish then, I should not be so foolish now, — perhaps.

The famous French actress Mlle. Clairon, recalled, for the pleasure of some foreign royal personage passing through Paris, for one night to the stage, which she had left many years before, was extremely anxious to recover the pattern of a certain cap which she had worn in her young days, in *La Coquette corrigée*, the part she was about to repeat. The cap, as she wore it, had been a Parisian rage; she declared that half her success in the part had been the cap. The milliner who had made it, and whose fortune it had made, had retired from business, grown old; luckily, however, was not dead: she was hunted up

and adjured to reproduce, if possible, this marvel of her art, and came to her former patroness, bringing with her the identical head-gear. Clairon seized upon it: "Ah oui, c'est bien cela! c'est bien là le bonnet!" It was on her head in an instant, and she before the glass, in vain trying to reproduce with it the well-remembered effect. She pished and pshawed, frowned and shrugged, pulled the pretty *chiffon* this way and that on her forehead; and while so doing, coming nearer and nearer to the terrible looking-glass, suddenly stopped, looked at herself for a moment in silence, and then, covering her aged and faded face with her hands, exclaimed, "Ah, c'est bien le bonnet! mais ce n'est plus la figure!"

Our next home, after Newman Street, was at a place called Westbourne Green, now absorbed into endless avenues of "palatial" residences, which scoff with regular-featured, lofty scorn at the rural simplicity implied by such a name. The site of our dwelling was not far from the Paddington Canal, and was then so far out of town that our nearest neighbors, people of the name of Cockrell, were the owners of a charming residence in the middle of park-like grounds, of which I still have a faint, pleasurable remembrance. The young ladies, daughters of Mr. Cockrell, really made the first distinct mark I can detect on the *tabula rasa* of my memory, by giving me a charming pasteboard figure of a little girl, to whose serene and sweetly smiling countenance, and pretty person, a whole book full of painted pasteboard petticoats, cloaks, and bonnets could be adapted; it was a lovely being, and stood artlessly by a stile, an image of rustic beauty and simplicity. I still bless the Miss Cockrells, if they are alive, but if not, their memory, for it!

Of the curious effect of dress in producing the *sentiment* of a countenance, no better illustration can be had than a series of caps, curls, wreaths, ribbons, etc., painted so as to be adaptable to one face; the totally different *character* imparted by a helmet or a garland of roses, to the same set of features, is a "caution" to irregular beauties who console

themselves with the fascinating variety of their *expression*.

At this period of my life, I have been informed, I began, after the manner of most clever children, to be exceedingly troublesome and unmanageable, my principal crime being a general audacious contempt for all authority, which, coupled with a sweet-tempered, cheerful indifference to all punishment, made it extremely difficult to know how to obtain of me the minimum quantity of obedience indispensable in the relations of a tailless monkey of four years and its elders. I never cried, I never sulked, I never resented, lamented, or repented either my ill-doings or their ill-consequences, but accepted them alike with a philosophical buoyancy of spirit which was the despair of my poor, bewildered trainers.

Being hideously decorated once with a fool's cap of vast dimensions, and advised to hide, not my "diminished head," but my horrible disgrace, from all beholders, I took the earliest opportunity of dancing down the carriage-drive to meet the postman, a great friend of mine, and attract his observation and admiration to my "helmet," which I called aloud upon all wayfarers also to contemplate, until removed from an elevated bank I had selected for this public exhibition of myself and my penal costume, which was beginning to attract a small group of passers-by.

My next malefactions were met with an infliction of bread and water, which I joyfully accepted, observing, "Now I am like those poor dear French prisoners, that everybody pities so." Mrs. Sidons at that time lived next door to us; she came in one day when I had committed some of my daily offenses against manners or morals, and I was led, nothing daunted, into her awful presence, to be admonished by her.

Melpomene took me upon her lap, and, bending upon me her "controlling frown," discoursed to me of my evil ways in those accents which curdled the blood of the poor shopman, of whom she demanded if the printed calico she purchased of him "would wash." The tragic tones pausing, in the midst of

the impressed and impressive silence of the assembled family I tinkled forth, "What beautiful eyes you have!" all my small faculties having been absorbed in the steadfast upward gaze I fixed upon those magnificent orbs. Mrs. Siddons set me down with a smothered laugh, and I trotted off, apparently uninjured by my great aunt's solemn moral suasion.

A dangerous appeal of a higher order being made to me by my aunt's most intimate friend, Mrs. F——, a not very judicious person, to the effect: "Fanny, why don't you pray to God to make you better?" immediately received the conclusive reply, "So I do, and he makes me worse and worse." Parents and guardians should be chary of handling the deep chords upon whose truth and strength the highest harmonies of the fully developed soul are to depend.

In short, I was as hopelessly philosophical a subject as Madame Roland, when at six years old receiving her penal bread and water with the comment, "Bon pour la digestion!" and the retributive stripes which this drew upon her with the further observation, "Bon pour la circulation!" In spite of my "wickedness," as Topsy would say, I appear to have been not a little spoiled by my parents, and an especial pet and favorite of all their friends, among whom, though I do not remember him at this early period of our acquaintance, I know was Charles Young, that most kindly good man and pleasant gentleman, one of whose many amiable qualities was a genuine love for little children. He was an intimate friend of Mrs. Siddons and her brothers, and came frequently to our house; if the elders were not at home, he invariably made his way to the nursery, where, according to the amusing description he has often since given me of our early intercourse, one of his great diversions was to make me fold my little fat arms, — not an easy performance for small muscles, — and with a portentous frown which puckered up my mouth even more than my eyebrows, receive from him certain awfully unintelligible passages from Macbeth; replying to them,

with a lisp that must have greatly heightened the tragic effect of this terrible dialogue, "*My handth are of oo tolor*" (My hands are of your color). Years, how many! after this first lesson in declamation, dear Charles Young was acting Macbeth for the last time in London, and I was his "wicked wife;" and while I stood at the side scenes, painting my hands and arms with the vile red stuff that confirmed the bloody-minded woman's words, he said to me with a smile, "Ah ha! *My handth are of oo tolor*."

Not long after this we moved to another residence, still in the same neighborhood, but near the church-yard of Paddington church, which was a thoroughfare of gravel walks, cutting in various directions the green turf, where the flat tombstones formed frequent "play tables" for us; upon these our nursery maid, apparently not given to melancholy meditations among the tombs, used to allow us to manufacture whole delightful dinner sets of clay plates and dishes (I think I could make such now), out of which we used to have feasts, as we called them, of morsels of cake and fruit. Who knows what ancient funeral feasts we were unconsciously mimicking, or what imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, went to make up our soup tureens and salad bowls? I remember a story of my brother John at this time, which was curiously characteristic of the small schoolboy's precocious pedantry. The little male ragamuffins of the neighborhood had come to the knowledge that his weekly allowance of shirts assumed fictitious proportions by the "genteel" artifice of a fresh collar, undoubtedly of more frequent occurrence than the whole garment of which it was an outward and visible sign; and they made the boy's life troublesome with the clamorous outcry raised whenever he appeared, "Here comes the chap with the collar!" My father, crossing the churchyard one afternoon, came upon a juvenile mob surrounding our favorite tombstone, on which stood his son John, who delivered in his hearing, with good emphasis and discretion, the following pithy oration: "Sirs! whether I wear one or

two shirts a week, or whether I wear one or two collars a week, is, I presume, no concern of yours." And then, descending from the rostrum with much dignity, the eight-years old Cicero made his way through the small "sirs," by dint of fists and elbows, successfully to his own door.

At this time I was about five years old, and it was determined that I should be sent to the care of my father's sister, Mrs. Twiss, who kept a school at Bath, and who was my godmother. On the occasion of my setting forth on my travels, my brother John presented me with a whole collection of children's books, which he had read and carefully preserved, and now commended to my use. There were at least a round dozen, and, having finished reading them, it occurred to me that to make a bonfire of them would be an additional pleasure to be derived from them; and so I added to the intellectual recreation they afforded me the more *sensational* excitement of what I called "a blaze;" a proceeding of which the dangerous sinfulness was severely demonstrated to me by my new care-takers.

Cambden Place, Bath, was one of the lofty terraces built on the charming slopes that surround the site of the Aquæ Solis of the Romans, and here my aunt Twiss kept a girls' school, which participated in the favor which everything belonging to, or even remotely associated with, Mrs. Siddons received from the public. It was a decidedly "fashionable establishment for the education of young ladies," managed by my aunt, her husband, and her three daughters. Mrs. Twiss was, like every member of my father's family, at one time on the stage, but left it very soon to marry the grim-visaged, gaunt-figured, kind-hearted gentleman and profound scholar whose name she at this time bore, and who, I have heard it said, once nourished a hopeless passion for Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Twiss bore a soft and mitigated likeness to her celebrated sister; she had great sweetness of voice and countenance, and a graceful, refined, feminine manner, that gave her

great advantages in her intercourse with, and influence over, the young women whose training she undertook. Mr. Twiss was a very learned man, whose literary labors were, I believe, various, but whose Concordance of Shakespeare is the only one with which I am acquainted. He devoted himself, with extreme assiduity, to the education of his daughters, giving them the unusual advantage of a thorough classic training, and making of two of them learned women in the more restricted, as well as the more general, sense of the term. These ladies were what so few of their sex ever are, *really well informed*; they knew much, and they knew it all thoroughly; they were excellent Latin scholars and mathematicians, had read immensely and at the same time systematically, had prodigious memories stored with various and well classed knowledge, and above all were mistresses of the English language, and spoke and wrote it with perfect purity — an accomplishment out of fashion now, it appears to me, but of the advantage of which I retain a delightful impression in my memory of subsequent intercourse with these excellent and capitally educated women. My relations with them, all but totally interrupted for upwards of thirty years, were renewed late in the middle of my life and towards the end of theirs, when I visited them repeatedly at their pretty rural dwelling near Hereford, where they enjoyed in tranquil repose the easy independence they had earned by honorable toil. There the lovely garden, every flower of which looked fit to take the first prize at a horticultural show, the incomparable white strawberries, famous throughout the neighborhood, and a magnificent Angola cat, were the delights of my out-of-door life; and perfect kindness and various conversation, fed by an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, an immense knowledge of books, and a long and interesting acquaintance with society, made the in-door hours passed with these quiet old lady governesses some of the most delightful I have ever known. The two younger sisters died first; the eldest,

surviving them, felt the sad solitude of their once pleasant home at "The Laurels" intolerable, and removed her residence to Brighton, where, till the period of her death, I used to go and stay with her, and found her to the last one of the most agreeable companions I have ever known.

At the time of my first acquaintance with my cousins, however, neither their own studies nor those of their pupils so far engrossed them as to seclude them from society. Bath was then at certain seasons the gayest place of fashionable resort in England; and, little consonant as such a thing would appear at the present day with the prevailing ideas of the life of a teacher, balls, routs, plays, assemblies, the Pump Room, and all the fashionable dissipation of the place, were habitually resorted to by these very "stylish" school-mistresses, whose position at one time, oddly enough, was that of leaders of "the ton" in the pretty provincial capital of Somersetshire. It was, moreover, understood as part of the system of the establishment, that such of the pupils as were of an age to be introduced into society could enjoy the advantage of the chaperonage of these ladies, and several did avail themselves of it.

What profit I made under these kind and affectionate kinsfolk, I know not; little, I rather think, ostensibly; perhaps some beneath the surface, not very manifest either to them or myself at the time; but painstaking love sows more harvests than it wots of, wherever or whenever (or if never) it reaps them.

I did not become versed in any of my cousins' learned lore, or accomplished in the lighter labors of their leisure hours, to wit: the shoemaking, bread-seal manufacturing, and black and white Japan, table, and screen painting, which produced such an indescribable medley of materials in their rooms, and were fashionable female idle industries of that day.

Of all the pursuits and processes of this sort, from the silk and satin shoemaking of fine ladies then, to the marvels of modern point-lace achieved by

them now, a certain invention of my mother's has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful "lady's works" I have ever seen. It was an idea of her own, and was never, to my knowledge, practiced by anybody but herself. She had certain single figures and groups of figures carved on blocks of wood, precisely as they would have been for wood-cut engravings; with these, and the ink usually employed for wood-cuts, she stamped impressions upon cotton velvet of the most brilliant colors, and then with a solution of chemical acid (oxalic, I suppose) removed the whole color from the figure, leaving a pure white image, with all the lines of the wood-cut strongly defining the design, on the velvet surface, and producing the effect of a drawing on ivory, set in a ground of crimson, dark green, or dark blue. I have even known her execute figures of some of Raphael's cupids on the palest rose and straw color; a Greek or Italian scroll border executed in the same manner gave a finish to these tasteful articles, which were mounted as large screens, or made into cushion covers, and the smaller and more delicate ones into hand-bags, or hand-screens. I remember a beautiful figure of Mars, and one of Venus, taken from the Planets of Raphael in the Chigi chapel of the Santa Maria del Popolo, at Rome, that she so painted; and a group of exquisitely graceful figures from a sacrificial procession, also a composition of Raphael's, which was made into an antique-shaped stool. There was one reason why this process should not have become generally popular as a mere lady's amusement: it was expensive, as far as the necessary materials and implements were concerned, and of very uncertain success, for there was an extreme difficulty in confining the action of the acid within the exact lines of the design, and of course the least running of the white beyond the figure spoiled the whole. My mother often said that if she knew how to avoid that accident, she would take out a patent for her pretty device.

Remote from the theatre and all details of theatrical life as my existence

in my aunt's school was, there still were occasional infiltrations of that element which found their way into my small sphere. My cousin John Twiss, who died not very long ago, an elderly general in her Majesty's service, was at this time a young giant, studying to become an engineer officer, whose visits to his home were seasons of great delight to the family in general, not unmingled on my part with dread; for a favorite diversion of his was enacting my uncle John's famous rescue of Cora's child, in Pizarro, with me clutched in one hand and exalted to perilous proximity with the chandelier, while he rushed across the drawing-rooms to my exquisite terror and triumph.

I remember, too, his sisters, all three remarkably tall women (the eldest nearly six feet high, a portentous petticoat stature), amusing themselves with putting on, and sweeping about the rooms in, certain regal mantles and Grecian draperies of my aunt Mrs. Whitelock's, an actress, like the rest of the Kembles, who sought and found across the Atlantic a fortune and celebrity which it would have been difficult for her to have achieved under the disadvantage of proximity to, and comparison with, her sister, Mrs. Siddons. But I suppose the dramatic impression which then affected me with the greatest and most vivid pleasure was an experience which I have often remembered, when reading Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and the opening chapters of Wilhelm Meister. Within a pleasant summer afternoon's walk from Bath, through green meadows and by the river's side, lay a place called Claverton Park, the residence of a family of the name of A——. Who, I wonder, survives of those kind and clever people, with whom for many subsequent years my family kept up the friendliest relations! I remember nothing of the house but the stately and spacious hall, in the middle of which stood a portable theatre, or puppet-show, such as Punch inhabits, where the small figures, animated with voice and movement by George A——, the eldest son of the family, were tragic in-

stead of grotesque, and where, instead of the squeaking Don Giovanni of the London pavement, Macbeth and similar solemnities appeared before my enchanted eyes. The troupe might have been the very identical puppet performance of Harry Rowe, the famous Yorkshire trumpeter. These, I suppose, were the first plays I ever saw; they were Shakespearian, and doubtless directed my infant mind towards the genuine glories of that legitimate drama of which, in after years, I was destined to hear my whole family spoken of as among the foremost legitimate defenders. Those were pleasant walks to Claverton, and pleasant days at Claverton Hall! I wish Hans Breitmann and his *Avay in die Ewigkeit* did not come in, like a ludicrous, lugubrious burden, to all one's reminiscences of places and people one knew upwards of fifty years ago.

I have been accused of having acquired a bad habit of *punning from Shakespeare!*—a delightful idea, that made me laugh till I cried, the first time it was suggested to me. If so, I certainly began early to exhibit a result of which the cause was in some mysterious way long subsequent to the effect; unless the Puppet Plays of Claverton inspired my wit. However that may be, I developed at this period a decided facility for punning, and that is an unusual thing at that age. Children have considerable enjoyment of humor, as many of their favorite fairy and other stories attest; they are often themselves extremely droll and humorous in their assumed play characters and the stories they invent to divert their companions; but punning is a not very noble species of wit; it partakes of mental dexterity, requires neither fancy, humor, nor imagination, and deals in words with double meanings, a subtlety very little congenial to the simple and earnest intelligence of childhood. I have known one clever child of four years make a pun that would not have disgraced Hood, but I think generally very few children so exercise their brains. A far more common childish tendency was that with which I about this time (as I have been

told) vexed the souls of my elders and betters, by a series of Socratic inquiries upon every family event that attracted my attention; as on the occasion of their putting themselves in mourning for a little child: "Why have you all put on black frocks?"—"Because Mary W—— is dead, and we are very sorry."—"What is dead?"—"Gone out of this world."—"Where?"—"To heaven."—"Has Mary W—— gone to heaven?"—"Certainly."—"Is heaven a nice place?"—"The nicest of all places."—"Is Mary glad to be there?"—"Very glad."—"Then why do you put on black frocks, and be sorry that she is dead?" This and the like impertinent essays of thought may be met successfully enough, if elders and betters believe in truth; but woe betide the elder and better who has not that sustaining faith in dealing with the demonish spirit of an imp such as I then was. A certain very handsome, dashing, "stylish" (in the phrase of that day) Miss B——, who worshiped my uncle John, adored my aunt Siddons, doated on my cousins, and enveloped even me in her all-embracing Kemble mania, met me one day walking with Amelia Twiss, and, after various judicious observations with regard to me, wound up with the lines from Byron's *Giaour* (just then first intoxicating the young lady mind of Great Britain), declaimed with more emphasis than discretion at my mischievous black eyes, —

"Her eye's dark hue 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
And you shall know its lustre well;"

with which profitable remark the fair enthusiast left us. My cousin, mindful of the probable moral effect of this foolery on my small brain, but not careful enough as to the species of antidote she offered me against the pleasing poison of this poetical flattery, said with a grave face, "It was very good-natured of Miss B—— to say those verses to you; she did it because she thought it would please me." "Oh," said I with a face as grave as her own, "did she? I thought she said them to please *me*, and because my eyes are pretty."

Les enfans terribles say such things daily, and make their grandmothers' caps stand on end with their precocious astuteness; but the clever sayings of most clever children, repeated and reported by admiring friends and relations, are for the most part simply the result of unused faculties exercising themselves in, to them, an unused world; only therefore surprising to worn-out faculties, which have almost ceased to exercise themselves in, to them, an almost worn-out world.

We have all heard abundance of curious and striking things said by quite unremarkable children, but the only really extraordinary observation I ever heard made by a child was one that indicated a power of reflection and perception of the nature of mental phenomena certainly uncommon in a very young mind.

A little girl not eight years old, who had been reading the story of Hamlet, in Charles Lamb's *Shakespeare Tales*, asked if it was true; the reply was, "Partly true, perhaps; there may have been a King of Denmark of that name, some time or other, but the story you have been reading is a ghost story, and not likely to be true." "I know that," said the child, "but might not Hamlet have *imagined* that he saw his father's ghost? To be sure," she added after a pause, "I suppose Horatio and Marcellus would not have imagined it." This was really a remarkable observation for so young a child; the lady grew up, much addicted to metaphysics.

To the Miss B—— I have just mentioned I was indebted for the first doll I remember possessing; a gorgeous wax personage, in white muslin and cherry-colored ribbons, who by desire of the donor was to be called Philippa, in honor of my uncle. I never loved or liked dolls, though I remember taking some pride in the splendor of this, my first-born. They always affected me with a grim sense of being a mockery of the humanity they were supposed to represent; there was something uncanny, not to say ghastly, in the doll existence and its mimicry of babyhood, to me,

and I had a nervous dislike, not unmixed with fear, of the smiling simulacra that girls are all supposed to love with a species of prophetic maternal instinct. I think dolls, when not indifferent, were rather hateful to me, and that whenever I looked attentively at one, I had a sort of feeling of "*what is it?*" which would have tempted me to hunt for its soul in its sawdust, for "a satisfaction to my thoughts;" not like Madame Sand's wonderful little Venetian patrician, with hers, to see "*se avevano il sangue blu.*"

The only member of my aunt Twiss's family of whom I remember at this time little or nothing was the eldest son, Horace, who in subsequent years was one of the most intimate and familiar friends of my father and mother, and who became well known as a clever and successful public man, and a brilliant and agreeable member of the London society of his day.

My stay of a little more than a year at Bath had but one memorable event, in its course, to me. I was looking one evening, at bedtime, over the banisters, from the upper story into the hall below, with tip-toe eagerness that caused me to overbalance myself and turn over the rail, to which I clung on the wrong side, suspended, like Victor Hugo's miserable priest to the gutter of Notre Dame, and then fell four stories down on the stone pavement of the hall. I was not killed or apparently injured, but whether I was not really irreparably damaged no human being can possibly tell; and I adjure all Christian people inclined to "do me justice," to remember that from that time forward my brain may have been hopelessly cracked or *concussed*, a circumstance the moral and mental effect of which is quite beyond computation.

My next memories refer to a residence which my parents were occupying when I returned to London, called Covent Garden Chambers; now, I believe, celebrated as "Evans's," and where, I am told, it is confidently affirmed that I was born, which I was not; and where, I am told, a picture is shown that is confidently affirmed to be mine, which it is not. My sister Adelaide was born in Covent Garden Chambers; and the picture in

question is an oil sketch, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of my cousin Maria Siddons: quite near the truth enough for history, private or public. It was while we were living here that Mrs. Siddons returned to the stage for one night, and acted Lady Randolph for my father's benefit. Of course I heard much discourse about this, to us, important and exciting event, and used all my small powers of persuasion to be taken to see her.

My father, who loved me very much, and spoiled me not a little, carried me early in the afternoon into the market place, and showed me the dense mass of people which filled the whole Piazza, in patient expectation of admission to the still unopened doors. This was by way of proving to me how impossible it was to grant my request. However that might then appear, it was granted, for I was in the theatre at the beginning of the performance; but I can now remember nothing of it but the appearance of a solemn female figure in black, and the tremendous *roar* of public greeting which welcomed her, and must, I suppose, have terrified my childish senses, by the impression I still retain of it; and this is the only occasion on which I saw my aunt in public.

Another circumstance connected in my mind with Covent Garden Chambers was a terrible anguish about my youngest brother, Henry, who was for some hours lost. He was a most beautiful child of little more than three years old, and had been allowed to go out on the door-steps by an exceedingly foolish little nursery maid, to look at the traffic of the great market place. Returning without him, she declared that he had refused to come in with her, and had run to the corner of Henrietta Street, as she averred, where she had left him, to come and fetch authoritative assistance.

The child did not come home, and all search for him proved vain throughout the crowded market and the adjoining thoroughfares, thronged with people and choked with carts and wagons, and swarming with the blocked-up traffic which had to make its way to and from the great mart through avenues far narrower

and more difficult of access than they are now. There were not then, either, those invaluable beings, policemen (for whom be ever blessed the memory of Peel), standing at every corner to enforce order and assist the helpless: blue-coated heroes of the area railings, beloved of nurse-maids, kitchen-maids, house-maids, and maids of all work; peaceablest yet most efficient of *gens-d'armes* and *sbirri*; certainly combining the minimum of aggressive with the maximum of passive authority over the huge populace which they control, for the most part, so well, without unnecessarily provoking its dangerous ill-will. These there were not; and no inquiry brought back any tidings of the poor little lost boy. My mother was ill, and I do not think she was told of the child's disappearance, but my father went to and fro with the face and voice of a distracted man; and I well remember the look with which he climbed a narrow outside stair, leading only to a rain-water cistern, with the miserable apprehension that his child might have elambered up and fallen into it. The neighborhood was stirred with sympathy for the agony of the poor father, and pitying gossip spreading the news through the thronged market place, where my father's name and appearance was familiar enough to give a strong personal feeling to the compassion expressed, a baker's boy, lounging about, caught up the story of the lost child, and described having seen a "pretty little chap with curly hair, in a brown Holland pinafore," in St. James Square. Thither the searchers flew, and the child was found, tired out with his self-directed wandering, but apparently quite contented, fast asleep on the door-step of one of the lordly houses of that aristocratic square. He was so remarkably beautiful that he must have attracted attention before long, and *might* perhaps have been restored to his home; but God knows what an age of horror and anguish was lived through by my father and my poor aunt Dall in that short, miserable space of time till he was found.

My aunt Dall, of whom I now speak

for the first time, was my mother's sister, and had lived with us, I believe, ever since I was born. Her name was Adelaide, but the little fellow whose adventure I have just related, stumbling over this fine Norman appellation, turned it into Idallidy, and then conveniently shortened it of its two extremities and made it Dall, by which title she was called by us, and known to all our friends, and beloved by all who ever spoke or heard it. Her story was as sad a one as could well be; yet to my thinking she was one of the happiest persons I have ever known, as well as one of the best. She was my mother's second sister, and as her picture, taken when she was twenty, shows (and it was corroborated by her appearance till upwards of fifty) she was extremely pretty. Obligated, as all the rest of her family were, to earn her own bread, and naturally adopting the means of doing so that they did, she went upon the stage; but I cannot conceive that her nature can ever have had any affinity with her occupation. She had a robust and rather prosaic common-sense, opposed to anything exaggerated or sentimental, which gave her an excellent judgment of character and conduct, a strong genial vein of humor which very often made her repartees witty as well as wise, and a sunny sweetness of temper and soundness of moral nature that made her as good as she was easy and delightful to live with. Whenever everything went wrong and she was "vexed past her patience," she used to sing; it was the only indication by which we ever knew that she was what is termed "out of sorts." She had found employment in her profession under the kindly protection of Mr. Stephen Kemble, my father's brother, who lived for many years at Durham and was the manager of the theatre there, and according to the fashion of that time traveled with his company, at stated seasons, to Newcastle, Sunderland, and other places, which formed a sort of theatrical circuit in the northern counties, throughout which he was well known and generally respected.

In his company my aunt Dall found

employment, and in his daughter, Fanny Kemble, since well known as Mrs. Robert Arkwright, an inseparable friend and companion. My aunt lived with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kemble, who were excellent, worthy people, doing their duty in the very laborious and not very exalted vocation of country actors. They took good care of the two young girls under their charge, this linsey-woolsey Rosalind and Celia, — their own beautiful and most rarely endowed daughter and her light-hearted, lively companion; and I suppose that a merrier life than that of these lasses, in the midst of their quaint theatrical tasks and homely household duties, was seldom led by two girls in any sphere of life. They learned and acted their parts, devised and executed with small means and great industry their dresses; made pies and puddings, and patched and darned, in the morning, and by dint of paste and rouge became heroines in the evening; and withal were well-conducted, good young things, full of the irrepressible spirits of their age, and turning alike their hard home work and light stage labor into fun. My aunt has often told me how, walking with her in the cathedral close, more than one inhabitant of which was then a grave and benign patron of the drama and a kind friend of the manager, it was her delight suddenly to tell his daughter that she would make believe that she (Fanny Kemble) was tipsy, and that she was being conducted home by her sober and considerate companion. The joke never failed of its effect, and no sooner was the mischievous intention announced and poor Fanny Kemble's arm taken by my aunt with affectionately severe admonitions "to take care how she walked and not expose herself," than the most uncontrollable laughter would seize upon the helpless victim, who inherited her father's unwieldy and ungainly figure; — she had also inherited the beauty of his family, which in her most lovely countenance had a character of childlike simplicity and serene sweetness that made it almost angelic.

Far on in middle age she retained this singularly tender beauty, which

added immensely to the exquisite effect of her pathetic voice in her incomparable rendering of the ballads she composed (the poetry as well as the music being often her own), and to which her singing of them gave so great a fashion at one time, in the great London world. It was in vain that far better musicians, with far finer voices, attempted to copy her inimitable musical recitation; nobody ever sang like her, and still less did anybody ever look like her while she sang. But on the occasions of which I was speaking, when she was being "carefully taken home" by my aunt, the poor girl's heavy figure, shaken with paroxysms of laughter, heaved and rolled about almost beyond the guidance of her perfidious companion, and her suffocating expostulations and entreaties, and streaming eyes and tottering, unsteady steps, would certainly have confirmed to any one who had met them the impression conveyed by my aunt's words, that she was guiding home her helplessly inebriated friend. Practical jokes of very doubtful taste were the fashion of that day, and remembering what wonderfully coarse and silly proceedings were then thought highly diverting by "vastly genteel" people, it is not, perhaps, much to be wondered at that so poor a piece of wit as this should have furnished diversion to a couple of light-hearted girls, with no special pretensions to elegance or education. Another time they were driving together in a post-chaise on the road to Newcastle, and my aunt, having at hand in a box part of a military equipment intended for some farce, accoutred her upper woman in a soldier's cap, stock, and jacket, and, with heavily corked mustaches, persisted in embracing her companion, whose frantic resistance, screams of laughter, and besmirched cheeks elicited comments of boundless amazement, in broad north-country dialect, from the market folk they passed on the road, to whom they must have appeared the most violent runaway couple that ever traveled.

Liston, the famous comedian, was at this time a member of the Durham com-

pany, and though he began his career there by reciting Collins's Ode to the Passions, attired in a pea-green coat, buckskins, top boots, and powder, with a scroll in his hand; and followed this essay of his powers with the tragic actor's battle-horse, the part of Hamlet; he soon found his peculiar gift to lie in the diametrically opposite direction of broad farce. Of this he was perpetually interpolating original specimens in the gravest performances of his fellow-actors; on one occasion, suddenly presenting to Mrs. Stephen Kemble, as she stood disheveled at the side scene, ready to go on the stage as Ophelia in her madness, a basket with carrots, turnips, onions, leeks, and pot-herbs, instead of the conventional flowers and straws of the stage maniac, which sent the representative of the fair Ophelia on in a broad grin, with ill-suppressed fury and laughter, which must have given quite an original character of verisimilitude to the insanity she counterfeited.

On another occasion he sent all the little chorister boys on, in the lugubrious funeral procession in *Romeo and Juliet*, with pieces of brown paper in their hands to wipe their tears with.

The suppression of that very dreadful piece of stage pageantry has at last, I believe, been conceded to the better taste of modern audiences; but even in my time it was still performed, and an exact representation of a funeral procession, such as one meets every day in Rome, with torch-bearing priests, and bier covered with its black velvet pall embroidered with skull and cross-bones, with a corpse-like figure stretched upon it, marched round the stage, chanting some portion of the fine Roman Catholic requiem music. I have twice been in the theatre when persons have been seized with epilepsy during that ghastly exhibition, and think the good judgment that has discarded such a mimicry of a solemn religious ceremony highly commendable.

Another evening, Liston, having painted Fanny Kemble's face like a

clown's, posted her at one of the stage side doors to confront her mother, poor Mrs. Stephen Kemble, entering at the opposite one to perform some dismally serious scene of dramatic pathos, who, on suddenly beholding this grotesque apparition of her daughter, fell into convulsions of laughter and coughing, and half audible exclamations of "Go away, Fanny! I'll tell your father, miss!" which must have had the effect of a sudden seizure of madness to the audience, accustomed to the rigid decorum of the worthy woman in the discharge of her theatrical duties.

Long after these provincial exploits, and when he had become the comedian *par excellence* of the English stage, for which eminence nature and art had alike qualified him by the imperturbable gravity of his extraordinarily ugly face, which was such an irresistibly comical element in his broadest and most grotesque performances, Mr. Liston used to exert his ludicrous powers of tormenting his fellow-actors in the most cruel manner upon that sweet singer, Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex). She had a curious nervous trick of twitching her dress before she began to sing; this peculiarity was well known to all her friends, and Liston, who certainly was one of them, used to agonize the poor woman by standing at the side scene, while the symphony of her pathetic ballads was being played, and indicating by his eyes and gestures that something was amiss with the trimming or bottom of her dress: when, as invariably as he chose to play the trick, poor Miss Stephens used to begin to twitch and catch at her petticoat, and half hysterical, between laughing and crying, would enchant and entrance her listeners with her exquisite voice and pathetic rendering of *Savourneen Deelish*, or the *Banks of Allan Water*.

But among the merry Durham player folk the laughing had an end, and saddest tragedy of reality came crashing down into the midst of these poor foolish people's mirth.

Frances Anne Kemble.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHEN we read a beautiful poem it may very well happen that we find ourselves wholly fascinated by its charm, or possibly moved to tears by our interest in the fictitious story told us, so that we seem capable of feeling only one emotion; but if at that time we lift our streaming eyes from the book, and chance to see a man hanging from the eaves of the opposite roof and vainly struggling to climb up, all interest in the book vanishes, and we care only for the man who is in danger. Just as the real incident makes the book seem tame, there are books which by dexterous use of thrilling scenes come so near to producing the effect of reality that better literature seems like the hair-splitting of monkish logicians in comparison with their attractiveness. It is not the book which treats of the most exalted subjects that is always surest to gratify us. It is the great merit of those books we honor with the name of classics, not that they are surest to tempt us in our leisure moments, but that if we are willing to make some effort, and attune ourselves to their level, we are on the whole more pleased, and more satisfactorily pleased, by them than by any cheaper devices. We ask not merely that we may lose ourselves in a book, but that when we find ourselves again we may have the consciousness that we have not been unworthily tricked into forgetfulness. The feeling of admiration is one of our rarest luxuries, and we are ashamed when we discover that we have squandered it. It is very like being awestricken by what we take to be mysterious, and learning afterwards that what we bowed down before was a mere trick of legerdemain. These cautions suggest themselves to us in regard to Victor Hugo. If cleverness, ingenuity, ease and skill in writing, and the power of fascination were all that were needed, Victor Hugo, who possesses these, would be not only by far the greatest writer

now living, but also one of the greatest who have ever lived. His success is and always has been something enormous. Even Scott — not in these critical, degenerate days, but before readers had begun to find out the unreality of his donjon-keeps and his other mediæval properties, and to decry his characters as dull — did not enjoy such wonderful popularity as has fallen to Victor Hugo's lot. Of his new works, editions go off in a day, in an hour; they are translated into all manner of strange tongues, and talked about with the most lavish praise. Certainly a man of whose writings this can be said differs from the common herd. He must have qualities which even men so warmly admired as Tourguéneff lack, for he has many thousand times the number of admirers that the Russian novelist possesses. What are the characteristics, then, of this wonderful man? What are the qualities surest to win success and popularity?

In matters of morals and so-called intellectual discussion the public is very patient of even desperate prosing. The Proverbial Philosophy, well thumbed and marked, is still to be found, in nearly the three hundredth edition, on many a table, generally in comparative solitude. It so well reflects the vacant mind, it so dexterously avoids irritating the unpracticed reader by giving him food for thought, it so thoroughly embalms nothingness, that those who only care for blank mediocrity have regarded it as an inspired book, and its writer as a prophet. The Country Parson, too, now nearly forgotten, had only about ten years ago a similar, if less lasting, success. He mingled sprightliness with his mediocrity, in his personal revelations he appealed to the love of idle gossip which lies deep in human nature, and he became almost a great man. But when readers ask to be amused, they demand more. They do not rest satisfied with well-meaning dullness; they are anxious

to have all the liveness possible in their entertainments. Their principles grow lax; in short, they are much more orthodox in church than in the theatre. Since no one better pleases the public than Victor Hugo, an examination of what he has written will show, possibly, on what foundations his fame rests.

Victor Hugo was born in the year 1802. His father was one of Napoleon's generals; his mother was from La Vendée, and in her girlhood she had wandered about the country with the Chouans. In the days of his boyhood all Europe was in arms, and young Hugo followed his father from one country to another for many years. At the age of nine he was sent to school at Madrid, where he acquired the knowledge and love of Spain so noticeable in some of his plays and poems. Afterwards he was placed in the Collège Louis le Grand. At this school he was compelled to study, among other things, the mathematics, which was very uncongenial to his poetical mind. While yet a lad he became distinguished by his precocious success in writing odes, by which, too, he won several prizes. These odes still have a place among his collected poems, and are very good in view of the age at which they were written. They are all tinged by very ardent love for royalism. In a preface written in the year 1853 he does not apologize for this political tendency, which he soon outgrew; on the contrary, and fairly enough, he counts it one more of his merits that, beginning as a royalist and an aristocrat, he was yet able to grow up into a democrat, at the sacrifice of worldly possessions and at the risk of losing home and life. In 1821, when he was nineteen years old, his odes were collected and published. They were cordially greeted by Chateaubriand, who was then the literary dictator and a warm royalist, who called Hugo a sublime child, and naturally enough, for the young poet was indeed full of promise. His merits, too, won for him a pension from the king, Louis XVIII.

It was not in verse alone that he was precocious. In 1823 appeared the first of his prose writings, a romance, *Han*

d'Islande, which was followed in 1825 by another, *Bug-Jargal*. In these it is easier to recognize the familiar Victor Hugo than it is in his first poems. As for the stories, they are enormous absurdities; the plots are as wild as those of the maddest pantomimes, but without a trace of humor. A brief sketch of *Han d'Islande* may serve to show what the public is capable of swallowing when it consents to bow down submissively before the eccentricities of genius. Han was the worthy descendant of a monster of hoary antiquity, known as Ingulph the Exterminator. The family is most famous for its hatred of mankind except as articles of uncooked food. Han has already burned a cloister in which vain efforts had been made to civilize him, overthrown a rock which crushed all the inhabitants of a village on a holiday, burned a cathedral during divine service, etc., etc.: it is all as dreadful as a thunder-storm in a theatre. The hero, however, finds these joys pall upon him; he loses his son and surrenders himself to justice, after showing the unguineness of a person who pretended to be the original Han, by killing a man in the court-room and calling upon the pretender to drink of his blood,—a test which staggered the false one. In his speech on giving himself up, he says to the judges, "I have committed more murders and set more fires than you have pronounced unjust judgments in all your lives. . . . I would gladly drink the blood in your veins. It is my nature to hate men, my mission to harm them. Colonel, it is I who crushed a battalion of your regiment with fragments of rock. I was avenging my son. . . . Now, judges, my son is dead; I come here to seek death. . . . I am tired of life, since it cannot be a lesson and an example to a successor. I have drunk enough blood, I am no longer thirsty; now, here I am, you can drink mine." Thereupon he indulges in blasphemy, and is soon, at his own request, condemned to death. He finds the ordinary processes of justice too tardy, however, and being naturally of an impetuous disposition he sets fire to his prison and per-

ishes in the flames, with his few surviving enemies. This cold account does but feeble justice to the original; the descriptions of the hero, clawing and biting men, fighting victoriously with wolves, — no savage bard ever sang so brutal a story as this, one so devoid of anything except willfully bloodthirsty fancies. If this story were merely an outburst of boyish folly which the author had afterwards outgrown, it would be unfair to give it any prominence in a discussion of Hugo's characteristics. But unfortunately we find in this novel the very same qualities which distinguish much of his subsequent work, as we shall presently show. He here made his first attempt to attract by what was merely horrible, and having made his odious idol with the teeth of a wolf, the glowing eyes of a tiger, the appetites of a cannibal, and the general appearance of a cannibal's idol, he seems to forget that to himself is due the credit of inventing the monster, and he is the first to fall down and worship it. Slighter similarities to his later work may be observed; the epigrammatic antitheses of the conversation, the ardor of the descriptions, have now, although in more brilliant colors, become familiar to us all. It shows, too, another peculiarity of Hugo, namely, the slight claim he makes upon his reader's imagination; he never gives it the least chance to spread its wings, he is beforehand with his inventions. This fact probably has something to do with his popularity, but it cannot wholly explain it.

What is then the reason of Hugo's popularity? It is not every writer who will be read if he chooses dead-houses and dusky caverns for his stage, hangmen and hybrid demons for his *dramatis personæ*, murder and arson for his incidents, even if he rattles his thunder continuously and turns down his gas till it burns blue. There must be something more than an appeal to traits surviving from the habits of our man-eating ancestors, which has won Hugo readers. What more especially distinguishes him is the ingenuity with which he puts into the mouths of his characters not what is

best said, much less what any human beings would be likely to say, but, rather, what is perhaps the brightest thing they could say, what most forcibly strikes the reader. It is easy to understand how naturally a man would be led, by such brilliancy as that of which Hugo feels himself the possessor, to ascribe undue value to his own unusual merits. Whatever he may have to express, he cannot help knowing that he expresses it well. He never stumbles, nor hesitates for a word, is never awkward, is never dull. If in the greatest genius there were not qualities which escaped definition, he would be one of the greatest of geniuses; as it is, he has all the gifts the fairies could give him, and he has never been troubled by distrust of himself. His many volumes of poems are good examples of his skill and often of his imagination. His lyrics are much admired by the French critics, who are doubtless the fairest judges of their merits, so hard is it for a foreigner to have an ear accurate enough to judge of the appropriate use of words, the choice of phrases, and in fact of all that mechanical part of verse-making which goes for so much in French poetry. With regard to his plays, however, it is possible for us to be fairer judges. We know what the power of these plays is, how in even the most diluted translations and with incompetent actors they have the power of making the spectator hold his breath, or grow pale in eager uncertainty over the fate of some brilliant character in great danger of losing his life. But it is another matter when we ask, Do these plays mirror life? Are they full of instruction? Do they give lofty delight? Do we read them over and over to learn how one more great man regards the joys and sufferings and passions of human life? Far from it: they are written for the few hours during which we sit in the theatre; they are meant to fascinate us by a clever plot which shall introduce all manner of stage machinery, the familiar stock characters, especially black-browed assassins, and by means of clever contrasts and brilliant antitheses cajole us into a feeling of surprise,

which, if we are not careful, we are likely to mistake for admiration. Admiration of a certain sort it may be, of course. We are grateful to any one who is a real master of the art of amusing us; it would be unjust to wrap ourselves up in disdain immediately after being thrilled and fascinated by one of his plays, to say, He is not Shakespeare, and so pass him by with contempt. But when, on the other hand, it is claimed in his behalf, by himself as well as by others, that this is the true voice for which the world has long been waiting, that here we have the spirit of the nineteenth century, it is well that such important claims should be carefully weighed. And if, moreover, we are told that we should not condemn him, because all who have introduced reforms which were admired by later generations have been abused by their contemporaries, we need not give up at once and acknowledge ourselves beaten, because there is another general remark of equal truth, that not all reforms are wise or sure of the approbation of posterity. It is a frequent bane of argument that debate of matters so very wide of the mark is taken as satisfactory treatment of the question under discussion. Let us, then, take up one or two of the plays and examine them to find what underlies his dramatic success. To take *Ruy Blas*, which is perhaps the most familiar to us on this side of the water, seems so absurd as to be almost unfair. To undertake to show that this play, — its fantastic Don Salluste, who is so angry with the queen and so grim in his vengeance; the queen, so melancholy in her royalty; and its hero, who becomes prime minister by simply changing his clothes, — to undertake to show that this contains any picture of life as it exists anywhere, except on the stage of a theatre, seems an impossible thing. Such characters are not human beings; they are animated scenery. The play is not written to set forth the relations between different men and women, but these are introduced to give zest to the mechanism of the play. When *Ruy Blas* is at the height of his power, and has just re-

ceived the queen's confession of love, Don Salluste appears and prepares to take his revenge. Every one who has seen the play will recall the scene in which Don Salluste compels the prime minister, who is really his lackey, to close the window, and pick up his handkerchief, while trying to explain the condition of Spanish politics. As a dramatic situation this may endure comparison with that in a more recent play in which one of the characters is tied down upon the railway track and the train is heard rapidly approaching. The one case is quite as natural as the other. *Ruy Blas* has indeed the best chance; he could have Don Salluste imprisoned or put to death at a moment's notice, but no, he meekly bows his head, and finally takes poison after having done his duty, which consisted in sacrificing the queen to Don Salluste's desire for revenge. To make a list of all the impossibilities in the play would be idle; it nowhere comes near the ground of probability. The mirror is not held up to nature, but to the most ingenious inventions for making dramatic performances interesting. It is sheer melodrama, and to enjoy it we have to lay aside all criticism and devote ourselves merely to looking, as if we were watching rope-dancing, or the man who puts his head in the lion's mouth, who does it, not, we may be sure, from any strong instinct of human nature, but in order to make our blood run cold. If we put the play in comparison with any of the acknowledged masterpieces of the world, it falls lamentably short, but if we put it where it belongs, among the melodramas, it certainly stands prominent. But the cleverness which goes to the making of a thrilling melodrama is to be distinguished from the qualities which go to the making of a great play, just as the combination of practice and boldness which enables a man to thrust his head between the wild beast's jaws is to be distinguished from heroism or moral courage. The sight of one of these is ennobling, that of the other amusing.

Local and temporary circumstances contributed to the success of many of Hugo's melodramas. Admiration of

Hernani, at the time it was brought out, was made the test for those who were anxious to join the party of young men who protested against the classical pedantry which had so long held control of the French stage. The writer made himself the leader of the Romantic school in France, and if literature there had worn heavy chains before, it now was freed from any control. In the universal overthrow, what was monstrous and ugly had better chance of success than what was calm and beautiful. As Hugo stated it, in the long preface to his *Cromwell*, the era of the grotesque, had fairly come in. What is meant by the grotesque it is easy to judge, from the many examples of it to be found in his writings; easier in this way, perhaps, than from the vague general statements in his voluminous prefaces. Broad contrasts, antitheses, ingenious invention always taking the place of what is probable, and the horrible held up for our admiration, these are some of the qualities most noticeable in Victor Hugo. That he is vigorous in drawing his scenes no one can deny. In his plays he manages his stage-effects admirably; he keeps the threads of the drama in his hands, and only brings matters to a solution when that will be most impressive. He well knows how to please his audience. He never steps aside to show any complexities of character in his dramatic personæ, because they never have any; they are simply embodiments of some picturesque passion. They have the first merit of actors on the stage, however, in that they are entertaining. And they are clearly drawn — no more to be confounded together than the trees in the painted scenes are to be confounded with the chairs and tables. Every one is there for a specific purpose. While the plays deserve this praise, we should also be careful not to confuse our gratitude for the freeing of the French stage from its shackles with admiration of the methods employed. Perhaps the exaggeration of the reformers was unavoidable, in the face of the great task they set themselves, but what they did is certainly to be judged now

merely on its own merits. There is no longer any fear of the revival of the dramatic unities; they have been slain too often already; and it is interesting to study the way in which they were driven out of France, now that the heat of combat is over, and we can decide more fairly. Victor Hugo complies with the first duty of a writer — he is interesting; but it would be as unwise to give him too much praise for that as, in view of the fact that the first duty of men is to be carefully washed, to lavish approbation on a man because he is clean. His neatness can never outweigh the absence of more essential qualities or the presence of gross faults. We judge of a man's influence on his fellow-creatures by very different tests. There is not one of Hugo's plays that is not marked by the errors noticed in *Ruy Blas*. Some of them were raised into undeserved prominence by the good luck of receiving the government censure. They immediately acquired all the sweetness of forbidden fruit, but they never for that reason came nearer to dramatic excellence. Giving an account of one is, for all purposes of criticism, giving an account of all. The one we have chosen for mention was written in 1838.

In 1831 appeared his *Notre Dame de Paris*, which by many is considered his masterpiece. It shows very clearly almost the same qualities as those which are to be found in the plays. It is a novel which any one will read with great interest the first time he takes it in his hands, but one to which he will return with less enthusiasm after he has once followed the different victims in their excursions to the gallows, and has feverishly turned over the leaves to find out whether this time the characters are actually going to suffer a violent death; but having once solved this problem, its repetition leaves him cold. What is most noticeable is the curious collection of mediæval properties the author has industriously accumulated. He puts before us the picture of Paris of the fifteenth century after a manner which is half pre-Raphaelitism and half scene-

painting. To be sure, there is to be noticed, perhaps, the influence of the author's romantic affection for the architecture of the cathedral, but there is no serious effort to show us human nature, the real heart of man, amid the surroundings the author draws. He regards the Middle Ages as the time when sudden disappearances, frequent executions, in a word, all the component parts of the picturesque life he has drawn, gave opportunity for more thrilling incidents in his novel than could have been possible in a city with police and a generally monotonous civilization. The world was yet to learn how impressive a detective could become. The characters, too, are all painted in but one color each: the archdeacon is all fiery, unholy passion; Esmeralda is love for the captain's uniform, the captain is frivolity, and Jehan Frollo is the Gavroche of his century; and when they talk they express either Victor Hugo's epigrams, their prevailing passion, or some bit of archæology, — never a bit of human nature. It is again a success in melodrama that the author has made, but it is interesting melodrama, with incidental bits of eloquence, and all so filled with enthusiasm that one is almost ashamed of being critical and irresponsible to the author's fire. It requires some effort to resist the unholy fascination the book exercises. To doubt that the writer, when he leaves sober prose, is really one of the greatest poets, seems the coldest skepticism. Victor Hugo has no timid fears about his own merits, and the world is very apt to take a man for what he gives himself out to be. If his manner is confident and his voice loud, he is tolerably sure to have a large following of those who like to be saved the trouble of making up their minds on the evidence. Those who care most for brilliant coloring in literature will find themselves more nearly satisfied by this novel than by any we can recall: it is a swift succession of incidents, each one fully charged with vivid emotion; but every incident exists only for its picturesque quality; the author is merely striving to make a great impression. It is

his being contented with this that makes him so unsatisfactory; he pleases once, perhaps, but another time his trick is learned, and he is judged according to a different test by our minds when cooler. Even Hugo's versatility fails to provide eternal novelty; but he does all that man can do, and, although he refuses to comply with what he calls conventional laws, substitutes for them his own almost boundless invention. While in watching him we forget to judge him, his false position obliges him to call us aside to some new bit of cleverness before we are cool enough to see the shallowness of what last amused us. Before our ears have become accustomed to the unusual silence after hearing the busy speech of his characters, and before our eyes find anything but monotonous grayness after his dazzling panoramas, we are again summoned to witness new feats.

His versatility in politics is quite as remarkable. He has been everything that he could be. As we have said, he began life as a royalist; afterwards he became a Jacobin; when he had been received into the Academy he became conservative; later, after 1848, he was a socialist, and how bitter an opponent he was of the late empire is well known. His hostility to Napoleon III. was the cause of his exile from France, and his new political and social views inspired the best known of his writings, his famous *Les Misérables*.

It would be hard to find a novel which takes a stronger hold upon the reader. Even *Notre Dame de Paris*, with all its picturesqueness, almost pales before the equal vividness of the pathos in *Les Misérables*. There is no mediocrity in it. The whole is distinctly conceived in the author's mind, and it is set before the reader with uniform distinctness; there is not a dull tint, not an uncertain line in the whole book; even more than that, there is hardly a page which is devoid of thrilling interest. The success of the book was naturally enough something unprecedented: it was translated in advance into nine different languages, and offered for sale on the same day in Paris, London, Berlin, New York, St. Peters-

burg, Turin, and Madrid. Such popularity as this must be due to remarkable qualities, and these the book has. There is no need of telling the story again. It may be enough to say that Hugo remains true to his old fashion of mingling the horrible with what is beautiful, the tragic with the comic, and then giving us the combination as a true picture of life. From beginning to end the book is a direct appeal to the feelings. Nothing is hinted, everything is painted in the most striking colors. But what is the upshot of it all? We see the familiar monotonous characters, this time people of the present century, but as truly vehicles of a single passion as the illustrative dramatis personæ of *Notre Dame de Paris*. There is Javert, who makes even the detectives of modern realistic plays seem as awkward and clumsy as constables at a country fair in comparison with his omnipresence, ingenuity, perseverance, epigrammatic conversation, and unflinching power of crushing retort. There are the dissolute students posing for brilliancy as if they were forming themselves after the best models of French fiction. There is Jean Valjean, who, with his immense strength of body, energy, and kindness, is an encyclopædia of all the virtues. There is Gavroche, who if he had lived might have become in time a contributor to the *Figaro*. These are all, not people, but exalted human qualities, picturesquely draped, and carried through a dizzy succession of incidents in which all need of imagination on the part of the reader is supplied by the author's unflagging invention, and all distrust silenced by his proud self-confidence. Take the pathetic story of Fantine, for instance, which forms but a fragment of the whole book; Hugo here takes the coldest reader deep into misery. He knows better than any writer of the time how to excite physical horror, and it is in general to his ability to excite sympathetical physical sensations that nine tenths of his success is due. In the case before us our blood runs cold at the description of the poor girl's sufferings: she sells her hair for money,

she sells her teeth, and finally herself, and it is perhaps as grim a picture as even Hugo has drawn, that is made of it all. He is as pitiless as fate or as a newspaper reporter; he spares us none of the tragedy. With Jean Valjean he proceeds in the same way: he describes the strong man caged, the gentle-hearted man buffeted by persecution; and we who read the story of his sufferings can no more help shivering at the horrors told us than we can hear a sudden shriek in the dark without alarm. It is really the reader, however, who should be pitied for the violence of his emotion; the writer is only glad, the victim of the story indifferent, but the reader requires all sympathy. To understand other writers we have to be accustomed to distinguishing feelings that lie deeper than those Victor Hugo appeals to. George Eliot carries us into the discussion of the greater problems which are forever arising between duty and inclination; she lets the conscience, not a police-officer with an unflinching eye, strike the note of alarm; the questions in which we are interested are not how a man can get away from peril of his life with a whole skin, or how a certain man can get possession of a certain woman, but, rather, how a man may lead his life secure from those dangers he brings upon himself by the weakness of his nature. And the further one gets from the savage state the more important becomes the consideration of these questions, and of less value that of imaginary problems of what one would do if ten detectives were on his track and every outlet watched, or if even in the hands of highway-robbers. Yet there is no one who can be indifferent to such matters if his attention is called to them, and Hugo is so clever a writer that he does not fail to interest his readers, indeed almost every reader; but the means he employs never rise above this direct appeal to the simpler feelings. He is sure of a large audience; his bait tempts the multitude.

L'Homme qui rit and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, two of his later novels, have had less success, and deserve less

mention. Hugo remains monotonous whatever be the new soil in which he is working. He brings down the green curtain after the loudest explosion of all, and in the last-named story, just as the ship conveying the happy bride and bridegroom disappears beneath the horizon, the head of the disconsolate rival, who had stationed himself on a rock of the sea-shore, is covered by the rising tide. It is by detecting such failures to be impressive as this that one may perhaps best learn to see the insincerity of his methods. In itself this coincidence is no absurder than many of those which are devised to lend brilliancy to his books, but it is more likely to cause a smile than many others. What makes the whole scene ridiculous is the total lack of connection between a woman's refusing one man, accepting and marrying another, and the state of the tides. It is not a poetical effect, it is as purely a theatrical trick as the use of the trap-door to cause sudden disappearances. Hugo utilizes the nineteenth century in this way, that he lets ingenious mechanism do the work formerly delegated to irresponsible fairies.

As to the eloquence and pathos which are alleged to compensate for what is false sentiment in Hugo, they are often as delusive as phrases well can be. He says; "Paris is synonymous with Cosmos," and his readers blush for shame at the thought of their modest native village. With his flow of words he confounds his hearers, and then he wins their suffrages; he knows no world but the one he is at the time creating, and his frenzy carries all away, for a time at least. When cooler, they find questions still unsettled, emotions untouched, and they are conscious of a sort of shame at the thought of the real value of what so moved them. When he becomes pathetic, it is with the same energy that inspires him to assume and call forth any other emotion. The often quoted scene in *Quatre-vingt-treize* is a favorite example of his power in this direction. After describing scenes of carnage he pauses for a mo-

ment, wipes his brow, and in direct contrast to the tumultuous excitement with which he has been delighting his readers, sets the scene in which the children appear. He suddenly roars as gently as a sucking dove. It is very possible to feel that the tenderness he shows is as much assumed as the violence which has preceded it. When we know that a writer considers contrast a most valuable method, it is impossible to believe that the quiet scenes following noisy ones have their origin in genuine love of tenderness.

This brings us back to where we began, to the statement that Victor Hugo's qualities are those which enable him to be impressive for the time, but which do not command lasting admiration. He can draw an almost irresistible picture of some emotion, he can make a sensation, but having accomplished that one end, he rests contented for the time, and when he turns to anything new it is to perform the same tricks with different material. In short, in novels as in plays he is a perfect master of melodrama; he puts all his wonderful talent to but one purpose, and he makes a more taking show than any one else can, but there he stops. If emotion were all that is to be asked in life, and rather crude, physical emotion at that, criticism would be idle and there would be nothing to do but to give assent to all that Hugo's admirers claim for him. But there is something more which we have the right to claim of genius: that it should teach us not merely to thrill and shiver, but to know the heart of man; that it should regard life not as a combination of startling incidents, but as a problem in which thrilling scenes and dangers play but a small part. This Victor Hugo has not done; even now that he has been before the world for more than fifty years, he looks on life as might an inexperienced youth of twenty; all that he has seen he has taken for nothing but new setting for his old methods, and he remains at present the much-adored and brilliant trifler that he was at the beginning.

T. S. Perry.

THE OLD LOBSTERMAN.

CAPE ARUNDEL, KENNEBUNKPORT.

JUST back from a beach of sand and shells,
 And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
 Summer and winter the old man dwells
 In his low brown house on the river bank.
 Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
 And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
 Where often I see him sit, as gray
 And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells
 In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
 Seem hung all over with silver bells
 That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
 All else is desolate sand and stone:
 And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
 Nor other companionship has he
 But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

A furlong or more away to the south,
 On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
 That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
 The high, curved billow whitens and falls;
 And the racing tides through the granite gate,
 On their wild errands that will not wait,
 Forever, unresting, to and fro,
 Course with impetuous ebb and flow.

They bury the barnacled ledge, and make
 Into every inlet and crooked creek,
 And flood the flats with a shining lake,
 Which the proud ship plows with foam at her beak;
 The ships go up to yonder town,
 Or over the sea their hulls sink down,
 And many a pleasure pinnace rides
 On the restless backs of the rushing tides.

I try to fathom the gazer's dreams,
 But little I gain from his gruff replies;
 Far off, far off the spirit seems,
 As he looks at me with those strange gray eyes;
 Never a hail from the shipwrecked heart!
 Mysterious oceans seem to part
 The desolate man from all his kind—
 The Selkirk of his lonely mind.

He has growls for me when I bring him back
My unused bait—his way to thank;
And a good shrill curse for the fishing-smack
That jams his dory against the bank;
But never a word of love to give
For love,—ah! how can he bear, to live?
I marvel, and make my own heart ache
With thinking how his must sometimes break.

Solace he finds in the sea, no doubt:
To catch the ebb he is up and away:
I see him silently pushing out.
On the broad bright gleam at break of day;
And watch his lessening dory toss
On the purple crests as he pulls across,
Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky?
His spirit, alive to sound and sight?
What wondrous tints on the water lie—
Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light!
Between two glories looms the shape
Of yon wood-crested, cool green cape,
Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.

He makes for the floats that mark the spots,
And rises and falls on the sweeping swells,
Ships oars; and pulls his lobster-pots,
And tumbles the tangled claws and shells
In the leaky bottom; and bails his skiff;
While the slow waves thunder along the cliff,
And foam far away where sun and mist
Edge all the region with amethyst.

I watch him, and fancy how, a boy,
Round these same reefs, in the rising sun;
He rowed and rocked, and shouted for joy,
As over the boat-side one by one
He lifted and launched his lobster-traps,
And reckoned his gains, and dreamed, perhaps,
Of a future as glorious, vast, and bright
As the ocean, unrolled in the morning light.

He quitted his skiff for a merchant-ship;
Was sailor-boy, mate,—gained skill and command;
And brought home once from a fortunate trip
A wife he had found in a foreign land;
So the story is told: then settled down
With the nabobs of his native town,—

Jolly old skippers, bluff and hale,
Who owned the bottoms they used to sail.

Does he sometimes now, in his loneliness,
Live over again that happy time,
Beguile his poverty and distress
With pictures of his prosperous prime?
Does ever, at dusk, a fond young bride
Start forth and sit by the old man's side;
Children frolic, and friends look in;
With all the blessings that might have been?

Yet might not be! The same sad day
Saw wife and babe to the church-yard borne;
And he sailed away, he sailed away, —
For that is the sailor's way to mourn.
And ever, 'tis said, as he sailed and sailed,
Heart grew reckless and fortune failed,
Till old age drifted him back to shore,
To his hut and his lobster-pots once more.

The house is empty, the board is bare;
His dish he scours, his jacket he mends;
And now 'tis the dory that needs repair;
He fishes; his lobster-traps he tends;
And, rowing at nightfall many a mile,
Brings floodwood home to his winter pile;
Then his fire's to kindle, and supper to cook;
The storm his music, his thoughts his book.

He sleeps, he wakes; and this is his life.
Nor kindred nor friend in all the earth;
Nor laughter of child, nor gossip of wife;
Not even a cat to his silent hearth!
Only the sand-hills, wrinkled and hoar,
Bask in the sunset, round his door,
Where now I can see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A ROADSIDE ROMANCE.

I.

FROM the village of Flint Hill, placed in a high recess between three round-topped eminences, you can see along the road to Hollowdale at least half a mile. This is somewhat remarkable, because in general it is a winding and elusive route, following closely the deviations of a much-indented highland ridge. And even here, after running on demurely for the half-mile, overshadowed at intervals by the trees that cluster around an occasional house, it suddenly climbs a transverse rib of rock that strikes across its course, and, from the high, decided sunniness of the summit, slips at once out of sight. Only, from the little natural basin beyond towers the sturdy top of a huge elm, giving silent assurance that the road has passed on safely in that direction. It was on this bounteous elm-top that farmer Fayrewether had concentrated his attention as he stood, one day in summer, at the door of his house on the windy northern hill, — the hill which had so long stood godfather to the neighboring cross-road cluster. Presently, two small figures of boys in bunched garments appeared in the white noon-glare on the road, hither-side of the elm, making their way slowly toward the farm-house.

"Guess it's about time to hitch up the wagon for Miss Weston, Timothy," said Mr. Fayrewether, in a loud, admonitory voice, but without looking around.

Upon this a sturdy young man, wearing indescribably dirty trousers tucked into his boots, came out of the house and passed on toward the wide-mouthed barn. His face, sun-burned to an even but rather inflamed scarlet, was set around with loose-lying whiskers of a soft fibre and yellow hue.

"It's the one o'clock she wants to go by, an't it?" he asked, on the way. "Yes."

This brief exchange of ideas seemed

to have excited in Timothy's mind an amusing train of meditation, for he paused a moment, with his hand against one half of the barn door, which had not been opened entirely, and smiled in an absent manner; indulging only one side of his mouth in this dreamy pleasure, however, and quickly closing his lips again. Then he stepped within, and was presently heard calling out, "Come, get out here, Chester!" his voice being accompanied by the irregular stamping of a horse backing out of his stall.

In the mean time, the two boys in bunched garments, who also wore little caps with home-made visors of an extravagant pattern, were trudging slowly homeward to the Fayrewether house. Behind them, in the hollow beyond the ridge, they had left the school-house, with no obligation to return thither until the next September. But if the respite of vacation was welcome to them, it was even more so to Miss Weston, the teacher, who, at the very moment when little Peter and Harry mounted the ridge in the road, stood within the small, unlovely porch of the building in which she had held sway for many months past.

She was a comely young woman. Her figure was strong and graceful; but she was clothed in a plain dress of some only semi-silken gray stuff, interwoven with fine black lines. At the neck a soft white frill issued easily from the circling line around her throat, and her face, with its boldly recurved chin, full, quiet lips, and wholesome though not rosy cheeks, seemed to crown fitly this modest sweetness of her attire.

For some time she stood motionless in the porch, looking at the great elm which grew on the other side of the road. Its massy foliage rose in the grasp of great, tortuous limbs, that seemed to have reared themselves up three or four times for a final flight, and yet each time to have wrought out a

loftier twist, quite surpassing the limit of their first intent. But, at last, a general gladness and satisfied repose had settled upon its rounding summits; and a family of golden robins, having established themselves there, flashed every now and then through the exquisite greenery, or made their loud notes echo from the heart of the labyrinthine bower. Beneath, on the road, the dust lay in a thick powder, creased and flattened by the tracks of many wheels; but just at this point a rivulet ran out from a gap in the northern road-wall, and gurgled under the highway through a rough archway of stone. On the southern side it was surprised into a considerable expanse, and through the shallow pool a rude track led from the road, remounting again immediately. Marnie (we may call her by her given name) crossed over and came down to the pool. There was an old trough there, but it had fallen away at one end. Through this opening the stream had poured itself, and with such a sweet excess that the trough was more than brimmed by its cool current, and lay, like some curious, forgotten fragment, imprisoned under the crystal surface. Even the idle but fantastic weeds that grew beside it, being submerged by the water, had received a coating of light-hued mud that gave them a soft, leathern smoothness; so that they, too, acquired an unusual air of rarity and remoteness.

"Oh what a delightful idea!" said Marnie, aloud, and pressing her hands together, as she looked into the clear, dark, dimpling water that filled the trough. She had always loved the little reservoir, and it had just now entered her head that some wayfaring poet should stop and drink at this homely fountain, and draw inspiration from it. And if he could have let that fresh current flow into his songs, what a poet he would have been!

At this moment a leisurely rattling of wheels that turned on old and roomy axles reached her ears, from the other side of the ridge. Marnie stooped quickly and picked several stems of forget-me-nots from a cluster which had

sprung up amid the grass, close to the dripping stones of the tunnel under the road. As she rose again she beheld Timothy Fayrewether approaching by the short, swift descent of the road, and seated in an ancient, unvenerable open buggy. In another instant he had dashed down the side-track and, driving through the water, came to a stand beside her. She mounted into the buggy with him, but as she did so she saw how turbid the water had become behind it. Alas for her imaginary poet! The thick mud was crowding into the cool, clear flood that filled the trough, and all the glassy expanse in which she had mirrored her fancies the moment before was broken into bewildering wrinkles. Timothy saw nothing of the ruin he had effected, and was intent only on setting his horse forward once more. Marnie sat by him in silence.

"I see you've got some forget-me-nots," he said, at last.

"Yes," she replied, looking up. There was always a sedate and lucid frankness in her eyes which the young man could not wholly comprehend, a simplicity which seemed to refuse any ordinary admiration from others, such as Timothy might naturally have felt toward her. And now there was a lurking shade of sadness in them, too. Whether disconcerted by this, or not, Timothy ventured no further in conversation.

Mr. Fayrewether was waiting for them, at the house, with a small, hide-bound trunk; and Mrs. Fayrewether stood at the open door, with a large spoon in one hand, and shading her eyes with the other.

"Good-by," she said, as her eyes met Marnie's; "and be sure you come back next September."

"Yes; I don't know what we should do at all, without ye," added the farmer.

A sudden sense of hard restraint oppressed the teacher, as she thought of the obligations upon her to return to her post in the school. But she only said, with a slight inflection of sadness, "Oh, never fear. I shall come back to Flint

Hill." And then she thought to herself, "It is my destiny, I suppose."

"Good-by!" she cried, as they began to move; and, smitten by remorse for her secret impatience, she turned once more, and called out again, involuntarily, "Good-by!" And she waved her hand to the two little boys, besides.

The old wheels turned again on their roomy axles, and Chester elevated his shaggy and mournful head, and hammered the road with patient, nerveless footfalls. Mrs. Fayrewether followed with her eyes the two receding figures in the buggy; but at length she turned within, to see to her Indian pudding. Her sister had arrived from the neighboring town of Blueberry, that morning, and sat in the dining-room, at the farthest point from the stove, with limp bonnet-strings dangling on either side of her full, hot face.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Fayrewether, turning to her, "that Miss Weston's vacation has come. She's been dreadful homesick, Sophrony. When she first come, she used to stand at the school-house windows; you know you can see the White Hills from there, sometimes; well, she used to stand there and look at those mountains just as if she was a-going to cry. Poor thing! I felt so sorry for her."

"That's always the way, here," said Sophrony, bitterly. "You Flint Hill folks never know how to make a stranger feel right to home. You're not what I call really sociable." And having removed this little stone from her heart, as it were, Sophrony allowed the current of human kindness to take its way. "Did n't she get over her loneliness at all?"

"Oh, yes; that is to say, pretty nearly. I did think perhaps she might say she could n't come back, next term. Timothy — well, I don't think he'd like it much, if she was n't to come back; though he don't look so. I should sort of like her to stay along here, myself." After this vague utterance Mrs. Fayrewether paused, fixing her eyes upon the pudding she had just drawn from the kettle with an inappreciative glance that

betokened thoughtfulness, and a desire to dwell on the theme already broached. But her husband, who had several times shuffled uneasily in and out of the room, now reentered.

"Calc'late to wait for Timothy?" he asked, putting on a pair of angular spectacles; then twitching them off again, and looking around the room as if in search of some very recondite object, but without encountering the eyes of either of the women.

This manoeuvre was entirely successful, and the dinner was at once placed smoking on the table.

There was no conversation between the occupants of the buggy until they came in sight of the small, squat railroad station, half an hour's drive from the farm-house. At this point Timothy's eye again fell upon the forget-me-nots.

"I suppose you're glad enough to get away from us," he said. "An't you?"

"Of course — I am glad to be going home," said Marnie.

"Well, I don't know but I should be, if I was in your place," he observed.

And then he was overwhelmed by a despairing sense that he had said nothing of importance, and a dim fear that perhaps he never would say anything of importance.

Marnie alighted without his aid; and Timothy, taking down the hide-bound trunk, set it on the platform. Then he moved sleepily about the waiting-room, staring at one or two time-tables and other posters on its walls, while Marnie purchased her ticket. Suddenly he opened the door through which they had entered, and made as if he were going out immediately. He paused, however, on the threshold, and turned around with a certain air of hesitation.

"See you again," he said, in a casual tone, looking toward Marnie, in a half melancholy manner, but giving only an informal nod. And with that he was gone.

The young woman rose from where she had been sitting, and walked to a window which permitted a view of his receding back, as the buggy bore him

away up-hill. What could it have been that made her feel as if this broad, inexpressive back of Timothy's hinted some nameless failure or discouragement? Before the young man disappeared from her sight, she saw him whip up Chester; and he seemed to perform even this trifling act with a noticeably despondent air. To be sure, he always whipped Chester in that way, but now . . . The whistle of the approaching locomotive recalled Marnie to herself. The station-master shut the ticket-window with a crash; ran out, in all suitable haste, to set the stopping-signal; and, in two or three minutes, returned amid a silence as profound as if nothing of this kind had ever happened. Marnie, however, carried the racket along with her, and was whirling northward to New Hampshire.

She had not been seated long in the train, with the warm breeze beating on her from the open window, before a slender and not very tall young man entered at the other end of the car, and was striding by her, when a side-glance arrested his attention, and he turned.

"Good morning," he said, lifting his hat.

"Mr. Grooseck! How do you do?"

The person who bore this curious name was himself as peculiar. There were evidences of foreign extraction in the large nose and rather broad, flat eyelids and temples; but his cheeks were narrow and tinged with brown, and a natural intensity of expression made his face not unattractive. The seat in front of Marnie was vacant, and he threw himself into it easily, with one arm lying along the back.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Vacation has just begun. I had nearly forgotten that; a fellow does forget so soon about school-terms, Miss Weston."

Marnie smiled.

"But how does such a busy man as yourself happen to be flying around the country in this way?" she asked.

"I've just been down to Boston, to give an order for hardware," said Mr. Grooseck, looking very serious, and stroking his crescent mustache with one fin-

ger, carefully. "And you're going back to New Hampshire, I suppose?" he continued. "Do you return in the fall?"

"I think so," said Marnie.

"Are these from Flint Hill?" asked Grooseck, leaning over somewhat boldly, and picking up the forget-me-nots from her lap. In doing so, he encountered her eyes. Something in their expression first slightly alarmed, and then provoked him. "Of course, they must have come from there," he concluded, hastily. "Great place for flowers. I used to drive there in spring for arbutus, when I lived at Hollowdale."

"Dear me, what could you have wanted of flowers, then?" asked Marnie, with a touch of scornful petulance. Grooseck was perceptibly embarrassed by this random thrust, but she took no especial notice of his confusion. "These won't last me an hour," she said, "if I don't find some water for them. And I was going to press them."

It was now Grooseck's turn to suspect. And he glanced at her quickly, imagining that she had betrayed herself by this solicitude for her flowers. But he saw no tacit confession in her face, and, crushing within his breast a vague, rising jealousy, rose from his place with an impulse of gallantry.

"I'll go and get the water-boy," he said.

"No, no, don't. It's so terribly hot. He will be coming through," said Marnie.

The young hardware-merchant was flattered, and dropped softly back into his semi-reclining posture. When at length the water-boy made his appearance, Grooseck, with considerable show of magnificence, prevailed upon him to part with the property in one of his glasses; and, having partially filled this from the undignified but exceedingly hospitable spout of the youngster's tin can, handed it to Marnie. His spirits rose, on the accomplishment of this little politeness, and he allowed himself a bolder range of thought in the conversation that ensued.

"Why do you go back there?" he asked, speaking of the school, soon

afterward, and expanding with the consciousness of an unfettered fancy.

"I have no other way of getting a living," answered Marnie, simply. "And, besides, I am more interested in that than anything else."

"But you don't look like a person that would be satisfied with teaching school," he persisted. "I have an idea that you believe in woman's rights; don't you? I should think you would be for taking up something more—more masculine, so to speak."

Marnie's cheeks flushed, and at the same time she stirred the ruffle at her throat with her finger, slightly, as if troubled by the heat.

"Why should believing in woman's rights involve being more masculine?" she retorted, quickly. "There, don't let us talk of it, please. You have no reason to suppose that I believe in what people usually call woman's rights."

Grooseck was taken aback. He was silent for a moment, and applied one hand to his hair with a slow, brushing movement, as if he hoped by that means to soothe the hurt he had given Marnie.

"I only meant," he said humbly, "that you would be likely to look down on the—some of the usual occupations of women—teaching, for instance. I don't know,—I even thought that you were n't the kind just to marry and settle down, like the rest."

"Marrying is one of the usual occupations you thought I would look down upon, I suppose?" asked Marnie, with assumed innocence.

But immediately afterward she was sorry for the young man's predicament; and, introducing a new topic, made herself so graciously attractive, that Martin Grooseck not only recovered from his momentary mortification, but was quite bewildered with delight; so that he was shocked and surprised when he found himself at his destination, and obliged to part with her. Just as he was getting off from the car, a young man mounted the steps whom Grooseck knew. It was an educational enthusiast, Walter Haliburton by name, who was already becoming well known in

his special sphere of activity. Grooseck always felt an instinctive pity for him, as a man destined to labor continually without reward, though in himself a pleasant enough companion, and deserving of a better fortune. But now he scarcely noticed him, and only bowed by a habit of recognition; so absorbed was he in sanguine reverie. Haliburton, as it chanced, took his seat in the very car which Grooseck had left, though on the opposite side from where Marnie remained. He did not know her; but something in her form and aspect pleased him, and he had constantly to guard against looking too often toward her. This spontaneous interest was quickened, at the end of his journey, on his finding that it was also the end of her journey. Of all this, Grooseck of course remained unconscious; and he went about all day in an undisturbed trance of mingled melancholy and beatitude. His business did not possess its usual attractions for him, and he longed for an hour of solitude. Yet, that night, in the privacy and silence of his chamber, he apostrophized himself in a tone that reasserted the prudence he had for some hours been inclined to forget. "Martin," he said aloud, standing before his glass; "be careful what you do! It is hardly safe to marry one of these women with a problem in their lives."

II.

When the long sprays of the great elm had begun to yellow at the tips, as if, swayed to and fro by the wind, they had been dipped for an instant in the rising tide of autumn and then drawn out again from their bath of gold, the school-house was once more opened and filled with a busy and numerous life. But to Marnie, returning from her ten weeks' vacation, there seemed a subtle and evasive change in all things hereabout which she could not account for wholly, but which lay deeper than in the changing color of the leaves. It might have been a partial return of the homesickness she had experienced before, on

coming to Flint Hill. This, at least, would be the inference from her resumption, at this time, of that habit of gazing from the windows of the school-room, in unoccupied moments, toward the distant mountains of New Hampshire. At other times, as at recess, she found herself looking steadfastly down the short stretch of road that lost itself from her sight in the direction of Hollowdale. By and by, there came to be a strange fascination in this idle amusement. She began to take a personal interest in the various passers-by, and especially in those who came from the side of Hollowdale. For aught she knew, some one of them might have come straight from her far-off native hills, following the line of this highway all the time. At first, when a figure would appear at the farthest point of sight on the long course that the road made in that direction, she could hardly determine which way it was going; it would remain for a moment or two almost stationary, and then gradually advance. Then she would begin to wonder who this might be, who stepped so slowly in making his way for the first time into her experience. She tried also to picture to herself the circumstance of some one living on the turnpike,—just as she was living on it,—feeling that it was all very dull, and that nothing particular was going on; and then suddenly awaking to the perception that all sorts of people had been coming down the road, without her noticing it, and mixing themselves up with her life, until all at once she should prove to be the very centre of some hitherto unsuspected romance. Such a thing might very well happen, she thought—in a story.

"If we could only live in stories for a little while, now and then!" she exclaimed, to herself.

But there was another matter which troubled her. She had, naturally enough, made the acquaintance of young Haliburton, who had remained for a time in the village where her mother lived, and where her summer had been passed. Being an enthusiast, he was also, of course, a reformer; and was already far ad-

vanced in a project of establishing an academy where his new theories, or his modifications of old ones, were to be put to the test. Marnie had been thoroughly inducted into his schemes; and so brilliant and imposing did they appear to her, that she had come to feel rather ashamed of her little school at Flint Hill, with the empiric modes of instruction practiced there, and the ancient benches, on which successive generations had wrought a rich variety of carving, with much expenditure of devotional labor. Nor had she yet, though again in thorough sympathy with her little community, quite escaped this pursuing sense of the inadequacy with which the arrangements of her school were chargeable. One afternoon, on her way back to the farm-house, Timothy, who had just left his work in the fields, joined her, and they walked on together.

"I am afraid it will never be a very famous school," she said, in answer to a laudatory remark of his, in which he had declared the school was flourishing "famously." "I don't do nearly as well as I ought to do."

"Well, all I know is that Pete and Harry are learning more than was ever taught me, at their age, and better, too. You ought to hear the way Pete talks about you!" Timothy's face glowed, as he spoke.

"You mustn't tell me, because I think I'm very partial to him, now. And you know anything like a compliment conquers a woman."

"Do you think so?" asked Timothy, apparently much impressed by this statement. Then, by some hidden connection of ideas, he was led to ask if she were coming back another autumn. Perhaps he thought it expedient to defer until then something he had been about to say.

"I can't possibly tell about that," answered Marnie. "It's a whole year."

"Still, it's pleasant around here; don't you think so? Don't you like it better than you did?"

"Yes, you've all been very kind to me. But I don't think I could stay an-

other year. I ought to go away somewhere, and learn more. I don't know enough to teach school — as it ought to be done."

Timothy looked up at her. Her eyes were cast down, and she seemed weary. A vivid expression of vindication and reassurance enlivened his face, and he spoke out strongly. "If *you* an't satisfied," he said, "I don't know who's a right to be. But there's such a thing as getting too much learning. I'm a kind of a friend to a book, Miss Weston, you know. I respect it, even if I don't know all that's inside of it. But there is such a thing as getting too much book-learning."

"If you had tried teaching, Timothy, you might know better what I mean. And there are people that have such great ideas about education, it makes me almost ashamed of my school to think of them."

"Perhaps you'd rather be in the high school over at Blueberry, then," suggested Timothy, with ready local sensitiveness.

"Oh no, I don't mean that at all," replied Marnie.

Timothy gave it up, and relapsed into silence. He grew more and more depressed, apparently, as they walked on. The early autumnal dusk gathered rapidly about them, and in its dubious light Marnie imagined that the young farmer's ample face showed signs of secret sorrow which she ought to have observed before. There was an inclination to hollowness in the cheeks, she thought, and a wasted look under the eyes. She began to pity him, she scarcely knew why. That undefined apprehension of some failure in him, which she had once before felt, came up to her again. But when they entered the house, and drew within the circle of the evening lamp's warm radiance, she was persuaded that nothing ill had befallen him, for he looked again as hale as ever, now. He was a little thin, perhaps, but that might have been because he had worked too hard in the sun.

The drowsy days of autumn stole away quietly. After a while, Marnie

became aware of greater streaks and segments of lustrous blue visible through the irregular inclosures made by the winding and intersecting lines of the elm-tree's limbs. And one morning, just as Marnie reached the school-house door, a horseman, coming along the road from Hollowdale, stopped to water his animal at the little pool, above which the ruinous trough now rose dry and decrepit, and found that the horse's hoofs had first to break a thin shell of ice before the silent sweetness of the stream gurgled up into sight. As he approached, Marnie thought there was something familiar in his appearance. To be sure, it was Mr. Haliburton! In an instant, however, he had drawn near enough for her to see that it was not he, after all. She looked at his horse drinking, and watched him mount the little ridge. There was a pretty flush upon her cheeks, as if the autumn air had smitten them with unexpected sharpness; and thus she stood listening, until the sound of the now invisible horse's gallop lost itself in a far-off, muffled rhythm. Winter followed speedily upon the rider's heels.

On a certain Saturday, some two months later, little Pete Fayrewether was engaged in play, on a patch-work rug in one corner of the sitting-room. His mother was at work on a short pair of trousers that dangled helplessly over her lap, but she conversed at the same time with her son Timothy, in low tones. At length the heightened pitch of Timothy's voice attracted Pete's notice.

"I tell you it an't any use, mother," he was saying. "She does n't like the place. She's always talking about going away; and I" —

The door of the room was just then opened, and Marnie came in, looking somewhat paler than formerly. Timothy suddenly broke off what he was saying, and appeared very much confused. He put his hands in his pockets and showed a tendency to reel about gently on the heels of his boots without, however, actually doing so. Pete had sometimes noticed, before, that grown people were apt to be thrown into em-

barrassment by the unexpected entrance of some additional person into their company. But, never having experienced this embarrassment himself, he was at a loss to account for it. He was soon diverted from this point, however, by the discovery that Marnie was going to see little Nettie, one of his school-friends, who had fallen sick. Pete thought he would like to send her something, and finally hit upon a marble, as the most precious token of his affection which could be found. But when Marnie had taken it, it looked so much rounder and smoother and more beautifully colored than when he had held it, that he repented of his generosity, and resumed his right to the precious plaything. The pale school-mistress smiled at this exhibition of masculine inconstancy, and went out.

"It'll do her good to be out-of-doors," said Timothy to his mother, when they were left alone. "She's getting to look almost sickly, working so much, and on Saturdays, too."

"Well, *that* an't the fault of the place, any way," said the matron, catching at her needle, and beginning to stitch sharply at the short trousers.

Timothy looked at her in slow surprise. But she did not meet his glance. The young man left the room, and with loud, inattentive stampings went along the passageway, to see to his father's cattle in the barn.

At Christmas, Marnie returned to New Hampshire for a week. The village seemed strangely sad and quiet; and she wondered, for the first time; how her mother could endure her life there alone. In the summer it had been quite gay, with friends and strangers; but many of these were now gone. Mr. Haliburton was not there either, from whom she might otherwise have gained something more of that educational philosophy for which she still longed very often, notwithstanding its disturbing influence upon her.

"I think he was to lecture in Blueberry, this week," said Mrs. Weston, pulling a letter out of her pocket. "He has been very kind about writing to me,

and lets me know all that he's doing. Yes," she went on, studying the manuscript, "it is this very week! Only to think that you might have heard him, if you had stayed down at Flint Hill."

The schoolmistress came close to her mother, and flung her arms around her. The letter from Mr. Haliburton, which the good lady was still holding, was sadly crushed, and quite forced out of sight, in the loving stress of the embraces that followed.

"You dear old thing!" cried Marnie. "I never loved you before as I do now. And do you think I would have stayed there for *anything*, when I knew my mother had been waiting here a whole quarter to see me?"

And then, as she thought of Mr. Haliburton again, Marnie felt that she was half angry with him, for having been the cause of even this suspicion that she might prove unfaithful to her mother.

When she returned to Flint Hill, she learned that Mr. Haliburton had driven over from Blueberry, before his lecture, with a ticket for her use. Not finding her there, he had left it at the disposal of the Fayrewethers. But the farmer's wife hastened to point it out, with a sort of vindictive officiousness, as it lay primly on Marnie's little bedroom table. The school-mistress took up the slip of cardboard mechanically, and looked at it. But the bare black words, "Admit One," seemed so to emphasize the insidious weariness which had been creeping into her life since the autumn, that she was insensibly cast down by it. She paced absently about her room, and, bethinking her of an old piano belonging to a neighbor at home, on which she had once been used to play, wished it were now at hand, that she might dispel, with some simple harmony, the momentary jarring trouble that beset her heart.

III.

At length the dull stretch of latter winter was left behind. April came; the snows gradually disappeared, and the road from school to farm became a

sluggish, semi-solid river of mud. By the middle of May, however, the ice of Flint Pond had snapped asunder its heavy plates; and the rivulet burrowed beneath the road again, and flashed out on the south, with a more than ever exquisite tinkling cadence in its rippling. Something in the return of spring may have stirred an old memory in Timothy, for one day he asked Marnie whether she had kept the forget-me-nots she had taken with her, the summer before, from the brook-side under the elm.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "I kept them and pressed them when I got home."

"But how did you keep them fresh, on the way?"

And so Marnie had to tell him the little incident of her meeting with Mr. Grooseck, and his attention. Timothy appeared strangely moved; but he did not speak with her further, then. He went off to his own room. Something oppressed him; he became suddenly conscious of a weight in his bosom, and it seemed as if this must have been there for a long time without his observing it, — almost ever since that day when Marnie had ridden beside him, with the flowers in her hand. It was an unusual thing for him to enter his own room during the day; for changes of dress and ablutions were seldom thought of, after the morning. But now he actually sat down, for a moment, in its chambered silence, allowing his eyes to become vacant, and his ears to lose their alertness. The vacant eyes, however, soon contracted and sharpened their gaze again, and he became conscious of his Bible lying on a painted shelf opposite to him. He rose with a long step toward it, and, taking hold of it, dropped back into his chair, with the book on his knees. He had determined that the present crisis was one which demanded that haphazard resort to the Scripture of which he knew people often made use in their troubles. The passage upon which he chanced was this: "But we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience." He did not read on, because he had often heard the re-

mainder of the verse, and was content with these opening words, the bearing of which upon his own life had never been very direct or powerful before. Closing the book, he arose and went out of the house. Everything seemed strange to him, — the old, roomy barn, the well-known fields. During those moments in his room, he had almost forgotten that it was spring, and that there was sowing to be done. He could not help wondering whether this load would ever leave his heart; whether the scene around him would ever resume its wonted aspect of perfect familiarity. No, he was nearly sure that there would always be a something slightly different about it, hereafter. Then he found himself repeating that passage from the Bible, and supplying a clause or two from memory: "that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Then again he stopped; he could not remember the ending of the sentence. But that word "hope" seemed fine; it restored his failing sense of spring.

Meanwhile, his question had reminded Marnie that she had not once looked at the pressed forget-me-nots, since her return. She went to her room and searched for the book of poems in which she remembered laying them. She had studied so closely, all winter, that she had not once sought out the volume, since her return to Flint Hill. And now she could find it nowhere. A momentary suspicion crossed her mind, excited by Timothy's question concerning the flowers. But she dismissed it almost immediately; and it was only a week later that a letter came from her mother, in which she mentioned having found the missing book, where Marnie had inadvertently left it on her departure in the autumn. "I think there were some flowers pressed in it," she went on to say, in the letter; "but, if there were, they dropped out and were lost. Now I come to think of it, though, there may not have been any; for I remember Mr. Haliburton was making a call, when I first picked up the book, and he could n't find anything on the floor, although

I had thought I saw something fall. And he has sharper eyes than mine." This news may not have made the disappearance of the flowers any clearer in Marnie's mind. At all events, she neither communicated it, nor the fact of her loss, to the farmer's son.

Presently greenness began in the wet and odorous woods, and traffic was resumed upon the highway, now no longer covered with snow; and the old fascination of expectancy returned upon Marnie, as she studied its narrowing sweep to the northwest, — although a strange, drowsy, and half-sad contentment came over her, likewise.

One day, when she had turned the droning little populace of the benches out into the road for their recess, she watched Pete Fayrewether, with a boy-friend, drawing two of the school-girls up-hill in a tiny cart, to a bower of fresh shrubs and saplings which they had that morning erected. There the two young maiden divinities were enshrined, and remained sitting in an embarrassment of idleness, while the boys ran to and from the bower, and all four chattered in and about their nest like a quartette of happy birds. Marnie could not avoid wondering what might come of the little incident hereafter; whether the modest bower would bloom again in the larger proportions of home, over the heads of each young pair, or whether all would be forgotten when once its leaves should wither and fall. Nettie was fond of her books: perhaps she, too, would become a lonely district teacher, and, like Marnie herself, go forth to dream and drudge her days away among strangers. But it was time to close the recess. Marnie turned to go in. At this moment she heard a step behind her.

"How do you do?" said some one whom she could not see.

It was Haliburton. He had approached from the curve toward Hollowdale, and, as he took off his hat, partly in greeting, partly to free his forehead, moisture was visible on his brow, and his cheeks were bright with new, clear color, steady but also swiftly pulsing.

Marnie inclined her head to him, in welcome.

"I was at Hollowdale for a time," he said, "and thought I would walk down and make you a call."

"Recess is just over," she answered, with something of timidity in her manner.

"Could n't I see you afterward, then? I wanted to speak to you particularly. It's the old subject, education — with a new face. I'm going to build my model academy."

She looked up at him, joyfully.

"Morning school will be over at twelve," she said.

"But you will want dinner, then."

"Perhaps," she responded, hesitatingly, "if you were going to be here, we could talk of it on the way to the house."

"Oh," said Walter, shortly. "Yes; I will be here," he added.

Their glances did not meet again. Marnie went within, and the rapid bell on her desk shook out its shrill summons on the air a moment afterward. Haliburton went over to the spot where the brook poured into the trough, and, stooping over this, took a deep draught of its vernal fullness. "If I could only slake this other thirst of mine at the same source!" he said to himself. Then he betook himself to the deserted bower of twisted boughs, and sat looking at the elm, the trough, and the school-house. Marnie, meantime, fancied him somewhere without, smiling, she could only hope in pity and not in disdain, upon her shabby little school. But there was nothing either of pity or disdain in his face; it was a very different expression from either of these. At last he drew from his pocket a volume of poetry, and began reading. When, after the lapse of more than an hour, the pent-up life of the school-room burst forth again, he went down to meet Marnie, with the book in his hand.

"Can't we go through the woods?" he asked.

"I believe there is a sort of path through them," she replied.

In a moment, they had disappeared

within the viridescent maze of the forest. They entered, through an arch of lighter foliage, into an alley of pines farther on, and a shaft of sunlight, striking on the grass at their feet, laid an elusive threshold there of greenish gold. But before they passed out of sight from the road, Walter showed Marnie the book of poems he had been reading. "I came to render up something that belongs to you," he said.

When the dinner stood arrayed on farmer Fayrewether's table, Marnie had not appeared. Like many other wood-paths, that which she had followed had only brought her back again to the starting-point. Yet there was a difference in her situation, too. Mr. Haliburton stood there with her, just as before their entrance into the wood. And yet, again, there was a difference.

"And so I read their story wrong?" said the young man, glancing at a cluster of pressed forget-me-nots in his hand. "And they did not mean that there was something here which enchained your heart to this spot?"

"I can't tell, quite," said Marnie. "No one will ever know exactly what they meant, at first. But it seems that, after all, they were to be the cause of keeping me here."

Young Haliburton took the hand of his newly-betrothed, and kissed it. The hidden significance of the dried blossoms was, apparently, clear enough to him. But it might have added another element of wonder to the deep surprise of his new happiness, had he known that these little forget-me-nots had taken root, while yet in their freshest bloom, in two other hearts, to which they brought no such sweet fruitage as to his. The first whose eyes fell on them, after they had been plucked, bore away their beauty, and treasured it secretly within himself. The second stretched his hand out boldly, and even held them in his fingers; but, after all, he had done no more than to furnish the means of preserving them for a third person. Into Haliburton's possession they had fallen, at last, as if by a special disposition of fate; and it had

remained for him to fill their withered forms with the new life of his love, until they bloomed again into unfading sweetness.

It was several days after this walk in the wood that a light trotting-sulky, driven at great speed, and bending springily under the weight of a slender young man, approached the Fayrewether farm from the school-house ridge. The sulky halted at the gate, and Mr. Grooseck, leaping down, asked for Marnie at the door. She came to the sitting-room, and found the young man standing, in a light overcoat, with one hand on the table, and looking toward the door as she entered. His manner was eager and energetic.

"I wanted to see you very much," he began; "and as I had business in the neighborhood" —

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Grooseck," said Marnie. She seated herself, but the young merchant remained standing.

"I don't know," he resumed, "whether you remember our conversation in the cars, almost a year ago. No, of course, I don't suppose you do. But I never forgot it. And that is what I came to speak about."

"I remember," said Marnie.

"Well, I think I made a fool of myself. You know what I said — something about your not wanting to — that is, something about women's rights. You do remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't think so, now. I've changed my mind. That is — in point of fact, Miss Weston, I was going to ask you to — to" —

"I am afraid I know, Mr. Grooseck, what it is," said Marnie, rising quietly. "You know my friend Mr. Haliburton, I think."

"You are" — Here Mr. Grooseck faltered.

"Yes; I am engaged to him."

The young hardware-merchant took a step backward, and removed his hand from the table, making no immediate attempt to conceal his embarrassment. Then, in a moment, a deeper candor

than had hitherto been apparent made itself felt in his face. It was as if an incredibly light gauze had been lifted from before his features. He held out his hand; and Marnie took it, kindly though not very firmly.

"You have my best wishes, Miss Weston," he said. "I am sorry I made it so awkward for you."

He opened the door. "Good-by," he said, and went out. Immediately the sulky skimmed off over the road again, and disappeared beyond the ridge by the elm. Grooseck had a business engagement at Hollowdale; he had originally planned to allow himself only twenty minutes for the interview with Marnie.

Timothy had seen the young man arriving, and his heart had throbbed so, that for an instant he became conscious of its beating. When the sulky skimmed off again, after that brief interview (like a daddy-long-legs, with the driver poised in its centre for the spider's body), his face brightened, and he began to hope. Still, his bosom remained overweighted, and he could not dissuade himself at once from the now familiar feeling that he was not at home in these surroundings. Nor did the fields ever regain their old aspect, to him. That evening, the engagement of Marnie to Haliburton was clearly announced to the Fayrewether family.

Mrs. Weston had already given her consent by letter, and indeed was lost in delight at the prospect of going to live with her daughter and son-in-law at the famous new academy in which the artful Haliburton had so deeply interested her; though sister Sophrony, when

she heard of the affair, wondered that any one who had experienced the cold hospitality of Flint Hill should consent to marry a man whose avowed intention it was to establish himself in that place.

"But it's no more than fair," protested the old farmer, "that he should give us an academy, if he robs us of our schoolma'am."

In truth, farmer Fayrewether was much elated at the prospect of this addition to the distinguishing features of Flint Hill. He had already discussed with Haliburton the site of the new edifice. It was to be placed a little farther back from the road than the present school-house — a short distance along the wood-path. The farmer had advocated a slightly different situation; but Haliburton would not approve it, having some sentimental superstition, in fact, as to the spot he had chosen. But Mrs. Fayrewether displayed no joy in these details.

"Next month they begin to build," said the farmer.

"There now, Timothy," exclaimed the mother, pushed to utterance by this; "you see how much good it did to make up your mind, beforehand, that she would n't be contented here!"

Timothy made no reply; but he smiled, slowly. The secret spring of humor within him had evidently been touched anew by the late events. As usual, the smile was confined to one side of his mouth, but there was a new look of whimsical puzzlement in his face, at the same time. During subsequent years he often smiled in this way. But he never married.

G. P. Lathrop.

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

VII.

LEAVING PORT: RACING: SHORTENING
OF THE RIVER BY CUT-OFFS: A
STEAMBOAT'S GHOST: "STEPHEN'S"
PLAN OF "RESUMPTION."

It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a sable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis; countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning down the slant of the levee and flying aboard the stage-planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the forecabin companion way alive, but having their doubts about it; women with reticules and bandboxes were trying to keep up with husbands freighted with carpet-sacks and crying babies, and making a failure of it by losing their heads in the whirl and roar and general distraction; drays and baggage-vans were clattering hither and thither in a wild hurry, every now and then getting blocked and jammed together, and then during ten seconds one could not see them for the profanity, except vaguely and dimly; every windlass connected with every fore-hatch, from one end of that long array of steamboats to the other, was keeping up a deafening whiz and whir, lowering freight into the hold, and the half-naked crews of perspiring negroes that worked them were roaring such

songs as *De Las' Sack! De Las' Sack!* — inspired to unimaginable exaltation by the chaos of turmoil and racket that was driving everybody else mad. By this time the hurricane and boiler decks of the steamers would be packed and black with passengers. The "last bells" would begin to clang, all down the line, and then the powwow seemed to double; in a moment or two the final warning came, — a simultaneous din of Chinese gongs, with the cry, "All dat ain't goin', please to git asho'!" — and behold, the powwow quadrupled! People came swarming ashore, overturning excited stragglers that were trying to swarm aboard. One more moment later a long array of stage-planks was being hauled in, each with its customary latest passenger clinging to the end of it with teeth, nails, and everything else, and the customary latest procrastinator making a wild spring shoreward over his head.

Now a number of the boats slide backward into the stream, leaving wide gaps in the serried rank of steamers. Citizens crowd the decks of boats that are not to go, in order to see the sight. Steamer after steamer straightens herself up, gathers all her strength, and presently comes swinging by, under a tremendous head of steam, with flag flying, black smoke rolling, and her entire crew of firemen and deck-hands (usually swarthy negroes) massed together on the forecabin, the best "voice" in the lot towering from the midst (being mounted on the capstan), waving his hat or a flag, and all roaring a mighty chorus, while the parting cannons boom and the multitudinous spectators swing their hats and huzza! Steamer after steamer falls into line, and the stately procession goes winging its way up the river.

In the old times, whenever two fast boats started out on a race, with a big crowd of people looking on, it was inspiring to hear the crews sing, especially if the time were night-fall, and the fore-

castle lit up with the red glare of the torch-baskets. Racing was royal fun. The public always had an idea that racing was dangerous; whereas the very opposite was the case — that is, after the laws were passed which restricted each boat to just so many pounds of steam to the square inch. No engineer was ever sleepy or careless when his heart was in a race. He was constantly on the alert, trying gauge-cocks and watching things. The dangerous place was on slow, popular boats, where the engineers drowsed around and allowed chips to get into the "doctor" and shut off the water supply from the boilers.

In the "flush times" of steamboating, a race between two notoriously fleet steamers was an event of vast importance. The date was set for it several weeks in advance, and from that time forward, the whole Mississippi Valley was in a state of consuming excitement. Politics and the weather were dropped, and people talked only of the coming race. As the time approached, the two steamers "stripped" and got ready. Every incumbrance that added weight, or exposed a resisting surface to wind or water, was removed, if the boat could possibly do without it. The "spars," and sometimes even their supporting derricks, were sent ashore, and no means left to set the boat afloat in case she got aground. When the Eclipse and the A. L. Shotwell ran their great race twenty-two years ago, it was said that pains were taken to scrape the gilding off the fanciful device which hung between the Eclipse's chimneys, and that for that one trip the captain left off his kid gloves and had his head shaved. But I always doubted these things.

If the boat was known to make her best speed when drawing five and a half feet forward and five feet aft, she was carefully loaded to that exact figure — she would n't enter a dose of homeopathic pills on her manifest after that. Hardly any passengers were taken, because they not only add weight but they never will "trim boat." They always run to the side when there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and ex-

perienced steamboatman would stick to the centre of the boat and part his hair in the middle with a spirit level.

No way-freights and no way-passengers were allowed, for the racers would stop only at the largest towns, and then it would be only "touch and go." Coal flats and wood flats were contracted for beforehand, and these were kept ready to hitch on to the flying steamers at a moment's warning. Double crews were carried, so that all work could be quickly done.

The chosen date being come, and all things in readiness, the two great steamers back into the stream, and lie there jockeying a moment, and apparently watching each other's slightest movement, like sentient creatures; flags drooping, the pent steam shrieking through safety-valves, the black smoke rolling and tumbling from the chimneys and darkening all the air. People, people everywhere; the shores, the house-tops, the steamboats, the ships, are packed with them, and you know that the borders of the broad Mississippi are going to be fringed with humanity thence northward twelve hundred miles, to welcome these racers.

Presently tall columns of steam burst from the 'scape-pipes of both steamers, two guns boom a good-by, two red-shirted heroes mounted on capstans wave their small flags above the massed crews on the forecastles, two plaintive solos linger on the air a few waiting seconds, two mighty choruses burst forth — and here they come! Brass bands bray Hail Columbia, huzza after huzza thunders from the shores, and the stately creatures go whistling by like the wind.

Those boats will never halt a moment between New Orleans and St. Louis, except for a second or two at large towns, or to hitch thirty-cord wood-boats alongside. You should be on board when they take a couple of those wood-boats in tow and turn a swarm of men into each; by the time you have wiped your glasses and put them on, you will be wondering what has become of that wood.

Two nicely matched steamers will stay

in sight of each other day after day. They might even stay side by side, but for the fact that pilots are not all alike, and the smartest pilots will win the race. If one of the boats has a "lightning" pilot, whose "partner" is a trifle his inferior, you can tell which one is on watch by noting whether that boat has gained ground or lost some during each four-hour stretch. The shrewdest pilot can delay a boat if he has not a fine genius for steering. Steering is a very high art. One must not keep a rudder dragging across a boat's stern if he wants to get up the river fast.

There is a marvelous difference in boats, of course. For a long time I was on a boat that was so slow we used to forget what year it was we left port in. But of course this was at rare intervals. Ferry-boats used to lose valuable trips because their passengers grew old and died, waiting for us to get by. This was at still rarer intervals. I had the documents for these occurrences, but through carelessness they have been mislaid. This boat, the John J. Roe, was so slow that when she finally sunk in Madrid Bend, it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a confusing fact to me, but it is according to the record, any way. She was dismally slow; still, we often had pretty exciting times racing with islands, and rafts, and such things. One trip, however, we did rather well. We went to St. Louis in sixteen days. But even at this rattling gait I think we changed watches three times in Fort Adams reach, which is five miles long. A "reach" is a piece of straight river, and of course the current drives through such a place in a pretty lively way.

That trip we went to Grand Gulf, from New Orleans, in four days (three hundred and forty miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell did it in one. We were nine days out, in the chute of 63 (seven hundred miles); the Eclipse and Shotwell went there in two days.

Just about a generation ago, a boat called the J. M. White went from New Orleans to Cairo in three days, six hours, and forty-four minutes. Twenty-

two years ago the Eclipse made the same trip in three days, three hours, and twenty minutes. About five years ago the superb R. E. Lee did it in three days and *one* hour. This last is called the fastest trip on record. I will try to show that it was not. For this reason: the distance between New Orleans and Cairo, when the J. M. White ran it, was about eleven hundred and six miles; consequently her average speed was a trifle over fourteen miles per hour. In the Eclipse's day the distance between the two ports had become reduced to one thousand and eighty miles; consequently her average speed was a shade under fourteen and three eighths miles per hour. In the R. E. Lee's time the distance had diminished to about one thousand and thirty miles; consequently her average was about fourteen and one eighth miles per hour. Therefore the Eclipse's was conspicuously the fastest time that has ever been made.

These dry details are of importance in one particular. They give me an opportunity of introducing one of the Mississippi's oddest peculiarities, — that of shortening its length from time to time. If you will throw a long, pliant apple-paring over your shoulder, it will pretty fairly shape itself into an average section of the Mississippi River; that is, the nine or ten hundred miles stretching from Cairo, Illinois, southward to New Orleans, the same being wonderfully crooked, with a brief straight bit here and there at wide intervals. The two-hundred-mile stretch from Cairo northward to St. Louis is by no means so crooked, that being a rocky country which the river cannot cut much.

The water cuts the alluvial banks of the "lower" river into deep horseshoe curves; so deep, indeed, that in some places if you were to get ashore at one extremity of the horseshoe and walk across the neck, half or three quarters of a mile, you could sit down and rest a couple of hours while your steamer was coming around the long elbow, at a speed of ten miles an hour, to take you aboard again. When the river is rising fast, some scoundrel whose plantation is back in the country, and therefore of infe-

rior value, has only to watch his chance, cut a little gutter across the narrow neck of land some dark night, and turn the water into it, and in a wonderfully short time a miracle has happened: to wit, the whole Mississippi has taken possession of that little ditch, and placed the countryman's plantation on its bank (quadrupling its value), and that other party's formerly valuable plantation finds itself away out yonder on a big island; the old water-course around it will soon shoal up, boats cannot approach within ten miles of it, and down goes its value to a fourth of its former worth. Watches are kept on those narrow necks, at needful times, and if a man happens to be caught cutting a ditch across them, the chances are all against his ever having another opportunity to cut a ditch.

Pray observe some of the effects of this ditching business. Once there was a neck opposite Port Hudson, Louisiana, which was only half a mile across, in its narrowest place. You could walk across there in fifteen minutes; but if you made the journey around the cape on a raft, you traveled thirty-five miles to accomplish the same thing. In 1722 the river darted through that neck, deserted its old bed, and thus shortened itself thirty-five miles. In the same way it shortened itself twenty-five miles at Black Hawk Point in 1699. Below Red River Landing, Racourci cut-off was made (thirty or forty years ago, I think). This shortened the river twenty-eight miles. In our day, if you travel by river from the southernmost of these three cut-offs to the northernmost, you go only seventy miles. To do the same thing a hundred and seventy-six years ago, one had to go a hundred and fifty-eight miles! — a shortening of eighty-eight miles in that trifling distance. At some forgotten time in the past, cut-offs were made above Vidalia, Louisiana; at island 92; at island 84; and at Hale's Point. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, seventy-seven miles.

Since my own day on the Mississippi, I am informed that cut-offs have been made at Hurricane Island; at island 100; at Napoleon, Arkansas; at Walnut

Bend; and at Council Bend. These shortened the river, in the aggregate, sixty-seven miles. In my own time a cut-off was made at American Bend, which shortened the river ten miles or more.

Therefore: the Mississippi between Cairo and New Orleans was twelve hundred and fifteen miles long one hundred and seventy-six years ago. It was eleven hundred and eighty after the cut-off of 1722. It was one thousand and forty after the American Bend cut-off (some sixteen or seventeen years ago.) It has lost sixty-seven miles since. Consequently its length is only nine hundred and seventy-three miles at present.

Now, if I wanted to be one of those ponderous scientific people, and "let on" to prove what had occurred in the remote past by what had occurred in a given time in the recent past, or what will occur in the far future by what has occurred in late years, what an opportunity is here! Geology never had such a chance, nor such exact data to argue from! Nor "development of species," either! Glacial epochs are great things, but they are vague — vague. Please observe: —

In the space of one hundred and seventy-six years the Lower Mississippi has shortened itself two hundred and forty-two miles. That is an average of a trifle over one mile and a third per year. Therefore, any calm person, who is not blind or idiotic, can see that in the Old Oölitic Silurian Period, just a million years ago next November, the Lower Mississippi River was upwards of one million three hundred thousand miles long, and stuck out over the Gulf of Mexico like a fishing-rod. And by the same token any person can see that seven hundred and forty-two years from now the Lower Mississippi will be only a mile and three quarters long, and Cairo and New Orleans will have joined their streets together, and be plodding comfortably along under a single mayor and a mutual board of aldermen. There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact.

When the water begins to flow through one of those ditches I have been speaking of, it is time for the people thereabouts to move. The water cleaves the banks away like a knife. By the time the ditch has become twelve or fifteen feet wide, the calamity is as good as accomplished, for no power on earth can stop it now. When the width has reached a hundred yards, the banks begin to peel off in slices half an acre wide. The current flowing around the bend traveled formerly only five miles an hour; now it is tremendously increased by the shortening of the distance. I was on board the first boat that tried to go through the cut-off at American Bend, but we did not get through. It was toward midnight, and a wild night it was — thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain. It was estimated that the current in the cut-off was making about fifteen or twenty miles an hour; twelve or thirteen was the best our boat could do, even in tolerably slack water, therefore perhaps we were foolish to try the cut-off. However, Mr. X. was ambitious, and he kept on trying. The eddy running up the bank, under the "point," was about as swift as the current out in the middle; so we would go flying up the shore like a lightning express train, get on a big head of steam, and "stand by for a surge" when we struck the current that was whirling by the point. But all our preparations were useless. The instant the current hit us it spun us around like a top, the water deluged the forecastle, and the boat careened so far over that one could hardly keep his feet. The next instant we were away down the river, clawing with might and main to keep out of the woods. We tried the experiment four times. I stood on the forecastle companion way to see. It was astonishing to observe how suddenly the boat would spin around and turn tail the moment she emerged from the eddy and the current struck her nose. The sounding concussion and the quivering would have been about the same if she had come full speed against a sand-bank. Under the lightning flashes

one could see the plantation cabins and the goodly acres tumble into the river; and the crash they made was not a bad effort at thunder. Once, when we spun around, we only missed a house about twenty feet, that had a light burning in the window; and in the same instant that house went overboard. Nobody could stay on our forecastle; the water swept across it in a torrent every time we plunged athwart the current. At the end of our fourth effort we brought up in the woods two miles below the cut-off; all the country there was overflowed, of course. A day or two later the cut-off was three quarters of a mile wide, and boats passed up through it without much difficulty, and so saved ten miles.

The old Raccourci cut-off reduced the river's length twenty-eight miles. There used to be a tradition connected with it. It was said that a boat came along there in the night and went around the enormous elbow the usual way, the pilots not knowing that the cut-off had been made. It was a grisly, hideous night, and all shapes were vague and distorted. The old bend had already begun to fill up, and the boat got to running away from mysterious reefs, and occasionally hitting one. The perplexed pilots fell to swearing, and finally uttered the entirely unnecessary wish that they might never get out of that place. As always happens in such cases, that particular prayer was answered, and the others neglected. So to this day that phantom steamer is still butting around in that deserted river, trying to find her way out. More than one grave watchman has sworn to me that on drizzly, dismal nights, he has glanced fearfully down that forgotten river as he passed the head of the island, and seen the faint glow of the spectre steamer's lights drifting through the distant gloom, and heard the muffled cough of her 'scape-pipes and the plaintive cry of her leadsmen.

In the absence of further statistics, I beg to close this series of Old Mississippi articles with one more reminiscence of wayward, careless, ingenious "Stephen," whom I described in a former paper.

Most of the captains and pilots held Stephen's note for borrowed sums ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars upward. Stephen never paid one of these notes, but he was very prompt and very zealous about renewing them every twelvemonth.

Of course there came a time, at last, when Stephen could no longer borrow of his ancient creditors; so he was obliged to lie in wait for new men who did not know him. Such a victim was good-hearted, simple-natured young Yates (I use a fictitious name, but the real name began, as this one does, with a Y). Young Yates graduated as a pilot, got a berth, and when the month was ended and he stepped up to the clerk's office and received his two hundred and fifty dollars in crisp new bills, Stephen was there! His silvery tongue began to wag, and in a very little while Yates's two hundred and fifty dollars had changed hands. The fact was soon known at pilot headquarters, and the amusement and satisfaction of the old creditors were large and generous. But innocent Yates never suspected that Stephen's promise to pay promptly at the end of the week was a worthless one. Yates called for his money at the stipulated time; Stephen sweetened him up and put him off a week. He called then, according to agreement, and came away sugar-coated again, but suffering under another postponement. So the thing went on. Yates haunted Stephen week after week, to no purpose, and at last gave it up. And then straightway Stephen began to haunt Yates! Wherever Yates appeared, there was the inevitable Stephen. And not only there, but beaming with affection and gushing with apologies for not being able to pay. By and by, whenever poor Yates saw him coming, he would turn and fly, and drag his company with him, if he had company; but it was of no use; his debtor would run him down and corner him. Panting and red-faced, Stephen would come, with outstretched hands and eager eyes, invade the conversation, shake both of Yates's arms loose in their sockets, and begin:—

"My, what a race I've had! I saw you did n't see me, and so I clapped on all steam for fear I'd miss you entirely. And here you are! there, just stand so, and let me look at you! Just the same old noble countenance." [To Yates's friend:] "Just look at him! *Look at him!* Ain't it just *good* to look at him! *Ain't* it now? *Ain't* he just a picture! *Some* call him a picture; *I* call him a panorama! That's what he is—an entire panorama. And now I'm reminded! How I do wish I could have seen you an hour earlier! For twenty-four hours I've been saving up that two hundred and fifty dollars for you; been looking for you everywhere. I waited at the Planter's from six yesterday evening till two o'clock this morning, without rest or food; my wife says, 'Where have you been all night?' I said, 'This debt lies heavy on my mind.' She says, 'In all my days I never saw a man take a debt to heart the way you do.' I said, 'It's my nature; how can *I* change it?' She says, 'Well, do go to bed and get some rest.' I said, 'Not till that poor, noble young man has got his money.' So I set up all night, and this morning out I shot, and the first man I struck told me you had shipped on the Grand Turk and gone to New Orleans. Well, sir, I had to lean up against a building and cry. So help me goodness, I could n't help it. The man that owned the place come out cleaning up with a rag, and said he did n't like to have people cry against his building, and then it seemed to me that the whole world had turned against me, and it was n't any use to live any more; and coming along an hour ago, suffering no man knows what agony, I met Jim Wilson and paid him the two hundred and fifty dollars on account; and to think that here you are, now, and I have n't got a cent! But as sure as I am standing here on this ground on this particular brick,—there, I've scratched a mark on the brick to remember it by,—I'll borrow that money and pay it over to you at twelve o'clock sharp, to-morrow! Now, stand so; let me look at you just once more."

And so on. Yates's life became a burden to him. He could not escape his debtor and his debtor's awful sufferings on account of not being able to pay. He dreaded to show himself in the street, lest he should find Stephen lying in wait for him at the corner.

Bogart's billiard saloon was a great resort for pilots in those days. They met there about as much to exchange river news as to play. One morning Yates was there; Stephen was there, too, but kept out of sight. But by and by, when about all the pilots had arrived who were in town, Stephen suddenly appeared in the midst, and rushed for Yates as for a long-lost brother.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you! Oh my soul, the sight of you is such a comfort to my eyes! Gentlemen, I owe all of you money; among you I owe probably forty thousand dollars. I want to pay it; I intend to pay it—every last cent of it. You all know, without my telling you, what sorrow it has cost me to remain so long under such deep obligations to such patient and generous friends; but the sharpest pang I suffer—by far the sharpest—is from the debt

I owe to this noble young man here; and I have come to this place this morning especially to make the announcement that I have at last found a method whereby I can pay off all my debts! And most especially I wanted *him* to be here when I announced it. Yes, my faithful friend,—my benefactor, I've found the method! I've found the method to pay off *all* my debts, and you'll get your money!" Hope dawned in Yates's eye; then Stephen, beaming benignantly, and placing his hand upon Yates's head, added, "I am going to pay them off in alphabetical order!"

Then he turned and disappeared. The full significance of Stephen's "method" did not dawn upon the perplexed and musing crowd for some two minutes; and then Yates murmured with a sigh:—

"Well, the Y's stand a gaudy chance. He won't get any further than the C's in *this* world, and I reckon that after a good deal of eternity has wasted away in the next one, I'll still be referred to up there as 'that poor, ragged pilot that came here from St. Louis in the early days!'"

Mark Twain.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.¹

ON the 23d of February, 1848, the extraordinary man whose name forms the title of this article was struck down in the House of Representatives at Washington, while in the discharge of his duty among its most active and honored members; active, although past eighty years of age; honored, because none forgot that twenty years before he had been the chief magistrate of the nation; and because the lustre derived from that high post, which in so many men would have been tarnished by the acceptance of the lower, was in him only heightened by the fidelity, the ardor, and the penetration with

which he performed every duty to the hour of his mortal seizure.

The successive volumes of the *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams* have appeared almost too rapidly to enable one thoroughly to digest their contents, for they are not to be read in a hurry, and before these pages appear, we may well have a sixth before us, touching the most critical point of Mr. Adams's life. The first comprehends his boyhood, the early missions to Great Britain, Holland, and Prussia, and the service in the senates of the State and the nation; the second and third, the mission to Russia,

¹ *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848.* Edited

by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Volumes I.-V Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

the treaty of Ghent, and the second mission to England; while the fourth and fifth show him in the Department of State: a period extending, in all, from the 11th of July, 1767, to the 30th of May, 1822.

Labor of love as it was to prepare for the press a proper selection of Mr. Adams's papers, it was more than commonly arduous. The mass of manuscript left by him in prose and verse is something stupendous. The editor remarks as follows in his preface:—

“Independently of a diary kept almost continuously for sixty-five years, and of numbers of other productions, official and otherwise, already printed, there is a variety of discussion and criticism on different topics, together with correspondence public and private, which, if it were all to be published, as was that of Voltaire, would be likely to equal in quantity the hundred volumes of that writer.”

Mr. Adams seems, in fact, to have positively loved to use his pen. His habit was to get up at a very early hour, often before sunrise; and this he did even when resident at courts, where he was forced to attend parties kept up inordinately late. His working day was thus much longer than that of most of his associates, and was filled by the pen, which indefatigably committed to paper what appear to have been in most cases his first thoughts on every conceivable subject which presented itself, whether in talk, reading, silent observation in company, or solitude. It was, we believe, rarely his habit to revise; and the resulting mass of manuscript is almost beyond precedent in the lives of even industrious men. But it strongly reminds us of the work achieved by one man, of whose writings Mr. Adams was a constant and devoted student, and whose character, though strongly alien to his in many points, was strongly akin to it in others: that is, Cicero.

Nor in any point is this resemblance more curiously marked than in the fondness alike of the Volscian and the Yankee for verse composition, of a kind that both contemporaries and posterity

persist in thinking the reverse of poetical. The editor has very properly included a few of his father's pieces in these volumes, justly remarking that no true notion of his character can be acquired without them. He retained the habit of translating and composing in verse, and occasionally, when on a purely moral theme, his lines remind one of the dignified strains of Addison's lute; but that is the very extreme of praise that can be accorded to them.

Of this great voluminousness and prolixity in Mr. Adams's writing one is forced to treat at the very outset of an attempt to do justice to his memoirs. From the preface to the last page of the fifth volume, we see how his own life, official and private, was as it were wrapped up in countless quires of manuscript. There is abundant evidence that his associates in business constantly revolted against the length to which his contributions to the common work were drawn out. During the negotiations of Ghent his diary is full of almost petulant complaints like this: “I found as usual that my draft was not satisfactory to my colleagues. On the general view of the subject we are unanimous, but in my exposition of it one objects to the form and another to the substance of almost every paragraph. . . . It was considered by all the gentlemen that what I had written was too long. It is, however, my duty to make the draft of the dispatch, and they usually hold me to it.” (Vol. III. p. 21.) It is amusing enough, therefore, to find almost a year later that “Mr. Gallatin showed me his draft of a dispatch to the secretary of state, to be sent with the treaty” [of commerce]. “I suggested to him several considerable alterations, to which he readily agreed, and which will shorten the dispatch by about one half” (p. 240).

It is probable, however, that this prolixity was partly forced upon him by the peculiar circumstances under which he entered on his various official posts. Beginning with his original appointment when a boy of fourteen as secretary of legation to Russia, he was constantly brought to one situation of first-rate im-

portance after another with no chance for preparation. He was forced to write down every object as soon as he saw it; every reflection the moment it occurred, for immediate use. He had no time to digest, to compress, to polish. *He had no time to be short.* He knew the fault; his associates knew it; and the editor of his memoirs, contemplating the mass of manuscript to be selected from, knows it best of all. Few will deny that where a selection had to be made, the diary was the thing to choose.

But the diary itself called for stern compression, if the book was to be read, or even bought. The editor has laid down five rules for himself, so that the resulting selection "should be fair and honest." 1st. To eliminate the details of common life and events of no interest to the public. 2d. To reduce the moral and religious speculations, in which the work abounds, so far as to escape repetition of sentiments once declared. 3d. Not to suppress strictures upon contemporaries, but to give them only when they are upon public men acting in the same sphere with the writer. In point of fact there are very few others. 4th. To suppress nothing of his own habits of self-examination, even when they might be thought most to tell against himself. 5th. To abstain altogether from modification of the sentiments or the very words, and substitution of what might seem better ones, in every case but that of obvious errors in writing."

It is hard to say that Mr. C. F. Adams can do anything injudicious; and yet we wish that the first of these rules could at least have been differently interpreted. It is precisely "the details of common life" which in such a man are "of interest to the public" a quarter of a century after his death. As the editor has shown that it is not unwillingness to have his father's inmost life known which has caused his suppression of family matters, as witness the remarkable entry on the 26th of July, 1811, we must regret that he gives us so little of that side of his father's life which we could get nowhere else, and so much of what we knew not incorrectly before. In Volume

I. p. 23, we read, "Mr. Adams took up his abode at Newburyport for the three years of study required for admission to practice. The diary which he continued to keep gives a curious and not uninviting picture of the social relations prevailing in a small New England town at that period, but it does not seem to retain interest enough to warrant the occupation of space in this publication." Perhaps not; but we fancy that most readers would prefer the tea-drinkings at Newburyport in 1789 to the endless balls at St. Petersburg in 1810, where "the principal dancing was in what they call Polish dances, consisting simply in a number of couples walking up and down the room as in a procession."

In fact, we must express our belief that the account of the mission to Russia might have borne still farther compression without injury. The long and dreary voyage through the Sound and the Baltic is interesting and instructive; but there seems little value in the constant repetition of his attempts to persuade the minister of foreign affairs that the sugar which the American ships brought to Archangel really was grown in the United States and not smuggled from the West Indies. We soon learn that the wisest and fairest minister of an absolute monarch must keep his petitioners amused with words till his master is in the whim to act, — *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno*, — and we get almost as tired of Count Romanzoff's audiences as Mr. Adams did himself. Nor can it be said that the fragments of news which filtered through to St. Petersburg about the diplomacy of England, and the campaigns of Moscow and Leipsic, possess much interest and novelty to those who have access to Liverpool's Memoirs and Ségur's Campaign. The diaries of this period should be rather kept as materials for a future historian of Bonaparte, a more veracious Thiers, a more intelligent Alison, who may yet say something on a subject not exhausted even by the grave and penetrating Lanfrey.

With this exception, we conceive, Mr. Adams has selected well from his father's

diary. The early missions, when Washington with his unerring knowledge of human nature dared to put a man's burdens on a youth's shoulders, bringing him in contact with the pride and folly of the French Propagandists in Holland; the dark days of liberty in England; the continuance in public service by his father, when it was at once wise and delightful to supply the national need by paternal partiality at the licentious court of Prussia, all unconscious of the rottenness that would so soon undermine the glories of Frederic; the sudden change to legislative service at home; and the deadly contests of federalists and republicans, the former army divided against itself and dealing poisoned blows under the guise of friendship;—the senator learning painfully at Washington the art of oratory which he was to teach as professor at Cambridge; the industry, the independence, the rectitude at once intellectual and ethical which wrung from both parties in the Senate of the United States respect for the man they wanted to hate because they could not make him as bitter and as selfish as themselves;—the names of old political heroes, whom it is the fashion to forget now, but who were giants indeed, Pickering and Giles and Lloyd and Bradley,—all these things, which go to make up the first portion of these memoirs, are indeed charming as well as precious in their revival of a period we do wrong to let die.

Mr. Adams certainly did not disguise his opinion of his contemporaries. On the choice of United States senator in 1803, he says: "At the caucus Mr. Lowell and Mr. Otis were warm partisans for Mr. Pickering. Of Lowell I could expect no less, nor indeed of Otis; for he has of his own accord told me several times that, as Mr. Mason would certainly decline a reelection, he, the said Otis, meant to use all his endeavors to get me chosen in his stead. How could I possibly imagine, then, that Otis would propose or support any man but Pickering?" January, 1805: "The president's itch for telling prodigies is unabated. Speaking of the cold, he said he had seen

Fahrenheit's thermometer in *Paris* at twenty degrees below zero. . . . 'Never once in six weeks as high as zero, which is *fifty* degrees above the freezing point.' These were his own words; he knows better than all this, but he loves to excite wonder." It will be remembered that this was Jefferson. In January, 1806: "Mr. Clinton is totally ignorant of the most common forms of proceeding in the Senate. His judgment is neither quick nor strong. As the only duty of a vice-president is to preside in the Senate, a worse choice than Mr. Clinton could hardly have been made." Of Mr. Bayard, afterwards his colleague in the Ghent mission: "I know my morals and political principles to be more pure than his, and this is saying little, for his are very loose." These opinions have been taken all but at random in running rapidly over many pages; and if the diary is superficially studied, the impression might be left that when one of Mr. Adams's contemporaries defended his political views unflinchingly, he was set down as a virulent partisan with no particle of candor, and if he showed any disposition to conciliate, as a dishonest time-server; and that the writer was a suspicious, morbid, and jealous man. And yet this would be a most unjust conclusion. Mr. Adams had such a devoted love for pure truth and abstract justice, his patriotism had so little infusion of party spirit, his official career was so purged from any taint of selfishness, that he found it hard to forgive his associates for following a less lofty standard, or using less unexceptionable means. We are far from asserting that his opinions of these men were always accurate or free from prejudice. But it seems to us there were two circumstances, one natural, the other partly accidental, which give his judgment a rare value. First, he was by nature too fond of principle ever to be a party man; he was born to be independent, untrammelled, steadily thinking for himself, and hence much more likely to see both sides as they really were. Secondly, he twice came home to take part in public affairs, after long absences; dur-

ing these, he may have dropped some threads of information, but he saw men and things with a far clearer head than those who had all along been in the thick of the fight.

He was not exactly a suspicious man, but he did not readily enter into the operations of other men's minds, especially those who arrived at results by a quicker process than he, forming his opinions as he always did after long and painful deliberation. When at last he had worked out his conclusion, he held to it with a conviction that passed the bound which separates opinion from feeling, and was slow to believe that those who attacked it could have a conviction equally honest and well reasoned. And even if Mr. Adams's often severe judgment were derived from less lofty principles, we should still rejoice at the publication at length of comments on public men, telling exactly what was thought of them in times when we know men did think hardly of each other. It is the fashion now to write lives telling nothing but good of a man, and wherever in diary or correspondence hard words come in, to substitute asterisks for names or leave out whole pages or letters, till a plain man, who knows the subject of the biography lived in continual hot water, wonders how such a saint could ever have been allowed to be a martyr. This is bad enough in America, but it is perhaps still worse in England, where every year some bulky set of *Memoirs* or *Correspondence* is published, in which the whole political history of a generation is falsified, for fear some Lady Mary at Hampton Court may be offended at seeing her treacherous and profligate grandfather set out in the true colors in which he appeared to his contemporaries. Let us have an end of this servile memoir writing, and once more hang over the head of would-be tyrants the wholesome fear of the exposure of their guilt to the next generation.

Upon these disingenuous historians, the comments of Mr. Adams come down

with an edge of the very "ice brook's temper." His clear and merciless comments have a cold passion about them like the solidified gases, which

"Börn froze, and cold performs the effect of fire."

The second volume, as we have said, is occupied with the voyage to Russia, the mission in St. Petersburg, and the return through Sweden to Holland, in preparation for the conferences of Ghent. We have already intimated our opinion that much of this volume will hardly prove of general interest. There is considerable repetition in the matter otherwise valuable; for instance, Mr. Adams's opinion of the character of General Prado is given several times over in nearly the same words. But however these things may be, we cannot help being struck with the acuteness displayed in his comments, founded on mere fragments of news, on the blind selfishness of Napoleon. The *Continental System* our envoy penetrated in all its futility and arrogance; conceived solely to annoy England, it yet did far less harm to her than to the neutral nations and France herself. Our envoy, when he left America, would probably have been called by ultra-federalists a partisan of Bonaparte; but it took very little time to prove to him that the Corsican was at once the most devoutly worshiped at home, and the most widely detested man everywhere else in Europe. He in vain tried to impress the correctness of his views upon Napoleon's friends and enemies alike, who smiled civilly, and sometimes agreed politely to the strange fancies of the unsophisticated republican, only to go on weaving the complicated web of their policy; never quite certain whether they ought not to try and enlist him on their side as the astutest of men, until one crash after another showed that he had been simply sound in his deductions because honest in his principles, and that Russian, German, English, and French diplomacy had all overreached each other.¹

In this volume we have constant occasion, vol. ii. p. 58. These notes are generally of the most accurate, useful, and intelligent character; sometimes of a delightfully sly humor.

¹ Before dismissing the Russian mission we cannot but remark the strange amalgamation of Paul I. with his father, Peter III., in Mr. C. F. Adams's

sion to judge the wisdom of the editor's second rule in selecting from these journals; namely, to reduce the moral and religious speculations in which the work abounds. It is surprising to find that Mr. Adams voluntarily increased the already immense labor of noting down all the incidents and conversations that came under his observation, not only by personal, historical, and literary comments, but by boundless moral and religious commonplaces, over and over again; interspersed, it is true, with reflections and aspirations of a truly profound and exalted character, and yet sadly interfering, by their prolixity, with that economy of time which must have been so needful. It was an easier task for him to write down every thought as well as every fact that occurred, than to decide whether he should commit it to paper or not. To him these were doubtless the most precious words he wrote. He could not have conceived that a mere record of facts could take precedence of a record of meditations on the providence of God, or the weakness of man. He would have replied to any such cavil, and replied truly, that if he had been of any use or power in his day, it was because his allegiance to God and virtue had been kept every instant before his eyes, giving force to a character which had naturally more than one weak spot.

The era of his early life offers a twofold explanation of these copious moralizings. The literature most admired when he was a boy was largely tinged by them. Young's *Night Thoughts*, that epic whose hero is commonplace personified, had been published in John Adams's boyhood; *The Rambler* while he was an undergraduate; and both were among the supreme favorites of our grandfathers. The usual text-book of ancient history was Rollin, from whose milk and water our school-boys are happily delivered, without, however, being fed on any heartier historical diet.

But as Mr. Adams grew up a different kind of writing came in. Much of his moral and religious comment which we call commonplace was then attacked

as absurdity and paradox unworthy of common-sense or sound philosophy. Mr. Jefferson was regarded by John Adams's party, if not by himself, as the foe of God as well as of man, to whom the Bible and the constitution were alike objects of contempt; and if the suspicions of the political circles in which John Quincy Adams moved forced him to record everything he saw and heard, the infidelity and profligacy of many whom he met in society made it necessary for him to put on record his feelings and beliefs, as having been actually entertained by a reasoning man of the world. Nor would it be amiss if in this age those who are so eager to revive the old credulities of unbelief would spend a little time in reading over what they stigmatize as effete, commonplace, and tending to the subjection of free thought, solemnly recorded, as it is, by the boldest champion of free speech and independent judgment that America ever bore.

The third volume passes on to the mission to Ghent and the residence in England. A strange scene that was, — the supercilious envoys of Great Britain forced to take up several months, amid the more important concerns of settling the respective claims of grand dukes and landgraves to the plunder of France, in talking to the would-be diplomats from the upstart republic, who persisted in thinking the mistress of the seas was amenable to the law of nations, that they themselves were entitled to participate in a discussion of its points, and were insulted if attempts were made to bluff them by allusions to English statute law.

And the natural difficulties of maintaining American rights against John Bullism were not helped by the singular complexity of the American commission. Two of its members were Bayard, the courtly orator from Delaware, a French marquis of the time of St. Simon miraculously changed into a United States senator, the founder of a race of hereditary nobles which still rules in our country; and Gallatin, the only one of all who was a republican citizen by birth, and yet

who was not an American, who must have felt every hour that in his genius for practical statesmanship he surpassed every one of them, yet who never entirely outlived the prejudice against his Swiss birth. Both were as different as possible from Russell, whose practical knowledge of commercial interests was rendered quite nugatory by an eagerness not to offend or get himself into hot water, which did not lack much of treachery. All three of these agreed in a desire to maintain the honor of America, all three were fitted in various ways to honor her by their appearance abroad, all three did fill prominent places in her councils; but all three have had their fame entirely obscured, though in very different degrees, by the superior lustre of their colleagues, John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay.

In no case do Mr. Adams's severe comments on men whose training and aims were unlike his own, particularly when read by the light of his after years, strike us as more instructive than in that of Mr. Clay. We must believe that these two great men met at Ghent with an equal wish to sustain the rights of America against the insolence of Great Britain. But here almost all parallel ends. Mr. Clay's natural powers and passions were strong, his education imperfect, his experience wholly confined to his native country, and largely to crowds of admiring followers. Mr. Adams's powers, though naturally above the common rank, were thoroughly and carefully trained and drilled; he had seen almost more of Europe than of his home, and had been a constant mark for inherited and acquired opposition. The former was an ardent partisan of the West, who appears to have thought that all hope for the rising empire of the future rested on excluding England from the Mississippi, and that what little life and energy were left in the Eastern States were sold to some European power—he did not care which. The latter was a steady, cautious New Englander, who knew much of the world, understood the full force of such words as commerce and fisheries, and felt that the whole United

States ought to feel the shock if the islands in Passamaquoddy Bay were to be absorbed by New Brunswick. One was a fluent and fiery orator, who swept away his countrymen by the magic of his presence and his rhetoric, and would have gladly prolonged the war for years in order to fire the national heart to the utmost. The other never felt at ease on his legs: he forced the unwilling esteem of men by his inflexible probity, his pungent logic, and his untiring industry; and he dreaded the continuance of war with the horror of a thoughtful publicist. Clay was alternately chilled and stung by the Yankee Puritan who filled drafts of dispatches with long arguments on the religious duty of civilizing the Indian country; Adams distrusted and feared the backwoodsman whose noisy card-parties used to break up at four in the morning, as he was rising to prepare the labored manifesto which his colleague would pull to pieces at ten. Yet, though the sessions of Ghent were an endless squabble between these two statesmen which all the courtliness of Bayard, the tact of Gallatin, and the facility of Russell could scarcely appease, they parted retaining in spite of themselves an impression of each other's greatness which afterwards led to the league of 1824; a league so reviled at the time, but one which the future historian of our country will declare a truly noble sacrifice of party ambition and personal pique to the highest interests of the nation.

The account of Mr. Adams's mission to Great Britain, which completes the third volume, is curious, as showing how little the court of the regent and the administration of Liverpool recognized the importance or even the existence, one might say, of our nation, which was already so well understood by the really great minds of England. As Mr. C. F. Adams intimates in one of his notes, nothing can be greater than the change from the formal boorishness of Queen Charlotte and her son, to the real consideration and courtesy which Americans and their representative invariably receive from the present sovereign of

England and her household, which gains new dignity for the country ruled by her. But as respects the government of that time, we see very clearly from Adams's diary what recent compilers of memoirs have attempted to conceal or even ventured to deny, its total inefficiency and incapacity for ruling England. Of Lord Liverpool's principal colleagues and supporters all possessed considerable patrician courtesy as long as Great Britain's motives or acts remained uncriticised; some were good business men, many skillful intriguers, a few, like Eldon, learned in some special branch. But as far as understanding the claims, rights, and duties of a great and free people, at home or abroad, in such a world-crisis as that which followed the battle of Waterloo, not one of them — Liverpool, Eldon, Castlereagh, Bathurst, Sidmouth, Westmoreland, Bexley, Colchester — had the first claim to be considered wise, judicious, well-informed, kind, generous, just; not even intelligently selfish or thoughtlessly brave. The disregard, nay the total ignoring of the rights of America which such an administration showed to Mr. Adams, at the time when every Englishman of real genius was excluded from their counsels, bore fruit of bitter flavor in the days of his own service in the Department of State.

This service occupies the fourth and fifth volumes, and even then is not finished. We first have Mr. Adams wrestling with the chicanery of the Spanish minister who endeavored to hinder the ratification and faithful execution of the treaty which ceded the Floridas. Afterwards the Spaniard Onís retires for a moment, and employs, to plead King Ferdinand's cause, M. Hyde de Neuville, the bitterest aristocrat of the Bourbon restoration, sent as minister to the United States, where his natural courtesy, and apparently honest respect towards our countrymen and especially Adams, contended with an almost religious horror of our institutions. No sooner are the Spaniards somewhat quiet, than Stratford Canning appears on the scene as minister from England, and begins the old policy of boundless

friendliness as long as Great Britain is to be the sole arbiter of the meaning of words, and the propriety of actions, whether her own or another's, and then loud-voiced and peremptory bullying when any single act of her government or envoy is questioned. But this policy did not work quite so well in Washington as Lord Stratford afterwards made it work at Constantinople. Even the "Great Elchi" found in John Quincy Adams one who if need was could be as peremptory and fiery as himself; and doubtless his representations of the firmness and energy of our Department of State had no small share in inducing his illustrious kinsman to adopt so eagerly Mr. Monroe's — *i. e.*, Mr. Adams's — doctrine of Hispano-American nationality.

Of Monroe the diary does not raise our opinion. His heart seems to have been entirely in his Virginia estate, and his head — nowhere. Calhoun is invariably presented as upright, judicious, and patriotic; Crawford, a name once great among us, now almost utterly forgotten, wholly occupied in intriguing for the president's chair, to which Adams himself attained instead.

The discussions on the Missouri compromise form no small part of these volumes, and will be read probably with the greatest interest. The diarist recognized the full range and meaning of this subject, and has left on it some most valuable reflections.

In the fifth volume the diary breaks down, — utterly beyond the power even of its indefatigable author to keep up; he seems to have felt a sincere and honest regret in this enforced separation from an ever-faithful and dear companion.

The last two rules which Mr. Charles F. Adams has imposed upon himself in editing this diary, namely, to suppress nothing of his father's stern and careful self-examination, and in no case to change his language, must be approved by everybody. It is to us most touching to see how this man from his earliest years to his latest, through a life of changes and chances, of cares and honors rarely known to men, was his own

severest critic, and with prayer and meditation discerned, fought, conquered his faults. Fairly might he claim from his country a share in the praise that she so eagerly accords to Washington and Franklin, so sternly withholds from Burr, and so sadly from Hamilton, that he is one of those Americans; who, in their eagerness to make their country

greater, know how to make themselves better.

If our extracts seem few, it has been that our readers may be induced to search these volumes for themselves; and in advising them to do so, we must repeat our recognition of the modesty, the skill, and the devotion with which the editor has executed his duty.

William Everett.

THE CREED OF FREE TRADE.

THAT the question of free trade, as embodied in opposition to the levying of taxes for any other than strictly revenue purposes, is to come before the American people as one of the political issues of the next presidential campaign, cannot be doubted. That no inconsiderable proportion of American manufacturers, as the result of recent hard experience, are furthermore likely at no distant day to unite in demanding an abandonment in our national fiscal policy of *ultra* protection as in itself destructive of all protection, may also be regarded as a matter reasonably certain. Under such circumstances, then, with a view of aiding the average citizen, who has not given special attention to finance and political economy, to form in respect to these questions an opinion which he may soon have to express at the polls, it is proposed here to present—without claiming originality for either language or illustration—a simple statement of the creed of free trade, as viewed from an American stand-point, and of the reasons for which its advocates seek its recognition as a cardinal feature of our future national fiscal legislation.

FREE TRADE DEFINED.

Free trade in its fullest acceptance, as recently defined by Chevalier, "*is the free exercise of human power and faculties in all commercial and professional life; it is the liberty of labor in its grandest proportions.*" In its more technical and present political sense, it means the

freeing of the exchange of all commodities and services, between man and man, irrespective of residence or nationality, from all arbitrary, artificial obstructions and interferences resulting from legislation or prejudice.

RELATION OF FREE TRADE AS AN ECONOMIC SYSTEM TO TAXATION AND REVENUE.

On this point there is no little popular misconception, which has, doubtless, been often intentionally encouraged by a common assertion of the advocates of protection, that "the adoption of free trade as a national fiscal policy necessarily involves a resort on the part of the state to direct taxation as a means of obtaining revenue." The truth, however, in respect to this matter is as follows: The command of revenue being absolutely essential to the existence of organized government, the power to compel contributions from the people governed, or, as we term it, "*to tax*," is inherent in every sovereignty, and is essential to its existence. So far, the advocates of free trade and protection fully agree. The former, however, maintain that in the exercise of this power the object of the tax should be rigidly restricted to the defraying of legitimate public expenditures,—or, in other words, that taxes should be levied for revenue purposes exclusively,—and that, subject to such limitations, the question as to what forms taxation would best assume becomes one of mere experience

and expediency; preference being always given to those forms which involve the least waste, cost, and personal annoyance in collection, which are most productive of revenue, and interpose the minimum of interference and restriction on commercial intercourse. Free trade as an economic principle is not, therefore, as is often assumed and supposed, necessarily antagonistic to the imposition of duties on imports, provided the end sought to be attained is simply revenue and the circumstances of the state render such form of taxation expedient. Protection, on the other hand, on the ground of advantages accruing directly or incidentally, advocates and defends the imposition of taxes on imports for purposes other than those of revenue. Protection, therefore, to the exact extent to which it attains its object, is obviously antagonistic to revenue, inasmuch as revenue is received only on those commodities which *come in*, while protection is secured only when the importation of commodities is restricted or made difficult.

INCIDENTAL PROTECTION.

The adjustment of a tariff for revenue in such a way as to afford what is termed "incidental protection" — an idea much favored by American politicians — is based on the supposition that by arranging a scale of duties so moderate as only to restrict and not prevent importations it is possible to secure a sufficiency of revenue for the state, and at the same time stimulate domestic manufactures by increasing the price of competitive foreign products. That the double object thus aimed at is capable of attainment cannot be doubted, but that the project is also one of the most costly of all methods of raising revenue will become evident if it is remembered that, while revenue to the state accrues only from the tax levied on what is imported, another tax, arising from the increase of price, is also paid by the nation upon all that is sold and consumed in competition with the foreign article. A tariff for revenue so adjusted as to afford inci-

dental protection is therefore a system which requires the consumers, who are the people, to pay much in order that the state may receive little. With these preliminary statements, the essential points of the argument in favor of free trade, as contradistinguished from protection, may be stated as follows:—

THE HIGHEST RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

The highest right of property is the right to exchange it for other property. That this must be so will at once appear if it is remembered that, if all exchange of property were forbidden, each individual would be assimilated in condition to Robinson Crusoe on his uninhabited island; that is, he would be restricted to subsisting on what he individually produced or collected, be deprived of all benefits of coöperation with his fellow-men, and of all advantages of production derived from diversity of skill or diversity of natural circumstances. In the absence of all freedom of exchange between man and man, civilization would obviously be impossible; and it would also seem to stand to reason that to the degree in which we impede or obstruct the freedom of exchange, — or, what is the same thing, commercial intercourse, — to that same degree we oppose the development of civilization.

TO RESTRICT EXCHANGES REAFFIRMS THE PRINCIPLE OF SLAVERY.

Any system of law which denies to an individual the right freely to exchange the products of his labor, by declaring that A, a citizen, may trade on equal terms with B, another citizen, but shall not under equally favorable circumstances trade with C, who lives in another country, reaffirms in effect the principle of slavery; for both slavery and the artificial restriction or prohibition of exchanges deny to the individual the right to use the products of his labor according to his own pleasure, or what may seem to him the best advantage; or, in other words, the practical working of both the system of human slavery and

the system of protection is to deprive the individual of a portion of the fruits of his labor, without making in return any direct compensation. The argument that is generally put forth by protectionists in justification of legislation restricting freedom of exchange, or in defense of the pithily expressed proposition that "it is better to compel an individual to buy a hat for five dollars, rather than to allow him to purchase it for three," is that any *present* loss or injury resulting from such restriction to the individual will be more than compensated to him *indirectly*, as a citizen of the state. But this plea is the same in character, and just as legitimate, as that which was formerly put forth in defense of the system of negro slavery, namely, that the system was really for the good of the persons enslaved, and that any deprivation endured by the slave for the good of society—meaning thereby the masters—would be fully compensated to him, through moral discipline, in the world to come. It is also to be noted that this same species of argument—*i. e.*, indirect or future individual or social benefit as a justification for present personal restriction or injury—has always been made use of in past ages as a vindication and in warrant of persecution on the part of the state for heresy or unbelief, and also of the establishment of state religions and enforced conformity thereto.

THE ARGUMENT FOR FREE TRADE AND ARGUMENT FOR ABUNDANCE.

The general result for which all men labor is to increase the abundance or diminish the scarcity of those things which are essential to their subsistence, comfort, and happiness. Different individuals are endowed with different natural capacities for making the various forces of nature and varieties of matter available for production. One man is naturally fitted to excel as a farmer, another as a mechanic, a third as a navigator, a fourth as a miner, engineer, builder, or organizer and director of society, and the like. The different coun-

tries of the earth likewise exhibit great diversity as respects soil, climate, natural products, and opportunity. It would seem clear, therefore, in order that there may be the greatest material abundance, that each individual must follow that line of production for which he is best fitted by natural capacity or circumstances; and that, for the determination of what that line shall be, the promptings of individual self-interest and experience are a far better guide than any enactments of legislatures and rulers possibly can be; and, finally, that the greatest possible facility should be afforded to producers for the interchange of their several products and services. So true, indeed, are these propositions, that mankind in their progress from the rudest and most incipient social organizations to higher degrees of civilization invariably act in accordance with them, and, as it were, instinctively. Robinson Crusoe upon his uninhabited island and the solitary settler in the remote wilderness follow of necessity a great variety of occupations, as those of the farmer, hunter, builder, blacksmith, fisherman, tailor, and the like. But as rapidly as the association of others in the same neighborhood admits, the solitary man abandons his former diversity of employment, and devotes himself more or less exclusively to a single department of industry, supplying his want of those things which he does not himself produce by exchanging the surplus product of his own labor for the surplus product of others' labor, who follow different industries. It is to be further observed that settlements in all new countries commence, if possible, in close proximity to navigable waters, so as to take advantage of natural facilities for intercommunication between man and man for the purpose of exchanging services or commodities; and that if commenced inland, one of the first efforts of the new society is the construction of a path or road which will enable its members to hold communication with some other settlements or societies. Next, as population and production increase, the rude path or trail gives way to a well-defined road, the

ford to a bridge, the swamp to a causeway, the pack carried upon the backs of men and animals to the wagon drawn by horses, the wagon to the railway-car, the boat propelled by oars and sails to the boat propelled by steam, and finally the telegraph, annihilating space and time; all efforts and achievements having the single object of facilitating intercommunication, between man and man, and removing obstructions in the way of interchanging human services and commodities. Free exchange between man and man—or, what is the same thing, free trade—is therefore action in accordance with the teachings of nature. Protection, on the other hand, is an attempt to make things better than nature made them. Free trade, or the interchange of commodities and services with the minimum of obstruction, by rendering commodities cheap tends to promote abundance. Protection, by interference or placing obstructions in the way of exchanges, tends to increase the cost of commodities to the consumer, and thereby promotes scarcity. Protection, effected by legislative restriction on exchanges, acts, therefore, in the same manner as all other things which render transportation onerous; or, in other words, it is an obstacle in the same sense as a bad road, a precipitous range of mountains, an intervening desert, or a wide expanse of ocean abounding in risks to navigation; the general effect of all which is to augment in various degrees to consumers the difference between the producer's and the vendor's prices of commodities. All the people of the United States instinctively rejoice at the announcement of every new discovery in the construction or propulsion of vessels, whereby the time and cost of transporting commodities across the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, or across the Pacific from China and Japan to San Francisco, are diminished; and yet they do not revolt at the inconsistency of imposing taxes, for purposes other than to meet the necessities of the state, on the landing of the commodities thus transported; which taxes are precisely equivalent in effect, as re-

gards the consumer, to the substitution of slow-sailing vessels of small tonnage in the place of ocean steamers, or to so widening the expanse of ocean to be traversed that the time employed in transportation (and the consequent increased cost of freight and risk) shall be expressed by months rather than by days. A few illustrations derived from the actual experience of the United States are here pertinent to the argument.

Upon the coast of Nova Scotia, within a short distance of the United States, there are coal-mines of great value, which, unlike any others in the whole world, are located so advantageously in respect to ocean navigation that almost by the action of gravity alone the coal may be delivered from the mouth of the pit upon the deck of the vessel. Now, for years the government of the United States imposed a tax on the landing of this coal within its territory, of one dollar and twenty-five cents per ton. But if we assume that coal upon a well-managed railroad can be transported for one cent per ton per mile, the effect of this tax upon the people of New York and New England is precisely equivalent to a removal of these coal-mines of Nova Scotia from a point on the seaboard to a location one hundred and twenty-five miles inland. But it would also seem to stand to reason that if the removal of these mines one hundred and twenty-five miles into the interior was a benefit to the people of the United States, a further augmentation of their distance from the seaboard to five hundred or a thousand miles would be a still greater blessing, and that their absolute annihilation would be the superlative good of all.

Again, some years since an English engineer, Mr. Bessemer, devised a new process for the manufacture of steel. He did not claim to make anything new; he did not claim to make steel of a quality superior to what was made before; but he did succeed in showing mankind how to make an article indispensable in the work of production *cheap*, which was before *dear*. Immediately on the

assured success of the invention, the advocates of protection in the United States asked Congress to impose such a duty on the import of this steel as would, through a consequent increase of its price to American consumers, almost completely neutralize the only benefit accruing from the knowledge and use of the new process, namely, its *cheapness*, and they succeeded in obtaining, and still (1875) retain, a duty that in a great degree accomplishes such a result.

What this result practically has been may be illustrated by stating that in 1872 the Michigan Central Railroad relaid its track at Detroit with steel rails costing ninety-seven dollars (gold) per ton, while at a distance of half a mile (across the Detroit River) the Canada Southern Railroad was laying down the same kind of rails at a cost of seventy dollars (gold) per ton. Will the reader here ask himself, who pays the tax thus levied in perpetuity on this road, or, what is the same thing, on the privilege of using it; and whether any corresponding benefit in perpetuity accrues from the tax?

From the above propositions and examples it would seem evident that the direct effect of a protective duty, when it is really operative, is to compel, on the part of the community employing such an agency, a resort to more difficult and costly conditions of production for the protected article; and also that when a community adopts the protective policy it commits itself to the indorsement of the principle that the development and propagation of obstacles is equivalent to, or the surest method of, developing or propagating riches—a policy and a principle which, if logically and practically carried out, would lead to disuse of all labor-saving machinery.

The advocate of protection, however, meets this averment, as well as the argument embodied in the coal and Bessemer steel illustrations above given, by saying that by prohibiting or restricting the importation and use of foreign coal and steel a demand will be created for a corresponding additional quantity

of similar American products. The immediate result of this will be that an additional opportunity must in consequence be afforded to American citizens desirous of following the occupations of coal-miners or transporters or steel-makers; and, the results of their labor and expenditure remaining in the country, the national wealth will be thereby augmented, whereas if the same amount of labor and expenditure is diverted to, and takes place in, a foreign country, the result will be exactly opposite.

In answer, now, to this, it may be said, *First*, That the amount of consumption in the two instances, and consequently the results of consumption, will not be the same; for whatever increases the price of a useful commodity diminishes its consumption, and, *vice versa*, whatever diminishes the price increases consumption. *Second*, To admit the desirability of creating an opportunity of employing labor, through the agency of a tax on all consumers of coal and steel, to do work that would yield to the same consumers a greater product of the same articles if performed elsewhere, or an equal product at less cost, is to admit that the natural resources of a country are so far exhausted that there is no opportunity for the truly productive employment of labor—an argument which, however effective in overpopulated countries, can have no possible application in a new country like the United States, whose natural resources, so far from being exhausted, are yet, as it were, unappropriated and unexplored. Again, a tax levied in pursuance of legislative enactment for the maintenance of such labor is clearly in the nature of a forced charity, while the petitioners for its enactment answer in every particular to the definition of the term "pauper"—namely, one who publicly confesses that he cannot earn a living by his own exertions, and therefore asks the community to tax themselves or diminish their abundance for his support. *Third*, The only true test of the increase of national wealth is the possession of an increased quantity of useful things in the aggregate, and not in the amount of

labor performed or the number of laborers employed, irrespective of results. A tariff, from its very nature, cannot create anything; it only affects the distribution of what already exists. If the imposition of restrictions by means of taxes on imports enables a producer to employ a larger number of workmen and to give them better wages than before, it can be accomplished only at the expense of the domestic consumers, who pay increased prices. Capital thus transferred is no more increased than is money by transference from one pocket to another, but on the contrary it is diminished to just the extent that it is diverted from employing labor that is naturally profitable to that which is naturally unprofitable.

PROTECTION IN REALITY DOES NOT PROTECT.

Herein, then, is exposed the fallacy of the averment that duties levied on the importation of foreign commodities protect home industry. It may be conceded that certain industries may be temporarily stimulated, as the result of such duties, and that the producers may obtain large profits by a consequent increase in the price of their products; but then, it is at the expense of those who pay the increased price, who are always the domestic consumers.

To further make clear this position, the following illustration, drawn from actual American experience, is submitted: For a number of years subsequent to 1860, Congress, with a view of protecting the American producer, imposed such a duty on foreign salt as to restrict the import and at least double the price of this commodity, whether of foreign or domestic production, to the American consumer. The result was, taking the average price of No. 1 spring wheat for the same period in Chicago, that a farmer of the West, desirous of buying salt in that market, would have been obliged to give two bushels of wheat for a barrel of salt, which, without the tariff, he would have readily obtained for one bushel. If, now, the tax

had been imposed solely with a view to obtaining revenue, and the farmer had bought imported salt, the extra bushel given by him would have accrued to the benefit of the state; and if the circumstances of the government required the tax, and its imposition was expedient and equitable, the act was not one to which any advocate of free trade could object. But in the case in question the tax was not imposed primarily for revenue, as was shown by the circumstance that imports and revenue greatly decreased under its influence; and the salt purchased by the farmer in Chicago was domestic salt, which had paid no direct or corresponding tax to the government. The extra bushel of wheat, therefore, which the farmer was compelled to give for his salt accrued wholly to the benefit of the American salt-boiler, and the act was justified on the ground that American industry, as exemplified in salt-making, was protected. And yet it must be clear to every mind that if the farmer had not given the extra bushel of wheat to the salt-boiler, he would have had it to use for some other purpose advantageous to himself — to give to the shoemaker, for example, in exchange for a pair of brogans. By so much, therefore, as the industry of the salt-boiler was encouraged, that of the farmer and the shoemaker was discouraged; and, putting the whole matter in the form of a commercial statement, we have the following result: under the so-called "protective system" *a barrel of salt and two bushels of wheat* were passed to the credit of what is called "home industry," while under a free system there were *a barrel of salt, two bushels of wheat, and a pair of shoes*. Protection, therefore, seeks to promote industry at the expense of the products of industry; and its favorite proposition, that though under a system of restriction a higher price may be given for an article, yet all that is paid by one is given to some other person in increased employment and wages, has this fallacy — namely, that it conceals the fact that the entire amount paid by the consumer would "in the long run" have been

equally expended upon something and somebody if the consumer had been allowed to buy the cheap article instead of the dear one; and consequently the loss to the consumer is balanced by no advantage *in the aggregate* to any one.

"When a highwayman takes a purse from a traveler, he expends it, it may be, at a drinking-saloon, and the traveler would have expended it somewhere else. But in this there is no loss in the aggregate; the vice of the transaction is that the enjoyment goes to the wrong man. But if the same money is taken from the traveler by forcing him to pay for a dear article instead of a cheap one, he is not only despoiled of his just enjoyment as before, but there is a destructive process besides, in the same manner as if the loss had been caused by making him work with a blunt axe instead of a sharp one. Whenever, therefore, anything is taken from one man and given to another under the pretense of protection to trade, an equal amount is virtually thrown into the sea, in addition to the robbery of the individual."

INFLUENCE OF PROTECTION NOT PERMANENT BUT TEMPORARY.

A further conclusion, alike deducible from theory and proved by all experience, is that not only does protection to a special industry not result in any benefit to the general industry of a country, but also that its beneficial influence on any special industry is not permanent, but temporary. Thus, the price of no article can be permanently advanced by artificial agencies, without an effort on the part of every person directly or indirectly concerned in its consumption to protect and compensate himself by advancing the price of the labor or products he gives in exchange. If sufficient time is afforded, and local exchanges are not unduly restricted, this effort of compensation is always successful. Hence, from the very necessity of the case, no protective duty can be permanently effective. Hence, also, it is that protected manufacturers always proclaim, and no doubt honestly feel, that the

abandonment of protection, or even its abatement, would be ruinous; and in all history not one case can be cited where the representatives of an industry once protected have ever come forward and asked for an abatement of taxation on the ground that protection had done its work. Under this head the recent experience of the United States affords a most curious and convincing illustration. Thus, in 1862-63, in order to meet the expenses of a great war, the government imposed internal taxes on every variety of domestic manufactures, and in accordance with the principles of equity imposed what were claimed to be corresponding taxes on the imports of all competing foreign products. Soon after the close of the war, however, when the cessation of hostilities diminished the necessity for such large revenues, the internal taxes were repealed, but in no one instance was there a protected manufacturer found who took any other position than that a repeal of the corresponding tariff would be most disastrous to his business. The tariff, as originally raised to compensate for the new internal taxes, was therefore left in a great degree unchanged. That the principle here laid down, of want of permanency in protective agencies, is furthermore admitted by the protected (American) manufacturers themselves as a result of their own experience, is also proved by the following striking testimony, forced out under oath before a government commission from one of the foremost of their number in 1868 — the late Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts:—

Question.—What, according to your experience, was the effect of the increase of the tariff in 1864 on the industries with which you are specially acquainted?

Answer.—The first effect was to stimulate nearly every branch, to give an impulse and activity to business; but in a few months the increased cost of production and the advance in the price of labor and the products of labor were greater than the increase of the tariff, so that the business of production was

no better, even if in so good a condition, as it was previous to the advance of the tariff referred to.

WILL FREE TRADE TEND TO DIMINISH THE OPPORTUNITIES AND REWARDS OF DOMESTIC INDUSTRY?

Upon no one argument have the advocates of protection relied more, in support of their system, than the assumption that, if there were no restrictions on trade, the opportunity to labor created by protection and the results of the expenditure of the earnings of such labor would be diverted to other countries to their benefit, and to the corresponding detriment of that country which, needing protection by reason of a necessity for paying higher wages or other industrial inequalities, abandons it; or, to speak more specifically, it is assumed that if the United States were to adopt a policy of free trade, England would supply us with cotton and metal fabrications, Germany with woollen goods, Nova Scotia with coal, the West Indies exclusively with sugar, Russia with hemp and tallow, Canada with lumber, and Australia with wool; that thereby opportunity to our own people to labor would be greatly restricted, and the wages of labor be reduced to a level with the wages of foreigners. Specious as is this argument, there could not be a greater error of fact or a worse sophism of reason. None of the commodities mentioned will be given by the producers resident in foreign countries for nothing. *Product for product* is the invariable law of exchange, and we cannot buy a single article abroad, save through the medium of something that must be produced at home. Hence the utter absurdity of that assertion which to protectionists seems pregnant with such dreadful meaning, namely, "that under free trade we should be deluged with foreign goods;" for if more should be really imported under a free trade than under a protective policy, then one of two things would take place: either we must produce more at home in order to pay for the new excess of imports, in

which case domestic industry would be stimulated and not diminished; or, not producing more, we must obtain more in return, or, what is the same thing, a higher price for what we already produce—a result manifestly conducive to national prosperity. It would also seem to be in the nature of a self-evident proposition, that nothing under any circumstance can or will be imported unless that in which it is paid for can be produced at home with greater final advantage.

Again, the favorite protectionist argument that, if trade is unrestricted and the people of a country, under the inducement of greater cheapness, are allowed to supply themselves with foreign commodities, the opportunities for the employment of domestic labor will be correspondingly diminished, is an argument identical in character with that which has in past times often led individuals and whole communities to oppose the invention and introduction of labor-saving or "labor-dispensing" machinery. But, to sift thoroughly this sophism, it is sufficient to remember that labor is not exerted for the sake of labor, but for what labor brings, and that human wants expand just in proportion to the multiplication of the means and opportunity of gratifying human desires. If the wages of a day's labor would purchase in the market one hundred times as much as at present, can any one doubt that the demand for the necessities and luxuries of life would be increased a hundred-fold? If the people of this country could obtain the products of the labor of other countries for nothing, could the labor of the whole world supply the quantity of things we should want? In short, the demand for the results of labor can never be satisfied, and is never limited except by its ability to buy; and the cheaper things are, the more things will be purchased and consumed. Nothing, therefore, can be more irrational than the supposition that increased cheapness, or increased ability to buy and consume, diminishes or restricts the opportunity to labor. If by the invention of machinery or the dis-

covery of cheaper sources of supply the labor of a certain number of individuals in a department of industry becomes superfluous or unnecessary, such labor must take a new direction, and it is not to be denied that in the process of readjustment temporary individual inconvenience, and perhaps suffering, may result. But any temporary loss thus sustained by individuals is more than made up to society, regarded from the standpoint of either producers or consumers, by the increased demand consequent on increased cheapness through greater material abundance, and therefore greater comfort and happiness. About the time of the invention and introduction of the sewing-machine into Europe the benevolent people of a city in Germany, where the industry of needlewomen was a marked specialty, formed an organization to lessen in a degree the injury which it was believed the use of the machine would inevitably occasion to the poor by supplanting the necessity for their employment. After the lapse of a few years, however, when society, as represented by the whole people of the city, obeying their natural instincts, had determined to have, and had obtained, a cheaper source of supply for their needle-products than before, the organization referred to found that their further existence was wholly unnecessary, inasmuch as the results of their investigations showed that by reason of a greater consumption of sewed goods, consequent on their cheaper supply, a much larger number of persons were engaged in the operating of sewing-machines than formerly found employment by the needle, and that wages had increased rather than diminished.

From these premises, therefore, the following deductions may be regarded as in the nature of economic axioms: *First.* A nation or community can attain the greatest prosperity, and secure to its people the greatest degree of material abundance, only when it utilizes its natural resources and labor to the best advantage and with the least waste and loss, whatever may be the nominal rate of

wages paid to its laborers. The realization of such a result is hastened or retarded by whatever removes or creates obstructions or interferences in the way of production and exchanges. *Second.* The exports, on the whole, of any country must and always do balance its imports; which is equivalent to saying that if we do not buy we cannot sell, while neither buying nor selling will take place unless there is a real or supposed advantage to both parties to the transaction. *Third.* As a nation exports only those things for which it possesses decided advantages relatively to other nations in producing, it follows that what a nation purchases by its exports it purchases by its most efficient labor, and consequently at the cheapest possible rate to itself. Hence, the price paid for every foreign manufactured article, instead of being so much given for the encouragement of foreign labor to the prejudice of our own, is as truly the product of our own labor as though we had directly manufactured it ourselves. Free trade, therefore, can by no possibility discourage home-labor or diminish the real wages of laborers.

• DOES PROTECTION ENCOURAGE DIVERSITY OF INDUSTRY?

The averment that prohibition or restriction of foreign imports encourages diversity of domestic industry is answered by saying that when any trade can be introduced or undertaken for fiscal or public advantage, private enterprise is competent to its accomplishment. "To ask for more is only to ask to have a finger in the public purse." It may be possible to conceive of specific cases in which it might be politic for a government to give an advantage for a limited time and for a definite object. But protection, as an economic system, cannot rightfully claim any support from such an admission, inasmuch as its demand is that the public shall be obliged to support all manufacturing enterprises upon no other ground than that they cannot support themselves.

DOES PROTECTION TEND TO CHEAPEN MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS?

Protection, it is alleged, has a tendency to make what are termed manufactured products cheaper. A very fit and cogent answer which has been made to this assertion of the opponents of free trade is, that if protection is to be recommended because it leads ultimately to cheapness, it were best to begin with cheapness. Another answer is to be found in the circumstance that not a single instance can be adduced to show that any reduction has ever taken place in the cost of production under a system of protection, through the agencies of new inventions, discoveries, and economies, which would not have taken place equally soon under a system of free trade; while, on the contrary, many instances can be referred to which prove that protection, by removing the dread of foreign competition, has retarded not only invention, but also the application and use of improvements and inventions elsewhere devised and introduced. Thus, referring to the experience of the United States, where the system of protection has in general prevailed for many years, it is a well-known fact that the department of industry which has been distinguished more than any other by the invention and application of labor-saving machinery is that of agriculture, which has never been protected to any extent; and for the reason that in a country which raises a surplus of nearly all its agricultural products for sale in foreign countries it never can be. On the other hand, in that department of industry engaged in the primary manufacture of iron, which has always been especially shielded by high restrictive duties, not only from foreign competition, but also from the necessity of the exercise of economy and skill, the progress in the direction of improvement has been so slow that according to the report of the geological survey of Ohio (1871) there is hardly a furnace in that great iron-producing State that can be compared with the best English furnaces, in re-

spect either to construction, management, or product, and that "there is scarce any art practiced by our people so eminently progressive," which is "so far from having reached perfection as this one" of simple iron-smelting.

DOES IT PAY TO EFFECT A REDUCTION OF PRICES BY ARTIFICIALLY STIMULATING PRODUCTION?

It is here pertinent to notice an idea adopted by a school of American economists or politicians, that it is for the advantage of a country to endeavor to effect a reduction of prices by the creation, through legislation or otherwise, of an excessive or artificial stimulus to production. That the creation of an artificial stimulus to domestic production — such as is almost always temporarily afforded by an increase of the tariff or by war, which necessitates extraordinary supplies — does have the effect in the first instance to quicken certain branches of production, and subsequently to reduce prices through the competition engendered, cannot be doubted; but experience shows that in almost every such instance the reduction of prices is effected at the expense or waste of capital, and that the general result, in place of being a gain, is one of the worst events that can happen to a community. Thus, the first effect of creating an extraordinary domestic demand is to increase prices, which in turn affords large profits to those in possession of stock on hand or of the machinery of production ready for immediate service. The prospect of the realization of large profits next immediately tempts others to engage in the same branch of production — in many cases with insufficient capital, and without that practical knowledge of the details of the undertaking essential to secure success. As production goes on, supply gradually becomes equal to, and finally in excess of, demand. The producers working on insufficient capital or with insufficient skill are soon obliged, in order to meet impending obligations or dispose of inferior products, to force sales through a reduction of prices, and

the others, in order to retain their markets and customers, are soon compelled to follow their example. This in turn is followed by new concessions alternately by both parties, which are accompanied by the usual resort of turning out articles or products of inferior quality, but with an external good appearance — slate being substituted in the place of coal; cinder in the place of iron; shoddy in the place of wool; starch and sizing in the place of cotton; pasteboard in the manufacture of boots and shoes in the place of leather; and clay in the manufacture of paper in the place of fibre. And so the work of production goes on, until gradually the whole industry becomes depressed and demoralized, and the weaker producers succumb, with a greater or less destruction of capital and waste of product. Affairs having now reached their minimum of depression, recovery slowly commences. The increase of the country causes consumption gradually to gain on production, and finally the community suddenly becomes aware of the fact that supply has all at once become unequal to the demand. Then those of the producers who have been able to maintain their existence enter upon another period of business prosperity; others again rush into the business, and the old experience is again and again repeated. Such has been the history of the industry of the United States under the attempt to restrict the freedom of trade by high duties on imports, frequently modified; and such also was the effect of the war of 1861-65. To use a familiar expression, it has always been either "high water" or "low water" in the manufacturing industry of the country — no middle course, no stability. What the people have gained at one time from low prices as consumers they have more than lost at another by the recurrence of extra rates, and they have also lost, as producers, by periodical suspensions of industry, spasmodic reduction of wages, and depression of business.

Meantime, the loss to the country from the destruction of capital and the waste and misapplication of labor has been

something which no man can estimate; but to which, more than to any other one agency, the present remarkable industrial depression of the country must be attributed. The illustrations under this head afforded by the recent industrial experience of the United States are very numerous, and are not surpassed in curious interest by anything on record in the whole range of economic history. The following will serve as examples:—

In 1864-65 it was found that the supply of paper of domestic manufacture was insufficient to meet the consumption of the country, and that the supply from abroad was greatly impeded by an unusually heavy duty imposed in time of war on its import. The price of paper in the country accordingly rose with great rapidity, and the profits of the paper-manufacturers who were then in possession of the machinery of production became something extraordinary. The usual effect followed. A host of new men rushed into the business and old manufactories were enlarged, so that during the years 1864-66 it was estimated that more paper-mills were built in the United States than during the whole of the twelve years previous. As a matter of course, the market became overstocked with paper, prices fell with great rapidity, many abandoned the business through inclination or necessity, and many mills and much machinery were sold for less than the cost of construction; while in the spring of 1869 the paper-makers met in convention to consider the desirability of decreasing the production of paper — or, what is the same thing, of allowing their capital and their labor to remain unemployed — on account of the unprofitableness of the business. In October of the same year a storm of great violence swept over the northern portion of the country, and in the flood which followed, many mills engaged in the manufacture of paper were so injured as to be temporarily incapable of working. A leading journal in one of the paper-manufacturing districts, devoted to the advocacy of protection, in commenting on the effects of the storm, used this language: "There seems to

have been unusual fatality among paper-mills; but this disaster will work to the advantage of those who escaped the flood, and we doubt not that those that did stand will do a better business in consequence of the lessened supply;” or, in other words, the condition of this particular industry had become so bad through the influence of a fiscal policy based on the theory of protection that the occurrence of a great public calamity, with a vast attendant destruction of property, had come to be regarded in the light of a public blessing.

Again, at Kanawha, Virginia, there are remarkable salt-springs, some of which furnish conjointly with the brine an inflammable gas, which flows with such force and quantity that it has been used not only to lift the salt-water into tanks at a considerable elevation above the evaporating pans, but also to subsequently evaporate the brine by ignition under the furnaces; thus obviating the expense both of pumping and of fuel. During the war, in order to deprive the army and the people of the Southern Confederacy of a supply of salt, the springs in question, at Kanawha, were rendered useless by the Federal forces; which fact, coupled also with the imposition of excessively high duties (over one hundred per cent.) on the import of foreign salt, gave to the manufacturers of salt on the Ohio River such a market, that although the cost of manufacturing was nearly doubled, their profits for a time were enormous; salt that cost in 1863, at points on the Ohio River, twenty-three cents per bushel, in barrel, selling readily in Cincinnati for forty-eight cents per bushel. The result was such an increase in the number of salt wells and furnaces on the Ohio River, and such an increase in the power of production, that the available market, deprived of the stimulus of the war, was soon unable to take but little more than one half of the salt that could be produced. As was natural, the price of salt under such circumstances rapidly declined; and a struggle for existence among the manufacturers commenced. The furnaces built at war prices and

based on insufficient capital were soon crushed out of existence; while life was preserved to the remainder only by the formation of a manufacturers’ association for permanently limiting production; and in order that such limitation of production and consequent breaking down of prices might not be interfered with, the Kanawha wells (the proprietors of which were not in the association); with all their advantages, were leased for a term of years at a large annual rental, called “dead rent,” and all utilization of them suspended and forbidden. “Now, had the duty on salt,” writes one of the leading members of the association, under date of December, 1874, “never been raised above the present rate, I have no doubt that the capital invested in the business would have been more profitable, and that the waste of the large amount that has been uselessly invested would have been prevented.”

LAWS ESTABLISHING PROTECTION NECESSARILY UNJUST AND UNSTABLE.

One of the essential attributes of a just law is that it bears equally upon all subjected to its influence; and it would also seem clear that the general effect of an unjust law must be injurious. Now a system of law imposing protective duties must, in order to be effective, be partial and discriminating, and therefore unequal and unjust; for if a law could be devised which would afford equal protection to all the industrial interests of a nation, it would benefit in fact no interest by leaving everything relatively as before; or, in other words, the attempt to protect everything would result in protecting nothing.

Any system of laws founded on injustice and inequality cannot, furthermore, be permanent. The possibility that it may be further changed to meet the increased demands of special interests, and the instinctive revolt of human nature against legal wrong and partiality, continually threaten its stability. Hence, a system of industry built upon laws establishing protection through discrimi-

nating taxes can never have stability of condition; and without such stability there can be no continued industrial prosperity.

On the other hand, one of the strongest arguments in behalf of freedom of trade is, that it makes every branch of industry independent of legislation, and emancipates it from all conditions affecting its stability other than what are natural and which can in a great degree be anticipated and provided against.

DO FOREIGNERS PAY A PORTION OF OUR TAXES ON IMPORTS?

It is often asserted, by the advocates of protection, that a tariff on imports "obliges a foreigner to pay a part of our taxes." To this it may be replied that if there were any plan or device by which one nation could thus throw off its burden of taxation in any degree upon another nation, it would long ago have been universally found out and recognized, and would have been adopted by all nations to at least the extent of making the burden of taxation thus transferred in all cases reciprocal. If the principle involved in the proposition in question, therefore, could possibly be true, no advantage whatever could accrue from its application. But the point itself involves an absurdity. Taxes on imports are paid by the persons who consume them; and these are not foreigners, but residents of the country into which the commodities are imported. A duty on imports may injure foreigners by depriving them of an opportunity of exchanging their products for the products of the country imposing the duty, but no import-taxes will for any length of time compel foreigners to sell their products at a loss, or to accept less than the average rate of profit on their transactions; for no business can permanently maintain itself under such conditions. Where a nation possesses a complete monopoly of an article, as is the case of Peru in respect to guano, and to a great extent with China in the case of tea, the monopoly always obtains the highest practicable price for its com-

modity, and the persons who find it use indispensable are obliged to pay the prescribed prices. The imposition of a tax on the importation of such a commodity into a country may compel the monopoly, for the sake of retaining a market, to reduce its prices proportionally; and in such cases the nation imposing the impost may to a degree share the profit of the monopoly. But the price to the consumers is not diminished by reason of the import-duty, and the cases in which any interest has such a complete control over the supply of a product as to enable it arbitrarily to dictate prices are so rare as hardly to render them worthy of serious consideration in an economic argument.

THE PEACE AND WAR ARGUMENT.

Another powerful argument in favor of free trade between nations is, that of all agencies it is the one most conducive to the maintenance of international peace and to the prevention of wars. The restriction of commercial intercourse among nations tends to make men strangers to each other, and prevents the formation of that union of material interests which creates and encourages in men a disposition to adjust their differences by peaceful methods rather than by physical force. On the other hand, it requires no argument to prove that free trade in its fullest development tends to make men friends rather than strangers, for the more they exchange commodities and services the more they become acquainted with and assimilated to each other; whereby a feeling of interdependence and mutuality of interest springs up, which, it may be safely assumed, does more to maintain amicable relations between them than all the ships of war that ever were built or all the armies that ever were organized. Of the truth of this the experience of England and the United States in respect to the Alabama claims is a striking example. The moral and religious sentiments of the people of the two countries undoubtedly contributed much to restrain the belligerent feelings that existed previ-

ous to the reference of the claims to arbitration; but a stronger restraining element than all, and one underlying and supporting the moral and religious influences, was a feeling among the great body of the people of the two nations that war, as a mere business transaction, "would not pay;" and that the commerce and trade of the United States and Great Britain are so interlinked and interwoven that a resort to arms would result in permanent and incalculable impoverishment to both countries.

One argument, however, in favor of protection, which is said to take stronger hold on the popular mind than almost any other, is the asserted necessity of artificially stimulating by legislation all manner of domestic industries, in order that the country may not be dependent on other nations for martial requisites in case of possible foreign war. The first answer to this averment is, that whatever may have been our condition heretofore, the power of production at present in the United States is so great, so varied, and so permanently established, that it is hardly possible to conceive of a contingency in which the nation could be inconvenienced by a deficiency of any material requisite for the carrying on of war, with the exception of the two commodities, gold and saltpetre; and it will not be pretended by any one that the domestic supply of either of these articles can be advantageously increased by restricting their importation. Second, with a vigorous, patriotic population, especially if the same be supplemented, as in the case of England and the United States, with favorable natural conditions for defense, that nation, under our present civilization, will be most invulnerable in war which can incur and sustain the greatest and longest-continued expenditure, or which, in other words, is possessed of the greatest national wealth. But national wealth increases in a ratio proportioned to the removal of obstacles in the way of the development of trade, commerce, and all productive industries, whether such obstacles be in the nature of an imperfect education of the people,

or in the nature of bad roads, high mountains, impenetrable forests, trackless deserts, popular prejudices, or legal commercial restrictions, which impede a free interchange of commodities and services. In support of these positions two historical illustrations may be cited as evidence.

During the late civil war, the Confederate States, although deficient in almost all the so-called manufacturing industries, with a population trained almost exclusively to agriculture, and with all their main lines of intercommunication with the external world blockaded, nevertheless managed to obtain at all times adequate military supplies for conducting great campaigns so long as they were able to pay for them, and finally succumbed to the financial rather than to the physical power of their antagonists.

Upon this same point the example of Holland is also most instructive. From the commencement of their existence as a nation, the Dutch not only made their country an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but they took especial care that their trade, industries, and all commercial exchanges should be "unfettered, unimpeded, and unlegislated upon," and this too while all the rest of the civilized world adopted a diametrically opposite policy. The result was that, though possessing a most restricted territory (about four hundred thousand acres of arable land) and a limited population (less than two millions), they not only maintained their independence against the combined hosts of Spain, France, and Germany, but for a time became the dominant naval power of the world. Though not raising a bushel of wheat, Holland became the best place for Europe to buy grain; though she did not possess an acre of forests, there was always more and better timber to be obtained in her ports than elsewhere; and though she smelted no iron, and did not raise a "sheaf of hemp," her fleets became the best that sailed the seas; and all because, to use the words of one of her statesmen (Cornelius De Witt, 1745), "she had the wealth to pay for these commodities," and possessed this wealth

because trade and all exchanges were left unimpeded.

WHY FREE TRADE IS NOT IMMEDIATELY AND UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED.

But the question here naturally arises, If the above propositions in favor of free trade are correct, and if the doctrine of protection is as false and injurious as it is represented to be, how happens it that free trade does not at once meet with universal acceptance? and how is the adherence of many men of clear intellect and practical experience to the opposite doctrine to be accounted for? One of the best answers to these questions was given by the celebrated French economist Bastiat, in an article written many years ago, entitled *That which is Seen and That which is not Seen*, in which he showed that protection is maintained mainly by a view of what the producer gains and a concealment of what the consumer loses; and that if the losses of the million were as patent and palpable as the profits of the few, no nation would tolerate the system for a single day. Protection accumulates upon a single point the good which it effects, while the evil which it inflicts is infused throughout the community as a whole. The first result strikes the eye at once; the latter requires some investigation to become clearly perceptible.

Mankind also divide themselves into two classes — producers and consumers, buyers and sellers. The interest of producers and sellers is that prices shall be high, or that there shall be scarcity; the interest of consumers and buyers is that prices shall be low, or that there shall be abundance. Every person will also at once admit that it is for the general interest that there shall be abundance, rather than scarcity. But in the case of individuals controlling large agencies for production, their interest as producers and sellers of large quantities of commodities may be made greater than their interest as consumers, if by the aid of legislation the price of what they produce can be raised, by discriminating laws, disproportionately over what they

consume, or to the cost of production. Men of this class are generally rich beyond the average of the community, and therefore influential in controlling legislation and in determining fiscal policies; and it is but natural that in so doing they should consult their own interests rather than the interests of the masses. The time, however, is soon coming, when the people of the United States "will wake as it were from a dream, and ask who it was that persuaded them that the way to be rich was for everybody to give as much as possible for everything."

CONCLUSION.

It only remains briefly to notice the testimony of history in respect to the influence of free trade as an economic principle upon the development of nations and the progress of civilization.

In the earlier ages in Europe the principle that trade or commerce is mutually advantageous, and that after every fair mercantile transaction both parties are richer than before, was not understood. On the contrary, the generally accepted theory among both nations and individuals in respect to trade was pithily embodied by an old proverb, "What is one man's gain must be another man's loss." Commerce, therefore, it was assumed, could benefit one country only as it injured some other. In accordance, therefore, with this principle, every state in Christendom, in place of rendering trade and commerce free, exerted itself to impose the most harassing restrictions on commercial intercourse, not only as between different countries, but also as between districts of the same country, and even as between man and man. "Country was accordingly separated from country and town from town as if seas ran between them. If a man of Liege came to Ghent with his wares, he was obliged first to pay toll at the city's gate; then when within the city he was embarrassed at every step with what were termed 'the privileges of companies;' and if the citizen of Ghent desired to trade at Liege, he experienced the same difficulties, which were effectual to prevent

either from trading to the best advantage. The revenues of most cities were also in great part derived from the fines and forfeitures of trades, almost all of which were established on the principle that if one trade became too industrious or too clever, it would be the ruin of another trade. Every trade was accordingly fenced round with secrets, and the commonest trade was termed, in the language of the indentures of apprentices, 'an art or mystery.' If one nation saw profit in any one manufacture, all her efforts were at once directed to frustrate the attempts of other nations to engage in the same industry. She must encourage the importation of all the raw materials that entered into its production, and adopt an opposite rule as respected the finished article. At the close of the sixteenth century England undertook the woolen manufacture. By the 8th of Elizabeth the exporter of sheep was for the first offense to forfeit his goods forever, to suffer a year's imprisonment, and then have his left hand cut off in a market-town on market-day, there to be nailed up to the pillory. For the second offense he should be adjudged a felon, and suffer death. At a later period, in the reign of Charles II., it was enacted that no person within fifteen miles of the sea should buy wool without the permission of the king; nor could it be loaded in any vehicle, or carried, except between sunrise and sunset, within five miles of the sea, on pain of forfeiture. An act of Parliament in 1678, for the encouragement of woolen manufactures, ordered that every corpse should be buried in a woolen shroud. In 1672 the lord chancellor of England announced the necessity of going to war with the Dutch and destroying their commerce, because it was surpassing that of Great Britain; and even as late as 1743 one of England's greatest statesmen declared in the House of Lords that "if our wealth is diminishing, it is time to ruin the commerce of that nation which has driven us from the markets of the Continent, by sweeping the seas of their ships and blockading their ports." By the treaty of Utrecht, which concluded

the great war of England and Spain against Louis XIV. and his allies, England, being able to dictate the terms, secured the adoption of a section by which the citizens of Antwerp were forbidden to use the deep water that flowed close by their walls; and it was further expressly stipulated that the capacious harbor of Dunkirk, in the north of France, should be filled up and forever ruined, so that French commerce might not become too successful.

With the progress of civilization, and the consequent diffusion of information, the arbitrary restrictions on trade above noticed, which were formerly so common in Europe, have almost entirely disappeared, and men now wonder that any benefit could ever have been supposed to accrue from such absurd and monstrous regulations. But the change to a more liberal state of things, though constant, has been slow, and the policy of the Middle Ages, in the process of modification and extinction, gave place to the so-called and more modern policy of "protection," which, while clearly recognizing the impolicy of interfering with domestic exchanges, regards foreign trade as something different from any other trade, which it is for the interest of the state to interfere with and regulate. But under the same influences of a progressive civilization this system too, in like manner, is disappearing.

In this work of progress Great Britain took the lead in 1841; not from a change in popular sentiment due to better acquaintance with theoretical principles, but from a realization, on the part of all classes of the people, of the results which the recognition and practice of the policy of protection during a period of many years had entailed upon the country. These results Mr. Noble, in his work, *Fiscal Legislation of Great Britain*, thus describes: "It is utterly impossible," he says, "to convey by mere statistics of our exports any adequate picture of the condition of the nation when Sir Robert Peel took office in 1841. Every interest in the country was alike depressed: in the manufacturing districts mills and workshops were closed and prop-

erty depreciated in value; in the sea-ports shipping was laid up useless in the harbor; agricultural laborers were eking out a miserable existence upon starvation wages and parochial relief; the revenue was insufficient to meet the national expenditure; the country was brought to the verge of national and universal bankruptcy." England, therefore, as it were, under compulsion, and with very grave doubts on the part of many of her ablest financiers and economists, under the lead of Sir Robert Peel abandoned protection as the national policy, and gradually adopted the opposite principle of free trade with all the world. The same author above referred to, writing in 1865, draws the following picture of the results of this change of policy based on the experience of near a quarter of a century: "It has rendered agriculture prosperous, largely augmented rent, vastly extended manufactures and employment, increased the wages of labor, and, while securing the collection of an increased revenue, has by improving the value of property lessened the burden of taxation. It has been shown, also, that each successive development of this beneficent legislation has extended these results."

The example thus set by Great Britain has in turn been followed in a greater or less degree by most of the other states of Europe, and in no one instance where a relaxation of previously existing commercial restrictions has once been made, and fairly tried, has there been any serious retrogression. It is also curious to note concerning the people of the United States, that so well satisfied are they of the principles of free trade when applied to domestic transactions, that they will not allow the creation or main-

tenance throughout the whole of the broad territory they inhabit of the slightest artificial obstruction to the freest exchange of products or to the freest commercial or personal movement; and this, too, notwithstanding that the different States and Territories into which the country is divided differ among themselves in respect to wages of labor, prices of commodities, climate, soil, and other natural conditions, as widely as the United States as a whole differs from any other foreign country with which it is engaged in extensive commercial intercourse. And yet we have the striking and anomalous circumstance that a very large number — perhaps a majority — of the American people regard trade with foreign nations as something very different from trade among themselves, which should, therefore, be subjected to entirely different laws and conditions. But a slight examination ought, it would seem, to prove that foreign trade presents no element peculiar to itself, but only the same elements which domestic trade presents, and that, consequently, the same laws and conditions that are applicable to domestic exchanges are equally applicable to foreign exchanges. Men, moreover, do not engage in any trade, foreign or domestic, for mere enjoyment or pleasure, but for the material gain which accrues to both parties. They desist from it also as soon as the mutual advantage ceases. The relation, then, which government ought to sustain to the whole question of exchanges is well expressed in the answer which the merchants of France gave to Colbert more than a century and a half ago, when he asked their advice and opinion "how he could best promote commerce:" "*Laissez nous faire*" ("Let us alone").

David A. Wells.

UNDER THE GREAT ELM.

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S TAKING COMMAND OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, 3D JULY, 1775.

I. 1.

Words pass as wind, but where great deeds were done
A power abides transfused from sire to son:
The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
Whose soul no siren baseness could unsphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learned, just,
And one memorial pile that dares to last,
But Memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past,
O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed
These hundred years its monumental shade.

2.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?
We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk remains,
Built with costly juice of hearts and brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that be
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II. 1.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or shames.
This unsubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we stand

On dust ennobled by heroic feet
 Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,
 And mighty still such burthen to upbear,
 Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely were:
 Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,
 Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
 Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
 No more a pallid image and a dream,
 But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

2.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint
 To raise those buried days from tombs of print:
 Here stood he," softly we repeat,
 And lo, the statue shrined and still
 In that gray minster-front we call the Past,
 Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
 Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.
 It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,
 Its features human with familiar light,
 A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
 Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-blight.

3.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught
 Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom
 Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom
 Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
 Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
 So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
 In history's fragmentary tale
 Bright clews of continuity,
 Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
 And feel ourselves a link in that entail
 That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

III. 1.

Beneath our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Which redly foamed round him but could not overwhelm
 The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms had yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
 Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle others' clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

2.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
 In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
 Of every shape that was not uniform,
 Dotted with regimentals here and there;
 An army all of captains, used to pray
 And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
 Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
 Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
 In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
 Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
 But largely liberal to its private moods;
 Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
 Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
 Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
 Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
 A thought-staid army or a lasting State:
 Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
 But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
 Upon the bridle, patient to command,
 Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
 And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
 Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
 And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
 The years between furl off: I seem to see
 The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
 Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
 And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
 That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead
 O, man of silent mood,
 A stranger among strangers then,
 How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
 Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
 The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
 Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
 The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

IV. 1.

How many subtlest influences unite,
 With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
 Invisible as air and soft as light,
 To body forth that image of the brain
 We call our Country, visionary shape,
 Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,
 Whose charm can none define,
 Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!
 All particolored threads the weaver Time
 Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,

All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,
 Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
 A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,
 The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
 Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,
 Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,
 Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
 Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,
 A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,
 A life to give ours permanence, when we
 Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
 And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

2.

You, who hold dear this self-conceived ideal,
 Whose faith and works alone can make it real,
 Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
 Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine
 And feeds them at the core with manhood more divine:
 When all have done their utmost, surely he
 Hath given the best who gives a character
 Erect and constant, which nor any shock
 Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
 Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
 From its deep bases in the living rock
 Of ancient manhood's sweet security:
 And this he gave, serenely far from pride
 As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,
 Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

3.

No bond of men so strong as common pride
 In names sublimed by deeds that have not died;
 These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
 That give a constant heart in great designs;
 These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
 As make heroic men: thus surely he
 Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
 'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
 The self-restraint that makes and keeps a people free.

V. 1.

O, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
 Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statuelike in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

2.

What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
 That soul serene, impenetrably just,
 Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
 That soul so softly radiant and so white
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature?
 And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
 The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
 And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
 Passionless, say you? What is passion for
 But to sublime our natures and control
 To front heroic toils with late return,
 Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
 That fire was fed with substance of the soul
 And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
 Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
 Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
 With breath of popular applause or blame,
 Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
 Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

3.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — Washington.

4.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
 That flash and darken like revolving lights,
 Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
 On the long curve of patient days and nights,
 Rounding a whole life to the circle fair

Of orb'd completeness; and this balanced soul,
 So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
 Of draperies theatric, standing there
 In perfect symmetry of self-control,
 Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
 Still as we look, and by experience learn
 How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
 The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
 This energetic passion of repose.

5.

A nature too decorous and severe,
 Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
 For ardent girls and boys
 Who find no genius in a mind so clear
 That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
 Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
 They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
 The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
 That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
 And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
 His broad-built brain, to self so little kind
 That no tumultuary blood could blind,
 Formed to control men, not amaze,
 Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
 It was a world of statelier movement then
 Than this we fret in, he a denizen
 Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

VI. 1.

The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive,
 Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
 The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days.
 For this we honor him, that he could know
 How sweet the service and how free
 Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
 And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

2.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
 From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
 Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
 His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

VII. 1.

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

2.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,
Till then provincial, to Americans;
Here was the doom fixed: here is marked the date
When this New World awoke to man's estate;
Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind:
Nor thoughtless was the choice; no love or hate
Could from its poise move that deliberate mind,
Weighing between too early and too late
Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate:
His was the impartial vision of the great
Who see not as they wish, but as they find.
He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
The incomputable perils of success;
The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind;
The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets blind;
The waste of war, the ignominy of peace;
On either hand a sullen rear of woes,
Whose garnered lightnings none could guess,
Piling its thunderheads and muttering "Cease!"
Yet drew not back his hand, but gravely chose
The seeming-desperate task whence our new nation rose.

3.

A noble choice and of immortal seed!
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotivated herd that only sleep and feed.
Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or so,
What matters it? The Fates with mocking face
Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.

Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
 And but two ways are offered to our will, —
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of human race.
 He chose, as men choose, — where most danger showed,
 Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
 Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,
 But kept right on the strenuous uphill road,
 Strong to the end, above complaint or boast.
 His soul was still in its unstormed abode.

VIII.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
 Cast in the mighty mould
 Of those high-statured ages old
 Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
 She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
 What shall we give her back but love and praise
 As in the dear old unestranged days
 Before the inevitable wrong began?
 Mother of States and undiminished men,
 Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
 And we owe alway what we owed thee then:
 The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us agen
 Shines as before with no abatement dim.
 A great man's memory is the only thing
 With influence to outlast the present whim
 And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
 All of him that was subject to the hours
 Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours:
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrownèd manhood forth
 In welcome of our saviour and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
 The deep-set courage and undaunted will,
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
 If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back, —
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen!

James Russell Lowell.

AUTUMN DAYS IN WEIMAR.

II.

THE cordial, trustful hospitality with which I was received by the old families of Weimar seems to justify an acknowledgment of it, yet makes the task a delicate one. The more the sanctity of private life is disregarded by that passion for personal gossip which, originating in France, has taken such vigorous root in America, the more it becomes an author's duty to defend it; and the line of separation between this abuse and the legitimate description of general social characteristics is sometimes a little difficult to trace. I prefer, at least, to omit the mention of many pleasant minor incidents which might the more satisfactorily justify my impressions to the reader's mind, and ask him simply to believe in their honesty.

The prevalent opinion throughout the rest of Germany seems to be that the society of Weimar retains, to an unusual degree, the rigid and cumbersome etiquette of a past generation. Forgetting that, a hundred years ago, the court was the freest in Germany, and that here, almost for the first time in history, culture was absolutely forced upon rank by the eminence of men who were not of patrician birth, the Prussian or Saxon or Bavarian repeats a few stories current thirty or forty years ago, and comfortably thrusts Weimar into its proper place in his ready-made theory of German society. Such a procedure may save trouble, but it is far from being just. Unfortunately, there is no intellectual chemistry which will cast the lines of education, prejudice, and inherited tastes upon an infallible spectrum, and enable us to estimate their value.

When I say that I found a freer, less conventional social spirit in Weimar than in the other small German capitals with which I have some acquaintance, I am quite prepared to hear the statement denied. The foreigner receives a more

kindly consideration in Germany than in any other country in the world, and nowhere more so than in Weimar, where for so many years all forms of foreign culture were so heartily welcomed. Apart from this, however, the hospitality of the old families is so simple, frank, and cordial, as to be worthy of notice in these showy and luxurious days. At informal evening receptions one rarely sees other than morning costumes: the supper, served towards nine o'clock, is the ordinary family meal, consisting chiefly of tea, beer, cold meats, and salads: there is no etiquette beyond or conflicting with that of refined society all over the world; but, on the contrary, a graceful ease and freedom of intercourse which I have sometimes sorely missed in circles which consider themselves far more eminent. I admit, to the fullest extent, the intellectual egotism of the German race, for I have often enough been brought into conflict with it; yet there is an exceedingly fine and delicate manifestation of social culture which I have nowhere found so carefully observed as in Weimar. I allude to that consideration for the single stranger which turns the topics of conversation in the direction of his knowledge or his interests. How often have I seen, both in America and in England, a foreigner introduced to a small circle, in which the discussion of personal matters whereof he could have had no knowledge was quietly continued until the company dispersed! There is a negative as well as an affirmative (or active) egotism, and the reserve which our race seems to value so much often includes it.

The thorough and liberal culture of Weimar society was also a great delight to me. More than once it happened, in an evening company of twenty or thirty, young as well as old, that a French or English quotation suddenly — and quite naturally — changed the language used by all. On one occasion, I remember,

I was asked to recite passages of an English poem which had been the subject of conversation. "But I do not know any German translation of it," I remarked. "Oh, in English, of course!" was the immediate reply; and for fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards the whole company conversed in English with the greatest fluency and correctness. Many of the young ladies, I soon discovered, were excellent artists as well as musicians; yet, when I called upon a distinguished family rather early one day, a daughter of the house excused herself very gracefully from remaining in the *salon*, on account of her duties in the kitchen. This union of a very high culture with an honest acceptance of the simplest household needs may seem almost ideal to some of my readers; yet they may take heart, for we have a few noble examples of it at home.

For more than a month after my arrival there was no court. The Grand Duke was in Berlin, the Grand Duchess and the two princesses were upon an estate in Silesia, and the newly-married heir of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach seemed inclined to prolong, as was natural, the freedom of his honeymoon. But one morning it was announced that their Hereditary Royal Highnesses were quietly installed in their wing of the castle. As one of my neighbors at the dinner-table, Baron von Salis, was the young Grand Duke's adjutant, the formalities of an application for presentation were soon arranged, and the same evening I received an appointment for the following morning. I had met the prince at the Wartburg a year previous; but in the mean time he had visited Egypt and Palestine, tasted the delights of Nile travel, dined with my old friend Boker at Constantinople, and acquired many more of those experiences which, when mutual, almost constitute an acquaintance.

The only etiquette prescribed is full evening dress. I might have walked to the castle, as many of the Weimarese do, but there is something absurdly embarrassing in being seen in the streets, of a morning, in such guise, and I was

fain to hide myself in the hotel-coach. The prince's marshal, Baron von Wardenburg, received me in the anteroom, where I found the distinguished African traveler, Gerard Rohlfs, come to say good-by before starting for the Libyan Desert. Rohlfs is a remarkable specimen of manly strength and beauty, tall, blonde-haired, large-limbed, with an Achillean air of courage and command. The chain-full of orders on his coat seemed quite unnecessary, and the white cravat, I thought, weakened rather than emphasized his natural distinction.

Baron von Salis summoned me into the reception room, and there was time, before the prince entered, to examine its exquisite furniture, a copy of a set designed by Holbein, made entirely by Weimar mechanics, and presented by the princesses as a wedding gift. Only drawings could represent its rich simplicity and quaint elegance. The carpets, curtains, and chair-covers were rigidly subordinated to the furniture in color and design, so that the room produced a single, grateful impression, like that of a musical chord. The prince is short in stature, like his great-grandfather, the illustrious Karl August, and quite frank and unaffected in his bearing. After a talk of half an hour, he got rid of me very gracefully by rising to look at one of the pieces of furniture. This is always the most difficult part of an official reception, for the guest must neither seem to hasten it nor fail to catch the proper intimation.

Descending to the rooms of the Hereditary Grand Duchess, I was received by a handsome *demoiselle d'honneur* and conducted to a charming boudoir, all blue satin and amber tints, where sat her Royal Highness. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, a branch of the family residing in Stuttgart. With her fair hair, clear blue eyes, rosy complexion, and slender form, she seemed to me English rather than German, and the slight differences of accent as she spoke English were those peculiar to Scotland. Although nearly a stranger to Weimar at the time of her marriage, she became instantly and warm-

ly popular. The modesty with which she wore her new rank, the air of frankness and honesty which surrounded her presence, impressed even the common people, as in the case of Alexandra of Denmark. She rose to receive me, pointed to a seat as she resumed her own, and the interview was no more ceremonious than when a refined lady, in any land, accepts the visit of a gentleman.

Two or three weeks afterwards, the prince and princess gave "a musical evening," at which, if ever, the restraints of the Weimar court should have been manifested; but I must confess that I entirely failed to discover them. There may have been considerations apparent only to the native guests, — degrees of precedence, grades of salutation, warmth or coldness measured by a fine social thermometer, — of which I was ignorant. I only know that in such refinements a hospitable charity is always extended to the stranger. I may have interchanged the addresses "Gracious Lady" and "Excellency," used "Sir Baron" instead of "Sir Court-Chamberlain," or have lingered ten seconds too long in greeting this official, to the detriment of that other entitled to an equal respect: these are matters with which only the native *habitué* is expected to be familiar. The effort of court etiquette is, naturally, to conceal itself, so that, while all the manifold proprieties are observed, there shall be a general air of ease and freedom.

There were some charming songs by the tenor of the opera, some excellent piano performances, much conversation, and finally a supper in the large hall. I am hardly capable of appreciating the technical excellence of music, since I take more joy in a single melody of Mozart than in a whole score of Wagner, and one with such tastes soon finds himself upon delicate ground in Weimar. There was something played — I scarcely know what to call it — which seemed to consist of a few wild, wandering notes, with an accompaniment which (to my ear) repeated the German word *pfefferkuchen*, *pfefferkuchen*! (gingerbread) without change, until it grew almost dis-

tracting. I turned to a lady sitting near and indiscreetly asked, "Is it to be *pfefferkuchen* forever?" She looked at me with wide, incredulous eyes, too much astonished to be absolutely shocked, and answered, "That is by Liszt." Of course I became dumb.

Liszt, I must declare, is one of the incomprehensible fashions in Weimar. His arrogant whims and willful affectations are endured, so far as I can learn, without a protest. As he was absent during the whole of my stay, my impressions of the man are derived solely from his admirers, his power over whom I can only explain by referring it to some weird personal magnetism. At the festival given at the Wartburg in honor of the Hereditary Grand Duke, there was a lyrical drama written by Victor Scheffel, the popular author (some of whose poems have been translated by Leland), introducing the various historical personages and scenes, the memories whereof belong to that storied castle. Liszt composed the music for Scheffel's poetry, and directed the orchestra until Luther came upon the stage: then he solemnly laid down his *bâton* and walked away, leaving his place to be filled by another. The incident was related to me by an eye-witness. The combined rudeness and bad taste of such a demonstration seems to have given no serious offense to the court.

Liszt's oratorio of Christus was performed while I was in Weimar, and it was rather amusing to notice the determined efforts to like the work, among a portion of the society of the place. I confess, after I was informed that a keen, ear-piercing *sostenuto* on the piccolo-flute represented the shining of the star of Bethlehem, I was not in a mood to do justice to the remainder of the performance. Music has its distinct limits, and all schools are false which endeavor to overstep them. If sound can be made so minutely descriptive as is claimed, we shall finally have the ingredients of our soup represented to us by the band, as we sit down to a festival dinner! However, I meant only to refer to the singular lordship which Liszt appears to

exercise over a society, the members of which are so unlike him in race, creed, and habits. That there should be a crowd of young ladies, chiefly foreigners, waiting for opportunities to play before him and hear him play in turn, is natural enough. Were Goethe living, he would doubtless find in the master a new illustration of what he calls the "daimonic" element in human nature.

At the supper, we were seated at detached round tables, five or six persons at each. One of my neighbors was the Privy-Councilor Marshall, a Scotch gentleman of the best and purest æsthetic blood, to know whom was one of the fortunes of my visit. The secretary of the Grand Duchess, the tutor of the princesses in English literature, a friend of Carlyle, an admirable translator of English poetry into German, as well as a poet in his own right, he would have brightened the gloomiest capital, and even here he kept his own distinct illumination. If he should ever read these lines, I can imagine his modest protest; but I am glad that his position at court gives me at least a half-right to mention him by name. I owe him too many happy evenings, too much kind and whole-hearted sympathy in my own personal labors, to be content with a silent gratitude.

My friend Schöll took me one evening to a meeting of the Society of Forty, of which Mr. Marshall is also an old member. Dr. Köhler read a delightful essay on a department of folk-lore, including some fine translations of Servian ballads; and then followed the hearty supper of boiled carp with horse-radish, and venison with salad, which belongs specially to Germany. To my surprise, there was quite as much table oratory as in America or England. All the principal members were called up, and in place of grave dissertations, — which popular impression connects with such occasions in Germany, — there were brief, pithy, and humorous speeches. The society has been in existence, I was informed, for more than forty years; some of the original members are venerable, gray-haired men, yet there is no flagging in their

furtherance of literary and scientific interests.

Towards the end of November the court returned, and its hospitalities were added to the social attractions of the place. My second meeting with the Grand Duke and his family took place under such exceptional circumstances that I cannot describe it without relating other matters which may seem unnecessarily personal. The ladies of the Gustav-Adolf Verein — a society founded for the support of Protestant pastors and the maintenance of churches in those parts of Germany where Protestants are few and poor — invited me to give one of a course of lectures which they had arranged in the hope of increasing their funds. Since I had done the same thing, a year before, for a branch of the same society in Gotha, it was not possible to decline. I selected American Literature as a subject with which I was most and the audience least familiar, and also as affording me the best chance of dealing a few blows at the prevailing German belief in the all-absorbing materialism of American life.

The Lyceum system does not exist in Germany, as yet; but a few individuals have achieved some success as lecturers. Carl Vogt and Büchner, the naturalists, Jordan, the rhapsodist, and Fritz Reuter, as a reader of his Low-German stories, have made the profession popular and remunerative. This is due, however, to a special interest in themselves and their subjects, as well as to a more picturesque and animated delivery than the people have been accustomed to hear. Lectures have not yet become a necessary form of popular culture, and one reason is the utter indifference of the average German lecturer to the audience which he addresses. Given his subject, he treats it first in the manner of a college thesis, discarding all illustrations or applications which might be adapted to the hearer's habits of thought; then, standing behind a high desk and two lamps, he fastens his eyes upon the manuscript and keeps them there to the end, while he reads in a mechanical, monotonous tone, with little inflection

and less emphasis. I doubt whether an Athenian audience would have tolerated such a manner of delivery; our American audiences certainly will not.

I therefore determined to counteract the disadvantage of speaking in a foreign tongue by committing my lecture to memory, coming out from behind the desk, and addressing the audience face to face. In addition to illustrative quotations in English (which four out of five hearers were sure to understand), I selected a few of Strodsmann's admirable translations, especially that of Poe's *Raven*.

Thus prepared, I betook myself to the hall, and it seemed like a good omen that the first lady-directress of the society whom I met was the granddaughter of Wieland. Kindly greetings from the grandsons of Schiller and Herder followed, and presently a stir in the outer hall announced the arrival of the grandson of Carl August—the present Grand Duke, Carl Alexander—and his family. A row of crimson plush arm-chairs, in front of the audience, was reserved for them. All present arose as they entered and remained standing until they were seated, after which, without any introduction to take off the awkwardness of the beginning, I entered upon my task.

I will only say of the lecture that the passages I recited from Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, and other poets, seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The Grand Duchess frankly exclaimed, "How beautiful!" at the end of Whittier's *Song of the Slaves in the Desert*. There was also an evident interest created in the younger authors whom I mentioned, and during the succeeding days I was asked many questions concerning Stedman, Stoddard, Aldrich, and Bret Harte. If the assertions I made in regard to our culture seemed a little aggressive (since they were directed against an existing misconception), they were none the less received in the most hospitable manner. Had I been sure of as many and as friendly hearers in other German cities, I should have been tempted to under-

take a missionary tour in the interest of our literature.

The Grand Duke is a tall, handsome man of about fifty-five, with a slight resemblance to his cousin, Alexander II. of Russia. He cherishes the literary traditions of Weimar, yet, apart from these, keeps himself acquainted with all contemporary literature and art. At his table, the next day, he began immediately to speak of Poe, whose poem of the *Raven* he had never before heard. "The conception is terrible," he said. "Of course the *Raven* can only symbolize Despair, and he makes it perch upon the bust of Pallas, as if Despair even broods over Wisdom." It was a subtle remark; the thought had never occurred to me before, and I doubt whether it has been expressed in any criticism upon the poem. The Grand Duke spoke in enthusiastic terms of Hawthorne's works, and seemed also to be greatly pleased with Mr. Calvert's recent volume on Goethe. "I still distinctly remember Goethe," he said. "I can never forget his grand presence, especially his magnificent, luminous eyes."

During a later visit to Weimar, when I took tea at the Belvedere, a summer castle about three miles from the town, the Grand Duke remarked, "We have just been reading Goethe's *Pandora*, for the first time; now I suppose you have read it, long ago." "Yes," I answered, "but I should like to hear, first, what impression it makes upon you." "It is wonderful!" he exclaimed; "why is such a poem not better known and appreciated?" Why, indeed? Why is Milton's *Paradise Regained* snubbed by most readers and critics? Why is not Landor popular? Why is the statuesque element in poetry, the glory of proportion and repose, the creation of a serene world, over which hangs "an ampler ether, a diviner air," so strange and foreign to the tastes of our day? It is enough to ask the question; we need not vex ourselves in the search for an answer.

The two princesses, Marie Alexandrine and Elizabeth, are young ladies of such clear and distinct individuality as

is rarely found within the guarded limits of court life. They have had all possible advantages of education, and are unusually accomplished in languages and music, but each has none the less developed her own independent views of art and life. The Princess Marie surprised me one day by saying, "I have just read De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*; is it a correct account of your institutions?" I replied that it was the best representation of our political system ever made by a foreign writer. "But," she continued, "I am told by Americans that it is quite false; that everything has in reality changed and degenerated." "Were they native-born Americans, or German-Americans, who told you this?" I asked. As I suspected, they belonged to the latter class.

It was easy to explain that a temporary corruption in political practices does not affect the principles upon which a government is founded. The class of German-Americans to which I referred is one which has done us positive harm in Europe. It may not be numerous, but it is loud and active because such expressions are always welcome in reactionary circles, and thus seem to give a social prestige to the utterers. There are, unfortunately, too many external circumstances which may be given as confirmation; and an American who keeps unshaken faith in his republic and the integrity of its people cannot easily make the grounds of that faith intelligible to strangers.

One of my most interesting and valued acquaintances was a lady, who, nearly as old as the century, still retained all the freshness of intellect and sensibility of heart which have made her life beautiful. Related as she is to one whom Goethe selected as the type of one of his noted characters, the most prominent figure in her memory is the poet's. As a child, she regarded him as her stately fairy, coming with gifts and kindly words; as a girl, she loved him as the paternal friend to whom no unfavorable representations could make her disloyal; and as a woman she saw and enjoyed the serenity of his clos-

ing years. Her conversation abounded with pictures of the past, so simple yet of such assured outline that they were almost palpably visible to my own eyes, and many a light, accidental touch helped to make clearer the one central form. Out of many incidents, each unimportant in itself, a quality of character may become gradually manifest, and to this end my studies were directed. Through the memories of those who had intimately known Goethe, I caught a multitude of reflected gleams of his own nature; but I cannot repeat them as detached fragments without going too far beyond the scope of this article.

Both the grandsons of the poet were absent during the greater part of my first stay in Weimar. Late in the autumn, the younger—Baron Wolfgang von Goethe—returned, and took up his residence in the old mansion on the present Goethe-Platz formerly called the Frauenplan. I first met him there, one dark November evening. For the first time I entered the door, upon the outside of which I had gazed so longingly, at intervals of time, during twenty years. A hall, paved with stone, turns to the right as you enter, leading to the foot of the long, gently-sloping staircase, which Goethe ordered built after his return from Italy. At the foot of the steps, on a pedestal running across the end of the hall, are copies of antique statues, including a faun and a hound; at the top there is a good cast of the beautiful group of San Ildefonso, Death and Immortality. Here the word "SÄLVE," painted on the floor, indicates the entrance to the rooms where Goethe received visitors, now, with all their relics and treasures, inaccessible to the public. The whole of the first story, in fact, is at present unused, except for the purpose of preservation; the family occupies only the upper floor, under the roof.

The old servant conducted me along a narrow passage at the rear of the house, to the foot of a spiral staircase. I now saw that there was a rear building, invisible from the street, and separated from the front by a small court-yard. At

the time it was built, the house must have been unusually spacious. The staircase led to the upper floor, the rooms on which are small and not very conveniently disposed: during Goethe's life they were appropriated to the many guests who enjoyed his hospitality.

Wolfgang von Goethe met me in the anteroom and led the way to his own apartment, looking upon the square. As he sat opposite to me, with the lamp-light falling strongly upon his face, I could not help turning from him to Stierler's portrait of Goethe (painted in 1828) which hung upon the wall. Except the chin and lower lip, which have a different character in the grandson, I found a striking and very unexpected resemblance. There were the same large, clear, lambent eyes, the same high arched forehead, and strong, slightly aquiline nose. The younger Wolfgang is also a poet, whose talents would have received better recognition had he borne any other name. His poem of *Erlinde* is fantastically imaginative, it may be said; yet it contains passages of genuine creative power and beauty. It never could become popular, for it is a poem for poets: the author writes with an utter forgetfulness of the audience of his day. He was born, and grew up, in an atmosphere which isolated him from the rapid changes in taste and thought and speculation that have come upon the world since his grandfather's death; and now, he and his elder brother are constantly censured, in Germany, simply because they are not other than they naturally and inevitably are. The possession of an illustrious name is certainly a great glory, but it may also become an almost intolerable burden.

The room was filled with souvenirs or suggestions of Goethe. There were some of his drawings; pictures by his friends, Hackert and Tischbein; a portrait of his son, August, and another of the beloved daughter-in-law, Ottilie, who died only a year before my visit. She and her sons were brought nearer by their kindness, in former years, to the one nearest to me; and this blending of half-personal relations with the

task I bore in my mind, and the flashing revelations of the master's face and voice in the face and voice I saw and heard, made my visit an overpowering mixture of reality and illusion, which I can hardly yet separate in memory. The conversation was long and, to me, intensely interesting. Many circumstances, which I need not now particularize, made my object appear difficult of attainment; but I was met with a frankness which I can best acknowledge by silence.

Some days afterwards, I called on a sunny morning, and Herr von Goethe accompanied me through the court-yard and a passage under the rear building into the old garden, which was Goethe's favorite resort in fine weather. A high wall divides it from the narrow street beyond, and later houses shut out the view of the park which it once commanded. But the garden-ground is spacious, secluded, and apparently unchanged in all its principal features. Two main alleys, edged with box, cross in the centre; there is an old summer-house in one of the farther corners; ivy and rose-trees grow at their own wild will, here and there, and the broad beds, open to the sun, show a curious mixture of weeds, vegetables, and flowering plants. Directly overlooking the garden are the windows of Goethe's library and study, and there is the little door of the private staircase by which he descended to take the air and watch the metamorphoses of plants. The shutters were closed: the whole aspect of the building was forlorn and dilapidated, in keeping with the lawless growths of the garden. A cold light, an imagined rather than real warmth, fell from the low Northern sun, and the frost was hoar upon leaves in shady corners. We walked up and down the central alley for a long time, but I cannot remember that much was said by either.

My last visit to Weimar found the elder grandson, Walter von Goethe, at home, and the younger absent. The brothers never act, even in the slightest matters, without consultation, and my hope of seeing the closed halls and

chambers in the Goethe-house depended on the consent of both. Fortunately, the question had been discussed between them in the mean time, and I was most kindly and cordially received by Walter von Goethe. His inheritance of genius manifests itself in a passion for musical studies, and those who know him intimately assert that a sufficient necessity might have made him a successful composer. He is a short, slender, graceful man of fifty-five, with dark hair and eyes, and a strong likeness to his mother and her family. In a day or two my request was granted, and a time fixed for its fulfillment, as the keys of the rooms are kept by a daughter of Schuchart, Goethe's last secretary. It had been a long time, my friends in Weimar informed me, since any strangers had been allowed access to the rooms.

On a bright June morning I once more ascended the broad staircase, and was met at the word *Salve* by my host, who opened the door beyond it. The apartments consist of an anteroom and a large *salon*, occupying the greater part of the first story. It was really a museum of art which I entered, crowded with cabinets, cases, busts, and pictures. Many of the objects have their own separate histories, and, as illustrations of phases of Goethe's life or passages from his works, cannot be spared. There is still, for instance, the picture which he bought in Frankfort, as a boy, the selection being allowed to him by his father, as a test of his natural taste; there are illustrations of his Italian journey by his companions, Tischbein and Kniep; Meyer's copy of the Aldobrandini marriage fresco, and many other objects well known to all students of his works. Whatever interest attracted Goethe, though only temporarily, was made the subject of illustration: he collected specimens from far and near, in order to possess himself of all its features, and thus fix its place in the realms of art or knowledge.

In the large room there is a small but superb collection of Majolica ware, another of antique gems, another of drawings by the old masters, and another of

coins and medals. A careful examination of these treasures would require many hours, and I was obliged to be content with a rapid general inspection, leaving scores of drawers unopened, although my host kindly offered to gratify any special curiosity. But on all things the stamp of the large tastes, the universal interests of the master remained; as a creative man, no form of the creative faculty in man was indifferent, or even trivial, to him. His grand personality lingered in the rich, untenanted rooms; and when Walter von Goethe, turning to some refreshments which had been placed in the anteroom, took a glass of wine and bade me welcome in his grandfather's name, I could not help saying, "Pardon me if I seem to be *his* guest, even more than yours!"

In the right wing, connecting the front with the rear portion of the house, Goethe's collection of mineralogical and geological specimens is preserved. A noted geologist, who examined it during his life-time, informed me that it contained only the rarest and choicest articles; but from lack of scientific knowledge I had no desire to open the venerable cases. Beyond this wing, we first enter the library, a narrow room, crowded with books. There are probably from three to five thousand volumes, nearly every one of which appears to have been well used. All the rooms in the rear building overlook the garden; though small and low, they are full of sun, and few noises of the town reach them.

To enter Goethe's study was almost like an intrusion upon some undying privacy which he has left behind him. Nothing in it has been changed since he went forth. The windows were open; there was a vase of spring flowers on the secretary's table; one side of the room was clear of furniture, so that the poet might walk up and down, as he dictated; his coffee-cup and spoon stood upon a little stand; a wicker-basket held his handkerchief, and the high desk beside the window, where he frequently wrote standing, waited with his inkstand, pen, and some sheets of the large, coarse foolscap he preferred. On this desk I

also recognized a little statuette of Napoleon, in bluish glass, which Eckermann brought from Switzerland, and which Goethe prized as an illustration of his own *Farbenlehre*. The chairs and tables are of the plain, substantial character of the last century; there is neither carpet nor rug on the floor, neither picture nor ornament to be seen; a Bohemian's garret could hardly be so bare and simple.

A door on the eastern side of the study stood half open. I looked inquiringly at

my host; he nodded silently, and I entered. It was a cell, rather than a room, lighted by one little window, and barely wide enough for the narrowest of German box-beds. The faded counterpane was spread over the pillow, and beside the head of the bed stood an old arm-chair with a hard footstool before it. Sitting there, in the same spot, with the counterpane over his knees, the March daylight grew faint to Goethe's eyes, and with the words, "More light!" this world passed away from him.

Bayard Taylor.

"OLD CAMBRIDGE."

AT THE DINNER IN MEMORIAL HALL, JULY 3, 1875.

AND can it be you've found a place
Within this consecrated space,
Which makes so fine a show,
For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?
And is it really so?
Who wants an old, receipted bill?
Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?
Who digs last year's potato-hill?
That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth
Save this dear home that gave him birth
Some scores of years ago,
He had not come to spoil your mirth
And chill your festive glow;
But round his baby-nest he strays,
With tearful eye the scene surveys,
His heart unchanged by changing days;
That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim
Live o'er the buried past with him,
And see the roses blow
When white-haired men were Joe and Jim,
Untouched by winter's snow?
Or roll the years back one by one,
As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
And see the century just begun?
That's what he'd like to know!

I came but as the swallow dips,
 Just touching with her feather-tips
 The shining wave below,
 To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips,
 And listen to the flow
 Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene, —
 To tread once more my native green,
 To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
 That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared
 (We all are sitting "unprepared"
 Like culprits in a row,
 Whose heads are down, whose necks are bared
 To wait the headsman's blow),
 I'd like to shift my task to you,
 By asking just a thing or two
 About the good old times I knew:
 Here's what I want to know:

The yellow meet'n'-house — can you tell
 Just where it stood before it fell
 Prey of the levelling foe? —
 Our dear old temple, loved so well,
 By ruthless hands laid low.
 Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew?
 Whose hair was braided in a queue?
 (For there were pig-tails not a few) —
 That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang?
 And how the seats would slam and bang?
 The viol and its bow?
 The basso's trump before he sang?
 And sweet-voiced Nat. Munroe?
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat?
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat?
 That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
 That stood beside the murdered tree?
 Whose dog to church would go?
 Old Marcus Reemie, who was he?
 Who were the brothers Snow?
 Does not your memory slightly fail
 About that great September gale
 Whereof one told a moving tale? —
 As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town
 Say just where Deacon William Brown
 (Look round in yonder row)

For honest silver counted down
His groceries would bestow? —
For those were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went, —
No hybrid like the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know;

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
And fourpence ha'pennies in between,
All metal fit to show,
Instead of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe.
How sad to think such stuff should be
Our Wendell's cure-all remedy, —
Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
The one you all must know!

I question — but you answer not —
Dear me! and have I quite forgot
How five score years ago,
Just on this very blessed spot,
The summer leaves below,
Before his homespun ranks arrayed,
In green New England's elm-bough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know!

O George the Third! you found it true
Our George was more than double you,
For nature made him so.
Not much a jewelled cap can do
If brains are scant and slow.
Ah, not like that his laurel crown
Whose presence gilded with renown
Our brave old Academic town,
As all her children know!

To-day we meet with loud acclaim
To tell mankind that here he came,
With hearts that throb and glow;
Ours is a portion of his fame,
Our trumpets needs must blow!
On yonder hill the Lion fell,
But here was chipped the Eagle's shell, —
That little hatchet did it well,
We mean the world shall know!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. TENNYSON in his new drama separates himself from nearly all the things that we had always associated with him. Except for two songs, there is hardly a Tennysonian passage in the play; the moods are unhabitual; the diction is strange; in movement and structure the verse is unlike the verse of the *Idyls* and *The Princess*, and all the other blank verse of the laureate. The difference of this drama is an unexpected difference in every way. One would have thought, for example, that the latest tendency of a poet who had made art so much and so beautiful in his poetry, would be toward classic perfection in dramatic form; but this play is arch-Elizabethan in the looseness of its structure, its capricious changes of scene, its vast spaces of time and place. It is, in fact, not a poem, not a tragedy, but a tragic history, like the great histories of Shakespeare. But here its friends had better leave all comparison of it with Shakespeare's plays; for neither in character, nor in dramatic situation, nor in poeticalness will it bear the comparison. For all this, we think it is good: by the mercy of Heaven it is not necessary to be so great as Shakespeare in order to be good. Indeed, it may be that in the one matter of the sweetness of the song which Elizabeth, walking in her prison-garden, overhears the milkmaid sing, it is equal to Shakespeare; but if it is not, then surely no one of our time else has written so glad and simple and arch a song:

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Kissed me well I vow;
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kissed me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kissed me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;

Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

Here is music without notes; the words sing themselves; that line,

"And you came and kissed me milking the cow,"

with all its tinkling *k's* — an oriole might have dropped it from his golden throat. It is about the only sound of cheer in the gloomy history that tells of the sorrows and crimes of Bloody Mary; and after it in beauty come those most tender, most touching passages, in which it is related how Lady Jane Grey died: —

BAGENHALL.

Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchman; yet so meek, so modest
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She feared it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmanned — no, nor outwom-
aned —

Seventeen — a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equaled such a bud.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemned to die for treason;
She had but followed the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her through the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAGENHALL.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei —
But all in English, mark you: rose again,
And, when the headsmen prayed to be forgiven,
Said, "You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly;" then all wept but she,
Who changed not color when she saw the block,
But asked him, child-like, "Will you take it off
Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said,
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling — "Where
is it?"

Where is it?" — You must fancy that which fol-
lowed,
If you have heart to do it!

¹ *Queen Mary. A Drama.* By ALFRED TENNYSON.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

There is little else that one can separate from the context and feel the force of; and we must refer the reader to the play itself for proof of our right or wrong in judging it. If it has any unity, any strong, central spring, we have not found it, but have been obliged to content ourselves with its interest as it shifted from scene to scene, often of not much relevancy to the whole, or relation to each other. Mary's coldly requited, pitiable love for Philip of Spain, her deluded hopes of offspring, her sincere, inflexible bigotry, her jealousy of Elizabeth, are historical traits which we cannot see that the poet adds much to; and something like this may be said of most of the other historical persons. He surrounds them with the passions of all the nameless English people of their time, but we do not find that such forms of Elizabethan parlance as the characters use help the verisimilitude much; the effect is literary, rather; it is in regarding these events and men of the past with the conflicting human feelings which are of all times, ours as much as theirs, that the poet is a poet. Now and then there is a hearty burst of English prejudice or generosity, love or hate, that is fine, and all the truer for being in English that is as much Victoria's as Elizabeth's.

Perhaps the present heat in men's minds in Europe, regarding the pretensions of the Roman Church, supplies something of that "fire" to this history which the ocean telegraph told us the London Times found in it; and perhaps it would be well if we could kindle it from the same source. If we cannot, such of us as love the liberties never wholly safe from those pretensions can still be glad that he who is for so many reasons the first voice in Christendom has spoken as he has at this time. He makes us hear again how the great Cranmer, humbled before his triumphant enemies in his recantation, died triumphant over their implacable cruelty by renouncing that recantation; and the last words of the history are an echo of the useful fear which, in spite of the fall of the temporal power and the advance of civilization, still lurks in men's hearts:—

Bagenhall. . . . The papacy is no more.

Paget (aside). Are we so sure of that?

The history ends with Elizabeth's coronation after Mary's death; but the part that Elizabeth has in the play is very subordinate. Her character is accepted from the popular love; and even her person.

She is to be good Queen Bess, beautiful as good; and not the despotic, silly, immoral, plain old coquette we know from Mr. Motley's pages. It was her greatest good fortune that she succeeded her sister; and under her England was at least saved to religious liberty.

Many weighty facts are supposed to occur, but we see few or none of them; we hear of them from eye-witnesses—eloquent, to be sure, but all the same standing between us and the thing itself. We hear of Wyatt being taken, of Lady Jane Grey put to death, of Cranmer burnt; it is only the minor scenes that the poet can enable us to look on directly, and in this he shows his want of dramatic genius. Not so, not by this veiled and diluted report, would Shakespeare, would the least of his contemporaries, have made things known to us; we should have seen them, heard them, turned hot and cold before them by the evidence of our own senses.

Of course so perfect a master of his art as Mr. Tennyson intends the roughness and unfinish of certain verses; but we do not see what the work gains by these, or by the broken verses Elizabethanly scattered through it; perhaps they may give a greater colloquial ease; but he is a poet who can ill spare his technical perfections. His dramatic experiment cannot be considered successful in a dramatic, or high poetical sense. Of poetry, indeed, whether we mean the poetry of fancy expressing itself in eloquent metaphor, or the poetry of imagination resulting from an impassioned conception of character or situation, there is very little; but it is all extremely interesting history, and it has that sort of poetry which is proper to the historical romance—a novel of Scott's or Manzoni's.

—In spite of its short-comings we have read with interest and pleasure Miss Larcom's *Idyl of Work*.¹ To be sure the pleasure was alloyed at every moment by the thought of how great an opportunity had been missed; for it happens to very few poets to have personally known so poetic and uncommon a phase of life as that which Miss Larcom has to do with. It is that curious life of the first manufacturing towns of New England, in their early days, when the mill-girls were the daughters, not of operatives, but of farmers and well-to-do mechanics; they had many of them taught school, they were rarely without some culture or

¹ *An Idyl of Work.* By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

love of reading, they brought at least the grace of home-nurtured girlhood to their toil, and they beautified it by aspirations which to our shame and sorrow we have almost come to think are above work, or incompatible with it. These girls astonished our English visitors and critics by their æsthetic interpretation of the common curse; to the great amazement of travelers who knew the vicious and stupid operative class of the Old World, they even published a literary journal of their own writing. We have never seen any numbers of this periodical, and we suppose perhaps it was not the highest literature; and no doubt the life of these ambitious mill-girls had its droll little vulgarities; but after all, what a truly idyllic episode it was, in the hard history of work! Here is an odd glimpse of one of its phases, some others of which Miss Larcum does well to paint in all their sordidness:—

Then Eleanor: "I wish there were no rule
Against our reading in the mills. Sometimes
A line of poetry is such a lift
From the monotonous clatter."

"To the praise
Of mill-girls be the need of such a rule,"
Said Miriam Willoughby. "Far be the time
When no one shall have reason to forbid
Fruit now desired. And yet I wonder much
How you could be obedient."

Esther smiled:
"We are not; we rebel; at least, evade.
Few girls but keep some volume hid away
For stealthy reading. Some tear out the leaves
Of an old Bible, and so get the whole;
For books, not leaves, are tabooed. Others paste
The window-sills with poem, story, sketch:
No one objects to papering bare walls.
I have a memory-book well filled so. There's
The minstrel of the Merrimack, who sings
For freedom, and is every toiler's friend:
He walks our streets sometimes, and we all know
His Yankee Girl, Angel of Patience, too.
There's Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, Death of the Flowers,
Hood's *Bridge of Sighs*, likewise his *Song of the Shirt*,
With Shelley's *Skylark*, Coleridge's *Mont Blanc*.
These, and more waifs of lovely verse, I've learned
Between my window and my shuttle's flight.
As well forbid us Yankee girls to breathe
As read; we cannot help it."

The story of the poem is scarcely anything at all: mostly the sayings and goings and comings of four young girls, whose characters are not forcibly distinguished and whose adventures—except in the case of one who is almost led astray by a young man of a well-known type of fashion and selfishness—amount to very little. The value of it all is in its faithfulness to the life it depicts—faithfulness to the daily commonplaceness as well as the higher motives of that life; and the charm is in the

sincerity with which it is treated. It is in fact approached with a good deal of boldness, and handled with perhaps as great simplicity as we could expect of any but the greatest poet in treating the conditions of modern life, which seem to embarrass the minor sort as sorely as the costume of our period does the sculptor of it. Miss Larcum, also, has succeeded in keeping the girlish atmosphere and sentiment perfectly—her people's virtues, faults, hopes, despairs, plans, joys, sorrows, and affectations, strike one as all true girlish, and move one to a compassionate sympathy with girlhood struggling to keep life pretty and nice and even noble in circumstances so adverse. In this way we think her poem is a work of higher artistic effect than she supposes; for in her modest and prepossessing preface she is careful to warn us against expectation of great artistic achievement. It is a pity that having the choice to do so, she did not attempt something more decided and dramatic than she has done; she could have grouped all the characteristic facts of this sketch around the persons of a real story, and there is now distance enough between our time and that she describes to allow of whatever liberties romance needed to take with reality. It would have needed to take so very few.

The following passage will give a notion of the Wordsworthian courage with which Miss Larcum paints the scene of her idyl:—

For the room
Showed legibly its inmates' daily life.
Isabel's couch, a sofa-bedstead, worn
And faded, stood against the whitewashed wall,
The birds-of-paradise upon its chintz
Dim-plumaged; and—perhaps by accident—
A red shawl, flung across the sofa's arm,
Concealed its shabbiness. Above it hung
A colored wood-cut, of an arch-faced girl
Crossing a brook, barefooted, with a smirk
Of half-coquettish fear. Near Esther's bed
Raphael's Madonna from an oval gazed,
The Virgin with her Child alone, engraved
In some old German town, a relic left
From Eleanor's home. The bookshelf swung between

Two simple prints,—the Cotter's Saturday Night
And the Last Supper, dear to Esther's heart,
Though scarce true to Da Vinci. On the shelves
Maria Edgeworth's Helen leaned against
Thomas à Kempis. Bunyan's Holy War
And Pilgrim's Progress stood up stiff between
Locke on the Understanding and the Songs
Of Robert Burns. The Voices of the Night,
Bridal of Pennacook, Paradise Lost,
With Irving's Sketch-Book, Ivanhoe, Watts's
Hymns,
Mingled in democratic neighborhood.
Upon a small, white-napkin'd table lay
Three Bibles, by themselves,—one almost new,
The others showing usage. Little need

To say the unworn one was Isabel's,
Who boasted it her only property
That was not worse for wear.

The same sincerity which appears here is seen throughout, and there is a tender yet hearty liking for nature which gives us fresh, unfurnished landscapes, and outlooks from the mill-life into the hills where one of the girls has her home, and where the others visit her. There are also some common stories of love and disappointment which are made to appeal to us as directly as matters of that kind in real life. In fact, though the poem is shapeless, and as we said almost storyless, it is as we likewise said interesting and pleasant, and one may well give a summer evening to it. Of course it is sad; but it is brave, and that is as good as gay. How can one be merry when there are so many missing links to find? It is not so easy to suggest by quotation the sense of beauty as the sense of truth, which the reader will not fail to find in the poem, and for which we must send him to it. There are several lyrical passages scattered through the story, of which those of a ballad character are the best.

—Mr. William Morris's poetry has always, we will confess it, been a somewhat perplexing affair to us, and this new reprint of some old poems of his only increases our besetting doubt whether it is quite worth while to do the things he does so well. From first to last in him there is a sort of preposse return to former mental conditions and feelings; and to read his poems is like looking through a modern house equipped with Eastlake furniture, adorned with tiles, and painted in the Pompeian style, or hung with Mr. Morris's own admirable wall-papers: it is all very pretty indeed; charming; but it is consciously mediæval, consciously Greek, and it is so well aware of its quaintness, that on the whole one would rather not live in it. Then, is Mr. Morris's poetry a kind of decorative, household art? Not quite; but it suggests that. For example, the first four poems in this little book,¹ *The Defence of Guenevere*, *King Arthur's Tomb*, *Sir Galahad*, and *The Chapel in Lyonesse*, are the sort of thing that one would like to have painted on large, movable screens. As it is, they are rather painted than written, and might perhaps serve the desired purpose of decoration if pasted on the screens. They are doubtless true enough to the fabulous Ar-

¹ *The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM MORRIS. (Reprinted without Alteration

thur-world which it is so pleasant to muse upon; but in *Sir Harpdon's End* we have a literary daylight that is more easy to be in, and a resemblance to mediæval feelings, ideas, and traits that once actually were. He is a French knight in the English service just after the time of the invading Edwards, and having cut off the ears of his cousin, he is taken by the French and hanged, and the squire of a French knight who tries to save him is sent to tell his lady; and then "one sings from the outside" something all in Italics. This Italic song had to come in, of course. The rest is very hardly realistic, and the situation is boldly painted, and the compliments that passed between the cousins are set down in good round, relishing terms. There is character in the piece; not much drama; and we take it there is truth. So there is in *The Haystack in the Floods*; which is a butcherly, dreadfully vivid episode, leaving the nerves on edge. But there seems to be less time lost, and fewer words wasted in expressing the mediæval "situation" in the short poem called *Shameful Death*. The good Lord Hugh is hung by Sir John of the Fen, who takes him by stealth and treachery. The brother of Lord Hugh, who cuts the cord from his neck, speaks:—

"I am three score years and ten
And my hair is all turned gray,
But I met Sir John of the Fen,
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away."

No misgivings here; no twinges of remorse; no uncleanly scruples; in all the years that have passed, this good soul has been perfectly clear and happy about it! If this is modern, it seems still a wonderfully good conception of things and men as they were. So, too, even in the vagueness of the Arthurian poems, the poet now and then strikes a note that in its great simplicity rings out full and distinct from all the wandering music, as where Guenevere, speaking of her sin with Lancelot, says:—

"Unless you pardon, what shall I do, Lord,
But go to hell? and there see day by day
Foul deed on deed, hear foulest word on word,
Forever and ever such as on the way

"To Camelot I heard once from a churl,
That curled me up upon my jennet's neck
With bitter shame; how then, Lord, should I curl
For ages and for ages?"

It took courage to use the word *curl*, here; from the Edition of 1858.) London: Ellis and White. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

it is almost funny; it is also inexpressibly pathetic, and beyond all other possible phrases true to the sense of the shame lamented.

— Among the numerous publications, good, bad, and indifferent, which the great Centennial called forth, the Bunker Hill Memorial¹ is incomparably the best. It has a clear and neatly written account of the battle by Mr. J. M. Bugbee, and a poem by Dr. Holmes which has now probably been printed a million times throughout the country (allowing for the newspaper publication), and has been seen by a large majority of the reading-and-writing population of the Union. It is therefore rather late to commend it to the public attention, but not too late to recognize it as one of the finest poems, if not the very finest, written by its author. He has, we believe, done nothing else so full of character and drama as this gallant story, which he puts into the mouth of the grandmother who saw the battle from the belfry, and who tells the story of it to her grandchildren. It is indeed a most fortunate blending of qualities, of a fiery enthusiasm that kindles the reader's blood, of a sly sense of the humorlessness of the characters sketched, and of a graphic imagination that sets the successive phases of the scene visibly before us. The old lady who fancies that the uproar is caused by "those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more," the wooden-legged corporal who "would sometimes swear and tiddle," and his surrounding of anxious and wildly excited fellow-watchers from the steeple, plucking at him with hand and tongue, —

"Are they beaten? Are they beaten? ARE they beaten?"

are the *genre* elements of a very heroic picture. There are lines in the poem which glow upon the sense like veritable sweeps of color: —

"In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward, blushed like blood along their tracks,"

and other verses in which the dreadfulfulness of the strife is audible, as, —

"Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum,"

while the details, the propriety of time and place, are wrought with exquisite felicity. It is a splendid addition to our literature, not to be surpassed in its way; and we know no better way, on the whole.

— Mrs. Richardson has dedicated her *History of our Country*² to her two boys, and she has told it them with a simple clearness which will address itself advantageously to the whole large and growing class of young people ignorant of American history, and to very many of their elders. In some ways it seems to us quite an ideal achievement. While it tells of the great adventures and wars with that generous warmth and color which are their due, it distinctly traces the course of political events, and treats interestingly of the achievements of peace — the inventions, the development of the new territories, the discovery of the Western gold and silver mines, the growth of our wonderful cities. Mrs. Richardson has so presented characteristic events that in running over her book one has a fresh impression of the romance of our past; yet she does not labor to produce any such impression. She takes no freedom with events equivalent to that sort of suppression and transposition of facts which in painting is called "composition," but she has felt the poetry of her material, and she contrives to make her reader feel it by easy, sincere, and generally unaffected narration. Now and then she makes the mistake of dragging into her well-behaved diction some phrase of doubtful taste, caught from our slang-poisoned vernacular, and here and there we are sorry to see that she has trouble with the preterites of such difficult verbs as lie and plead. But these are very small matters, which need not affect the pleasure of her reader, and which cannot go far to corrupt his diction; generally the style is good American-English — the only kind of English that Americans can be expected to write "like natives."

The history is in two parts, the first of which has to do with the country from the time of the discovery to that of our independence. The early Spanish, French, and English voyagers and adventurers contribute their picturesqueness and romance, and the ever-fascinating names of Narvaez, De Soto, Cabot, Ribault, Raleigh, Smith,

¹ *Memorial. Bunker Hill.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

² *The History of our Country, from its Discovery by Columbus to the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of its Declaration of Independence, etc.*

By ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON. Profusely Illustrated. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co.; New York: Hurd and Houghton; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876.

Cartier, illuminate the page, which must be dull indeed when their names will not communicate from it a thrill of enthusiasm and pride in us who inherit their continent. Then come in their order the stories of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements, Roger Williams in Rhode Island, the Dutch at New York, the Catholics in Maryland, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Indian wars, the Salem witchcraft, the wars with the French colonies, the great Revolution. Throughout there is diligent effort to present the social as well as political aspect of the country, and this intention is not sacrificed to the natural delight of reporting battles, which, so long as men fight them, will be interesting to read and write of.

The second half of the history covers ground not yet gone over so often, but of less varied interest; yet Mrs. Richardson has not failed to seize the important facts and present them in an admirably interesting and significant way. The first administrations, with their peaceful and warlike enterprises, the growth of pioneering and the explorations of the West, the reduction of the Algerine pirates, Burr's duel and trial for treason, the invention of the steamboat, are some of the principal matters that bring the story down to the opening of the war of 1812, a struggle which is clearly treated as to its provocation and the position of parties concerning it, and vividly painted as to its glorious triumphs on sea and land. After that the era of internal improvements and of banks began; the stormy period of nullification followed, and the antagonism between freedom and slavery took form. Mrs. Richardson makes very attractive the annals of the antislavery movement, and places its martyrdoms and sacrifices on record among the heroic events of our history. William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, and Abraham Lincoln, each a different expression of the national conscience against a national wrong, are here considered in what seems to us a just relation and proportion, with a temper that need not offend the least of those who have not yet risen to a conception of their grandeur. The story of the War of the Secession is patriotically told, with fervor, and with the distinctness of narration characteristic of the whole history.

The work is by no means free from blemishes, and undoubtedly it is not the "last word" to young people on the subject; but in scope, in fullness, in right intention,

and in interesting management, it is quite the best history of its sort which has been produced.

The mechanical execution of the volume marks a great advance in the style of subscription-book publications. The paper is good, the letter-press of Riverside excellence, and the illustrations mostly agreeable and suggestive pictures, and not caricatures of the proposed subjects.

— Whatever place may be assigned to our civil war among the great wars of modern times, it cannot be disputed that it was a struggle of great intensity, of great cost in blood and treasure, and most important in its consequences. Moreover, it was altogether our own war; nothing like it has ever been waged upon this continent, and thus many circumstances combine to make it a study of extreme interest to every patriotic and thoughtful American. Without undertaking to express an opinion as to which was the most splendid of "its sudden making of splendid names," it is safe to say that General Sherman will always be mentioned among its first three soldiers. The war raised him to the rank of general, it ended only ten years ago, he has written his memoirs,¹ they are published, and he is alive. If anything were needed to add to the interest natural to such a publication, it would be found in the fact that, almost as much as by his victories, he has attracted the attention of the American people by his letters and speeches. His book is such as our knowledge of him prepared us to expect, and it is a treat. It is impossible, within our present limits, to discuss the campaigns which it describes, or to do much more than give some description of its contents. He begins by addressing himself gracefully to "his comrades in arms, volunteers and regulars," and states distinctly that "what is now offered is not designed as a history of the war, . . . but merely his recollection of events, corrected by a reference to his own memoranda," and then he introduces himself to his readers as a lieutenant of artillery, stationed in South Carolina, in 1846, and goes straight on with his story from that point. His style is characteristic of the man. It makes no pretensions to grace, finish, or dignity, other than the dignity of simplicity. It is absolutely free from rhetorical ornament, and it does not hesitate to be colloquial in

¹ *Memoirs of General William T. Sherman.* By Himself. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

the extreme, but it is admirable in its clearness and directness. It may not be good English, but it is excellent American. The book is always interesting, and the style may be described as rapid. He abounds in anecdotes, well told, and often humorous, and sometimes he paints a picture in a few phrases, as when he sketches his last view of Atlanta and the battle-fields around it: no account of the Grand Review has given a better idea of it than his few simple words: "For six hours and a half that strong tread of the Army of the West resounded along Pennsylvania Avenue." If it be added that he never in a single instance yields to the temptation to be sentimental, enough has been said about the manner of the book.

A third of the first volume is devoted to the author's experiences in California, New York, Kansas, and Louisiana, before the outbreak of the war, and it is as agreeable reading as any part of the work, but of course it wants the special interest of what follows, and therefore we leave it without further remark than that it comprises an account of the gold-fever, and that it shows that Sherman displayed early the same qualities that gained for him fame and success in later days and on broader fields. To tell what those qualities were requires a liberal use of adjectives. Those who have read his letters, still more those who have heard him speak, and most of all those who have met him and talked with him in the freedom of unrestrained private conversation, will not be surprised if terms of praise are used freely. We believe him to be a singularly clear-sighted, foreseeing, firm, plucky, determined, prompt, sensible, wise man, full of energy, snap, and self-reliance, reasonably modest, as candid and fair as so vehement a character can be expected to be, plain-spoken in the extreme, thoroughly manly, and intensely wide-awake and natural. A very eminent man lately said in our hearing that he thought no one else between the two oceans could have written the book, and he was sure no one else would. We doubt the justice of this remark. It is true that Sherman blames with great freedom, and that his blame falls freely upon the living, but there is not a trace of malice in the book, so far as we can see, and he never goes out of his way to find fault, and never, or very rarely, imputes unworthy motives for the actions which he disapproves. It is true that his wrath is hot and fresh against Mr. Stanton, and that Mr. Stanton is dead, but the action of "the great

war secretary" against him was public and official, and the right of indignant protest seems to us to be one which is not taken away by the death of the aggressor. So far as our own knowledge goes, there never was a useful, patriotic public servant who was at the same time a more unscrupulous and intolerable tyrant than Mr. Stanton. Time may dull the edge of this feeling, or show it to be incorrect, but if it has not yet done so for one who never smarted under his injustice, it is no wonder that it has not done so for the great soldier who was the most conspicuous sufferer. If the history of our civil war is ever thoroughly written, there will be a painful chapter in it about the intense jealousies of the soldiers warping the action of some of the men who claimed to be and no doubt thought they were true patriots. The question whether the best public man in civil life can, in view of the ambition for power or place or both which is apt to inspire them, be a loyal and zealous supporter of those who conduct military operations, is one which cannot be answered by a sweeping and unqualified affirmative. It may be well to remark in this connection that however Sherman burned with the sense of wrongs done him, he never suffered his indignation to interfere with his action. Early in his career, when he had suffered acutely from the cruel and unfounded imputation of insanity, had outlived the first effects of this injury and risen to high command, and then had been superseded by the intriguing McClelland, we see him exerting himself successfully to induce Porter to waive his prejudice against McClelland. At the close of the war, when, after he had gained all his great successes, he received the sharpest and most unmerited provocation from Mr. Stanton, it does not appear that he allowed his conduct as a soldier to be affected by his feelings.

To come down to particulars about the matter of praise and blame, he gives Halleck liberal credit for his energy at St. Louis in the winter of 1861-62, and ascribes to him the plan of campaign which resulted in the brilliant captures of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, but, on the other hand, he says that his "measures to capture General Johnston's army . . . simply excited my contempt for a judgment such as he was supposed to possess." It is fair to say that this strong language is applied to some orders issued by Halleck in what seems to have been unnecessarily close

sympathy with Stanton's most insulting action, and that it was not the first instance in which Halleck showed a disposition to be arrogantly despotic. It is hard to forget his dispatch of March 4, 1862, to General Grant, after he had captured the two forts: "You will place Major-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?" The whirligig of time brings its revenges, and it matters little now what orders the forgotten Halleck sent to Grant or published in regard to Sherman, but there does not seem any very good reason why Sherman, in describing the events of ten years ago, should not say how he then felt about them.

We like nothing in the book so little as the treatment of Thomas. He is praised as "nobly fulfilling his promise to ruin Hood," and as gaining "the brilliant victory at Nashville," and that is about all, while there are frequent references to his slowness and the dissatisfaction which it caused. Without undertaking to criticise the blame, we think it safe and right to criticise the praise. Thomas, in our opinion, gained the most brilliant victory of the war, not unlike in kind and equal in degree to Marlborough's exploit at Ramillies. The success was complete and perfect, not only on the field, but afterwards, for from that day Hood's army substantially ceased to exist. General Sherman's services and successes were very great, but it never fell to his lot to even approach Thomas's success in battle, and his praise of his coadjutor might well have been more cordial.

It is needless to say that he has only praise for Grant, and he speaks in high terms of Dahlgren, and Hazen, and rather well of Kilpatrick; while of Lincoln he says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." He finds fault with Fremont, Buell, McClelland, Halleck, Rosecrans, Burnside, Hooker, and Butler, expressing different degrees of disapprobation of the character or conduct of all. He uses few harsh epithets, and seldom, as we have already remarked, imputes unworthy motives; but the officers we have named, and some of less note, would find certain portions of the book unpleasant reading.

There are some things not in the book, the absence of which is agreeable. In the first place, it is understood that General

Sherman is a Catholic, and much surrounded by Catholics. There is not a word in the memoirs to indicate his religion, except the passing mention of his placing a little girl of his in a convent. He is a regular, and a graduate of West Point, and yet he never says a word about regulars and volunteers at which a volunteer could take exception. More than that, his recognition of the merits of the volunteer officers is full and cordial, while he sets no bounds to his praises of his volunteer troops. Indeed, if he had called the Army of the West, as General Hooker called the Army of the Potomac, "the finest army on this planet," it would have been the equivalent of the language he actually uses: "It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence." Again, he is distinctively, by birth, education, and preference, a Western man, and yet he says nothing in disparagement of the Eastern armies and their performances.

Our present impression is that Sherman is a most able man, an accomplished strategist, and a great soldier; but we doubt whether he is a very good fighter or a skillful tactician. He was surprised at Shiloh, he failed at Haines's Bluff, he was not very successful at Chattanooga, he failed at Kenesaw, he was very roughly handled before Atlanta, he made a tactical failure at Bentonville, and, to go back to his *début*, he certainly did not put his troops in skillfully at Bull Run. It was a curious coincidence, though not in the least his fault, that he was absent from his lines at the surrender of Vicksburg and of Savannah. He seems to be admirable in planning, but not quite so good in execution. He has been a fortunate soldier, but he has won his success fairly. He owes it to his admirable sense, and to his unflinching determination. His march to the sea has added greatly to his fame, and yet the merit of that lay mainly in the conception. He says himself that his infantry columns met no opposition whatever, and that he never was forced, in all his march through Georgia, to use anything more than a skirmish line.

The free use he makes of his letters, orders, and reports gives a very great interest and value to his book. He is never dull, and he contrives to break up and enliven even the accounts of the movement of troops so that the attention never seriously flags. He had the great merit of seeing clearly and always that our war was war in

earnest, that it was a stubborn, terrible reality, that the whole Southern people was united against us, and that every energy must be bent to the one end of *conquering* the rebellion by force of arms. His letters to Southern generals have often an especial snap.

He was ready and glad to employ black men to aid the operations of our armies, but he scorned the action of Union States in filling their quotas with blacks collected and enlisted in the South. He thought every Northern man owed it to his country to help the good cause himself, and that "the enlistment of every black man did not strengthen the army, but took away one white man from the ranks."

His memoirs close with the great review in Washington, but he appends a concluding chapter on the military lessons of the war, which is full of knowledge, wisdom, and sound sense. His book is one which every true American ought to read, and one which no such man can read without pride and pleasure.

— It is always a trying moment when we are compelled to ask ourselves, concerning some well-known and long-cherished writer, whether at last we have taken the measure of his or her resources, and caught sight of the limits of a genius we should like to think limitless. The worst of such cases is, that an honestly unfavorable opinion is quite as likely as not to be lumped in with the easy verdict of depreciation which the gentle readers of this world are always ready to render on sudden trial, and so to be misconstrued. Nothing Mrs. Stowe may do can destroy our admiring estimate of the remarkable fictions which, after Uncle Tom's Cabin, have made her fame. The Pearl of Orr's Island, The Minister's Wooing, and the Oldtown books have done what it was difficult enough for any books to do; they have shown that the immense political and social power of her first novel was only the mask of a strength far more real and beautiful and, artistically, more enduring. Along with the painstaking exactness of representation of the earlier among these, there was a certain admirable carelessness. The authoress walked, as it were, with a divining-rod in hand, and while we strayed with her through the prosaic New England farm and village, it twitched, and lo, a fresh rill of fancy bubbled up from the unsuspected and familiar ground. Nowadays, there is

the divining-rod still, but it has lost its witchery. The change seems to have come, partly at least, through the transference of Mrs. Stowe's interests to a new field, where the purpose of her stories (always a praiseworthy one) is somewhat befogged by the vulgarity of the persons. It is that peculiar kind of American life characterized by what the authoress calls, in remarkable phrase, "undress intimacy," that seems to have attracted her, to her great detriment and our own exceeding loss. The way in which the parties to *We and Our Neighbors*¹ habitually address each other is quite intolerable when we consider that they profess to represent very good elements of our society. Worse than that, even, these literal-sounding reports of their talk are utterly uninteresting. We do not believe that the special phases which Mrs. Stowe has lately chosen to treat are entirely unsusceptible of art; but they clearly do not offer material to equal her earlier successes. *We and Our Neighbors* is a sequel to *My Wife and I*, and is stamped with the same unpleasant mannerism which had infected that book. The plot of this one is not much more distinct, and indeed it seems to have very little excuse for being, beyond the demand of a very large public who will doubtless accept this last labor with entire satisfaction. The story opens up good opportunities once or twice, but all the situations are so baldly treated, and with so little communicative fire, that the volume closes without a single genuinely moving passage having been encountered. An assumption, however, is all along maintained, that the story is pitched in a high key of thought. The impulse, indeed, is high; but the expression and the results of the thinking are nowhere fine. "*We and Our Neighbors*, therefore," writes Mrs. Stowe in conclusion, "are ready to receive your congratulations." We honestly confess that we have none to give; and could it be done without arrogance, we should like to prove that our reluctance proceeds solely from too great a loyalty to what is best in the authoress's genius. The illustrations, it should be added, are vastly superior to those of the antecedent volume, being by Mr. Fredericks. We are sorry to see, however, that in the picture facing page 73 he has reproduced without acknowledgment a clever feminine figure by Du Maurier, the famous Punch draughtsman.

— Readers of Mr. Sage's article in this

¹ *We and Our Neighbors*; or, *Records of an Unfashionable Street*. (Sequel to *My Wife and I*.) By

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With Illustrations. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1875

number, should they feel the stir of sylvan adventure strongly enough to emulate him, will do well to arm themselves with Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s Guide to Maritime Canada.¹ We venture to say it will be found as indispensable as the onions Mr. Sage recommends. It supplies ample information as to the leasing of salmon rivers, which it is comforting to know are let to the highest bidder; but it does a great deal more than this. It is, in fact, the most interesting and various in its contents of the excellent series of guides issued by these publishers. More than ever, since the publication of Mr. Warner's Baddeck, people are waking up to the fact that in the region here treated of can be found the largest variety of scenery, manners, and historic association combined with cool weather, accessible to the summer-tourist, and Mr. Sweetser offers a convenient key to this new labyrinth of delights. He gives twenty-one days as the time requisite for a glimpse of southern New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the St. Lawrence, and the fares for this

tour amount to about forty dollars. The single tourist can thus get his month of complete recreation at a cost of not more than one hundred dollars. A vast amount of information as to side-trips and trips to Newfoundland and along the Labrador coast is compressed and intercalated between the points touched by this general tour; and travelers will find no difficulty, from the admirable clearness of the arrangement, in devising variations to suit themselves. The book is discreetly garnished with extracts from Longfellow, Parkman, Whittier, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, and Warner, which give one a new sense of the extrinsic value of the places visited, and render the volume as interesting as it is full of information. There are four maps and four plans accompanying it. The only fault we have to charge the former with is the conventional darkening of the water just off shore, which makes such murky work with the names of towns and points along the coast. The plans of towns are perfectly satisfactory.

ART.

THE reader of Mr. Hunt's little book,² or rather of the little book which has been made up of fragments of Mr. Hunt's conversations, would not get a very adequate notion of his instruction without a careful synthesis of a hundred different indications scattered through it here and there, or without many allowances for the momentary conditions that called out this or that reported saying. It is somewhat curious to see a man whose characteristic strength lies so much in the *ensemble* of his work represented in such a bit of unharmonized mosaic. But the book gives material from which the sympathetic reader should get a pretty vivid impression or picture of the artist's way of talking and working. It is full of pithy disconnected sayings, which separately are like Mr. Hunt's pictures, pointed statements, each of some single impression, without qualification or detailed explanation, and hung together with as little connection as the artist's pict-

ures would be in a gallery. It is possible that the editor might so have classified and arranged the scraps of conversation as to weave out of them a connected if not a complete discourse, which should have presented a fair statement of the essence of Mr. Hunt's instruction; but in fact they seem to have been tumbled together very much as they were scraped from the backs of canvases and bits of paper on which they were first reported. Hence, though here and there a student may get valuable hints from them, they are likely to pass only as a collection of bright and stimulating sayings about art, to be looked at once or twice and laid aside like any table-talk. Only a few thoughtful and interested persons, we should think, will be at the pains to deduce Mr. Hunt's artistic code from hundreds of disconnected sayings addressed to various pupils at various times, to meet different momentary wants; and more than a few are likely to be offended or misled by the

¹ *The Maritime Provinces: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Chief Cities, Coasts, and Islands of the Maritime Provinces of Canada; also Newfoundland and the Labrador Coast.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

² *W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art.* Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. Cambridge: The Riverside Press, 1875.

paradoxes into which a brilliant and impulsive mind is apt to slip in the fervor of unpremeditated conversation.

The book, in fact, is of the familiar kind that suits the reading of those who have a personal sympathy with the artist himself or his works, and it is fair to assume that it is intended for them rather than for the general public. It is full of sparkling and epigrammatic sayings; it abounds in wise and conscientious precepts, or, if Mr. Hunt objects to the word conscientious, we will say, of precepts loyal to recognized principle. It gives the impression, as do Mr. Hunt's paintings, of a frank, fearless, single-minded artistic nature, with keen perceptions and great power of expression, mature study and convictions, and withal singularly free from egotistic assumption.

The publication of this little book and the exhibition of his pictures and sketches have brought on Mr. Hunt many criticisms. He has been roundly accused of carelessness in his work, and, with more reason, of being likely to encourage carelessness in others. But no one who is familiar with his work can well accuse him of doing carelessly those things which from his point of view it is desirable to do. Probably few of his critics have any conception of the intensity of effort with which an artist of Mr. Hunt's quality strikes for the things he wishes to express, even in his most rapid endeavors, or of the vital watchfulness with which his strokes are directed. Negligent he certainly is, and scornful at times of things which the mass of people look for in pictures, and even people instructed in art regard as important. To him, we should say, the first of qualities are singleness of impression and spontaneity of execution. To him the effect of a passing light on a tree is of more importance than the color of it; the depth and mystery of its foliage than the growth and spring of its branches; its exact "value" in the first impression of the scene is more than either. All detail which may divert attention from this first impression is to him an impertinence; all that does not directly help it is at least an unnecessary intrusion, to be put aside as far as possible. Hence the looker-on, untrained to such impressions as Mr. Hunt's, often thinks his pictures false and offensive because he misses the things that he is used to look for, and to more instructed persons whose theory of the relative importance of things does not agree with his, they seem imperfect or one-sided. Hence also

comes Mr. Hunt's jealousy of anything that impedes the quick expression of the painter's idea in its first freshness, his horror of the benumbing effect of laboring over secondary things, of fumbling about for the means of utterance while the thing to be uttered has time to escape; hence his reiterated protests to his scholars against "niggling," patching, scrutinizing, hesitating; hence, finally, the frank charm of his own work to those who can sympathize with it. Add to these things a hearty contempt for laborious aimlessness, for affectation and priggishness, and we have the key to many of his paradoxes.

The value of an impression depends on the mind that receives and transmits it; the preciousness of a first impression, upon the quickness, keenness, and instinctive preference of the beholder. The world could not afford to lose the first impressions of men of such quickened perceptions as Turner or Corêt, or of Mr. Hunt himself. But these instructions are given to fledgelings, and yet, as they stand, are urged as if intended for trained artists. In most pupils, we suppose, the first artistic impressions of any scene that lay before them would be of very little significance, would be likely in fact to miss the most important things, and thus very little good would come from dwelling much on them; whereas a careful study of the scene and all the elements of its effect would be likely to do much more in training their perceptions, though it might not produce a picture. And in the instruction of the majority of pupils the production of pictures is not the object to be aimed at. The value of the impression of a scene upon the trained artist results from his acquired mastery of all the elements of the scene, from the power of instant and involuntary selection which this mastery has developed in him. It ought in fairness to be said, and it would have been well to say it in the introductory note to the book, that the lessons in which these precepts were given were first intended, not as a full course of training for young painters, but to insist upon one part of a painter's work which Mr. Hunt considered to be unrecognized among amateurs in Boston,—the making of "pictures," that is, of paintings of which all the elements are carefully adjusted into one harmonious whole, with a single definite effect. It is evident, nevertheless, that in the course of the lessons the instructions took a wider range than this.

Mr. Hunt has done more perhaps than any other man in our generation to stir and direct aright the artistic impulse among Bostonians. But we should fear that without his restraining hand, of which we see mark enough in the book before us, many of his pupils and followers will be ready to content themselves with a confident crudity and incompleteness in their work. And worse, they may come, and we already see example of the tendency, to take his manner for his spirit and educate themselves into a narrow contempt for everything that is not done in Mr. Hunt's way. We have known a clever painter of his school, with the advantage of European training, who could find nothing interesting in the work of Fra Angelico, and we have heard far more extravagant things among his abler pupils.

It may often happen, too, that a painter, lost in an impetuous effort to present some one phase of truth or nature, and neglectful of others intimately associated with it, will set it forth with a naked and unsupported emphasis that is grotesque; and it seems to us that Mr. Hunt reaches this point at times in the landscape sketches which he exhibits. It is not strange if his followers, feeling no responsibility and therefore no anxiety for the issue of the paths into which they see him stray, should outrun him in this easy direction.

But Mr. Hunt himself is not wanting in catholicity, and it is clear that his teaching would correct many of the excesses to which his precepts may be strained. To one pupil at one time he complains of painstaking, correction, niggling; he praises Millet or Corôt; to another he says, "Make careful tracings from the old masters, especially Albert Dürer and Mantegna." At one time, "Do it in three minutes," at another, "That sketch is smart, but I don't like it. It was done too hurriedly. It shows too much ambition to do a thing quickly." Again he says, "Don't be careless for an instant," and again, "Snub your ideal. It costs trouble, but trouble is the artist's nature." In short, there is no sympathy in the book for easy negligence, but an intense sympathy with the freedom of spontaneous expression.

The discussion over Mr. Hunt's works in our daily papers has connected itself with other controversies concerning the different systems of art instruction in use among us. There is so much effort making in drawing schools and classes, both public and private,

that we hope the discussion will continue till a clear idea is reached of what we should aim at, and how we are to get to it. People need to be reminded that for most of them the object of learning to draw is not to make pictures or drawings, but to develop and train perceptions, to acquire clear ideas of form and relation, to recognize beauty in art and nature. Especially it helps them to distinguish vital from accidental qualities, dominant from subordinate. Some pupils will learn to make good drawings or clever bits of decoration, but for most this is entirely secondary.

The besetting fault of all the arts in our day, perhaps in every day, is the tendency to display and to admire the mere power of execution,—that is, to take the means of art for art itself. To resist this tendency, the pupils should be carefully instructed to work for what is characteristic and beautiful in their models, and to regard neatness of workmanship as strictly subservient to this end.

Here appears the weakness of the system of art-instruction in our public schools. In the first place, the books of copies prepared for them are very inferior. It is not that they are roughly executed, but the examples are for the most part poor and inartistic, and are rendered without feeling or refinement: some are conspicuously bad in drawing. Then in the mass of exhibited work of the pupils there is much laborious finish, but little evidence of thought or feeling, of effort to catch and render the essential character or beauty of the subject drawn. They bespeak the mechanical, not the artistic aim. We know that the statute provides for the teaching of mechanical and industrial drawing. But if this means anything worth paying for or working for, it means the instruction in drawing of mechanical and industrial people, to the end of improving their perceptions, and of infusing into such of their work as must or may take a decorative form a spirit of beauty and art. The mere teaching of mechanical drawing is to our mind an object unworthy of State interference. There is in the course of trade abundant opportunity of learning it for those who need it; it is a matter as purely mechanical as the use of the file or the lathe; and our present system of public education does not include the teaching of specialties.

Mr. Hunt and Mr. Ruskin, in their several ways, the one in a small field, the other in a large, have worked for just the

end we plead for, — the development of the artistic sense, against mechanical and technical display, — yet their methods and results differ outwardly as much from each other as both do from those of our public teaching. Both, through different channels, are exercising much influence on our community, and to most people, we imagine, their influences seem altogether antagonistic. Opposed they are, at many points, and widely separated at most. Mr. Ruskin's domain in practice is landscape and its elements, earth and vegetation, air and water. His system of drawing gives no place to the figure; this is its essential incompleteness, and it almost removes him from contact with the opposite school. The French system, represented among us by Mr. Hunt, is derived by tradition from figure painting, historical painting, so called. Now to the landscape painter no one scene is like another in its elements any more than in its whole effect. Not only is no one species of rock or tree like another, but every individual is characteristically unlike another, and such as each is at one time it is at another, without change. But of figures one is always essentially like another; the characteristic things in their case are momentary changes, which are constant and endless, — expressions, attitudes, movements, grouping. To these may be added effects of *chiaroscuro*, as accidental, or artificially controllable. Thus the landscape painter might naturally be predisposed to dwell on the permanent characteristics of his subjects, the figure painter on their accidental ones. The one cannot entirely ignore what to the other is principal, but he can give it a different place in his scheme. In our day interest in landscape is largely increased, has indeed become predominant. French painters have given it great attention, but they come to it strongly influenced by the habits and traditions of a well-established school of academic historical painters. Mr. Hunt paints landscape, but with the instincts and habits of a figure painter. It is curious, by the way, to notice the analogy of his work to Allston's in this respect, and to see how much their landscape has in common. The English painters, on the other hand, have put aside such academic traditions as they had, and have begun from the beginning. Given to a French painter some shapely masses of foliage, cloud, and rock, perhaps a few vigorously accented tree-stems and surface-lines of ground, and the

rest of his picture, the substance of it, in fact, will be made up of tones and values, of lights and darks, not too closely imitated from nature, but delicately balanced and combined in a single vivid impression. But to any school of naturalistic landscape painters, the essentials of tree or mountain will be the spring and dispersion of branches, the clinging or spreading of foliage, if it is near enough to be seen, — or the cliffs and ravines, the lift of ledges and climbing lines of vegetation, the flow of water-courses and fracture of rocks. No one, indeed, who knows Mr. Ruskin's writings, can accuse him of indifference to the larger aspects of nature; no one who knows his artistic work can fail to see his acute perception of general effect. But his followers and those artists who are in the public mind identified with him have not his range. The school that represents him is the school of special truth. Certainly the way of the French artists is the direct way to make pictures. The power of accomplishing this is the one valuable legacy of the older art-tradition. The predecessors of Turner inherited and preserved it. The Englishmen who have succeeded him have in some cases lost their grasp of wide relations, and this has brought on them the scorn of those who study to make pictures. Nevertheless, Dürer knew nothing of "values," and little of *chiaroscuro* in the sense in which it has been used, say since Correggio's time, — as a skillful arrangement of lights and darks throughout a picture: he scarcely painted "pictures" as we now talk of them; yet his work has not lost its eminence. The Japanese know nothing of values or *chiaroscuro*, they do not paint pictures, but their art commands the admiration of those who do. The pre-Raphaelites have been lost in the study of specific character; hence their short-comings. The French extremists have pleased themselves with coördination and subordination, ignoring vital characteristics: hence their one-sidedness.

The perfect landscape painter, whom we and our readers shall hardly live to see, will be he who shall give us to enjoy without let or hindrance the primary impression, the grand aspect of his scene, and then gently lead us to notice, as we should in the scene itself, if we could stay to watch it, the recorded character and action of every member of it, and how each in its place preserves its own life and still something of its own mystery, while it bends to the great influence that molds the whole.

MUSIC.

THE selections from Wagner's writings, translated by Edward L. Burlingame, and collected in a volume under the title of *Art-Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*,¹ meet a want that has long been felt by our music-loving public, and which has most unaccountably remained unsupplied until now. What we have known about Wagner, with the exception of some few of his compositions, we have known simply by hearsay. As Mr. Burlingame says in his preface, "It is safe to say that only a small minority of those who have taken a keen interest in the new school know of even the existence of the nine stout octavo volumes of 'collected works,' which entitle Wagner to the name of its first literary and philosophical expositor, as he is otherwise entitled to that of its first composer." And we may add that of the small minority who know of these "collected works," an almost infinitesimal portion are in a condition to read them to any purpose, on account of the author's wondrously involved and complex style. The matter itself in Wagner's theoretical writings is no light dose to the average understanding. He is indeed a man of extraordinarily subtle intellect; his propositions turn upon exceedingly delicate hinges, and unless the reader follows him carefully, step by step, total misconception of his meaning is too liable to be the result. He is, moreover, a man of very unusual intellectual grasp; his mind deals with the most complex and subtle material with the greatest ease; he has every smallest detail of his subject at his fingers' ends, and often when the perplexed reader is straining every nerve to keep his mental equilibrium in the midst of an argument, Wagner, in the fullness of his enthusiasm for his subject, will launch forth into metaphor upon metaphor, until his arguments are clothed in a perfect glow of poetical color. Like many men gifted with great clearness of mental vision, he takes the same quality for granted in his reader, and seems often to forget that what is perfectly clear to him may not be so to other people. Add to this that for intrinsic difficulty and involved phraseology his style seeks its fellow even in Germany, and we

have abundant reasons for his works being little known in America. But this unfamiliarity with Wagner's writings is much to be lamented, and we see the evil effects of it every day. The astounding theories of art that have been and still are constantly ascribed to Wagner by many of our musical critics would probably make the poet-composer stare, if he were to see them. But if the difficulties that Wagner's style places in the way of the general reader are great, the obstacles that it places in the path of the translator are frightful to contemplate. We have ourselves, in unguarded moments, tried to put passages from his writings into intelligible English, much, we fear, to the dismay of our readers. When we think of what Mr. Burlingame has done, it really makes our flesh creep. He seems to have fully appreciated the difficulty of his task. He says:—

"Without asking any undue indulgence for the translations here given, justice to Herr Wagner himself makes it necessary to say something of the very unusual difficulties in the way of rendering his style satisfactorily into English, or into satisfactory English—the reader may interpret the phrase in whichever way he will. No explanation of these difficulties will be needed by any one who has ever read any of the original German; but to any one who has not, I can perhaps best explain the hardness of the labor by asking him to imagine such an undertaking as the endeavor to render Carlyle's English into French; a task which does not seem to me, as I look back over my work, to present a greatly exaggerated comparison. Indeed, as far as the mere use of language is concerned, Wagner's style has not a few characteristics of Carlyle's. The absolute independence with which he coins words is one of these; and he indulges to the full in that inexhaustible resource of the German metaphysician, that immense length of sentence which does not hinder the intelligibility of his own language, but works much ruin if we endeavor to transfer it into our own. The very nature of his subject compels the coining of words and even phrases;

L. BURLINGAME. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

¹ *Art-Life and Theories of Richard Wagner*. Selected from his Writings and translated by EDWARD

the purely metaphysical character of much of it often renders almost necessary the length and intricacy of his clauses; but behind this, the chief difficulty in rendering his writings is a certain diffuseness of style, the result of his being essentially a poet and an artist, rather than one accustomed to express himself in exact and careful prose. He constantly acknowledges this in his essays, expressing his dislike for critical and speculative writing; but his translator is forced to refer to it also; and while I have no wish to escape from any judgment of my work, I feel justified in believing that some passages which may appear too diffuse and vague are only unchanged representatives of similar parts in the original, passages where Wagner forgets the expositor, in a moment's dreaming over ideals that need no explanation for himself."

The problem of translating Wagner into English is, in fact, almost an insoluble one. There are only two alternatives. Either the *sense* of the original must be put into good, easily flowing English, or the very risky attempt must be made to paraphrase Wagner's style in some as yet undiscovered idiom, that shall have something in common with what is usually known as English, inasmuch as it is composed of English words. Mr. Burlingame has chosen the former, safer alternative, and has succeeded far better than we should have considered possible. Indeed, in reading his book, it is only our familiarity with the original that reminds us of the fact that we are reading a translation at all. The selections made are most judicious; we had almost said that this book was the first judicious thing that has been done about Wagner, either musically or literarily, in this country. It is really an introduction to Wagner, beginning at the right end. All that it is absolutely indispensable for the intelligent music-lover to know about Wagner's theories is contained in the two chapters, *The Music of the Future*, and *The Purpose of the Opera*. The other chapters in the book are interesting either from their connection with some of the author's more familiar dramatic compositions, or from the light they throw upon passages in his life. *Der Freischütz* in Paris, especially the second part of it, entitled *Le Freischütz*, a Report to Germany, is an excellent example of Wagner's caustic humor, and of the pitiless use he makes of sarcasm in musical criticism. Wagner's wit is very grim, though often irresistibly funny. It is direct and unsparing, like Swift's. It has little

of the easy grace and lightness of touch that we find in Berlioz, who is after all the prince of musical humorists. But if Wagner's wit is less subtle than Berlioz's, it is often more laughter-provoking, and hits its mark with a more hearty good-will. Take, for instance, the following, from *Le Freischütz*, in which he descants upon the failure of the work at the Grand Opera:—

"The Parisians in general are wont to look upon the performances of the Grand Opera as fairly faultless; for they know of no establishment where they can see an opera better given. And so they could not be of any other opinion than that they had also seen the *Freischütz* perfectly well performed, and certainly better than they could have seen it at any of the theatres of Germany. Everything which seemed to them tedious and foolish about the *Freischütz*, they were therefore not disposed to attribute to the faults of the performer, but at once adopted the conviction that what might be a masterpiece for Germans was for them mere twaddle. The remembrance of Robin des Bois¹ confirmed them in this belief; for this rearrangement of *Der Freischütz* had made, as I had already sufficiently explained, an unheard-of success: and since this honor was not conferred upon the original also, the universal impression was naturally that the rearrangement must be infinitely better. And in truth, it did have the advantage that M. Berlioz's terribly long recitative did not counteract the effect of the airs from Weber; and besides, the author of Robin des Bois had been so fortunate as to introduce Logic into the proceedings of his drama.

"There is something very extraordinary about this logic. As the French have arranged their language according to its strictest rules, they demand that these rules must be respected in all that is spoken in that language. I have heard Frenchmen who were otherwise greatly pleased with the performance of the *Freischütz*, who nevertheless came back to this one point of objection—*there was nothing logical in it*. Now it had never occurred to me in my life to make logical researches into the *Freischütz*, and I therefore asked precisely what one was to understand by the term in this case? I learned that the number of the magic bullets gave special offense to the logical natures of the Frenchmen. Why

¹ Robin des Bois was what Berlioz calls "an infamous pasticcio" upon the *Freischütz*, made by M. Castil-Blaze and brought out at the Odéon.

—they said — *seven* bullets? Why this unheard-of luxury? Were not *three* enough? *three* is a number that can be easily looked after and used, under all circumstances. How is it possible to bring about the sensible employment of seven bullets in one short act? There ought to be at least five entire acts, to give the proper opportunity for solving this problem correctly, and even then one would encounter the difficulty of disposing of several bullets in one act. For in truth it is no joke — that appeared evident — to have to do with such magic bullets; and how opposed it is to all common-sense, to imagine that two hunters could so thoughtlessly and without reason mold *six* such bullets on some fine morning — knowing, too, as they must have done, that there was something uncanny about the seventh!

“A similar opinion was expressed, with undisguised dissatisfaction, about the catastrophe of the piece. ‘How was it possible,’ they said, ‘that a shot aimed at a dove could apparently kill a maiden and really put to death a worthless hunter? We grant that there is a possibility of a shot’s missing a dove and killing a human being, — such accidents unfortunately occasionally occur; but how a bride and all those who are present could imagine for five full minutes that they too were hit, that surpasses all belief! Besides, this shot is wanting in all dramatic probability. How much more logical it would be if the young hunter, in despair at missing his shot, should shoot himself through the head with the last bullet! The bride rushes toward him and tries to seize the pistol from his hand; it goes off during the struggle, the bullet flies past the hunter — thanks to the efforts of the bride — and shoots down the godless comrade, placed in a direct range behind him! There *would* be some logic in that!’”

It is true that Wagner does not always confine himself to irony when he has to do with anything that displeases him. In fact, he is rather famous for the skill and directness with which he can apply the lash when he chooses. Take the following quotation from *The Music of the Future*, in which he pays his respects to Italian opera: —

“I find in the frequent and shrill demands of our superficial musical *dilettanti* for ‘Melody, melody!’ a confirmation of the belief that they derive their idea of melody from musical works in which, besides the melody, complete lack of melody occurs, — which makes what they think me-

ludious appear so precious. ‘In Italy, an audience assembled at the opera, which occupied its evening with amusement. To this entertainment there belonged music, sung upon the stage, music which was listened to from time to time during the pauses of the conversation; during the conversation and the constant exchange of visits between the boxes the music continued, fulfilling the same function for which music is introduced at great dinners, — that is, to encourage by its noise the otherwise timid chat to become louder and more lively. Such music as is played for this purpose fills out the great bulk of Italian opera; whereas, that which is really listened to makes up perhaps a twelfth part of it. An Italian opera must have at least one air that people like to listen to; if it is to succeed, there must be something to interrupt the conversation and be heard with interest at least six times; and the composer that can draw the attention of the audience a full dozen times to his music is celebrated as an inexhaustible musical genius. And what shall we think would become of such an audience if, suddenly finding itself in the presence of a work which demands a like attention through its whole duration and for all its parts, it should see itself torn from all its ordinary customs at musical performances? And if it could not possibly identify with its beloved ‘melody’ that which in its most successful presentation could only pass for an improvement of that musical noise which, in its simpler application, only made agreeable conversation easier, while it now forces itself forward with the pretension that it really must be listened to? Such an audience would call for its six or twelve melodies again, that it might gain opportunity and protection, in the intervals, for its conversation, which is after all the chief object of an opera-evening.’

“In truth, what from a singular narrowness is looked upon as richness, must needs appear to the more cultured mind as very poverty. The loud demands that are based upon this error may be pardoned in the public at large, but not in the art-critic.”

Wagner, like many other composers, has a very sincere and, we will own, a very proper contempt for that hapless anomaly, the art-critic, and is never loath to having a gentle fling at him when he finds a chance. As for instance when he says, —

“What the true artist most desires to find is the ingenuousness of pure human

sympathy; he fails to meet with this among our theatre-going public; then he is forced to seek for help from the side of the cultured artistic intellect—he must engage the mediation of criticism. The disgust I soon conceived of the public at length forced me into this needy attitude towards criticism; and it was precisely here, where I even sought it, and therefore could not reject it, that I came to fully understand the nature of our modern criticism, and now was forced to engage almost alone in opposition to it.

“What I have since published concerning art does not constitute, as many have supposed, an appeal to popular opinion, but in these writings I turned from the modern public, which I had to give up as a senseless, heartless mass, and set my face against criticism, *i. e.*, against uncritical, false criticism, that criticism which is guided neither by sympathy nor by correct understanding; which rests simply on the ignorance of the masses, which lives by this ignorance, and even favors it from motives of self-interest. I say I set my face against this kind of criticism; I did not appeal to it. For the thought even of giving it a true direction can never occur to any one who has already been obliged to abandon his hopes of the public. The public is, at least, not willful in its perverseness, whereas criticism is of set purpose and radically perverse. Still I ever made my appeal, as was unavoidable in literary compositions, only to criticism, that is, to the new criticism of right reason; in other words, the understanding, which never for a moment deserts its constant support, right feeling. Thus I did not appeal to the critical routine of the old method, which was quite divorced from feeling—a method based on the same perversion of feeling and the same stupidity which is seen in the public. My appeal was to the enlightened judgment of those cultured minds which, like my own, are as ill-con-

tent with the modern public as with the criticism of the present day.”

Of the value of the volume there can be no two opinions. However various the opinions may be about the truth or falsehood of Wagner's musical theories, all agree that he is one of the leading writers on æsthetics of our time, and we can only rejoice that he comes before the American public in so very readable a shape. We congratulate Mr. Burlingame upon having in a great measure avoided those distressing mistakes in musical terminology that have defaced every English translation from the German or French (not excepting theoretical works) that we have yet seen. Another comparatively small matter is also worth mentioning. It is a great comfort to see *clarinet* spelt without an *o*! We feel personally grateful to any one who will help hunt all clarionets and violincellos from our much-suffering earth.

—Sarah Tytler's *Musical Composers and their Works*¹ is a concise and readable enough compendium of the principal facts in the lives of most of the noteworthy composers from Dunstable, Palestrina, and Orlando Gibbons, down to the present day. The author depends for her facts, and indeed for many of her ideas, upon well-known authorities, and there neither is, nor pretends to be, much original matter in the book. It will no doubt be found useful as a school-book, and is better than anything we know of in so concise a shape.

—In sheet-music we notice *First Loss*,² by Kulling, as an uncommonly good song for a high voice. The *Echo*,³ by the same composer, is commonplace at best, but gains much by the way the accompaniment is put upon the piano-forte.

—Max Mueller's *Tuberose*⁴ is pleasing and well written, though perhaps a thought too psalm-tune-like; a quality which the flowing accompaniment does not quite counteract.

¹ *Musical Composers and their Works. For the Use of Schools and Students in Music.* By SARAH TYTLER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² *First Loss.* Words by GOETHE; English translation by AUBREY FORESTIER; music by F. A. KULLING, Op. 38. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

³ *The Echo.* Song. Words by E. V. W.; music by F. A. KULLING, Op. 37. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

⁴ *Tuberose.* Song. Words by EDMUND F. OSBORNE; music by MAX MUELLER. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XXXVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1875.—No. CCXV.

PRACTICE AND PATRONAGE OF FRENCH ART.

MUCH has been said about the mission of art and the artist. Art has no mission; it is only one form by which the ideas of a race or a nation find expression at certain stages of intellectual progress. That has in all ages been the truest art which has best expressed the ideas, the life, manners, and beliefs of the time, as felt by the artist whom they inspired; and he has been the truest artist who has simply used subjects and forms of expression most familiar and most in harmony with his natural sympathies as implanted by birth or education.

Art has always been developed in this spontaneous manner, and has proceeded in a certain order so uniform as to assume the form almost of an organic law. Architecture is the first of the arts to reach perfection, and at the outset it has invariably been employed as a means of expressing the innate ideas of man's relation to his Creator. Sculpture, as another form of expressing religious yearnings, has followed close after architecture, often intimately associated with it, although not always developed to the same degree, while, as a rule, the arts of design, including painting, have come later, and have often scarcely progressed beyond the elementary stages. The art of several great empires has been entirely confined to architecture and relieves.

The art of no race better illustrates this truth than that of France. That country is actually divided into Paris and France; up to the time of Louis XI. it was France and Paris. Brittany, Normandy, Burgundy, Gascony, Navarre, and the other provinces, were so many states yielding only a nominal allegiance to the king who reigned at Paris, and who controlled them rather by taking advantage of their internal discords than by any supreme authority the great feudal lords were willing to delegate to the throne. Those, too, were the days when the sway of the church over the conscience or the state was less a question of policy than of actual belief. At the same time every province of the kingdom was full of nascent vigor and activity, which only required the control of men like Louis XI., Henry IV., and Richelieu, to weld the whole into a united and powerful nation. This religious fervor, this national activity, demanded artistic expression, and straightway cathedrals and oratories, cloisters and convents of extraordinary beauty arose on the hill-tops and in the valleys, and gave a central point of effect to the clustering gables and pointed turrets of many a mediæval town. But after the power of the feudal lords was broken, not only political but intellectual influence became centralized at Paris, which has since then exercised a controlling voice

in the destinies of the country, and has laid down the law in art and letters for all Frenchmen, and at some periods for Christendom itself.

Brought into sympathy, through the expeditions of Charles VIII., with the Renaissance movement, which raised the arts to such a pitch in Italy and the Netherlands, France took a new interest in architecture and sculpture, and magnificent palaces were reared, of an order suggesting that of Bernini, yet essentially original and national. But the arts of design still lagged. Italian and Flemish masters, however, were employed to decorate the abodes of royalty with their incomparable colors, affording masterpieces whose contemplation should in time result in a race of painters, the first colorists of these later ages. Francis I. built the Louvre, destined to be a gallery furnishing for the study of the nation the finest works of the great masters of the Classic and Renaissance periods. Louis XIV. founded the *École des Beaux Arts*. French art of the nineteenth century is the sequel to a systematic course of royal patronage and education, fostered by the constant study of the best models the world could afford. And architecture and sculpture having reached a high degree of culture in the kingdom, the arts of design and color succeeded in turn, and are now at their zenith in France.

At the best period of the Renaissance, Rome, Venice, and the Netherlands were the centres of art, with important rivals in Nuremberg and Madrid. At the present day we see Rome, Munich, London, and Brussels, each a focus, but Paris takes precedence of them all, owing to the greater facilities she offers for the study and practice of art. It is only fair to add that the art of London and Belgium is often very fine, and that German art has within a few years taken a new turn, and, accompanying the vast energies of the new empire, promises ere long to equal and perhaps surpass the best contemporary French work. In these observations the arts of design are generally understood, for this is essentially an age of painting. The archi-

tectural period has passed in all these countries, and it is doubtful if the world ever sees anything in the future, either in architecture or in sculpture, equal to the original and almost perfect conceptions we find in the monuments of antiquity. Russia seems to show in the Kremlin that she also has passed her period of original national architecture; while the young republics of the New World, being offshoots from races which had already produced distinctive schools of architecture, begin their national existence at a point too advanced to found distinctive styles of their own.

Everything in the appearance of Paris indicates its character as an art emporium, where works of art are not only produced and sold, but also exercise a powerful influence over the public taste. The streets are laid out with consummate perspective effect. The squares and gardens leave little to be desired. The Place de la Concorde is the central spot of a combination of architectural effects probably unsurpassed at the present day. The eye for effect and color natural to the people is apparent in the shop-windows, where various shades of drapery and other stuffs may often be seen arranged in a harmony so exquisite as to move one like a concord of sweet sounds. The jewelry shops, as for example those in the Palais Royal, present an array of splendor as often artistic as dazzling. The very meat-stalls are indications of that sensuous love of beauty for its own sake which inspired the Athenian of old, and is with the Parisian of to-day a more powerful motor than either moral or political principle. The various meats are hung in a certain order, adorned with flowers and paper cut into elaborate patterns, and the back of a hog or a sheep is figured with designs made by cutting away the inner skin and leaving the red flesh exposed. At *Mardi Gras* the butchers' stalls are objects of general attraction for the more than ordinary ingenuity and taste displayed in the adornment of the sheep and beeves hung whole from the ceiling in holiday attire of greens, ribbons, and tinsel. The public galleries at the

Louvre and the Luxembourg are crowded, especially on Sunday and fête days, not so much by foreign visitors as by the populace of all classes and conditions. The same is the case with the exhibitions of the clubs. When the masterpieces concentrated in the square room of the Louvre alone are considered, the influence for good or evil thus exerted must be incalculable.

Art dealers' shops of course abound, and one is sure to see two or three good paintings in the windows of every leading thoroughfare. These shops are generally small, and the best they contain is to be seen from the street; but this is of little consequence, so vast is the field elsewhere. The exhibition of gold and silver wares, marbles, and bronzes in the windows on the Boulevards is also astonishing.

Some idea of the value of the art in Paris may be inferred from the fact that the sales of paintings alone average forty millions of francs per annum, equal, by reason of the difference in values, to nearly twice that sum in the United States. The number of artists in the city is over eight thousand. When we take into consideration the persons dependent upon these eight thousand artists, the army of art students, French and foreign, residing here, and the many thousands engaged in the sale of works of art, including the production and sale of frames, colors, engravings, bronzes, or statuary, we find that art is, on the whole, the business engrossing the attention of a larger number and employing perhaps more capital than any other legitimate business in Paris, unless we except that of hotels and restaurants.

It should not be kept out of sight that the government is behind all this machinery, and maintains a directing hand in the chief institutions. There is a Minister of the Fine Arts, who exercises a supervision general and particular over all the national galleries, the public monuments, the exhibitions at the Salon, and art education in the schools. The first institution under its care is the Académie des Beaux Arts,

corresponding to the Academy of Letters. It consists of forty members, selected from medalists in the four departments of art. They hold sessions weekly, and a grand session once a year. The institution next in rank, and of equal importance, under government supervision is the École des Beaux Arts in the Rue Bonaparte. The building it now occupies was erected only in 1837. One enters from the street into a quadrangular court, whose walls are frescoed in Pompeian style and inclose fac-similes of celebrated antiques of various schools. Two other courts are beyond, the one open and musical with the song of birds nestling in the shrubbery, the other covered with glass and containing large architectural models and colossal statues after the antique. On the ground floor are galleries of statuary most carefully copied from the best Greek and Roman marbles, including the Elgin relievos. On the second floor are open corridors or cloisters decorated with frescoes after Raphael, leading to the rooms of the committee, where are hung the portraits of all who have taught in the Academy from its foundation. Connected with these rooms is the semicircular hall devoted to lectures on art, which are now read twice a week by M. Taine. On the walls of the amphitheatre is painted the celebrated Hémicycle des Beaux Arts of Paul Delaroche, representing the great artists of the various Renaissance schools conversing in groups. Farther on are the ateliers of the students, where Cabanel, Gérôme, Pils, and André give instruction, and the gallery in which the prize exhibitions are held. This is a spacious hall enriched by admirable copies of the best works of Raphael, Titian, Velasquez, and other masters. In addition to this gallery are the rooms where the works which have obtained the first prize or the medals are preserved. The first prize sends the winner to Rome for three years. Few of the winners have afterwards acquired celebrity. It is with art students as with valedictorians; those who are best able to work by rule are not strong enough to achieve origi-

nal triumphs when left to their own resources, while genius, when once emancipated from the tutors of its youth, toils according to laws of its own, and only thus arrives at the highest results. By being true to itself it best wins the end in view. It is considerations like these, doubtless, — suggested perhaps by the poor results shown by those who have won the first prize, together with the fact that artistic conditions in France have greatly altered since the French Revolution and the days when royal patronage was essential to the fostering of art, — which now lead to the agitation of the question of not only changing the character of the prize, so as to leave it more at the option of the winner, but also of entirely remodeling the system of government patronage.

In the *École des Beaux Arts*, drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving are taught. Pupils are admitted between the ages of fifteen and thirty, without distinction as to race, the requisites being an introduction by some French artist in good repute, a passport or a register of birth and parentage, and a drawing from life done in twelve hours and considered satisfactory evidence of capacity for the pursuit of art. As foreigners are ineligible to the prizes, they are admitted when over thirty years old. By the rules of the institution women are excluded from the advantages offered by this school, which, when everything is taken into consideration is, on the whole, a salutary regulation. In the other schools where opportunity for drawing from the life is afforded, it is common to see both sexes drawing from the model at the same time. The slight covering about the middle used by the models in German art schools is entirely discarded in Paris. It is greatly to be deplored that the sexes should be associated in medical studies, although strong reasons may be urged in its favor. But it may be very seriously questioned whether artistic knowledge gained at such cost to feminine delicacy is not too dearly purchased.

In addition to the *École des Beaux Arts* the government has also quite re-

cently established a school and manufactory for the production of mosaic pictures. The beauty of the mosaics in the new opera house, which were made by Italian artists, has stimulated the emulation of the French.

The *Hôtel Drouôt* is another establishment owned and controlled by the government. Although not exclusively devoted to art, it should be mentioned as an art centre. It is a building on the Rue Drouôt, containing eight large, lofty rooms on the ground floor and as many in the story above, besides ample corridors and lobbies. Each of these halls is an auction-room; the goods to be sold are on exhibition for several days previous to the sale; they are arranged with taste and opened to the public every afternoon. Sales occur in several of the rooms daily, and the building is always crowded. On Sundays the throng is almost impassable. The sales are conducted in a very systematic manner. Steps are arranged in the back part of the room, to enable the audience better to see the goods, and seats are placed around the auctioneers' desks, where those who hold long purses and propose to buy are so seated that they can confer with the auctioneer, who has several assistants. Attendants in addition carry the articles, when possible, about the room for examination, and the bidding is often very interesting. It is common for a sale to last several days. All the art sales of Paris are held in the *Hôtel Drouôt*, and during the season many choice collections may be seen there, including not only paintings and statuary, ancient and modern, but valuable tapestries, *objets de luxe* of the reign of Louis Quatorze, rare medieval armor, Oriental collections, valuable manuscripts, and the like; as an instance of this may be mentioned the sale of the collection of M. Sauchan, at which one sword alone, of peculiar and exquisite workmanship, picked up at Constantinople for two hundred and fifty francs, was bid off at fifty thousand francs to Baron Rothschild, over an American who ran it up to forty-nine thousand francs.

The direction of the government is also seen in the annual exhibition of the Salon, held in May and June in the Palais d'Industrie, at the Champs Élysées. This is the great artistic event of the year, to which all artists, native and foreign, are invited to contribute. The judgment is sufficiently strict to cause the rejection of three fourths of the contributions, which only enhances the honor of admission and the value of the medals awarded. These are of several grades. The grand medal is granted but once, but he who has received it can henceforth exhibit any work he chooses to contribute, without regard to its merit; and, owing to the weakness of human nature, the privilege has sometimes been abused. There is much complaint made by artists whose contributions have been refused admittance, or been badly hung. Great injustice has undoubtedly been done sometimes. A notable instance of prejudice was the constant rejection of the works of Chintreuil, whose merits were discovered only a short time before his death. The works he left unsold brought one hundred and thirty-six thousand francs, and a painting which was refused admission to the Salon sold for ten thousand francs. Another instance of prejudice is the difficulty with which the works of foreign artists gain admission.

American artists have occasionally gained admittance for their paintings and obtained a medal, but it is generally under the influence of some great French painter. Although producing some very excellent work here, they can sell nothing in Paris except to American and English buyers. "Frenchmen care nothing for American artists," reply the dealers, "even when their paintings are better than French works of the same grade." For this reason our artists in Paris are more and more sending their best works to London for exhibition, where they are well shown and sold to better advantage. The fact is, notwithstanding the buncombe we have been treated to for a century about the traditional fraternity of the two nations, the French regard Americans and the

United States with indifference, and often with positive hate and contempt.

What is the French opinion of the value of the annual exhibitions of the Salon may be gathered from the remarks of the art critic of the *Journal Officiel*, one of the most intelligent and respectable papers published in Paris. "Fame," says this genuine Frenchman, "may be acquired in other pursuits than that of art as well elsewhere as in France. But fame in art can only be acquired in Paris, and only then by exhibiting at the Salon. Without this one may perhaps sell pictures and acquire reputation, but fame never." The writer was alluding to Fortuny, who from timidity had refrained from ever submitting anything for admission there. After reading this one feels deep sympathy for those great artists who were not born in France.

Beside the facilities afforded by the government, there are a number of private academies presided over by some eminent artist like Bonnat, who comes in at certain hours and criticises the drawing of the students. These French art students are often a very rough class among themselves, bringing to the atelier manners and conversation savoring too much of the barricades and the bar-room. What is remarkable is that they are merciless in their criticisms on every artist except their master. Him they treat with profound veneration. Their quiet and respectful demeanor when he enters the studio is quite amusing, in contrast with their manners out of his presence.

There are also three art clubs in Paris sustained by artists and connoisseurs, not in any sense rival societies, but intended for the encouragement of art and for the sale of paintings in the annual exhibitions. The *Cercle de l'Union Artistique* numbers six hundred members. It holds its exhibitions and lectures in a spacious hall, No. 18 Place Vendôme, in February and March. The exhibitions are choice, and present a very fair idea of the mark reached by contemporary art in France from year to year. Admission is free to visitors on applica-

tion to the secretary or through members. The Société des Amis des Beaux Arts de Paris contains among its members such well-known connoisseurs as Baron Rothschild and Sir Richard Wallace. Its second exhibition was opened in February, 1875, and offers some very interesting works to the inspection of the public. An entrance fee of one franc is required. The Cercle Artistique et Littéraire has its headquarters at No. 29 Rue Chaussée d'Antin; as indicated by its name, it is partially literary. Its gallery is open daily, and contains a collection of paintings, sculptures, and engravings. The Société Générale des Arts is an association founded within a few months. It numbers among its directors many of the most prominent artists in Paris, and in its scope is the most considerable of the private organizations. The growth of the arts in Paris has attracted a vast number of buyers not only at home but from abroad, on whom the dealers frequently manage to palm off a large number of very inferior performances for something far better. The result is naturally to encourage fraud and the painting of poor pictures, to the ultimate prejudice of good art and the ruin of the well-deserved fame now enjoyed by France in painting. Accordingly this association was founded, in the form of a joint-stock company, with the avowed object of buying and selling only such works of art as are of incontestable merit, warranted as such by the highest authorities. The capital of the association amounts to a million and a half of francs, and the business of the society is confided to the charge of the well-known art firm of Durand-Ruel & Co. That the association will prove a pecuniary success there seems little reason to doubt, for capital invested in works of genuine art rapidly doubles in Paris, while to the large public of buyers the association must also be a substantial advantage.

The question of studios seems to be a weak point in the art system of Paris. There are a number of buildings constructed exclusively for that purpose, but they are far behind the demand. Al-

though many of the artists are clustered in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Clichy, yet, as a rule, one must run over the whole city to find them. When an artist desires a studio he is often obliged to hire a room poorly adapted to meet his wants, and make such alterations as it requires. Some, like Daubigny, have a studio added to their private dwellings. The villages of Écouen and Barbizon, the latter on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, may be fairly considered as quarters belonging to the art world of Paris. Numbers of artists and art students reside there, not always those who paint French landscapes or peasantry. Ziem lives at Barbizon, which is quite the reverse in its scenery to anything he ever puts on canvas, as in his appearance in a semi-military dress he is the opposite of his late neighbor Millet, who was always seen in rustic blouse and sabots. In passing, it may be added that the art supervision of the government is extended to the Forest of Fontainebleau, part of which is reserved from destruction when the *garde des forêts* goes around to mark out the trees to be cut down each year, in order that its venerable and picturesque old oaks may furnish subjects for the artists.

Such are the means and modes which Paris offers to the student who desires to acquire or practice the principles of art in its various branches, enabling him not only to learn the technical details of art, but also by comparing different schools, and observing the peculiar excellencies of each, and the particular truths aimed at, to gain mental breadth, catholicity of opinion, and impartiality in granting to each its proportional merit. Nothing, however, is more difficult than the attainment of this intellectual breadth and fairness of judgment in all matters relating to art, because on the artist's part the difficulties he may have overcome in achieving success by processes of his own lead him unconsciously to exaggerate the value of his own style and depreciate that of others. On the other hand, the large crowd of connoisseurs and critics either take the cue from some favorite artist, who often

exerts too boundless and therefore pernicious an influence over them, or, ignorant of their own mental processes, they judge a work according as it clashes or harmonizes with their own tastes or prejudices, instead of putting themselves in the artist's place; thinking all the time, poor souls, that they are entirely impartial in their condemnation or admiration. The artists brought up in Paris are striking illustrations of the truth of these remarks, for here, where of all places one would expect to see a fraternity of feeling, a fellow admiration and respect, judgments are exceptionally harsh, not so much among the leaders, who are often on very friendly terms, as between the imitators and admirers, who range themselves under the banner of one or the other and battle with a vigor not inferior in acrimony to the *odium theologicum*.

As to the quality of the art work produced in Paris, it is a serious mistake to suppose that it is all good. It is of all grades; there are degrees even in the works of the best artists; and given to each at the outset equal abilities, there are still two dangers to be encountered in the life of almost every artist, as with those who are engaged in the career of letters. The first, to which most succumb, is when the necessity of fighting adversity and earning a bare subsistence forces a choice between the natural bent of genius and the tastes of the buyer. The second danger, reached by few, comes when, after long struggles with poverty and neglect, success arrives at last. The temptation then is to hurry paintings off the easel into the market before they have received the careful, conscientious labor and the final touch. And French artists yield to this temptation as well as others. The greatest painters have dealers or admirers always looking over their shoulders, saying, "That will do as it is; no doubt that will sell at a good figure!" and the artist, contrary to his own convictions, will often allow a painting to leave his easel in a raw state. It is these unfinished daubs with great names attached to them which too often make their way to America. The

best Corôts one sees in Paris are more complete than those generally seen in our country, and every way superior to them.

As for the principle of art on which the present French school works, we should say that it differs little from that which has always ruled French, and in fact all true art, being the general principle laid down at the commencement of this article. French artists have first of all been Frenchmen, and artists secondly. Thus, according to the principles of art, French art is a mirror of French history, morals, and opinion. Poussin, Watteau, Boucher, Le Brun, Greuze, Prud'hon, and a host of artists of similar bent, indicate with excellent eye for color, if not always superior ability, the various transitions from the voluptuous days of Louis XIV. to the Reign of Terror. David and Géricault, Ingres and Horace Vernet, Müller and Couture, give a glimpse of the volcanic fury of the Revolution, the vast energies of the Napoleonic wars, and the pseudo-classic taste. Paul Delaroche, great in sentiment, Delacroix, a wonderful colorist, Ary Scheffer, and a multitude besides, reflect the Romantic period, when Walter Scott, Byron, and Goethe profoundly moved the heart of Europe, and were echoed back by the minor strains of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and De Musset, and the sensuous Christianity of Chateaubriand. Then for a while French art was swayed by subjective or moral impulses, and sometimes, as with Scheffer and Delaroche, inclined to give expression to Christian ideas. Saints have always been scarce in French art as compared with the art of Italy, Germany, or Spain, unless one looks for them in the time-worn, weather-beaten statues which adorn the cathedrals, more quaint and picturesque than artistic. When France was religious or superstitious, neither painting nor sculpture progressed far in the land, and the former was chiefly employed to illuminate missals. After Paris took the lead, pleasure swayed France with equal power. Philip IV. of Spain preferred saints and *auto-da-fés*; so Velasquez painted saints, and doubtless

did full justice to most of them. The Louises were better pleased with Leda and Swans, and shepherdesses in limited satin; Watteau and Boucher were equal to the occasion. Physical beauty, for itself alone, without regard to its moral relations, is the highest end the modern French artist is required to hold before him. The leading art critic, M. Taine, enunciates this as the great art principle, and urges it against the English and the Germans that they allow themselves to be biased in the choice of subject by the strong moral feeling of the Germanic races, which the French do not hesitate among themselves to sneer at as hypocrisy. Each kind has merits entirely its own, however, and to condemn one because it is not the other is manifestly absurd. The greatest school of art would naturally be that which combined both; the world has seen some masters who have nearly blended the two, but no *school*. However, the present Munich school gives promise of approaching this supreme end of art in time. As things are now, and always have been in the domain of art, M. Taine most probably is in the right up to a certain point. Art is in a greater degree than literature sensuous, a matter appertaining to sight, or to an eye for color and form, to mechanical processes, and sometimes to geometrical precision, and is therefore rather more a question of physical than of moral beauty. But if, as is the case too often now, French art gives us so many works whose moral tendency is corrupting, the artist is not more to blame than the great public which creates that system of influences and opinions which shapes his character. French art to-day is probably the first in the world as art; while it is just as true that it is first in paintings of lewd scenes, murders, and bloodshed. At the Luxembourg is a painting by Henri Regnault, a young artist killed at Buzenval, representing an execution at Tangier. There are but two figures in it, both life-size, — the executioner, and his victim who has just been decapitated. Like everything painted by Regnault, the scene is rendered with power and truth, and in order to do it

the artist undoubtedly had to be present at the awful moment, brush in hand. But while one does not know whether most to admire or to detest an enthusiasm so strong as to blunt in the artist the emotions which at such a time should stir in any human breast, there is no question as to the impropriety of admitting such a painting to a public national gallery, and the government is guilty of a very grave mistake in allowing it to remain there. Either it is bad as a work of art and should therefore be excluded, or it is good as a work of art and should therefore be forbidden, on exactly the same grounds that the public are guarded from the demoralizing influences of a public execution.

So far as a distinct school of French art is concerned, of which we hear so much at home, thus much may be said: in the palmy days of Italian and Spanish art the range of the artist was limited; he painted a Virgin or a Magdalene, and, to relieve his mind after such pious exertion, painted a Bacchus or a Satyr, the following week or month. It was from these two opposite classes of subjects that the artist of the Renaissance selected his compositions. But landscape, marine, and *genre* painting were reserved for other schools and chiefly for that of France, always excepting the Dutch school, to which in its range of subjects and treatment the modern French school bears a strong resemblance. It confines itself to no one class of subjects, allowing to each artist entire freedom in selecting such treatment and subjects as are suggested by his individual intuitions. There are as many French styles of art in Paris to-day as there are artists of original capacity, each of whom has a large following of imitators. There are the styles of Gérôme, of Meissonier, of Daubigny, of Corôt, of Ziem, all sufficiently unlike and independent. There surely is no resemblance in either subject or color between the cool, monotonous, monochromatic canvases of Corôt, and the superb Mediterranean effects of Ziem. But what, then, is the French school of which so much is said? There must be some distinctive trait which

makes the French school *par excellence*. The French school of contemporary art is, then, first of all, true to national characteristics. Another reason for its strength and for the repute it enjoys at present is, that to enormous work and conscientious study of nature as they see it, French artists add a natural eye for color superior to that of most German and English painters; who, on the other hand, are often equal to them, sometimes superior, in drawing and composition. But the final and most important cause of the high value set on French art of to-day is undoubtedly the *mode of treatment*, including what is purely mechanical in art. Breadth is a quality that is now found most prominent in French painting. Even the works of Meissonier, so minutely finished, possess this characteristic in a marked degree, a trait which rendered the paintings of Turner so original, and for a while so incomprehensible in England. A school of art in its early stages, or an artist when commencing his studies, needs to paint and draw with pre-Raphaelite fidelity of detail. It is thus that a masterful knowledge of nature is gained, which gradually enables genius combined with experience to discriminate what is valuable and what is of secondary importance in a given subject or for a given conception, and, seizing only the more salient and characteristic traits or colors, as they appear to him, to combine them in an effective and suggestive whole. But ages of laborious feeling over an obscure pathway must often precede the epoch when the art of a nation reaches the broad style of treatment; and years of patient, unremitting study of nature in all her details must first develop in the artist that power which enables him to express his thoughts in a handwriting of his own, to paint with that breadth in the rejection of the unimportant and the vivid delineation of the soul of things, which is the almost universal characteristic of contemporary French art. And these French artists work with intense application when in the *École des Beaux Arts*, or other art schools. A Frenchman is rarely indolent, although taking

life perhaps more luxuriously than we do, and the art students of Paris are the most diligent workers there. It is the lack of this severe, careful study which has thus far retarded American art, an evil which will work its own cure when the nation has developed its æsthetic instincts. At present the tendency is for art students at home to begin by intensely admiring some master and then copying his style, instead of studying the only model an artist has anything to do with—nature. They attempt to begin where their master leaves off in treatment, forgetting that the broad, effective handling they so admire is only the result of close study and patient analysis of the details of nature at the beginning of his career. The American artists and students now in Paris, it must be added, hold their own remarkably well; they study hard; many of them work in a style of their own, and promise much for the future of art in our country. It must be admitted, also, that while the distinguishing characteristic of French art to-day is breadth of treatment, like most reforms or reactions from a system which had gone too far, this treatment is often carried to an absurd excess, and is in danger of becoming conventional in its turn. Many French paintings are little more than rough sketches in oil. The worst things in this slovenly style are done by pupils or imitators, who generally seize on those very characteristics of the master which are most open to criticism. One extreme is as bad as the other, and of the two pre-Raphaelism is better than daubing; the one shows humility before nature, the other indicates presumption.

Thus far as to style. As regards excellence in various branches of painting, the French school is the weakest in marine painting. There are but few marine artists, and they are generally of inferior ability. Isabey is much the strongest in that line; some of his paintings are full of vigor and fine color, almost announcing genius—rather hard, but giving an idea of power, which is after all the chief impression made on the mind of one who knows the sea in all its

moods. Boudin occasionally gives us a quiet harbor scene; Jules Duprez exhibits some good feeling, with incomplete results. But even Isabey devotes most of his attention of late years to the depicting of the men of other days in costumes and groupings admirably rendered, and the French marine artists all show rather a preference for a good foothold on *terra firma*, than that passion for blue water and thousand-miles-from-land effects which courses in the blood of the Norseman and the Saxon, which floats three thousand yachts in English waters, inspired some of the finest strophes of Byron, and gave us Turner's *Slave Ship*, a drama of ocean as open to criticism as a play of Shakespeare, and yet as supremely a creation of consummate genius. But aside from the single exception of marine painting, there is nothing that is more remarkable in contemporary French art than the love of nature in her various aspects as exhibited by many artists, the foremost in this department of any the world has yet seen. In the painting of the figure, or the rendering of chromatic effects, modern art sometimes approaches—it never surpasses—the gigantic minds of the Renaissance. In landscape painting lies the true field of French poetry, the absence of which amid many vapid alexandrines is apparent to those who do not prefer with M. Taine the poems of De Musset to *In Memoriam* and *Guinevere*. Notwithstanding Claude and the Dutch painters of two centuries ago, landscape painting or genre with landscape is essentially a modern art, springing up in sympathy with the poetry of Bernardin de St. Pierre, Burns, and Wordsworth; and while across the Channel this sympathy with nature and humble life found its best expression in poetry of the most exquisite character, in France it has been interpreted by her landscape painters. Poets they truly are, purely and entirely devoted to nature, finding in her their greatest pleasure and reward. And this, both in their lives and works. Jacques, of sheep painters the first, and almost as great in landscape, leads us among the russet

hollows and the rude folds of Brittany, teaching us the poetry there is in humble things. Millet in his blouse and sabots always preferred his retreat at Barbizon. What wondrous sympathy with the various aspects of nature is evident in every canvas of Troyon, who seems the peer of the greatest, if not the first poet of rustic nature France has produced! Then there was Chintreuil, who began life as a bookseller's clerk in a provincial town, and stole away into an attic to make his first attempts in art. Here he was discovered by the son of his employer, who urged him to continue in the pursuit for which he was born. But youth passed by, manhood and middle age came and went, and still this real poet toiled on unrecognized except by his life-long friend, Desbrosses, who never lost faith in the genius and ultimate success of his master. At last, as this true hero, in unfaltering devotion to nature and unswerving confidence in his own powers,—one of the infallible signs of greatness when combined with humility,—approached the grave, and his own lingering footsteps began to cast those long shadows he had so often delighted to paint, the world of art began to award him the fame he deserved and should have received thirty years earlier. Chintreuil has been called "the poet of the dews and the mists." There was great inequality in his works, but in his best things he resembled Turner, although entirely original. He excelled in atmospheric effects. The solemn lights of twilight, the impressive glory of sunset, robing ranks of forest trees in regal splendor and throwing exquisite shadowy gloom over the foreground slopes, the breaking up and scattering of the vapors of early morning before the coming dawn, the sudden dash of rain with an angry gust over a gray sea,—in effects like these Chintreuil reveled, with Turner, and sometimes approached the excellences of that greatest of English painters. Corêt, too, must be considered the best known of French landscape painters, the Theocritus of France, who has recently passed away crowned with the honors of an ap-

precipitate country. The life of Corêt was almost the life of the ideal artist. It has been said that he was poor and neglected for many years. This is only measurably true. He was born in affluent circumstances and was destined to carry on his father's business. But the irresistible impulses of his genius led him to painting instead, and his father then reduced the artist's income to one thousand francs, equal, at least, to twice that sum now. But on his father's death Corêt inherited a fortune with an income very considerable in France. It is true that for twenty years the fact that a new genius in landscape painting had appeared was recognized by but few. But thirty years of succeeding triumph amply atoned for early neglect, and rendered his life on the whole as perfect as an artist can expect, with the exception of domestic happiness, for which he seems not to have cared. His income for many years averaged two hundred thousand francs from his profession alone, and as he never was married and was a man of warm and generous instincts, he gave much away: many a poor artist or artist's family has occasion to bless the memory of Père Corêt. He was twice decorated, first as chevalier, then as commander of the Legion of Honor, but he never was able to wrest the grand medal from the jurors of the annual exhibition. However, a splendid gold medal was presented to him by friends, a short time before his death. He was by birth a Parisian, and his tastes were for nature as she presents herself to those who wander into the suburbs in the early morning or towards eventide. And this was one secret of his success; he painted scenes with which his audience were most familiar, the quiet, russet, monotonous, oft-recurring bits of landscape in the north of France, and especially around Paris. Simple they seem, but they are really simple only because his genius was in harmony with them; to others they might be difficult. Every artist must first of all be true to himself, whether his tastes are of the past or of the present, in sympathy with what the people like best or otherwise;

and nothing is more prejudicial to good and true art, or more cruel to individual minds, than the prescription of a limited class of subjects such as have been the choice of certain great masters. We find no limitation of this sort in French landscape art. The reason why the so-called "simple" French landscapes are painted so generally by Frenchmen is that they paint what they know and love best.

That there is great sameness in the canvases of Corêt it is idle to deny. Like Paganini, he played on an instrument with only one cord; but Paganini played many tunes on that one string, while Corêt played only one; still, he rendered that single tune sometimes with vibrations that thrilled the soul. He evoked, as only genius can, that eerie, mysterious feeling which many experience but cannot express, in observing the subtler effects of nature, and sometimes almost seemed to seize the "vagrant melodies" which quiver through the aspen boughs in the dawn of May, or speed the loitering march of the wandering clouds on a day in June. Only those of his admirers who belong to the servile class are ready to accept everything that Corêt painted as worthy of his reputation, or as qualified to advance art. Nowhere is this fact better recognized than in Paris itself. The following, from a French paper of good standing, only expresses the general opinion there, sometimes given in stronger terms. "*Artiste, Corêt laisse une œuvre immense, dans laquelle il faut faire deux parts: les tableaux soignés, traités avec amour; les tableaux lachés, brossés à la hâte, ceux, en un mot, que l'on appelle les Corêts du commerce. Les amateurs mettent entre les deux catégories une énorme différence.*" It should be added that the market is flooded with spurious Corêts, which bear sufficient resemblance to his poorer works to deceive those who are not connoisseurs in art. During his last illness the price of his works went up rapidly, which gave rise to a *bon mot*. "Why," said one to an art dealer, "do you not buy the works of such a one as well? His reputation is rapidly increasing." "My

dear sir," answered the other, "he has a constitution that will survive us all!"

Our limits forbid more than an allusion to some of the other great names that represent this remarkable school of idyllic and bucolic poetry: Rosa Bonheur, Rousseau, Lambinet, César de Kock, Harpigny, vigorous in the treatment of the grander aspects of nature, Chaigneaux, Jules Bréton (one of the strongest of this school), Daubigny, a pupil of Corôt but working in a style entirely his own, and a host of others, little inferior to these. If you would seek for the purest poetry of France, corresponding with the great school of English descriptive poetry, look for it in the works of Claude, Millet, Corôt, Chintreuil, or Troyon. All these are the names of men who are with the dead; and in looking over the list of those who survive in this and the other departments of French art, the conviction is forced upon us that the greatest masters of modern French art are either dead or men who, still living, have already achieved fame, while few of equal promise seem to be arising to take their places. The conclusion is irresistible that the French art of the nineteenth century has culminated; what France may accomplish in future ages for art is of course not to be foretold, but this school has probably achieved its best. And the masters who still remain are pushing to an extreme the principles of art by which they have won their fame, a sure sign of decay.

No notice of contemporary art in Paris can be complete without allusion to Doré, a figure in the French world of art who forms a school entirely distinct, and beyond the ordinary rules of art criticism. With us he is better known as a designer on wood, an illustrator with an imagination grotesque and prolific beyond all precedent. But of late years he has given his attention to painting, and from time to time exhibits large landscapes, or figure-subjects of life-size. To criticise these paintings, to dissect them until nothing is left, to show that the drawing is often defective, the coloring often unnatural, would be an easy task. But it is not so easy to explain away

the profound impression they produce, or the conviction they give us that here is a mind standing alone in Paris, a mind Teutonic rather than French in its character, looking not so much on the surface of things as at what is hidden underneath, studying the moral of life; a French Albert Dürer, to whom existence is less a comedy than a tragedy. He seems to us in Paris like Jonah crying, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," or like John Knox sternly admonishing Mary Queen of Scots and her licentious court of a retribution hereafter. Doré is the only man in Paris who selects subjects with a moral, as do the English and German artists. In the later phases of his genius he may be also called the Hogarth of France. Take for example two paintings he exhibited last February. What could be more like a satire of Juvenal written with a pen dipped in gall, than in Paris, where the fallen woman is publicly accepted by all as a companion and not rarely admitted to the best circles on a footing with virtue (as for example at the receptions of M. Arsène Houssaye, attended by the princes of the blood); the heroine, too, of the best literary productions of the day in France; anything, but a poor, forlorn, desolate thing of shame, whose end no one should think of but with profound pity, — what could be more tremendous in its irony than here, in Paris, to paint a woman of that class, with sunken cheeks and forsaken, dying on a cold winter night on a stone bench, under the stars so far away and dim, with her chubby infant vainly seeking milk at her breast, and to call her *La Péchérresse*! No wonder Charivari suggests that M. Doré is rather lugubrious in the choice of his subjects. The other painting represents some strolling players, a man and his wife and their little boy. The little boy has fallen from the ladder that was balanced on his father's chin, and lies motionless. We see the mother in her paper crown and tawdry robes, clasping the dying child to her bosom, and the tears coursing down her painted cheeks. The father, in his cap and bells, yellow tights and tinsel, shows

his despair through the chalk on his face, the genuine agony of a father's grief taking the place of the smirks that shook the audience with laughter but a moment ago. The dancing dogs in hats and jackets come to condole upon the tragic fate of their little master; one of them looks on with wonder mixed with pity, the other tenderly licks the feet of the little boy.

Such works as these of Doré oblige the critics of Paris reluctantly to ac-

knowledge that there may be two kinds of art, each great in its way, each occupying a field of its own: the art which like French art in general is strong in color and concerns itself only with external forms, and the art of the English and the German schools, whose motive is moral, — less strong in color than in suggesting the hidden springs which underlie human life and passions, and man's relations to the spiritual and the unseen.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

RODERICK HUDSON.

IX.

MARY GARLAND.

How it befell that Roderick had failed to be in Leghorn on his mother's arrival never clearly transpired; for he undertook to give no elaborate explanation of his fault. He never indulged in professions (touching personal conduct) as to the future, or in remorse as to the past, and as he would have asked no praise if he had traveled day and night to embrace his mother as she set foot on shore, he made (in Rowland's presence, at least) no apology for having left her to come in search of him. It was to be said that, thanks to an unprecedentedly fine season, the voyage of the two ladies had been surprisingly rapid, and that, according to common probabilities, if Roderick had left Rome on the morrow (as he declared that he had intended), he would have had a day or two of waiting at Leghorn. Rowland's silent inference was that Christina Light had beguiled him into letting the time slip, and it was accompanied with a silent inquiry whether she had done so unconsciously or maliciously. He had told her, presumably, that his mother and his cousin were about to arrive; and it was pertinent to remember hereupon that she was a young lady of mysterious impulses.

Rowland heard in due time the story of the adventures of the two ladies from Northampton. Miss Garland's wish, at Leghorn, on finding they were left at the mercy of circumstances, had been to telegraph to Roderick and await an answer; for she knew that their arrival was a trifle premature. But Mrs. Hudson's maternal heart had taken the alarm. Roderick's sending for them was, to her imagination, a confession of illness, and his not being at Leghorn, a proof of it; an hour's delay was therefore cruel both to herself and to him. She insisted on immediate departure; and, unskilled as they were in the mysteries of foreign (or even of domestic) travel, they had hurried in trembling eagerness to Rome. They had arrived late in the evening, and, knowing nothing of inns, had got into a cab and proceeded to Roderick's lodging. At the door, poor Mrs. Hudson's frightened anxiety had overcome her, and she had sat quaking and crying in the vehicle, too weak to move. Miss Garland had bravely gone in, groped her way up the dusky staircase, reached Roderick's door, and, with the assistance of such acquaintance with the Italian tongue as she had culled from a phrase-book during the calmer hours of the voyage, had learned from the old woman who had her cousin's household economy in

charge, that he was in the best of health and spirits, and had gone forth a few hours before with his hat on his ear, *per divertirsi*.

These things Rowland learned during a visit he paid the two ladies the evening after their arrival. Mrs. Hudson spoke of them at great length and with an air of clinging confidence in Rowland which told him how faithfully time had served him, in her imagination. But her fright was over, though she was still catching her breath a little, like a person dragged ashore out of waters uncomfortably deep. She was excessively bewildered and confused, and seemed more than ever to demand a tender handling from her friends. Before Miss Garland, Rowland was distinctly conscious that he trembled. He wondered extremely what was going on in her mind; what was her silent commentary on the incidents of the night before. He wondered all the more, because he immediately perceived that she was greatly changed since their parting, and that the change was by no means for the worse. She was older, easier, more free, more like a young woman who went sometimes into company. She had more beauty as well, inasmuch as her beauty, before, had been the depth of her expression, and the sources from which this beauty was fed had in these two years evidently not wasted themselves. Rowland felt almost instantly—he could hardly have said why: it was in her voice, in her tone, in the air—that a total change had passed over her attitude towards himself. She trusted him now, absolutely; whether or no she liked him, she believed he was *solid*. He felt that during the coming weeks he would need to be solid. Mrs. Hudson was at one of the smaller hotels, and her sitting-room was frugally lighted by a couple of candles. Rowland made the most of this dim illumination to try to detect the afterglow of that frightened flash from Miss Garland's eyes the night before. It had been but a flash, for what provoked it had instantly vanished. Rowland had murmured a rapturous blessing on Roderick's head, as

he perceived him instantly apprehend the situation. If he had been drinking, its gravity sobered him on the spot; in a single moment he collected his wits. The next moment, with a ringing, jovial cry, he was folding the young girl in his arms, and the next he was beside his mother's carriage, half smothered in her sobs and caresses. Rowland had recommended a hotel close at hand, and had then discreetly withdrawn. Roderick was at this time doing his part superbly, and Miss Garland's brow was serene. It was serene now, twenty-four hours later; but nevertheless, her alarm had lasted an appreciable moment. What had become of it? It had dropped down deep into her memory, and it was lying there for the present in the shade. But with another week, Rowland said to himself, it would leap erect again; the lightest friction would strike a spark from it. Rowland thought he had schooled himself to face the issue of Mary Garland's advent, casting it even in a tragical phase; but in her personal presence—in which he found a poignant mixture of the familiar and the strange—he seemed to face it and all that it might bring with it for the first time. In vulgar parlance, he stood uneasy in his shoes. He felt like walking on tiptoe, not to arouse the sleeping shadows. He felt, indeed, almost like saying that they might have their own way later, if they would only allow to these first few days the clear light of ardent contemplation. For Rowland at last was ardent, and all the bells within his soul were ringing bravely in jubilee. Roderick, he learned, had been the whole day with his mother, and had evidently responded to her purest trust. He appeared to her appealing eyes still unspotted by the world. That is what it is, thought Rowland, to be "gifted," to escape not only the superficial, but the intrinsic penalties of misconduct. The two ladies had spent the day within doors, resting from the fatigues of travel. Miss Garland, Rowland suspected, was not so fatigued as she suffered it to be assumed. She had remained with Mrs. Hudson, to attend to her personal

wants, which the latter seemed to think, now that she was in a foreign land, with a southern climate and a Catholic religion, would forthwith become very complex and formidable, though as yet they had simply resolved themselves into a desire for a great deal of tea and for a certain extremely familiar old black and white shawl across her feet, as she lay on the sofa. But the sense of novelty was evidently strong upon Miss Garland, and the light of expectation was in her eye. She was restless and excited; she moved about the room and went often to the window; she was observing keenly; she watched the Italian servants intently, as they came and went; she had already had a long colloquy with the French chambermaid, who had expounded her views on the Roman question; she noted the small differences in the furniture, in the food, in the sounds that came in from the street. Rowland felt, in all this, that her intelligence, here, would have a great unfolding. He wished immensely he might have a share in it; he wished he might show her Rome. That, of course, would be Roderick's office. But he promised himself at least to take advantage of off-hours.

"It behooves you to appreciate your good fortune," he said to her. "To be young and elastic, and yet old enough and wise enough to discriminate and reflect, and to come to Italy for the first time—that is one of the greatest pleasures that life offers us. It is but right to remind you of it, so that you make the most of opportunity and do not accuse yourself, later, of having wasted the precious season."

Miss Garland looked at him, smiling intently, and went to the window again. "I expect to enjoy it," she said. "Don't be afraid; I'm not wasteful."

"I'm afraid we are not qualified, you know," said Mrs. Hudson. "We are told that you must know so much, that you must have read so many books. Our taste has not been cultivated. When I was a young lady at school, I remember I had a medal, with a pink ribbon, for 'proficiency in Ancient History'—the seven kings, or is it the seven hills?

and Quintus Curtius and Julius Cæsar and—and that period, you know. I believe I have my medal somewhere in a drawer, now, but I have forgotten all about the kings. But after Roderick came to Italy we tried to learn something about it. Last winter Mary used to read *Corinne* to me in the evenings, and in the mornings she used to read another book, to herself. What was it, Mary, that book that was so long, you know,—in fifteen volumes?"

"It was Sismondi's *Italian Republics*," said Mary, simply.

Rowland could not help laughing; whereupon Mary blushed. "Did you finish it?" he asked.

"Yes, and began another,—a shorter one,—Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth*."

"Did you find them interesting?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you like history?"

"Some of it."

"That's a woman's answer! And do you like art?"

She paused a moment. "I have never seen it!"

"You have great advantages, now, my dear, with Roderick and Mr. Mallet," said Mrs. Hudson. "I'm sure no young lady ever had such advantages. You come straight to the highest authorities. Roderick, I suppose, will show you the practice of art, and Mr. Mallet, perhaps, if he will be so good, will show you the theory. As an artist's wife, you ought to know something about it."

"One learns a good deal about it, here, by simply living," said Rowland; "by going and coming about one's daily avocations."

"Dear, dear, how wonderful that we should be here in the midst of it!" murmured Mrs. Hudson. "To think of art being out there in the streets! We did n't see much of it last evening, as we drove from the depot. But the streets were so dark and we were so frightened! But we are very easy now; aren't we, Mary?"

"I am very happy," said Mary, gravely, and wandered back to the window again.

Roderick came in at this moment and kissed his mother, and then went over and joined Miss Garland. Rowland sat with Mrs. Hudson, who evidently had a word which she deemed of some value for his private ear. She followed Roderick with intensely earnest eyes.

"I wish to tell you, sir," she said, "how very grateful—how very thankful—what a happy mother I am! I feel as if I owed it all to you, sir. To find my poor boy so handsome, so prosperous, so elegant, so famous—and ever to have doubted of you! What must you think of me? You're our guardian angel, sir. I often say so to Mary."

Rowland wore, in response to this speech, a rather haggard brow. He could only murmur that he was glad she found Roderick looking well. He had of course promptly asked himself whether the best discretion dictated that he should give her a word of warning—just turn the handle of the door through which, later, disappointment might enter. He had determined to say nothing, but simply to wait in silence for Roderick to find effective inspiration in those confidently expectant eyes. It was to be supposed that he was seeking for it now; he remained some time at the window with his cousin. But at last he turned away, and came over to the fireside with a contraction of the eyebrows which seemed to intimate that Miss Garland's influence was for the moment, at least, not soothing. She presently followed him, and for an instant Rowland observed her watching him as if she thought him strange. "Strange enough," thought Rowland, "he may seem to her, if he will!" Roderick directed his glance to his friend with a certain peremptory air, which—roughly interpreted—was equivalent to a request to share the intellectual expense of entertaining the ladies. "Good heavens!" Rowland cried within himself; "is he already tired of them?"

"To-morrow, of course, we must begin to put you through the mill," Roderick said to his mother. "And be it hereby known to Mallet that we count upon him to turn the wheel."

"I will do as you please, my son,"

said Mrs. Hudson. "So long as I have you with me I don't care where I go. We must not take up too much of Mr. Mallet's time."

"His time is inexhaustible; he has nothing under the sun to do. Have you, Rowland? If you had seen the big hole I have been making in it! Where will you go first? You have your choice,—from the Scala Santa to the Cloaca Maxima."

"Let us take things in order," said Rowland. "We'll go first to Saint Peter's. Miss Garland, I hope you are impatient to see Saint Peter's."

"I would like to go first to Roderick's studio," said Miss Garland.

"It's a very nasty place," said Roderick. "At your pleasure!"

"Yes, we must see your beautiful things before we can look contentedly at anything else," said Mrs. Hudson.

"I have no beautiful things," said Roderick. "You may see what there is! What makes you look so odd?"

This inquiry was abruptly addressed to his mother, who, in response, glanced appealingly at Mary and raised a startled hand to her smooth hair.

"No, it's your face," said Roderick. "What has happened to it these two years? It has changed its expression."

"Your mother has prayed a great deal," said Miss Garland, softly.

"I did n't suppose, of course, it was from doing anything bad! It makes you a very good face—very interesting, very solemn. It has very fine lines in it; something might be done with it." And Rowland held one of the candles near the poor lady's head.

She was covered with confusion. "My son, my son," she said, with dignity, "I don't understand you."

In a flash all his old alacrity had come back to him. "I suppose a man may admire his own mother!" he cried. "If you please, madam, you'll sit to me for that head. I see it, I see it! I'll make something that a queen can't get done for her."

Rowland respectfully urged her to assent; he saw Roderick was in the vein

and would probably do something eminently original. She gave her promise, at last, after many soft, inarticulate protests and a frightened petition that she might be allowed to keep her knitting.

Rowland returned the next day, with plenty of zeal for the part Roderick had assigned to him. It had been arranged that they should go to Saint Peter's. Roderick was in high good-humor, and, in the carriage, was eying his mother with a fine mixture of filial and professional tenderness. Mrs. Hudson looked up mistrustfully at the tall, shabby houses, and grasped the side of the barouche in her hand, as if she were in a row-boat, in dangerous waters. Rowland sat opposite to Miss Garland. She was totally oblivious of her companions; from the moment the carriage left the hotel, she sat gazing, wide-eyed and absorbed, at the objects about them. If Rowland had felt disposed he might have made a joke of her intense seriousness. From time to time he told her the name of a place or a building, and she nodded, without looking at him. When they emerged into the great square between Bernini's colonnades, she laid her hand on Mrs. Hudson's arm and sank back in the carriage, staring up at the vast yellow façade of the church. Inside the church, Roderick gave his arm to his mother, and Rowland constituted himself the especial guide of Miss Garland. He walked with her slowly everywhere, and made the entire circuit, telling her all he knew of the history of the building. This was a great deal, but she listened attentively, keeping her eyes fixed on the dome. To Rowland himself it had never seemed so radiantly sublime as at these moments; he felt almost as if he had contrived it himself and had a right to be proud of it. He left Miss Garland a while on the steps of the choir, where she had seated herself to rest, and went to join their companions. Mrs. Hudson was watching a great circle of tattered *contadini*, who were kneeling before the image of Saint Peter. The fashion of their tatters fascinated her; she stood gazing at them in a sort of terrified pity, and could not

be induced to look at anything else. Rowland went back to Miss Garland and sat down beside her.

"Well, what do you think of Europe?" he asked, smiling.

"I think it's horrible!" she said abruptly.

"Horrible?"

"I feel so strangely—I could almost cry."

"How is it that you feel?"

"So sorry for the poor past, that seems to have died here, in my heart, in an hour!"

"But, surely, you're pleased—you're interested."

"I'm overwhelmed. Here in a single hour, everything is changed. It is as if a wall in my mind had been knocked down at a stroke. Before me lies an immense new world, and it makes the old one, the poor little narrow, familiar one I have always known, seem pitiful."

"But you didn't come to Rome to keep your eyes fastened on that narrow little world. Forget it, turn your back on it, and enjoy all this."

"I want to enjoy it; but as I sat here just now, looking up at that golden mist in the dome, I seemed to see in it the vague shapes of certain people and things at home. To enjoy, as you say, as these things demand of one to enjoy them, is to break with one's past. And breaking is a pain!"

"Don't mind the pain, and it will cease to trouble you. Enjoy, enjoy; it's your duty. Yours especially!"

"Why mine especially?"

"Because I am very sure that you have a mind capable of doing the most liberal justice to everything interesting and beautiful. You're extremely intelligent."

"You don't know," said Miss Garland, simply.

"In that matter one feels. I really think that I know better than you. I don't want to seem patronizing, but I suspect that your mind is susceptible of a great development. Give it the best company, trust it, let it go!"

She looked away from him for some

moments, down the gorgeous vista of the great church. "But what you say," she said at last, "means *change!*"

"Change for the better!" cried Rowland.

"How can one tell? As one stands, one knows the worst. It seems to me very frightful to develop," she added, with her complete smile.

"One is in for it in one way or another, and one might as well do it with a good grace as with a bad! Since one can't escape life, it is better to take it by the hand."

"Is *this* what you call life?" she asked.

"What do you mean by 'this'?"

"Saint Peter's—all this splendor, all Rome—pictures, ruins, statues, beggars, monks."

"It's not all of it, but it's a large part of it. All these things are impregnated with life; they are the fruits of an old and complex civilization."

"An old and complex civilization: I'm afraid I don't like that."

"Don't conclude on that point just yet. Wait till you have tested it. While you wait, you will see an immense number of very beautiful things—things that you are made to understand. They won't leave you as they found you; then you can judge. Don't tell me I know nothing about your understanding. I have a right to assume it."

Miss Garland gazed awhile aloft in the dome. "I'm not sure I understand that," she said.

"I hope, at least, that at a cursory glance it pleases you," said Rowland. "You need n't be afraid to tell the truth. What strikes some people is that it is so remarkably small."

"Oh, it's large enough; it's very wonderful. There are things in Rome, then," she added in a moment, turning and looking at him, "that are very, *very* beautiful?"

"Lots of them."

"Some of the most beautiful things in the world?"

"Unquestionably."

"What are they? which things have most beauty?"

"That's according to taste. I should say the statues."

"How long will it take to see them all? to know, at least, something about them?"

"You can see them all, as far as mere seeing goes, in a fortnight. But to know them is a thing for one's leisure. The more time you spend among them, the more you care for them." After a moment's hesitation he went on: "Why should you grudge time? It's all in your way, since you are to be an artist's wife."

"I've thought of that," she said. "It may be that I shall always live here, among the most beautiful things in the world!"

"Very possibly! I should like to see you ten years hence."

"I dare say I shall seem greatly altered. But I am sure of one thing."

"Of what?"

"That for the most part I shall be quite the same. I ask nothing better than to believe the fine things you say about my understanding, but even if they are true, it won't matter. I shall be what I was made, what I am now—a young woman from the country! The fruit of a civilization not old and complex, but new and simple."

"I'm delighted to hear it: that's an excellent foundation."

"Perhaps, if you show me anything more, you will not always think so kindly of it. Therefore I warn you."

"I'm not frightened. I should like vastly to say something to you: Be what you are, be what you choose; but *do*, sometimes, as I tell you."

If Rowland was not frightened, neither, perhaps, was Miss Garland; but she seemed at least slightly disturbed. She proposed that they should join their companions.

Mrs. Hudson spoke under her breath; she could not be accused of the want of reverence sometimes attributed to Protestants in the great Catholic temples. "Mary, dear," she whispered, "suppose we had to kiss that dreadful brass toe. If I could only have kept our door-knocker, at Northampton, as bright as

that! I think it's so heathenish; but Roderick says he thinks it's sublime."

Roderick had evidently grown a trifle perverse. "It's sublimer than anything that *your* religion asks you to do!" he exclaimed.

"Surely our religion sometimes gives us very difficult duties," said Miss Garland.

"The duty of sitting in a whitewashed meeting-house and listening to a nasal Puritan! I admit that's difficult. But it's not sublime. I'm speaking of ceremonies, of forms. It is in my line, you know, to make much of forms. I think this is a very beautiful one. Could n't you do it?" he demanded, looking at his cousin.

She looked back at him intently and then shook her head. "I think not!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I could n't!"

During this little discussion our four friends were standing near the venerable image of Saint Peter, and a squalid, savage-looking peasant, a tattered ruffian of the most orthodox Italian aspect, had been performing his devotions before it. He turned away, crossing himself, and Mrs. Hudson gave a little shudder of horror.

"After that," she murmured, "I suppose he thinks he's as good as any one! And here's another. Oh, what a beautiful person!"

A young lady had approached the sacred effigy, after having wandered away from a group of companions. She kissed the brazen toe, touched it with her forehead, and turned round, facing our friends. Rowland then recognized Christina Light. He was stupefied: had she suddenly embraced the Catholic faith? It was but a few weeks before that she had treated him to a passionate profession of indifference. Had she entered the church to put herself *en règle* with what was expected of a Princess Casamassima? While Rowland was mentally asking these questions she was approaching him and his friends, on her way to the great altar. At first she did not perceive them.

Mary Garland had been gazing at her.

"You told me," she said gently, to Rowland, "that Rome contained some of the most beautiful things in the world. This surely is one of them!"

At this moment Christina's eye met Rowland's, and before giving him any sign of recognition she glanced rapidly at his companions. She saw Roderick, but she gave him no bow; she looked at Mrs. Hudson, she looked at Mary Garland. At Mary Garland she looked fixedly, piercingly, from head to foot, as the slow pace at which she was advancing made possible. Then suddenly, as if she had perceived Roderick for the first time, she gave him a charming nod, a radiant smile. In a moment he was at her side. She stopped, and he stood talking to her; she continued to look at Miss Garland.

"Why, Roderick knows her!" cried Mrs. Hudson, in an awe-struck whisper. "I supposed she was some great princess."

"She is — almost!" said Rowland. "She is the most beautiful girl in Europe, and Roderick has made her bust." "Her bust? Dear, dear!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, vaguely shocked. "What a strange bonnet!"

"She has very strange eyes," said Mary, and turned away.

The two ladies, with Rowland, began to descend toward the door of the church. On their way they passed Mrs. Light, the Cavaliere, and the poodle, and Rowland informed his companions of the relation in which these personages stood to Roderick's young lady.

"Think of it, Mary!" said Mrs. Hudson. "What splendid people he must know! No wonder he found Northampton dull!"

"I like the poor little old gentleman," said Mary.

"Why do you call him poor?" Rowland asked, struck with the observation.

"He seems so!" she answered simply.

As they were reaching the door they were overtaken by Roderick, whose interview with Miss Light had perceptibly brightened his eye. "So you are acquainted with princesses!" said his

mother softly, as they passed into the portico.

"Miss Light is not a princess!" said Roderick, curtly.

"But Mr. Mallet says so," urged Mrs. Hudson, rather disappointed.

"I meant that she was going to be!" said Rowland.

"It's by no means certain that she is even going to be!" Roderick answered.

"Ah," said Rowland, "I give it up!"

Roderick almost immediately demanded that his mother should sit to him, at his studio, for her portrait, and Rowland ventured to add another word of urgency. If Roderick's idea really held him, it was an immense pity that his inspiration should be wasted; inspiration, in these days, had become too precious a commodity. It was arranged therefore that, for the present, during the mornings, Mrs. Hudson should place herself at her son's service. This involved but little sacrifice, for the good lady's appetite for antiquities was diminutive and bird-like, the usual round of galleries and churches fatigued her, and she was glad to purchase immunity from sight-seeing by a regular afternoon drive. It became natural in this way that, Miss Garland having her mornings free, Rowland should propose to be the younger lady's guide in whatever explorations she might be disposed to make. She said she knew nothing about it, but she had a great curiosity, and would be glad to see anything that he would show her. Rowland could not find it in his heart to accuse Roderick of neglect of the young girl; for it was natural that the inspirations of a capricious man of genius, when they came, should be impetuous; but of course he wondered how Miss Garland felt, as the young man's promised wife, on being thus expeditiously handed over to another man to be entertained. However she felt, he was certain he would know little about it. There had been, between them, none but indirect allusions to her engagement, and Rowland had no desire to discuss it more largely; for he had no quarrel with matters as they stood.

They wore the same delightful aspect through the lovely month of May, and the ineffable charm of Rome at that period seemed but the radiant sympathy of nature with his happy opportunity. The weather was divine; each particular morning, as he walked from his lodging to Mrs. Hudson's modest inn, seemed to have a blessing upon it. The elder lady had usually gone off to the studio, and he found Miss Garland sitting alone at the open window, turning the leaves of some book of artistic or antiquarian reference that he had given her. She always had a smile, she was always eager, alert, responsive. She might be grave by nature, she might be sad by circumstance, she might have secret doubts and pangs, but she was essentially young and strong and fresh and able to enjoy. Her enjoyment was not especially demonstrative, but it was curiously diligent. Rowland felt that it was not amusement and sensation that she coveted, but knowledge — facts that she might noiselessly lay away, piece by piece, in the perfumed darkness of her serious mind, so that, under this head at least, she should not be a perfectly portionless bride. She never merely pretended to understand; she let things go, in her modest fashion, at the moment, but she watched them on their way, over the crest of the hill, and when her fancy seemed not likely to be missed it went hurrying after them, and ran breathless at their side, as it were, and begged them for the secret. Rowland took an immense satisfaction in observing that she never mistook the second-best for the best, and that when she was in the presence of a masterpiece, she recognized the occasion as a mighty one. She said many things which he thought very profound — that is, if they really had the fine intention he suspected. This point he usually tried to ascertain; but he was obliged to proceed cautiously, for in her mistrustful shyness it seemed to her that cross-examination must necessarily be ironical. She wished to know just where she was going — what she would gain or lose. This was partly on account of a native intellectual purity,

a temper of mind that had not lived with its door ajar, as one might say, upon the high-road of thought, for passing ideas to drop in and out at their pleasure; but had made much of a few long visits from guests cherished and honored — guests whose presence was a solemnity. But it was even more because she was conscious of a sort of growing self-respect, a sense of devoting her life not to her own ends, but to those of another, whose life would be large and brilliant. She had been brought up to think a great deal of “nature” and nature’s innocent laws; but now Rowland had spoken to her ardently of culture; her strenuous fancy had responded, and she was pursuing culture into retreats where the need for some intellectual effort gave a noble severity to her purpose. She wished to be very sure, to take only the best, knowing it to be the best. There was something exquisite in this labor of pious self-adornment, and Rowland helped it, though its fruits were not for him. In spite of her lurking rigidity and angularity, it was very evident that a nervous, impulsive sense of beauty was constantly at play in her soul, and that her actual experience of beautiful things moved her in some very deep places. For all that she was not demonstrative, that her manner was simple, and her small-talk of no very ample flow; for all that, as she had said, she was a young woman from the country, and the country was West Nazareth and West Nazareth was in its way a stubborn little fact, she was feeling the direct influence of the great amenities of the world, and they were shaping her with a divinely intelligent touch. “Oh exquisite virtue of circumstance!” cried Rowland to himself, “that takes us by the hand and leads us forth out of corners where, perforce, our attitudes are a trifle contracted, and beguiles us into testing mistrusted faculties!” When he said to Mary Garland that he wished he might see her ten years hence, he was paying mentally an equal compliment to circumstance and to the girl herself. Capacity was there, it could be freely trusted; observation would have but to sow

its generous seed. “A superior woman” — the idea had harsh associations, but he watched it imaging itself in the vagueness of the future with a kind of hopeless confidence.

They went a great deal to Saint Peter’s, for which Rowland had an extending affection, a large measure of which he succeeded in infusing into his companion. She confessed very speedily that to climb the long, low, yellow steps, beneath the huge florid façade, and then to push the ponderous leathern apron of the door, to find one’s self confronted with that builded, luminous sublimity, was a sensation of which the keenness renewed itself with surprising generosity. In those days the hospitality of the Vatican had not been curtailed, and it was an easy and delightful matter to pass from the gorgeous church to the solemn company of the antique marbles. Here Rowland had with his companion a great deal of talk, and found himself expounding aesthetics *à perte de vue*. He discovered that she made notes of her likes and dislikes in a new-looking little memorandum book, and he wondered to what extent she reported his own discourse. These were charming hours. The galleries had been so cold all winter that Rowland had been an exile from them; but now that the sun was already scorching in the great square between the colonnades, where the twin fountains flashed almost fiercely, the marble coolness of the long, image-bordered vistas made them a delightful refuge. The great herd of tourists had almost departed, and our two friends often found themselves, for half an hour at a time, in sole and tranquil possession of the beautiful Braccio Nuovo. Here and there was an open window, where they lingered and leaned, looking out into the warm, dead air, over the towers of the city, at the soft-hued, historic hills, at the stately, shabby gardens of the palace, or at some sunny, empty, grass-grown court, lost in the heart of the labyrinthine pile. They went sometimes into the chambers painted by Raphael, and of course paid their respects to the Sistine Chapel; but Mary’s

evident preference was to linger among the statues. Once, when they were standing before that noblest of sculptured portraits, the so-called Demosthenes, in the Braccio Nuovo, she made the only spontaneous allusion to her projected marriage, direct or indirect, that had yet fallen from her lips. "I'm so glad," she said, "that Roderick is a sculptor and not a painter."

The allusion resided chiefly in the extreme earnestness with which the words were uttered. Rowland immediately asked her the reason of her gladness.

"It's not that painting is not fine," she said, "but that sculpture is finer. It's more manly!"

Rowland tried at times to make her talk about herself, but in this she had little skill. She seemed to him so much older, so much more pliant to social uses than when he had seen her at home, that he had a desire to draw from her some categorical account of her occupations and thoughts. He told her his desire and what suggested it. "It appears, then," she said, "that, after all, one *can* grow at home!"

"Unquestionably, if one has a motive. Your growth, then, was unconscious? You did n't watch yourself and water your roots?"

She paid no heed to his question. "I'm willing to grant," she said, "that Europe is more delightful than I supposed; and I don't think that, mentally, I had been stingy. But you must admit that America is better than you have supposed."

"I have not a fault to find with the country which produced you!" Rowland thought he might risk this, smiling.

"And yet you want me to change—to assimilate Europe, I suppose you would call it."

"I have felt that desire only on general principles. Shall I tell you what I feel now? America has made you, thus far; let America finish you! I should like to ship you back without delay and see what becomes of you. That sounds unkind, and I admit there is a cold, intellectual curiosity in it."

She shook her head. "The charm is broken; the thread is snapped! I prefer to remain here."

Invariably, when he was inclined to make of something they were talking of a direct application to herself, she wholly failed to assist him; she made no response. Whereupon, once, with a spark of ardent irritation, he told her she was very "secretive." At this she colored a little, and he said that in default of any larger confidence it would at least be a satisfaction to make her confess to that charge. But even this satisfaction she denied him, and his only revenge was in making, two or three times afterward, a softly ironical allusion to her slyness. He told her that she was what is called in French a *sournoise*. "Very good," she answered, almost indifferently, "and now please tell me again—I have forgotten it—what you said an 'architrave' was."

It was on the occasion of her asking him a question of this kind that he charged her, with a humorous emphasis in which, also, if she had been curious in the matter, she might have detected a spark of restless ardor, with having an insatiable avidity for facts. "You are always grasping at information," he said; "you will never consent to have any disinterested conversation."

She frowned a little, as she always did when he arrested their talk upon something personal. But this time she assented, and said that she knew she was eager for facts. "One must make hay while the sun shines," she added. "I must lay up a store of learning against dark days. Somehow, my imagination refuses to compass the idea that I may be in Rome indefinitely."

He knew he had divined her real motives; but he felt that if he might have said to her—what it seemed impossible to say—that fortune possibly had in store for her a bitter disappointment, she would have been capable of answering, immediately after the first sense of pain, "Say then that I am laying up resources for solitude!"

But all the accusations were not his. He had been watching, once, during some

brief argument, to see whether she would take her forefinger out of her Murray, into which she had inserted it to keep a certain page. It would have been hard to say why this point interested him, for he had not the slightest real apprehension that she was dry or pedantic. The simple human truth was, the poor fellow was jealous of science. In preaching science to her, he had overestimated his powers of self-effacement. Suddenly, sinking science for the moment, she looked at him very frankly and began to frown. At the same time she let the Murray slide down to the ground, and he was so charmed with this circumstance that he made no movement to pick it up.

"You are singularly inconsistent, Mr. Mallet," she said.

"How?"

"That first day that we were in Saint Peter's you said things that inspired me. You bade me plunge into all this. I was all ready; I only wanted a little push; yours was a great one; here I am in mid-ocean! And now, as a reward for my bravery, you have repeatedly snubbed me."

"Distinctly, then," said Rowland, "I strike you as inconsistent?"

"Distinctly."

"Then I have played my part very ill."

"Your part? What is your part supposed to have been?"

He hesitated a moment. "That of usefulness, pure and simple."

"I don't understand you!" she said; and picking up her Murray, she fairly buried herself in it.

That evening he said something to her which necessarily increased her perplexity, though it was not uttered with such an intention. "Do you remember," he asked, "my begging you, the other day, to do occasionally as I told you? It seemed to me you tacitly consented."

"Very tacitly."

"I have never yet really presumed on your consent. But now I would like you to do this: whenever you catch me in the act of what you call inconsistency, ask me the meaning of some architect-

ural term. I will know what you mean; a word to the wise."

One morning they spent among the ruins of the Palatine, that sunny desolation of crumbling, over-tangled fragments, half excavated and half identified, known as the Palace of the Cæsars. Nothing in Rome is more interesting, and no locality has such a confusion of picturesque charms. It is a vast, rambling garden, where you stumble at every step on the disinterred bones of the past; where damp, frescoed corridors, relics, possibly, of Nero's Golden House, serve as gigantic bowers, and where, in the spring-time, you may sit on a Latin inscription, in the shade of a flowering almond-tree, and admire the composition of the Campagna. The day left a deep impression on Rowland's mind, partly owing to its intrinsic sweetness, and partly because his companion, on this occasion, let her Murray lie unopened for an hour, and asked several questions irrelevant to the Consuls and the Cæsars. She had begun with saying that it was coming over her, after all, that Rome was a ponderously sad place. The sirocco was gently blowing, the air was heavy, she was tired, she looked a little pale.

"Everything," she said, "seems to say that all things are vanity. If one is doing something, I suppose one feels a certain strength within one to contradict it. But if one is idle, surely it is depressing to live, year after year, among the ashes of things that once were mighty. If I were to remain here I should either become permanently 'low,' as they say, or I should take refuge in some dogged daily work."

"What work?"

"I should open a school for those beautiful little beggars; though I'm sadly afraid I should never bring myself to scold them."

"I am idle," said Rowland, "and yet I have kept up a certain spirit."

"I don't call you idle," she answered, with emphasis.

"It's very good of you. Do you remember our talking about that in Northampton?"

"During that picnic? Perfectly. Has your coming abroad succeeded, for yourself, as well as you hoped?"

"I think I may say that it has turned out as well as I expected."

"Are you happy?"

"Don't I look so?"

"So it seems to me. But" — and she hesitated a moment — "I imagine you look happy whether you are so or not."

"I'm like that ancient comic mask that we saw just now in yonder excavated fresco: I'm made to grin."

"Shall you come back here next winter?"

"Very probably."

"Are you settled here forever?"

"'Forever' is a long time. I live only from year to year."

"Shall you never marry?"

Rowland gave a laugh. "'Forever' — 'never!' You handle large ideas. I have n't taken a vow of celibacy."

"Would n't you like to marry?"

"I should like it immensely."

To this she made no rejoinder; but presently she asked, "Why don't you write a book?"

Rowland laughed, this time more freely. "A book! What book should I write?"

"A history; something about art or antiquities."

"I have neither the learning nor the talent."

She made no attempt to contradict him; she simply said she had supposed otherwise. "You ought, at any rate," she continued in a moment, "to do something for yourself."

"For myself? I should have supposed that if ever a man seemed to live for himself" —

"I don't know how it seems," she interrupted, "to careless observers. But we know — we know that you have lived — a great deal — for us."

Her voice trembled slightly, and she brought out the last words with a little jerk.

"She has had that speech on her conscience," thought Rowland; "she has been thinking she owed it to me, and

it seemed to her that now was her time to make it and have done with it."

She went on in a way which confirmed these reflections, speaking with due solemnity. "You ought to be made to know very well what we all feel. Mrs. Hudson tells me that she has told you what she feels. Of course Roderick has expressed himself. I have been wanting to thank you too; I do, from my heart."

Rowland made no answer; his face at this moment resembled the tragic mask much more than the comic. But Miss Garland was not looking at him; she had taken up her Murray again.

In the afternoon she usually drove with Mrs. Hudson, but Rowland frequently saw her again in the evening. He was apt to spend half an hour in the little sitting-room at the *hôtel-pension* on the slope of the Pineian, and Roderick, who dined regularly with his mother, was present on these occasions. Rowland saw him little at other times, and for three weeks no observations passed between them on the subject of Mrs. Hudson's advent. To Rowland's vision, as the weeks elapsed, the benefits to proceed from the presence of the two ladies remained shrouded in mystery. Roderick was peculiarly inscrutable. He was preoccupied with his work on his mother's portrait, which was taking a very happy turn; and often, when he sat silent, with his hands in his pockets, his legs outstretched, his head thrown back, and his eyes on vacancy, it was to be supposed that his fancy was hovering about the half-shaped image in his studio, exquisite even in its immaturity. He said little, but his silence did not of necessity imply disaffection, for he evidently found it a deep personal luxury to lounge away the hours in an atmosphere so charged with feminine tenderness. He was not alert, he suggested nothing in the way of excursions (Rowland was the prime mover in such as were attempted), but he conformed passively, at least, to the tranquil temper of the two women, and made no harsh comments nor sombre allusions. Rowland wondered whether he had, after

all, done his friend injustice, in denying him the sentiment of duty. He refused invitations, to Rowland's knowledge, in order to dine at the tawdry little table-d'hôte; wherever his spirit might be, he was present in the flesh with religious constancy. Mrs. Hudson's felicity betrayed itself in a remarkable tendency to finish her sentences and wear her best black silk gown. Her tremors had trembled away; she was like a child who discovers that the shaggy monster it has so long been afraid to touch is an inanimate

terror, compounded of straw and sawdust, and that it is even a safe audacity to tickle its nose. As to whether the love-knot of which Mary Garland had the keeping still held firm, who should pronounce? The young girl, as we know, did not wear it on her sleeve. She always sat at the table, near the candles, with a piece of needle-work. This was the attitude in which Rowland had first seen her, and he thought, now that he had seen her in several others, it was not the least becoming.

Henry James, Jr.

THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face?

What passion stirred her blood?

What tide of sorrow and desire

Poured its forgotten flood

Upon a heart that ceased to beat,

Long since, with thought that life was sweet

When nights were rich with starry dusk

And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then

Stolen through the latticed room,

Her funeral raiment would have shed

A more heart-breaking gloom,—

Had not a dimpled convent maid

Hung in the doorway, half afraid,

And left the melancholy place

Bright with her blush and bloom.

Beside the gilded harp she stood,

And through the singing strings

Wound those wan hands of folded prayer

In murmurous preludings.

Then, like a voice, the harp rang high

Its melody, as climb the sky,

Melting against the melting blue,

Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why of all the songs that grow

Forever tenderer,

Chose she that passionate refrain

Where lovers, 'mid the stir

Of wassailers that round them pass,
 Hide their sweet secret? Now, alas,
 In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,
 What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook
 The statue in its shrine,
 A sense of tears thrilled all the air
 Along that purpling line.
 Earth seemed a place of graves that rang
 To hollow footsteps, while she sang
 "Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

II.

Two young men, officers of a militia regiment, became admirers of the two young country actresses: how long an acquaintance existed before the fact became evident that they were seriously paying their addresses to the girls, I do not know; nor how long the struggle lasted between pride and conventional respectability on the part of the young men's families and the pertinacity of their attachment.

Fanny Kemble's suitor, Robert Arkwright, had certainly no pretensions to dignity of descent, and the old Derbyshire barber, Sir Richard, or his son could hardly have stood out long upon that ground, though the immense wealth realized by their ingenuity and industry was abundant worldly reason for objections to such a match, no doubt.

However that may be, the opposition was eventually overcome by the determination of the lovers, and they were married; while to the others a far different fate was allotted. The young man who addressed my aunt, whose name I do not know, was sent for by his father, a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who, upon his refusing to give up his mistress, instantly assembled all the

servants and tenants, and declared before them all that the young gentleman, his son (and supposed heir), was illegitimate, and thenceforth disinherited and disowned. He enlisted and went to India, and never saw my aunt again. Mrs. Arkwright went home to Stoke, to the lovely house and gardens in the Peak of Derbyshire, to prosperity and wealth, to ease and luxury, and to the love of husband and children. Later in life she enjoyed in her fine mansion of Sutton the cordial intimacy of the two great county magnates, her neighbors, the Dukes of Rutland and Devonshire, the latter of whom was her admiring and devoted friend till her death. In the society of the high-born and gay and gifted, with whom she now mixed, and among whom her singular gifts made her remarkable, the enthusiasm she excited never impaired the transparent and childlike simplicity and sincerity of her nature. There was something very peculiar about the single-minded, simple-hearted genuineness of Mrs. Arkwright which gave an unusual charm of unconventionality and fervid earnestness to her manner and conversation. I remember her telling me, with the most absolute conviction, that she thought wives were bound implicitly to

obey their husbands, for she believed that at the day of judgment husbands would be answerable for their wives' souls.

It was in the midst of a life full of all the most coveted elements of worldly enjoyment, and when she was still beautiful and charming, though no longer young, that I first knew her. Her face and voice were heavenly sweet, and very sad; I do not know why she made so profoundly melancholy an impression upon me, but she was so unlike all that surrounded her, that she constantly suggested to me the one *live* drop of water in the middle of a globe of ice. The loss of her favorite son affected her with irrecoverable sorrow, and she passed a great portion of the last years of her life at a place called Cullercoats, a little fishing village on the north coast, to which when a young girl she used to accompany her father and mother for rest and refreshment, when the hard life from which her marriage released her allowed them a few days' respite by the rocks and sands and breakers of the Northumberland shore. The Duke of Devonshire, whose infirmity of deafness did not interfere with his enjoyment of music, was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Arkwright, and her constant and affectionate friend. Their proximity of residence in Derbyshire made their opportunities of meeting very frequent, and when the Arkwrights visited London, Devonshire House was, if they chose it, their hotel. The real history of the duke's social position was known, no doubt, to some, and surmised by many, but he himself told it to Mrs. Arkwright. His attachment to her induced him, towards the end of his life, to take a residence in the poor little village of Cullercoats, whither she loved to resort and where she died. I possess a copy of a beautiful drawing of a head of Mrs. Arkwright, given to me by the duke, for whom the original was executed. It is only a head, with the eyes raised to heaven and the lips parted, as in the act of singing; and the angelic sweetness of the countenance may perhaps suggest, to those who never heard

her, the voice that seemed like that face turned to sound.

So Fanny Kemble married, and Adelaide Decamp came and lived with us, and was the good angel of our home. All intercourse between the two, till then inseparable companions, ceased for many years, and my aunt began her new life with a bitter bankruptcy of love and friendship, happiness and hope, that would have dried the sap of every sweet affection, and made even goodness barren in many a woman's heart forever.

Without any home but my father's house, without means of subsistence but the small pittance which he was able to give her in most grateful acknowledgment of her unremitting care of us, without any joys or hopes but those of others, without pleasure in the present or expectation in the future, apparently without memory of the past, she spent her whole life in the service of my parents and their children, and lived and moved and had her being in a serene, unclouded, unvarying atmosphere of cheerful, self - forgetful content that was heroic in its absolute unconsciousness. She is the only person I can think of who appeared to me to have fulfilled Wordsworth's conception of

"Those blessed ones who do God's will and know it not."

I have never seen either man or woman like her, in her humble excellence, and I am thankful that, knowing what the circumstances of her whole life were, she yet seems to me the happiest human being I have known. She died, as she had lived, in the service of others. When I went with my father to America, my mother remained in England, and my aunt came with us, to take care of me. She died in consequence of the overturning of a carriage (in which we were traveling), from which she received a concussion of the spine; and her last words to me, after a night of angelic endurance of restless fever and suffering, were, "Open the window; let in the blessed light" — almost the same as Goethe's, with a characteristic difference. It was with the hope of giving

her the proceeds of its publication, as a token of my affectionate gratitude, that I printed my American journal; that hope being defeated by her death, I gave them, for her sake, to her younger sister, my aunt Victoria Decamp. This sister of my mother's was, when we were living in Covent Garden chambers, a governess in a school at Lea, near Blackheath.

The school was kept by ladies of the name of Guinani, sisters to the wife of Charles Young, — the Julia so early lost, so long loved and lamented by him. I was a frequent and much petted visitor to their house, which never fulfilled the austere purpose implied in its name to me, for all my days there were holidays; and I remember hours of special delight passed in a large drawing-room where two fine cedars of Lebanon threw grateful gloom into the windows, and great tall china jars of pot-pourri filled the air with a mixed fragrance of roses and (as it seemed to me) plum-pudding, and where hung a picture, the contemplation of which more than once moved me to tears, after I had been given to understand that the princely personage and fair-haired baby in a boat in the midst of a hideous black sea, overhung by a hideous black sky, were Prospero, the good Duke of Milan, and his poor little princess daughter, Miranda, cast forth by wicked relations to be drowned.

It was while we were still living in Covent Garden chambers that Talma, the great French actor, came to London. He knew both my uncle and my father, and was highly esteemed and greatly admired by both of them. He called one day upon my father, when nobody was at home, and the servant who opened the door holding me by the hand, the famous French actor, who spoke very good English, though not without the "pure Parisian accent," took some kind of notice of me, desiring me to be sure and remember his name, and tell my father that Mr. Talma, the great French tragedian, had called. I replied that I would do so, and then added, with noble emulation, that my father was also a great tragedian, and

my uncle was also a great tragedian, and that we had a baby in the nursery who I thought must be a great tragedian too, for she did nothing but cry, and what was that if not tragedy? — which edifying discourse found its way back to my mother, to whom Talma laughingly repeated it. I have heard my father say that on the occasion of this visit of Talma's to London, he consulted my uncle on the subject of acting in English. Hamlet was one of his great parts, and he made as fine a thing of Drui's cold and stiff and formal adaptation of Shakespeare's noble work as his meagre material allowed; but as I said before he spoke English well, and thought it not impossible to undertake the part in the original language. My uncle, however, strongly dissuaded him from it, thinking the decided French accent an insuperable obstacle to his success, being very unwilling that he should risk by a failure in the attempt his deservedly high reputation. The days had not yet arrived for English people to become enthusiastic over Hamlets and Juliets unable to pronounce the English language, and the ingenious suggestion once made on the subject had probably not occurred to my uncle. A friend of mine, at a dinner party, being asked if she had seen Mr. Fechter in Hamlet, replied in the negative, adding that she did not think she should relish Shakespeare declaimed with a foreign accent. The gentleman who had questioned her said, "Ah, very true indeed — perhaps not;" then, looking attentively at his plate, from which I suppose he drew the inspiration of what followed, he added, "And yet — after all, you know, Hamlet was a foreigner." This view of the case had probably not suggested itself to John Kemble, and so he dissuaded Talma from the experiment. While referring to Mr. Fechter's personifications of Hamlet, and the great success which it obtained in the fashionable world, I wish to preserve a charming instance of naïve ignorance in a young guardsman, seduced by the enthusiasm of the gay society of London into going, for once,

to see a play of Shakespeare's. After sitting dutifully through some scenes in silence, he turned to a fellow-guardsmen, who was painfully looking and listening by his side, with the grave remark, "I say, George, dooed odd play this; it's all full of quotations." The young military gentleman had occasionally, it seems, heard Shakespeare quoted, and remembered it. So did not the same very amiable, extremely handsome, but not very intelligent young hero remember his English history, if ever he had heard that quoted; for being honored with a command to attend a fancy ball at the palace, he consulted a cousin of his and friend of mine, as to his costume on the occasion. "Go as the Black Prince, dear Fountain" (Fountain was his name — I always called him Pump, for short), said she; "you will look so lovely in armor." "Oh hang it, Polly, though; I should n't like to black my face," was the ingenuous reply. If any one doubts the possibility of such crass ignorance in a charming young officer of her Majesty's household brigade, I beg leave to add that a very fine lady, coming in to visit the said "cousin Polly" after his departure, and hearing of his remark upon the subject of the hero of Crecy, went into fits of laughter, and as soon as she recovered breath enough to speak, exclaimed, "Well, to be sure, poor fellow, it would be a pity, you know, he is so very handsome" — the ingenuous vanity of the lad's objection being the only point apparent in his reply, to his admiring and equally well-informed female friend. These were members of the best London society in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty something.

To return to my story: about this time it was determined that I should be sent to school in France. My father was extremely anxious to give me every advantage that he could, and Boulogne, which was not then the British Alsatia it afterwards became, and where there was a girls' school of some reputation, was chosen as not too far from home to send a mite seven years old, to

acquire the French language, and begin her education. And so to Boulogne I went, to a school in the oddly named "Rue tant perd tant paie," in the old town, kept by a rather sallow and grim, but still vivacious old Madame Faudier, with the assistance of her daughter, Mademoiselle Flore, a bouncing, blooming beauty of a discreet age, whose florid complexion, prominent black eyes, plaited and profusely pomatumed black hair and full, commanding figure attired for fête days in salmon-colored merino, have remained vividly impressed upon my memory. What I learned here, except French (which I could not help learning), I know not. I was taught music, dancing, and Italian, the latter by a Signor Mazzochetti, an object of special detestation to me, whose union with Mademoiselle Flore caused a temporary fit of rejoicing in the school. The small seven-year-old beginnings of such particular humanities I mastered with tolerable success, but if I may judge from the frequency of my *penitences*, humanity in general was not instilled into me without considerable trouble. I was a sore torment, no doubt, to poor Madame Faudier, who, on being once informed by some alarmed passers in the street that one of her "demoiselles was perambulating the house roof," is reported to have exclaimed, in a paroxysm of rage and terror, "Ah, ce ne peut être que cette *diable de Kemble*!" and sure enough it was I. Having committed I know not what crime, I had been thrust for chastisement into a lonely garret, where, having nothing earthly to do but look about me, I discovered (like a prince in the Arabian Nights) a ladder leading to a trap-door, and presently was out on a sort of stone coping which ran round the steep roof of the high, old-fashioned house, surveying with serene satisfaction the extensive prospect landward and seaward, unconscious that I was at the same time an object of terror to the beholders in the street below. Snatched from the perilous delight of this bad eminence, I was (again, I think, rather like the Arabian prince) forthwith plunged into the cellar; where

I curled myself up on the upper step, close to the heavy door that had been locked upon me, partly for the comfort of the crack of light that squeezed itself through it, and partly, I suppose, from some vague idea that there was no bottom to the steps, derived from my own terror rather than from any precise historical knowledge of oubliettes and donjons with the execrable treachery of stairs suddenly ending in mid-darkness over an abyss. I suppose I suffered a martyrdom of fear, for I remember upwards of thirty years afterwards having this very cellar, and my misery in it, brought before my mind suddenly, with intense vividness, while reading, in Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, poor Esmeralda's piteous entreaties for deliverance from her under-ground prison: "Oh laissez moi sortir! j'ai froid! j'ai peur! et des bêtes me montent le long du corps." The latter hideous detail certainly completes the exquisite misery of the picture. Less justifiable than banishment to lonely garrets, whence egress was to be found only by the roof, or dark incarceration in cellars whence was no egress at all, was another device adopted to impress me with the evil of my ways, and one which seems to me so foolish in its cruelty that the only amazement is, how anybody intrusted with the care of children could dream of any good result from such a method of impressing a little girl not eight years old. There was to be an execution in the town, of some wretched malefactor who was condemned to be guillotined, and I was told that I should be taken to see this supreme act of legal retribution, in order that I might know to what end evil courses conducted people. We all remember the impressive fable of "Don't Care," who came to be hanged, but I much doubt if any of the thousands of young Britons whose bosoms have been made to thrill with salutary terror at his untimely end were ever taken by their parents and guardians to see a hanging, by way of enforcing the lesson. Whether it was ever intended that I should witness the ghastly spectacle of this execution, or whether it was express-

ly contrived that I should come too late, I know not; it is to be hoped that my doing so was not accidental but mercifully intentional. Certain it is that when I was taken to the *Grande Place* the slaughter was over; but I saw the guillotine, and certain gutters running red with what I was told (whether truly or not) was blood, and a sad-looking man, busied about the terrible machine, who, it was said, was the executioner's son; all which lugubrious objects no doubt had their due effect upon my poor childish imagination and nervous system, with a benefit to my moral nature which I should think highly problematical.

A friend of mine, to whom I once told this story, matched it with the following. An escaped maniac, having made his way into the grounds of some people she knew, they improved the opportunity by bringing a violent-tempered little girl of ten years to witness the poor wretch's struggles with his captors, assuring her that such were the results of ungoverned temper. The lesson was supposed to have succeeded; the child's temper improved, but her system received a serious physical shock, and she remained for years haunted by a nervous terror of insanity, which might very well have been its own fulfillment.

The experiments tried upon the minds and souls of children, by those who undertake to train them, are certainly among the most mysterious of Heaven-permitted evils. The coarse and cruel handling of these wonderfully complex and delicate machines by ignorant servants, ignorant teachers, and ignorant parents fills one with pity and with amazement that the results of such processes should not be even more disastrous than they are.

In the nature of many children exists a capacity of terror equaled in its intensity only by the reticence which conceals it. The fear of ridicule is strong in these sensitive small souls, but even that is inadequate to account for the silent agony with which they hug the secret of their fear, enduring a martyrdom which recalls that of the Spartan boy, with the fox gnawing his entrails. Nursery and

school-room authorities, fonder of power than of principle, find their account in both these tendencies, and it is marvelous to what a point tyranny may be exercised by means of their double influence over children, the sufferers never having recourse to the higher parental authority by which they would be delivered from the nightmare of silent terror imposed upon them.

The objects that excite the fears of children are often as curious and unaccountable as their secret intensity. A child four years of age, who was accustomed to be put to bed in a dressing-room opening into her mother's room, and near her nursery, and was left to go to sleep alone, from a desire that she should not be watched and lighted to sleep (or in fact kept awake), after a very common nursery practice, endured this discipline without remonstrance, and only years afterwards informed her mother that she never was so left in her little bed alone in the darkness without a full conviction that a large black dog was lying under it, which terrible imagination she never so much as hinted at, or besought for light or companionship to dispel. Miss Martineau told me once, that a special object of horror to her, when she was a child, were the colors of the prism, a thing in itself so beautiful, that it is difficult to conceive how any imagination could be painfully impressed by it; but her terror of these magical colors was such that she used to rush past the room, even when the door was closed, where she had seen them reflected from the chandelier, by the sunlight, on the wall.

A bright, clever boy of nine, by no means particularly nervous or timid, told me once that the whole story of Aladdin was frightful to him; but he never was able to explain why it made this impression upon him. A very curious instance of strong nervous apprehension, not, however, in any way connected with supernatural terror, occurred to a young girl about eight years old, the daughter of a friend of mine. The mother, the gentlest and most reasonably indulgent of parents, sent her up-stairs for her

watch, cautioning her not to let it fall; the child, by her own account, stood at the top of the stairs with the watch in her hand, till the conviction that she certainly *should* let it fall took such dreadful and complete possession of her that she dashed it down, and then came in a paroxysm of the most distressing nervous excitement to tell her mother what she had done.

The most singular instance I ever knew, however, of unaccountable terror produced in a child's mind by the pure action of its imagination, was that of a little boy who overheard a conversation between his mother and a friend upon the subject of the purchase of some stuff, which she had not bought, "because," said she, "it was ell wide." The words "ell wide," perfectly incomprehensible to the child, seized upon his fancy and produced some image of terror, by which for a long time his poor little mind was haunted. Certainly this is a powerful instance, among innumerable and striking ones, of the fact that the fears of children are by no means the result of the objects of alarm suggested to them by the ghost-stories, bogeys, etc., of foolish servants and companions; they quite as often select or create their terrors for themselves, from sources so inconceivably strange that all precaution proves ineffectual to protect them from this innate tendency of the imaginative faculty. This ell wide horror is like something in a German story. The strange aversion, coupled with a sort of mysterious terror, for beautiful and agreeable or even quite commonplace objects, is one of the secrets of the profound impression which the German writers of fiction produce. It belongs peculiarly to their national genius, some of whose most striking and thrilling conceptions are pervaded with this peculiar form of the sentiment of fear. Hoffman and Tieck are especially powerful in their use of it, and contrive to give a character of vague mystery to simple details of prosaic events and objects, to be found in no other works of fiction. The terrible conception of the *Doppelgänger*, which exists in a modified form as the wraith of Scottish leg-

endary superstition, is rendered infinitely more appalling by being taken out of its misty highland half-light of visionary indefiniteness, and produced in frock-coat and trousers, in all the shocking distinctness of commonplace, every-day, contemporary life. The Germans are the only people whose imaginative faculty can cope with the homeliest forms of reality, and infuse into them *vagueness*, that element of terror most alien from familiar things (for even the copy-book knows that "familiarity breeds contempt"). That they may be tragic enough we know, but that they have in them a mysterious element of terror of quite indefinite depth, German writers alone know how to make us feel. Their power of allying the profoundly awful with the perfectly commonplace seems akin to their faculty of combining sentiment and sausage eating.

I do not think that in my own instance the natural cowardice with which I was femininely endowed was unusually or unduly cultivated in childhood; but with a highly susceptible and excitable nervous temperament and ill-regulated imagination, I have suffered from every conceivable form of terror; and though, for some inexplicable reason, I have always had the reputation of being fearless, have really, all my life, been extremely deficient in courage.

Very impetuous and liable to be carried away by any strong emotion, my entire want of self-control and prudence, I suppose, conveyed the impression that I was equally without fear; but the truth is that, as a wise friend once said to me, I have always been "as rash and as cowardly as a child;" and none of my sex ever had a better right to apply to herself Shakespeare's line, —

"A woman, naturally born to fears."

The only agreeable impression I retain of my school-days at Boulogne is that of the long half-holiday walks we were allowed to indulge in. Not the two-and-two, dull, dreary, daily procession round the ramparts, but the disbanded freedom of the sunny afternoon spent in gathering wild flowers along the pretty, secluded valley of the Liane, through which no

iron road then bore its thundering freight. Or, better still, clambering, straying, playing hide-and-seek, or sitting telling and hearing fairy tales among the great carved blocks of stone which lay, in ignominious purposelessness, around the site on the high, grassy cliff where Napoleon the First — the Only — had decreed that his triumphal pillar should point its finger of scorn at our conquered, "pale-faced shores." Best of all, however, was the distant wandering far out along the sandy dunes, to what used to be called La Garenne; I suppose because of the wild rabbits that haunted it, who — hunted and rummaged from their burrows in the hillocks of coarse grass by a pitiless pack of school-girls — must surely have wondered after our departure, when they came together stealthily, with twitching noses, ears, and tails, what manner of fiendish visitation had suddenly come and gone, scaring their peaceful settlement on the silent, solitary sea-shore.

Before I left Boulogne the yearly solemnity of the distribution of prizes took place. This was, at Madame Faudier's, as at all French schools of that day, a most exciting event. Special examinations preceded it, for which the pupils prepared themselves with diligent emulation; those studied then who never did before; and those who always did, then studied more. The prefect, the sub-prefect, the mayor, the bishop, all the principal civil and religious authorities of the place, were invited to honor the ceremony with their presence. The court-yard of the house was partly inclosed and covered over with scaffoldings, awnings, and draperies, under which a stage was erected, and this, together with the steps that led to it, was carpeted with crimson and adorned with a profusion of flowers. One of the dignified personages seated around a table on which the books designed for prizes were exhibited, pronounced a discourse commendatory of past efforts and hortatory to future ones, and the pupils, all *en grande toilette* and seated on benches facing the stage, were summoned through the rows of admiring parents, friends,

acquaintances, and other invited guests, to receive the prizes awarded for excellence in the various branches of our small curriculum. I was the youngest girl in the school, but I was a quick, clever child, and a lady, a friend of my family, who was present, told me many years after how well she remembered the frequent summons to the dais received by a small, black-eyed damsel, the *cadette* of the establishment. I have considerable doubt that any good purpose could be answered by this public appeal to the emulation of a parcel of school-girls; but I have no doubt at all that abundant seeds of vanity, self-love, and love of display were sown by it, which bore their bad harvest many a long year after.

I left Boulogne when I was almost nine years old, and returned home, where I remained upwards of two years before being again sent to school. During this time we lived chiefly at a place called Craven Hill, Bayswater, where we occupied at different periods three different houses.

My mother always had a detestation of London, which I have cordially inherited. The dense, heavy atmosphere, compounded of smoke and fog, painfully affected her breathing and oppressed her spirits; and the deafening clangor of its ceaseless uproar irritated her nerves and distressed her in a manner which I invariably experience whenever I am compelled to pass any time in that huge Hub-bub. She perpetually yearned for the fresh air and the quiet of the country. Occupied as my father was, however, this was an impossible luxury; and my poor mother escaped as far as her circumstances would allow from London, and towards the country, by fixing her home at the place I have mentioned. In those days Tyburnia did not exist; nor all the vast region of Paddingtonian London. Tyburn turnpike, of nefarious memory, still stood at the junction of Oxford Road and the Edgware Road, and between the latter and Bayswater open fields traversed by the canal, with here and there an isolated cottage dotted about them, stretched on one side of

the high-road; and on the other, the untidy, shaggy, raveled-looking selvage of Hyde Park; not trimmed with shady walks and flower borders and smooth grass and bright iron railing as now, but as forbidding in its neglected aspect as the desolate stretch of unclosed waste on the opposite side.

About a mile from Tyburn Gate a lane turned off on the right, following which one came to a meadow, with a path across its gentle rise which led to the row of houses called Craven Hill. I do not think there were twenty in all, and some of them, such as Lord Ferrar's and the Harley House, were dwellings of some pretension. Even the most modest of them had pretty gardens in front and behind, and verandas and balconies with flowering creepers and shrubberies, and a general air of semi-rurality that cheated my poor mother with a make-believe effect of being, if not in the country, at any rate out of town. And infinite were the devices of her love of elegance and comfort produced from the most unpromising materials, but making these dwellings of ours pretty and pleasant beyond what could have been thought possible. She had a peculiar taste and talent for furnishing and fitting up; and her means being always very limited, her zeal was great for frequenting sales, where she picked up at reasonable prices quaint pieces of old furniture, which she brought with great triumph to the assistance of the commonplace upholstery of our ready-furnished dwellings. Nobody ever had such an eye for the disposal of every article in a room, at once for greatest convenience and best appearance; and I never yet saw the apartment into which by her excellent arrangement she did not introduce an element of comfort and elegance—a liveable look, which the rooms of people unendowed with that special faculty never acquire, and never retain, however handsome or finely fitted up they may be. I am sorry to be obliged to add, however, that she had a rage for moving her furniture from one place to another, which never allowed her to let well alone; and not unfrequently her

mere desire for change destroyed the very best results of her own good taste. We never knew when we might find the rooms a perfect chaos of disorder, with every chair, table, and sofa "dancing the hay" in horrid confusion; while my mother, crimson and disheveled with pulling and pushing them hither and thither, was breathlessly organizing new combinations. Nor could anything be more ludicrous than my father's piteous aspect, on arriving in the midst of this *remue-ménage*, or the poor woman's profound mortification when, finding everything moved from its last position (for the twentieth time), he would look around, and, instead of all the commendation she expected, exclaim in dismay, "Why, bless my soul! what has happened to the room, *again!*" Our furniture played an everlasting game of puss in the corner; and I am thankful that I have inherited some of my mother's faculty of arranging, without any of her curious passion for changing the aspect of her rooms.

A pretty, clever, and rather silly and affected woman, Mrs. Charles Matthews, who had a great passion for dress, was saying one day to my mother, with a lackadaisical drawl she habitually made use of, "What do you do when you have a headache, or are bilious, or cross, or nervous, or out of spirits? I always change my dress, it does me so much good!" "Oh," said my mother briskly, "I change the furniture." I think she must have regarded it as a panacea for all the ills of life. Mrs. Charles Matthews was the half-sister of that amiable woman and admirable actress, Miss Kelly.

To return to Craven Hill. A row of very fine elm-trees was separated only by the carriage-road from the houses, whose front windows looked through their branches upon a large, quiet, green meadow, and beyond that to an extensive nursery garden of enchanting memory, where our weekly allowances were expended in pots of violets and flower-seeds and roots of future fragrance, for our small gardens: this pleasant foreground divided us from the Bayswater

Road and Kensington Gardens. At the back of the houses and their grounds stretched a complete open of meadow land, with hedge-rows and elm-trees, and hardly any building in sight in any direction. Certainly, this was better than the smoke and din of London. To my father, however, the distance was a heavy increase of his almost nightly labor at the theatre. Omnibuses were no part of London existence then; a hackney coach (there were no cabs, either four-wheelers or hansoms) was a luxury to be thought of only occasionally, and for part of the way; and so he generally wound up his hard evening's work with a five miles' walk from Covent Garden to Craven Hill.

It was perhaps the inconvenience of this process that led to our taking, in addition to our "rural" residence, a lodging in Gerard Street, Soho. The house immediately fronts Anne Street, and is now a large establishment for the sale of lamps. It was a handsome old house, and at one time belonged to the "wicked" Lord Lyttleton. At the time I speak of, we occupied only a part of it, the rest remaining in the possession of the proprietor, who was a picture dealer, and his collection of dusky *chef-d'œuvre* covered the walls of the passages and staircases with dark canvas, over whose varnished surface ill-defined figures and ill-discerned faces seemed to flit, as with some trepidation I ran past them. The house must have been a curious as well as very large one; but I never saw more of it than our own apartments, which had some peculiarities that I remember. Our dining-room was a very large, lofty, ground-floor room, fitted up partially as a library with my father's books, and having at the farther end, opposite the windows, two heavy, fluted pillars, which gave it rather a dignified appearance. My mother's drawing-room, which was on the first floor and at the back of the house, was oval in shape and lighted only by a skylight; and one entrance to it was through a small anteroom or boudoir, with looking-glass doors and ceiling all incrustated with scrolls and foliage

and *rococo* Louis Quinze style of ornamentation, either in plaster or carved in wood and painted white. There were back staircases and back doors without number, leading in all directions to unknown regions; and the whole house, with its remains of magnificence and curious lumber of objects of art and *vertu*, was a very appropriate frame for the traditional ill-repute of its former noble owners.

A ludicrous circumstance enough, I remember, occurred, which produced no little uproar and amusement in one of its dreariest chambers. My brother John was at this time eagerly pursuing the study of chemistry for his own amusement, and had had an out-of-the-way sort of spare bedroom abandoned to him for his various ill-savored materials and scientific processes, from which my mother suffered a chronic terror of sudden death by blowing up. There was a monkey in the house, belonging to our landlord and generally kept confined in his part of it, whence the knowledge of his existence only reached us through anecdotes brought by the servants. One day, however, an alarm was spread that the monkey had escaped from his own legitimate quarters and was running wild over the house. Chase was given and every hole and corner searched in vain for the mischievous ape, who was at length discovered in what my brother dignified by the title of his laboratory, where, in a frenzy of gleeful activity, he was examining first one bottle and then another; finally he betook himself, with indescribably grotesque grinnings and chattering, to uncorking and sniffing at them and then pouring their contents deliberately out on the (luckily carpetless) floor,—a joke which might have had serious results for himself as well as the house, if he had not in the midst of it suffered ignoble capture and been led away to his own quarters; my mother, that time certainly, escaping imminent “blowing up.”

While we were living in Gerard Street, my uncle Kemble came for a short time to London from Lausanne, where he had fixed his residence, — compelled to live

abroad, under penalty of seeing the private fortune he had realized by a long life of hard professional labor swept into the ruin which had fallen upon Covent Garden Theatre, of which he was part proprietor. And I always associate this my only recollection of his venerable white hair and beautiful face, full of an expression of most benign dignity, with the earliest mention I remember of that luckless property, which weighed like an incubus upon my father all his life, and the ruinous burden of which both I and my sister successively endeavored in vain to prop.

My mother at this time gave lessons in acting to a few young women who were preparing themselves for the stage; and I recollect very well the admiration my uncle expressed for the beauty of one of them, an extremely handsome Miss Dance, who, I think, came out successfully, but soon married, and relinquished her profession.

This young lady was the daughter of a violinist and musical composer, whose name has a place in my memory from seeing it on a pretty musical setting for the voice of some remarkably beautiful verses, the author of which I have never been able to discover. I heard they had been taken out of that old-fashioned receptacle for stray poetical gems, the poet's corner of a country newspaper. I write them here as accurately as I can from memory; it is more than fifty years since I learnt them, and I have never met with any copy of them but that contained in the old music sheet of Mr. Dance's duet.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF MORN.

Now on their couch of rest
Mortals are sleeping,
While in dark, dewy vest,
Flowerets are weeping.
Ere the last star of night
Fades in the fountain,
My finger of rosy light
Touches the mountain.

Far on his filmy wing
Twilight is wending,
Shadows encompassing,
Terrors attending:
While my foot's fiery print,
Up my path showing,

Gleams with celestial tint,
Brilliantly glowing.

Now from my pinlons fair
Freshness is streaming,
And from my yellow hair
Glories are gleaming.
Nature with pure delight
Hails my returning,
And Sol, from his chamber bright,
Crowns the young morning.

My uncle John returned to Switzerland and I never saw him again; he had made over his share of Covent Garden to my father, and went back to live and die in peace at his Beau Site on the Lake of Geneva.

The first time that I visited Lausanne I went to his grave, and found it in the old burial-ground above the town, where I wonder the dead have patience to lie still, for the glorious beauty of the view their resting-place commands. It was one among a row of graves with broad, flat tombstones bearing English names, and surrounded with iron railings and flowers more or less running wild. At his former residence, Beau Site, I was courteously received on giving my name to the *concierge*, and was allowed to walk undisturbed around the grounds, where the trees were almost all planted by my uncle, and look from beneath their shadow over the lovely domain of his old and attached friend, Mr. Haldimand, to the heaven-blue lake, and Mont Blanc shining in the distant sky beyond it. Last year I revisited Lausanne and found the shrubs all but matted together over my uncle's tombstone, where his name was hardly discernible through their tangled mass; his house had passed into the hands of persons who knew nothing about him, and refused permission when I begged to be allowed to visit the grounds. Mr. Haldimand was dead, and that paradise, his garden on the lake shore, was to be parceled into building-lots for villas, while along the once quiet road, overshadowed with magnificent trees and climbing steeply between vineyards and meadows, from his beautiful estate to my uncle's house reigned a hideous chaos of mortar, plaster, bricks, lime, and stone; swarming with builders, masons, bricklayers, and carpenters, and ringing with

the rapid rising of rows of houses, through a thick atmosphere of stifling white dust, — all tokens of the growing prosperity of Lausanne.

My father received the property my uncle transferred to him with cheerful courage, and not without sanguine hopes of retrieving its fortunes: instead of which, it destroyed his and those of his family; who, had he and they been untrammelled by the fatal obligation of working for a hopelessly ruined concern, might have turned their labors to far better personal account. Of the eighty thousand pounds which my uncle sank in building Covent Garden, and all the years of toil my father and myself and my sister sank in endeavoring to sustain it, nothing remained to us at my father's death, not even the ownership of the only thing I ever valued the property for, — the private box which belonged to us, the yearly rent of which was valued at three hundred pounds, and the possession of which procured us for several years many evenings of much enjoyment.

The only other recollection I have connected with Gerard Street is that of certain passages from *Paradise Lost*, read to me by my father, the sonorous melody of which so enchanted me that for many years of my life Milton was to me incomparably the first of English poets; though at this time of my earliest acquaintance with him, Walter Scott had precedence over him, and was undoubtedly in my opinion the first of mortal and immortal bards. His *Marmion* and *Lay of the Last Minstrel* were already familiar to me. Of Shakespeare at this time, and for many subsequent years, I knew not a single line.

While our lodging in town was principally inhabited by my father and resorted to by my mother as a convenience, my aunt Dall, and we children, had our home at my mother's *rus in urbe*, Craven Hill, where we remained until I went again to school in France.

Our next-door neighbors were, on one side, a handsome, dashing Mrs. Blackshaw, sister of George the Fourth's favorite, Beau Brummel, whose daughters

were good friends of ours; and on the other Belzoni, the Egyptian traveler, and his wife, with whom we were also well acquainted. The wall that separated our gardens was upwards of six feet high, — it reached above my father's head, who was full six feet tall, — but our colossal friend, the Italian, looked down upon us over it quite easily, his large, handsome face showing well above it, down to his magnificent auburn beard, which in those less hirsute days than these he seldom exhibited, except in the privacy of his own back garden, where he used occasionally to display it to our immense delight and astonishment. Great, too, was our satisfaction in visiting Madame Belzoni, who used to receive us in rooms full of strange spoils, brought back by herself and her husband from the East; she sometimes smoked a long Turkish pipe, and generally wore a dark blue sort of caftan, with a white turban on her head. Another of our neighbors here was Latour, the musical composer, to whom, though he was personally good-natured and kind to me, I owe a grudge, for the sake of his *Music for Young Persons*, and only regret that he was not our next-door neighbor, when he would have execrated his own *O Dolce Concerto*, and *Sul Margine d'un Rio*, and all his innumerable progeny of variations for two hands and four hands, as heartily as I did. I do not know whether it was instigated by his advice or not that my mother at this time made me take lessons of a certain Mr. Laugier, who received pupils at his own house, near Russell Square, and taught them thorough-bass and counterpoint and the science of musical composition. I attended his classes for some time, and still possess books full of the grammar of music, as profound and difficult a study, almost, as the grammar of language. But I think I was too young to derive much benefit from so severe a science, and in spite of my books full of musical "parsing," so to speak, declensions of chords and conjugations of scales, I do not think I learned much from Mr. Laugier, and, never having followed up this beginning of the real study of music, my knowl-

edge of it has been only of that empirical and contemptible sort which goes no further than the end of boarding-school young ladies' fingers, and sometimes, at any rate, amounts to tolerably skillful and accurate execution; a result I never attained, in spite of Mr. Laugier's thorough-bass and a wicked invention called a *chiroplast*, for which I think he took out a patent, and for which I suppose all luckless girls compelled to practice with it thought he ought to have taken out a halter. It was a brass rod made to screw across the keys, on which were *strung* like beads two brass frames for the hands, with separate little cells for the fingers, these being secured to the brass rod precisely at the part of the instrument on which certain exercises were to be executed. Another brass rod was made to pass under the wrist in order to maintain it also in its proper position, and thus incarcerated the miserable little hands performed their daily, dreary monotony of musical exercise, with, I imagine, really no benefit at all from the irksome constraint of this horrid machine, that could not have been imparted quite as well, if not better, by a careful teacher. I had, however, no teacher at this time but my aunt Dall, and I suppose the *chiroplast* may have saved her some trouble, by insuring that my practicing, which she could not always superintend, should not be merely a process of acquiring innumerable bad habits for the exercise of the patience of future teachers.

My aunt at this time directed all my lessons, as well as the small beginnings of my sister's education. My brother John was at Clapham with Mr. Richardson, who was then compiling his excellent dictionary, in which labor he employed the assistance of such of his pupils as showed themselves intelligent enough for the occupation; and I have no doubt that to this beginning of philological study my brother owed his subsequent predilection for and addiction to the science of language. My youngest brother, Henry, went to a day-school in the neighborhood.

All children's amusements are more or less dramatic, and a theatre is a favorite

resource in most playrooms, and naturally enough held an important place in ours. The printed sheets of small figures representing all the characters of certain popular pieces, which we colored and pasted on card-board and cut out, and then by dint of long slips of wood with a slit at one end, into which their feet were inserted, moved on and off our small stage; the coloring of the scenery; and all the arrangement and conduct of the pieces we represented, gave us endless employment and amusement. My brother John was always manager and spokesman in these performances, and when we had fitted up our theatre with a *real* blue silk curtain that would roll up, and a *real* set of foot-lights that would burn, and when he contrived, with some resin and brimstone and salt put in a cup and set on fire, to produce a diabolical sputter and flare and bad smell, significant of the blowing up of the mill in *The Miller and his Men*, great was our exultation. This piece and *Blue Beard* were our "battle horses," to which we afterwards added a lugubrious melodrama called *The Gypsy's Curse* (it had nothing whatever to do with *Guy Mannering*) of which I remember nothing but some awful doggerel, beginning with —

"May thy path be still in sorrow,
May thy dark night know no morrow,"

which used to make my blood curdle with fright.

About this time I was taken for the first time to a real play, and it was to that paradise of juvenile spectators, Astley's, where we saw a Highland horror called *Meg Murdoch*, or the *Mountain Hag*, and a mythological after-piece called *Hyppolita, Queen of the Amazons*, in which young ladies in very short and shining tunics, with burnished breast-plates, helmets, spears, and shields, performed sundry warlike evolutions round her Majesty *Hyppolita*, who was mounted on a snow-white *live* charger; in the heat of action some of these fair warriors went so far as to die, which martial heroism left an impression on my imagination so deep and delightful as to have proved hitherto indelible.

At length, we determined ourselves to

enact something worthy of notice and approbation, and *Amoroso, King of Little Britain*, was selected by my brother John, our guide and leader in all matters of taste, for the purpose. *Chrononhotonthologos* had been spoken of, but our youngest performer, my sister, was barely seven years old, and I doubt if any of us but our manager could have mastered the mere names of that famous burlesque. Moreover, I think, in the piece we chose there were only four principal characters, and we contrived to speak the words and even sing the songs so much to our own satisfaction that we thought we might aspire to the honor of a hearing from our elders and betters. So we produced our play before my father and mother and some of their friends, who had good right (whatever their inclination might have been) to be critical, for among them were Mr. and Mrs. Liston (the *Amoroso* and *Coquetinda* of the real stage), Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and Charles Young, all intimate friends of my parents, whose children were our playmates, and coadjutors in our performance.

For Charles Matthews I have always retained a kindly regard for auld lang syne's sake, though I hardly ever met him after he went on the stage. He was well educated and extremely clever and accomplished, and I could not help regretting that his various acquirements and many advantages for the career of an architect, for which his father destined him, should be thrown away; though it was quite evident that he followed not only the strong bent of his inclination, but the instinct of the dramatic genius which he inherited from his eccentric and most original father, when he adopted the profession of the stage, where in his own day he has been unrivaled in the sparkling vivacity of his performance of a whole range of parts in which nobody has approached the finish, refinement, and spirit of his acting. Moreover, his whole demeanor, carriage, and manner were so essentially those of a gentleman that the broadest farce never betrayed him into either coarseness or vulgarity; and the comedy he acted, though often the lightest of the light,

was never anything in its graceful propriety but high comedy. No member of the French theatre was ever at once a more finished and a more delightfully amusing and *natural* actor.

Liston's son went into the army when he grew up, and I lost sight of him.

With the Rev. Julian Young, son of my dear old friend Charles Young, I always remained upon the most friendly terms, meeting him with cordial pleasure whenever my repeated returns to England brought us together, and allowed us to renew the amiable relations that always subsisted between us.

I remember another family friend of ours at this time, a worthy old merchant of the name of Mitchell, who was my brother John's godfather, and to whose sombre, handsome city house I was taken once or twice to dinner. He was at one time very rich, but lost all his fortune in some untoward speculation, and he used to come and pay us long, sad, silent visits, the friendly taciturnity of which I always compassionately attributed to that circumstance, and wished that he had not lost the use of his tongue as well as his money.

While we were living at Craven Hill my father's sister, Mrs. Whitelock, came to live with us for some time. She was a very worthy but exceedingly ridiculous woman, in whom the strong peculiarities of her family were so exaggerated that she really seemed like a living parody or caricature of all the Kembles.

She was a larger and taller woman than Mrs. Siddons, and had a fine, commanding figure, at the time I am speaking of, when she was quite an elderly person. She was like her brother Stephen in face, with handsome features, too large and strongly marked for a woman, light gray eyes, and a light auburn wig, which, I presume, represented the color of her previous hair, and which, together with the tall cap that surmounted it, was always more or less on one side. She had the deep, sonorous voice and extremely distinct utterance of her family, and an extraordinary vehemence of gesture and expression quite unlike their quiet dignity and reserve of manner, and

which made her conversation like that of people in old plays and novels; for she would slap her thigh in emphatic enforcement of her statements (which were apt to be upon an incredibly large scale), not unfrequently prefacing them with the exclamation, "I declare to God!" or "I wish I may die!" all which seemed to us very extraordinary, and combined with her large size and loud voice used occasionally to cause us some dismay. My father used to call her Queen Bess (her name was Elizabeth), declaring that her manners were like those of that royal *un-gentlewoman*. But she was a simple-hearted, sweet-tempered woman, whose harmless peculiarities did not prevent our all being fond of her.

She had a great taste and some talent for drawing, which she cultivated with a devotion and industry unusual in so old a person. I still possess a miniature copy she made of Clarke's life-size picture of my father as Cromwell, which is not without merit.

She was extremely fond of cards, and taught us to play the (even then) old-fashioned game of quadrille, which my mother, who also liked cards and was a very good whist player, said had more variety in it than any modern game.

Mrs. Whitelock had been for a number of years in the United States, of which then comparatively little known part of the world she used to tell us stories that from her characteristic exaggeration we always received with extreme incredulity; but my own experience, subsequent by many years to hers, has corroborated her marvelous histories of flights of birds that almost darkened the sun (*i. e.*, threw a passing shadow as of a cloud upon the ground), and roads with ruts and mud-holes into which one's carriage sank up to the axle-tree.

She used to tell us anecdotes of General Washington, to whom she had been presented and had often seen (his favorite bespeak was always *The School for Scandal*); and of Talleyrand, whom she also had often met, and invariably called *Prince Tallierande*. She was once terrified by being followed at evening, in the streets of Philadelphia, by a red

Indian savage, an adventure which has many times recurred to my mind while traversing at all hours and in all directions the streets of that most peaceful Quaker city, distant now by more than a thousand miles from the nearest red Indian savage. Congress was sitting in Philadelphia at that time; it was virtually the capital of the newly-made United States, and Mrs. Whitelock held an agreeable and respectable position both in private and in public. I have been assured by persons as well qualified to be critics as Judge Story, Chief-Justice Kent, and Judge Hopkinson (Moore's friend), that she was an actress of considerable ability. Perhaps she was: her Kemble name, face, figure, and voice no doubt helped her to produce a certain effect on the stage; but she must have been a very imperfectly-educated woman, for I remember her amazing me when I was a chit of eleven years, by reading certain passages from Southey's *Roderick*, in which she made heretics of all Pelayo's followers, invariably calling him Pelayés, and did atrocious violence to the blank verse and my ears by reading Austrians for Asturians, which produced a combination of false history, false geography, and false metre, that together with her emphatic declamation was irresistibly comical. Nothing could be droller than to see her with Mrs. Siddons, of whom she looked like a clumsy, badly-finished, fair imitation. Her vehement gestures and violent objurgations contrasted with her sister's majestic stillness of manner; and when occasionally Mrs. Siddons would interrupt her with "Elizabeth, your wig is on one side," and the other replied, "Oh, is it?" and giving the offending head-gear a shove put it quite as crooked

in the other direction, and proceeded with her discourse, Melpomene herself used to have recourse to her snuff-box to hide the dawning smile on her face.

I imagine that my education must have been making but little progress during the last year of my residence at Craven Hill. I had no masters, and my aunt Dall could ill supply the want of other teachers; moreover, I was extremely troublesome and unmanageable, and had become a tragically desperate young person, as my determination to poison my sister, in revenge for some punishment which I conceived had been unjustly inflicted upon me, will sufficiently prove. I had been warned not to eat privet berries as they were poisonous, and under the above provocation it occurred to me that if I strewed some on the ground my sister might find and eat them, which would insure her going straight to heaven and no doubt seriously annoy my father and mother. How much of all this was a lingering desire for the distinction of a public execution by guillotine (the awful glory of which still survived in my memory, though of my own probable hanging, and the difference between the "block" and the "gibbet," I had not thought), how much dregs of Gypsy Curses and Mountain Hags, and how much the passionate love of exciting a sensation and producing an effect, common to children, servants, and most uneducated people, I know not. I never did poison my sister, and satisfied my desire of vengeance by myself informing my aunt of my contemplated crime, the fulfillment of which was not, I suppose, much apprehended by my family, as no measures were taken to remove myself, my sister, or the privet bush from each other's neighborhood.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SONNETS.

I.

Rachel — Ristori.

WHILE yet my lip was breathing youth's first breath,
 Too young to feel the utmost of their spell
 I saw Medea and Phædra in Rachel:
 Later I saw the great Elizabeth.
 Rachel, — Ristori. We shall taste of death
 Ere we see spirits like these. In one age dwell
 Not many such: a century may tell
 Its hundred beads before it braid a wreath
 For two so queenly foreheads. — If it take
 Eons to shape a diamond, grain on grain,
 Eons to crystallize its fire and dew, —
 By what slow processes must Nature make
 Her Shakespeares and her Dantes? Great the gain
 If she spoil thousands making one or two!

II.

Sleep.

WHEN to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
 And in a dream as in a fairy bark
 Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
 To rosy daybreak, — little thought we pay
 To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
 We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
 So high in heaven no human eye may mark
 The sharp swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
 Till we awake, ill fate can do no ill,
 The resting heart shall not take up again
 The heavy load that yet must make it bleed:
 For this brief space, the loud world's voice is still,
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
 How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

T. B. Aldrich.

NATIONAL SELF-PROTECTION.

THE doctrine of protection to home industry, no matter by what means, grows directly and inevitably from the idea of nationality.

The nation exists of itself and for itself, not by the grace or for the benefit of any beyond its boundaries.

Although nations may agree between themselves to unite their efforts permanently for certain purposes, such as the suppression of piracy, and though some of them may from time to time form temporary alliances for specific objects, these arrangements are always based upon the advantage to be derived by each contracting party. No voluntary and gratuitous bestowal or surrender of an advantage is for a moment thought of, and when a pretense is made of a so-called nobler motive, it may safely be assumed to cover schemes that would not bear the light.

It cannot be seriously disputed that this exclusive property of each nation in itself, this assiduous caring by each for its own special weal, and this watchful, semi-antagonistic attitude of each towards its neighbors, have the same beneficial effect upon each that comes to individuals from each person being perfectly convinced that his fate depends upon his own exertion of his faculties; that his task is to till his own field and mind his own family and business, being well assured that he and his, and not others, shall reap the harvest and enjoy the fruits of diligence and thrift.

Rivalry, perhaps without enmity, and antagonism, perhaps without animosity, constantly animate the nations in their attitudes toward each other; each standing ready to win from another wealth, population, or territory which the other may be unable to retain.

The old-fashioned way of gaining population from a neighboring country by invading it and carrying off its inhabitants as slaves is no longer practiced in Europe, and the acquisition of terri-

tory by similar means is perhaps not so frequent as it once was, but the newer style of aggrandizement by winning the wealth of a neighbor through industrial assaults and trade invasions is now in the fullest activity.

In this modern and highly civilized style of warfare, improved machinery takes the place of improved artillery; the enemy's forces — his industrial population — are driven from their guns by missiles of textiles and metal wares, and are destroyed in their homes by starvation rather than by bullets in the field.

It is clear that the patriotism which can sleep through this industrial warfare and suffer this trade spoliation, and can only be roused into activity by the danger and passion of flagrant war, which can vote the public money to maintain rarely used armies, navies, and forts, but cannot give the slightest aid or comfort to the real and constant defenders of its country's independence, — its industrial soldiers, — is a patriotism belonging to periods long gone by, and is of little more present use than a bow and arrow. The spirit of loyalty is forever the same, but it must now learn to promote its country's welfare by the arts of peace, pursuing its ancient and honorable aim by the new methods.

One branch, or perhaps the main trunk, of the controversy between free trade and protection begins here, for some moralists count this peaceful patriotism as of doubtful propriety, it being in their opinion not consonant with the spirit of universal philanthropy which ought to rule in Christendom. But against this view stands the patent fact that no less in peace than in war all mankind have knit themselves into nations, and have found self-preservation as necessary for nations as for individuals. Any community holding slipshod ideas on this point dissolves, and perishes as a body, from incompetence to survive.

Doubtless the most important peaceful

means by which a modern nation protects itself is that of tariff legislation. By tariff laws, which exact in advance from the foreign producer or his merchant a part of the price to be paid for his goods in the protected country, the native producers and their factories are sheltered at their work somewhat as are the crew, engines, and armament of a modern war vessel by its armor.

Without looking deeply into the history of tariff laws, we find that import duties were levied for revenue by Greeks and Romans, and that in the Middle Ages, when Europe was split into countless petty jurisdictions the same rudeness marked the tariffs of its different parts as characterized their other legislation, the transportation of merchandise being thereby grievously harassed. It was subject not merely to a single payment of uniform, regular, and publicly declared duties on passing the frontier from one great nation to another, but capricious and complicated charges were made even in passing from one province to another of the same kingdom.

The abolition of all those internal transit duties and complications, and the substitution for them of a single clear law governing a whole great empire, — "the removal of all custom-houses to the frontier," as was done for France by Colbert, in the reign of Louis XIV., — was a gain for the solidity of states and for humanity which at this period can with difficulty be appreciated.

The latest and one of the most beneficent instances of the removal of such internal tariffs is the formation in Germany of the Zollverein, or Customs-union,¹ by the numerous states which now compose the German empire. Upon this point, as on so many others, the United States started where older nations arrived after long efforts; that is, with perfect free trade between all parts of the great nation, and an absolute cordon of separation from all other nations around its entire frontier, in respect to tariff laws as to all other laws.

It must be observed that only when the common interests of contiguous regions so prevail over their differences as to draw them into political unity, with a common treasury and boundary, may the customs frontier between them be abrogated.

The provinces of old France were at least semi-independent states, and the abolition of their inter-provincial tariffs was merely an incident of their coalescing into a compact nation. The Zollverein was but the precursor of a union of states even more independent, now composing the German empire.

Tariffs for entire kingdoms or empires having been thus generally established, each nation has experimented upon revenue tariffs and protective tariffs as the good pleasure or policy of its rulers from time to time dictated; England especially, after having acquired the Protestant industrial refugees of France and Flanders, who brought with them so many valuable arts, having been perhaps more ferociously protective than any other country until about a generation ago. A temporary superiority over all other nations in its resources of coal and iron and in the development of its skilled labor then induced its rulers, the manufacturing and trading classes, to make its tariffs much less restrictive, while yet kept in exactly the condition deemed most advantageous to England (for England at this moment draws a considerable part of her national revenue from import duties upon our tobacco and whiskey), they hoping to tempt other and less developed nations to follow by removing their tariffs upon British manufactures.

The system of regulating the commerce and influencing the industry of a nation by import duties, while at the same time replenishing its treasury, has grown up by slow degrees to such completeness as we now find, and covers each nation as the skin covers an animal; it is an integral part of the plan of government in every country that is even slightly raised above barbarism;² to

¹ See Professor Thompson's *Social Science and National Economy*, pages 337-341, for an account of the Zollverein.

² The most recent testimony that I find as to the universality of the protective system is that of George T. Clark, for twenty years an ironmaster in

abandon it would be not merely to renounce an important part of the public revenue, but also to leave to chance, or rather to the mercy of rivals and enemies, the maintenance of industries necessary to independence. It would at the same time be an abandonment, by any nation not already at the head, of all attempt to reach equality with other nations in the difficult but lucrative and constantly advancing arts of modern civilization.

After all the grievous toils and varied experience of many countries in their struggles to attain industrial independence and to share in modern progress, it would hardly be necessary to reiterate the story of those which fail and those which succeed, if the one way to success and the principal way to failure were not persistently misrepresented by a clique of false teachers, as clamorous, as regardless of facts, and as illogical as the crowds of sophists whose wordy disputations marked the decadence of Grecian supremacy.

What are their claims? I understand them to be —

1. That, in regard to free interchange of commodities, man has certain natural rights, and that no interference should be tolerated by the individual who wishes to exchange anything he has for anything that another possesses and is willing to give for it.

2. That this inherent right is the same between individuals of different nations as between those of the same nation; that hence no restrictions or impositions should be laid upon international exchanges.

3. That, by the removal of all barriers to trade, a world-wide and open competition is established, by means of which each country and region finally succeeds in defeating all others in the production of certain commodities, by the exchange of which for the similarly

cheapest productions of other regions, universal and cheap plenty of all desiderata is to be attained.

4. That full compliance by all mankind with these rules would result, as obedience to divine law must, in the greater happiness of all mankind; that all nations and individuals so believing should, therefore, strive by all means to cause other nations to adopt the system of free exchanges.

Descending from these lofty and world-wide considerations, the free traders further contend that —

5. The nation which undertakes to collect revenue by duties upon imported goods takes the most costly and absurd method of taxing its people, out of whose pockets all that revenue comes.

6. In charging import duty upon foreign products, especially manufactures, the government is paying bounties from the treasury to those natives who are engaged in producing similar commodities, since the amount charged as duty is invariably added by the native to what would otherwise be his price.

7. Thus the government actually takes money out of the pocket of one of its citizens and puts it into the pocket of another; confiscates one citizen's property for the benefit of another.

8. The result is to foster at the public cost industries not suited to the mineral, vegetable, or climatic resources of the country; and to force consumers to pay perpetually to the producers of such articles higher prices than they otherwise would have to pay, and that mostly for inferior goods.

9. The agricultural class is the one principally aggrieved, since its products are usually unprotected, while it must consume protected goods.

10. The laboring classes in general, even those employed in the protected manufactures, are plundered by import duties, since by import duties prices of

South Wales. In an article in the *London Economist* of March 13, 1875, lamenting the condition of the English iron trade, he says: —

"Unfortunately, foreign countries are all at this time far behind England in their appreciation of the benefits of free trade. To it almost all foreign nations are, at the least, indifferent, and all for-

ign governments, whether monarchical or democratic, are opposed."

At the last meeting of the Cobden Club, the chairman, Right Hon. W. R. Baxter, remarked, "My friend, Mr. Potter, said that this Cobden Club was the nucleus of free-trade sentiment all over the world. Gentlemen, there is no other nucleus."

all commodities and necessities of life are raised, so that the laborer's wages, even if nominally higher, will not buy so many necessities and comforts as the wages of similar laborers in free-trade countries.

11. General stagnation, destruction of industry, corruption of morals, and ruin must end the scene in all protected countries, while free-trade countries must attain high prosperity.

So far as space will permit, I shall now pass in review these several points, referring to them by the above numbers.

1. "I assume that there are such rights as are called natural, and that these are the inalienable conditions under which individuals take part in social life. No one questions the natural right of free exchange."¹ The right to property being itself conventional, a product of society and by no means inherent, since possession in the savage state is limited by the power of forcible holding against all comers, it is idle to talk of such an attribute of property as the right of free exchange, belonging inherently and unconditionally to its owner.

Society has indeed allowed and guarantees the exclusive possession of property by an owner, but that exclusive possession has always been accompanied by just such conditions as the community thought expedient to impose; the exclusive possession as well as the conditions being justified in the last resort not by the convenience of the individual, but by the good of the community.

Taxes form one of these conditions which all are familiar with, and these have been imposed not only on the property once for all, as in excise, but very frequently upon sale or conveyance of property, as by stamps, license, or otherwise.

Instead of the right of free exchange being an inherent right or necessary adjunct to the right of property, it would be much more nearly correct to say that an inherent quality of all property is its liability to taxation, and even more so when in the act of being exchanged than when reposing in a settled ownership.

¹ Professor Thorold Rogers.

Freedom of exchange exists, then, to just such degree as the state ordains. Some exchanges or sales it absolutely prohibits as injurious to the community; others it strictly limits, others it taxes, others it freely permits. All is conventional and by virtue of law, not by natural right.

2. If exchanges between fellow-citizens are conditional and subject to law, it will hardly be contended that those between citizens of different nations are less so. Right of property being limited, and subject to the lien of the state, the exchange or sale of that property to foreigners may be absolutely prohibited by the state, and this has, in fact, frequently been done. Many states forbid the holding of real estate by foreigners, and many have at one time or another prohibited the export of certain sorts of personal property, such as coin or labor-saving machinery. Thus England formerly prohibited the exportation of sheep, under penalty for the first offense, by the Statute of 8th Elizabeth, c. 3, of forfeiture of goods, imprisonment, and cutting off the offender's left hand. France has so lately as March, 1875, prohibited the export of horses, because Germany wishes to buy them, and would pay satisfactory prices to French owners. Many other states impose an export duty on certain sorts of property: *e. g.*, Brazil levies such a duty on coffee, and Spain on sugar and cigars.

These are cases of preventing or burdening the sale of property to foreigners. Familiar instances of limiting the power of acquiring property from foreigners are afforded not only by the general practice of imposing import duties, but by actual prohibition when public policy seems to require it, as in the case of obscene publications. A recent instance of prohibiting importations is given in the newspapers of March 12, 1875, its object being to prevent, if possible, the introduction of the potato-bug into Europe:—

"The Secretary of the Treasury is advised through the Department of State of the adoption by the Federal Council of the German Empire of an ordinance

prohibiting the importation of potatoes from the United States into Germany."

France, Spain, Russia, and other European countries have also prohibited the importation of American potatoes.

The existing French tariff, which is in many respects properly considered a model law, prohibits the importation of white sugar from foreign countries, tobacco for private account, both cast and wrought iron except specified sorts, fine glass and pottery, and numerous other articles, including all unenumerated chemical products.¹

However abstractly desirable it may seem to some minds that international exchanges of property should be unrestricted, such exchanges can surely not be claimed as an inherent right or as established by custom.

3. "Every individual will be richer and happier, when each portion of the globe devotes itself to the creation of those products for which it has the greatest natural facilities." ² What the capacities of any country are is nowhere fully known, since all are in transition, — some developing and advancing, some positively or relatively retrograding.

One of the most important factors in the capabilities of a country, and one which some minds appear unable to appreciate, is the character of its inhabitants. While they remain spirited and intelligent their country does not reach its limit of achievement, or become doomed to industrial and financial subjugation. They refuse to accept their country's present condition as a finality, but holding fast to that which is good they move onward.

Because France was once dependent upon the tropics for sugar, should she have accepted, as one of the ultimate

facts, that nature had imposed upon her this dependence by making her soil and climate what they are? Or did her ingenious people act wisely by finding a way through toil and self-denial to a splendid independence of sources controlled at the time by her antagonist, England? Because America once produced no cotton, should she have rested content never to produce it, but have gone on winning a few muslins indirectly and at great cost, through the export of wheat and tobacco to England? Because Bessemer steel was first made successfully in Europe and the difficulties of producing it in the United States were great, should this country, though urgently needing steel rails, have refrained from attempting to make them; and should Illinois have gone on paying to England three hundred bushels of wheat for a ton of them, which she can now buy within her own borders for one hundred bushels?

It is curious to note that the philosophers who pretend to embrace the world in their far-seeing theories can never extend their vision beyond the price-current of to-day.

A small, weak, or timid nation yields to foreigners in such matters, and patiently buys from them at high prices such meagre supplies as it can afford. A great nation, aiming to be self-centred and independent, carefully examines its own resources and develops them through struggle and sacrifice if necessary, undeterred by the obstacles raised by those foreigners whose profits are threatened.

The claim by another country of possessing superior fitness to conduct a lucrative business is no doubt a legitimate trade device to suppress rivalry,

allowed to take back the goods was refused except on condition of first paying a duty of thirty-six per cent. Finally, as a favor, the goods were surrendered to me for sale in France, on my paying, in addition to thirty-six per cent. duty, a fine of four hundred francs.

France thus prohibits the entry of goods, no matter how innocent and useful, which her laws do not explicitly name as admissible, and punishes by confiscation the shipper and, by fine, the receiver of such goods.

² Wayland, p. 91.

¹ Those who believe the invectives which represent our tariff as unequaled in its enormity may be instructed by the following incident: —

Late in the year 1873, I sent to Paris a small invoice of nickel-ammonia sulphate. Shortly after, I heard that my customer had died, that the goods had been seized by the French government for violation of the customs laws, and that a fine of six hundred francs was levied upon the consignee, simply because that substance was not named in the French law; it was therefore not only prohibited but was confiscated. My application to be

though a shallow one; my own experience affords several instances of its unsoundness.

Fifteen years ago, when I was undertaking to introduce the manufacture of spelter, or metallic zinc, a French chemist kindly explained to me the impossibility of extracting zinc from the ore I had to deal with (the silicate); the New York agent of the largest foreign producer set before me, in the course of a very courteous visit, the great probability of my failure; even the American consumers were so persuaded thereof that they opposed the import duty, equal to the average of that on other imported goods, which seemed necessary to enable the new industry to survive.¹

When twelve years ago I undertook to establish here the manufacture of nickel, similar predictions of loss were made from similar quarters, and similar objections to import duty urged. One of my foreign rivals said to me, "You will sink a hundred thousand dollars and then you will give it up and sell us your matte" (concentrated ore). If I had been unable or unwilling to sink more than a single hundred thousand he would have been quite right.²

These two enterprises, as useful to the country as the capture of two frigates in time of war, both succeeded, and the industries are thoroughly naturalized. In each case, the protection of an average rate of import duty was denied or delayed for years, and until the battle was already won; but won, for lack of that protection, at a sacrifice of wearisome toil and of capital which it is not reasonable for a nation to exact as a condition of bringing needful industries into it.

When, eight years ago, an iron com-

pany in which I am a director thought of making Bessemer steel, we were deterred by the assertion of English experts that ores containing as much as .03 per cent. of phosphorus were unfit for that manufacture. Ores containing less phosphorus were not cheaply obtainable here, and we hesitated; but the average of nine analyses of highly approved English Bessemer rails, costing about one hundred and twenty dollars, gold, per ton, laid down in a railroad in front of our works, showed us nearly double that percentage of phosphorus, and we have since found English steel rails containing as much as .115 per cent. We determined to make our own experience, and are now selling steel rails better than the English at about sixty-five dollars, gold, per ton, though indeed without profit.

These instances could be corroborated by many others, illustrating how grossly short-sighted would be the national policy that would discourage a desirable industry, because it seemed at the moment difficult or unpromising of gain.³

Given the natural resources or conditions (and if not apparent they must be sought), the absolute condition of national prosperity is that the nation shall conquer as rapidly as possible from nature and from man whatever is needful to fortify and perfect itself.

The nation dependent upon others is never certain of being able to satisfy its wants, for it cannot always, even by the power of money, control the action of those nations from whom its supplies are drawn.

England was grievously tried when its cotton receipts were diminished during our civil war, and it finds even yet no escape from the false position of having

benefit of a Pennsylvanian. The very important German-silver industry of this country, which was at first almost hostile, would for several years past have been unable to procure an adequate supply of nickel but for the existence of my works, which have during that time supplied our German-silver manufactories at as low an average price as has been paid by their rivals in England or on the Continent.

³ See Bentham's letter to Adam Smith on Projects in Arts, for a defense of projectors.

¹ See American Journal of Science and Art, 1871, cli. p. 168.

² It is a curious incident that Germany, which gives its name to the principal alloy of nickel, and whose miners and chemists first discovered and investigated it, is now paying for nickel, to make its coins, nearly double the price paid by the United States for its coin nickel, which was mainly purchased during the period when my establishment was fighting with foreigners for its life, and when free traders in Congress were fond of asserting or insinuating that the mint was being bled for the

engaged so large a fraction of its population in the business of cotton manufacture, which is so greatly at the mercy of foreign accident or policy.

At this moment the United States are in the precarious position of requiring from abroad ninety-two million dollars' worth annually of sugar and molasses, all of which might be produced at home with the greatest advantage to our agriculture as well as to our balance of trade. To naturalize the beet-sugar culture seems indeed to be the most important achievement now demanded of us.

Turning from the consideration of those first products which are sometimes called raw materials to that of manufactured goods, it is first to be observed that each live population has its own tastes and requirements, which are sure to be better satisfied by its own manufacturers than by foreigners, who cannot so accurately or promptly know what is wanted. When a nation sinks to accepting its tastes from abroad, of course the dictator of taste can probably best supply what is needed to gratify it, and can to a great extent be the dictator of price also. This is one great source of France's constant prosperity, for Colbert truly said that the fashions of France were worth to her as much as were the mines of Peru to Spain.

The combats between the industries of different countries which are approved by philanthropic free traders as the appointed means for determining the survival of the fittest are often of the most dreadful character.

The undefended artisans of India or of Turkey, engaged in a hopeless contest with the hurrying machinery and the mercantile facilities of England, were simply doomed to extermination; driven from their own occupation and unable to find another, they perished by myriads as certainly as a naked horde would under the artillery of a modern fort. The cunning brain and the nimble, dexterous fingers, which produced for many ages fabrics superior to any known elsewhere, went down in bitter defeat and ruin before the industrial weapons of Europe. Legislative interference to defend them while learning the new arts might have

saved their lives, and have saved to their countries the treasure which England henceforth drains away for her cheaper (if also inferior) goods; but such interference English policy was able to prevent; her trade philanthropy rules, and "order reigns in Warsaw."

But in these wars of conquest which England constantly wages, her own combatants also suffer, for the condition of her success is that her goods shall be cheapest; and when her antagonist has resources and courage, her industrial armies are made to endure the extreme of toil and penury. Particularly when assailing the fortress of a protected or partially protected country like the United States, must the assaulting army suffer, even though skillfully guided to attack the weakest points at the most favorable and unguarded moments. My readers are probably too familiar with the pictures of English pauperism to require a rehearsal of its horrors here; but they may profitably remember that it is for declining to compete with her, in experimenting how far the laboring classes may be degraded without extinction, that philanthropic England upbraids us.

The desperate strikes and the trades-unions of England are but the inevitable mutiny of human nature against insufferable oppression. That those methods of warfare against employers should have spread to this country is an instance of the propagation of evil like the spread of disease from a foul neighborhood to a cleanly one.

Again, the effort to make goods cheap — to undersell at all events — has been the fruitful source of degradation in quality, and of dishonest work. "Cheap and nasty" is an English phrase; "shoddy" is an English term, for England invented the tearing up of old rags to spin and weave into shoddy cloth; railroad iron made of mill-cinder is an English production; and, in short, the old English pride in solid good quality is in danger of disappearing from all branches of their industry.¹

¹ Carlyle says, writing to Sir J. Whitworth, in January, 1874, concerning the latter's intention to pay to his work-people a bonus in addition to wages :

Supposing, however, the war to have been fought out, and the industries to have been at last apportioned among the nations, each nation having been defeated upon certain points and having retained certain others, — this one not allowed to make clothing from its own cotton or wool, and that one not permitted to make railroads or ships from its own ores and forests, — would the prosperity and happiness of all be promoted? Would a saving of human labor result? Answer

1. The conquering country in these contests conquers not merely on one point, but on most or all, and takes for itself the most profitable industries, leaving only the ruder and less remunerative to the defeated, whose prosperity and aspirations for development naturally perish or are postponed. One overfed and many needy do not constitute a happy world.

Answer 2. Instead of a saving of human labor, a vast expenditure of quite unnecessary effort is required to carry back and forth the materials and products; as when America sends cotton and corn to England, taking back in payment a fraction of the product as cotton cloth, or when Australia sends thither wool, taking in payment a fraction in woollen cloth.

4. "Every means should be taken to circulate free-trade publications and promote free-trade measures in other countries."¹ Each nation and people has its own prosperity to look after, and has very little occasion or right to meddle in the affairs of others who know better what they want. To a Manchester philanthropist, with his moral pocket-handkerchiefs and his relentless extermination of the simple habits and industries of weaker people, — nay, consequently, of the people themselves, — this may be heretical doctrine. We will look, however, at the practical working of English interference to promote free

"A sadder subject than either that of the coal strike or any conceivable strike is the fact that, loosely speaking, all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and say only a hundred years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and to help them to do well. Now all En-

commercial intercourse in a few of its most conspicuous instances; and here, instead of affecting original research, I shall simply extract from the most recent repository of facts, namely, Prof. R. E. Thompson's *Social Science and National Economy*: —

INDIA. — By 1833 not a single piece of cloth was exported from India, and for the ruin inflicted on its artisans Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, could find "no parallel in the annals of commerce." English writers tell of "the enormous and undeniable falling off in the commercial activity of India; the decay of those flourishing marts with which the whole coast was once studded; . . . the contraction, and in great measure the ruin, of trade; the neglect of public works; the depreciation of agricultural produce;" which last "is observed to be a marked feature of our rule. . . . The numerous local markets created by the existence of the native princes," and by the wide existence of a class that had other means of subsistence than farming, "which, by serving as centres of money circulation, enhanced the value of produce on the spot, disappeared." "The trade of India is so trifling, as compared with its agriculture, that the trading classes, except the village bankers," or usurers, "form a very small item." (J. M. Ludlow.)

In fine, there is nothing left in India save an impoverished agriculture and a lifeless trade. The Hindoo cotton-grower produces the raw material to clothe his countrymen; but it reaches them by way of Calcutta and Manchester; the skill of his wonderful manufactures is being lost. (Page 323; see also pp. 321-329.)

Two European countries enjoy the unhappy distinction of illustrating the miseries inflicted upon nations industrially weaker when engaged in free competi-

gland, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers, awaken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub: Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slowness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake, amen!"

¹ Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, at the last Cobden Club dinner.

tion with those that are stronger. (Page 346.)

PORTUGAL. — In 1703, after the death of Ericeira, Portugal negotiated the Methuen Treaty with England, by which Portuguese wines were admitted into England at lower rates than those of France, and English goods into Portugal at the old rates of duty. The aristocracy, who were large wine-growers, were chiefly interested in the new arrangement. "Their own fabrics," says The British Merchantman, "were perfectly ruined, and we exported one hundred thousand pounds' value in the single article of cloths the very year after the treaty. The court was pestered with remonstrances from their manufacturers; . . . but the thing was passed, the treaty was ratified, and all their looms were ruined." One of the first effects was such a drain of silver from Portugal that "there was left very little for their necessary occasions," and this was followed by a drain of gold. Exchange stood at fifteen per cent. against Portugal, and her export of coin to England rose to fifteen hundred thousand pounds a year. Goods were not paid for in goods, as free traders allege.

Her people were reduced to the monotony of a single occupation; the amount of their productive labor was vastly diminished; their power of association and mutual helpfulness was destroyed. (Page 346.)

Nor has England gained as much as Portugal has lost; the country is too poor to be a good customer. The Portuguese demand for English goods is now of no importance, and has no effect on the English market. The country is a sucked orange, a thing to be got rid of, — "a burden and a curse to England," Mr. Cobden says. (Page 348.)

TURKEY. — Turkey, Mr. Cobden thinks, is also "a burden and a curse" to the commercially powerful nation with which she has long enjoyed free trade. Turkey was once a burden to nobody; was one of the chief commercial nations of the world. "Greece and Asia Minor furnished us with their manufactured products, together with those of India,

long after their conquest by the Turks, and up to the period when the industry of Europe reached its development. Today their manufactures have all but disappeared, and those unhappy countries have nothing but farm products." (Constant.) (Page 348.)

"Trade degenerated into peddlery, enterprise into swindling, banking into usury, policy into intrigue; lands untilled, forests wasted, mineral treasures unexplored, roads, harbors, bridges, every class of public works utterly neglected and falling into ruin; pastoral life with nothing of the Abel about it, agriculture that Cain himself and metallurgy that his workman-son might have been ashamed of; in public life, universal venality and corruption; in social life, ignorance and bigotry; and in private life, immorality of every kind: not 'something' but everything 'rotten in the state of' Turkey. Such is the picture" drawn by Dr. Lennep. (Page 350; see pp. 348-353.)

The majority of modern wars have been undertaken, not for national honor or pride, but for the sake of trade, — "the fair, white-winged peace-maker." The communities most at war with the rest of the world have generally been those in which the spirit of trade predominated — Tyre, Carthage, Venice, England, etc. A great English military historian and general, Sir W. Napier, lays it down as a rule that the traders have begun the wars and the soldiers have ended them. (Page 240.)

With such results before us, "the interference theory of government," by which I mean the interference of trade propagandists of one nation in the commercial policy of other nations, can hardly be defended, and they surely afford no indication of the near approach of that millennium promised by the free traders as the consequence of their doctrines. Instead of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, free trade produces but too certainly the ruin of multitudes for the gain of a few — those few happening to be the Manchester prophets of the universal brotherhood of man.

5. The chief part of the revenue collected for import duties comes from the pockets of foreigners and not from citizens. To that extent it is a clear gain to the nation collecting it, as if it were fished out of the sea at merely the cost of collection. Indeed, it is more than this, for, while the rival is thus forced to pay tribute, he is at the same time deterred from throwing in so great a quantity of his goods, disturbing home labor, and drawing away so much money as he otherwise would.

The collateral convenience, that no individual is obliged to pay the impost who chooses to abstain from using the goods, belongs equally to that class of internal revenue known as excise, and need not be dwelt upon here. To the extent that the import duty is paid by citizens, it closely resembles excise.

This branch of the subject, though much insisted on by some writers, seems to call for no further consideration, since it is obvious enough that, if the foreigner pays the duty by receiving for his goods after payment of duty no more than he would have got if no duty were exacted, he contributes the whole amount of the duty to support his customer's government, and a more satisfactory way of replenishing the treasury could hardly be imagined.

6, 7, and 8. Who pays the duty? Dr. Wayland says (Political Economy, page 392): "A tax, or as it is called a duty, is laid by this country on various goods imported from abroad immediately on their arrival. This duty is paid by the merchant who receives them; and he adds this duty to the cost of the goods when he sells them to the next purchaser. Thus the price of the product is raised, by this amount, when it comes into the hands of the consumer. If broadcloth pay a duty of two dollars a yard, he who buys a yard of broadcloth pays two dollars a yard more for it than he would pay if there were no duty to be paid. If coal be taxed two dollars a ton, as it is at present, every consumer of foreign coal pays two dollars a ton more than he would pay if no such tax were exacted. The effect of this tax is also to keep the

price of all other coal two dollars a ton higher than it would otherwise be."

x being the value of a certain quantity of foreign goods in New York free of duty, and the duty being fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, then to find the selling price of the goods, $x + \frac{x}{2} = 1\frac{1}{2}x$; but y represents a similar quantity and quality of domestic goods; then to find the selling price of those goods, as $y = x$, $y + \frac{x}{2} = 1\frac{1}{2}x$.

This charming little equation would be quite free from blemish if men would only consent to be as fixed and rigid as x and y . But they are operated on by factors unknown to algebra, and shift about under change of circumstance with a freedom and an elasticity that are bewildering to the pedagogical mind.

Much of the practical gist of the whole question lies, however, just here; for though it is undoubtedly true that the government may for public benefit bestow upon one class of men the money drawn by direct taxation from another class, or from all, as in the familiar case of maintaining armies and civil officers; and though some of the tasks demanded for the more perfect security or development of the state may be so difficult and unremunerative that bounties may be offered with perfect propriety to those citizens who, although not in the employment of the state, will undertake them, as in the case of rewards for killing dangerous animals; and though even J. Stuart Mill says, concerning the introduction of new manufactures, "A protective duty, continued a reasonable time, will sometimes be the least inconvenient mode in which a country can tax itself for the support of an experiment;" and though it is also true that, when import duties are levied upon foreign goods, every citizen is free to engage in the production at home of similar goods, — thus passing at pleasure out of the class whose property is confiscated into the class receiving the benefit of the confiscation, — and many are sure to do so if more than the average reward for labor is probable: yet a natural feeling of uneasiness under taxation cannot fail to be aroused, if a citizen find himself obliged to pay permanently to his neighbor a

higher price than the same commodity could be got for from the foreigner.

"The duty collected on imported goods," says the free trader, "is added to the price which the consumer would otherwise pay for those goods. Also all domestic goods of similar nature are to the same extent charged dearer to the consumer. The nation pays to the

producers of those domestic goods a bounty equal to the rate of import duty reckoned upon the entire mass of the domestic goods."

Mr. Burchard, of Illinois, working upon these axioms, figures up a list of articles with the bounty paid to each person engaged in producing them, from which I extract.

TARIFF PENSIONS.

Articles.	Value of Domestic Production, 1870.	Duty per cent.	Increased Cost.	Persons Employed.	Ann. Bounty per capita.
Cotton goods . .	\$165,000,000	40	\$51,241,000	171,000	\$300
Silk	90,000,000	60	11,250,000	16,000	703
Woolen	176,000,000	69	50,286,000	120,000	419

If the absurdity of this position is not apparent upon the mere inspection of it in this form, it will become apparent

when other articles are inserted in place of those selected by Mr. Burchard, namely:—

Articles.	Domestic Production.	Duty.	Increased Cost.	Persons Employed.	Ann. Bounty per capita.
Crude petroleum, gallons	181,263,505	20 cts. per gall.	\$36,252,701	4,487	\$8,079
Oats, bushels	282,107,157	10 cts. per bus.	28,210,715	150,000 ¹	188
Potatoes, bushels	143,337,473	15 cts. per bus.	21,500,620	150,000 ¹	143

No idiot has ever imagined that these duties produce the slightest effect upon the market prices of our enormous products of these articles.

Crude petroleum, for instance, frequently sells at three cents to five cents per gallon; yet Wayland, trained to know that the greater contains the less, here makes the less contain the greater, for somehow that price of three to five cents must include the twenty cents per gallon import duty.

Oats and potatoes come to us from Canada, but her people know perfectly well that the whole of the duty upon these articles, as upon all of her products sent to this country for sale, comes out of their pockets, and they want a reciprocity treaty to relieve them of that contribution to our treasury.

But take merchandise of another class—say Bessemer steel rails, as they have

been particularly discussed in this regard.

Mr. Marshall, of Illinois, in his speech of June 6, 1870, upon the then pending tariff bill, says, "But the great outrage of this bill is in the proposed duty on steel rails." After rehearsing the great advantages of steel rails over iron in safety and durability, he proceeds: "Legislation interposes to deprive us of these benefits. . . . If government would withhold its interference, and the laws of trade were left free to operate, we would have this fine Bessemer steel rail for all our new roads. . . . The present duty on steel rails is forty-five per cent. ad valorem. . . . The bill before us, instead of reducing or abolishing this duty, actually proposes to increase it to \$33.60 in gold per ton, increasing the cost thereof of course to that amount, . . . a robbery, Mr. Speaker, of such gigantic

¹ As about six million persons are reported by the census of 1870 to be engaged in farming, it may be nearly fair to estimate one twentieth as engaged

in raising oats and potatoes—or say the full time of one hundred and fifty thousand persons at each crop.

proportions that it is amazing that any one would dare to champion it."

Mr. Marshall I believe to be an honest man, but he quotes Mr. Wells in this speech, and had apparently been misguided. Against his invective I will set an extract from the Report of the Secretary of the Iron and Steel Association for 1871. He speaks of the huge profits derived by English railroad iron makers from increased prices charged to our railroads, after breaking down our rolling-mills by forcing down the market in periods of low tariff, and continues (pp. 9 and 10):—

"A more recent illustration of the principle in question is found in the history of the production and prices of steel rails. In 1864, just before the completion of the first Bessemer steel works in this country, the price of English steel rails in New York and Philadelphia was one hundred and sixty-two dollars in gold. In 1865 two works were in operation here, and foreign rails were lowered to one hundred and twenty dollars. Two years later, in 1867, a third works started, and two or three new companies were organized to further extend the manufacture, and foreign rails fell to one hundred and ten dollars, gold, per ton. In 1869 the capacity of our works was equal to the American demand, nearly five million dollars had been invested in the business, and foreign rails were put down to eighty dollars, gold, per ton. At that price they could not be made here, and the business was threatened with destruction. Ninety-five intelligent consumers of steel rails, alarmed at the prospect of being placed at the mercy of foreign makers, appealed to Congress to save our manufacturers by increasing the duty on imported rails. This was done, our works responded with renewed vigor to the increasing home demand, the price rose to a point at which a moderate profit could be made (about one hundred and five dollars per ton), and has since fluctuated but little. There can scarcely be a doubt that, had Congress not acted promptly in the premises, our works would have been closed, the capital invested in them sunk,

their skilled labor driven into some other occupation, and the business so disorganized that, before resumption of operations could have taken place, American consumers would have suffered as severely as in the two instances previously given."

To this I need only add that maintenance of the duty at one and one fourth cents per pound caused still other Bessemer works to be erected in this country, including two in Mr. Marshall's own State of Illinois, and all the blessings of abundant and cheap steel rails, which he wrongly imagined were to come through free trade, have come from the opposite policy of protection; for the best steel rails are now selling at seventy-five dollars, currency, or about sixty-five dollars, gold, per ton, a lower price than that of iron rails two years ago, but little higher than steel rails could be landed here now from England duty free, and doubtless twenty-five dollars per ton lower than they could be had duty free if our works had not by protection been called into existence.

It cannot be doubted that the foreigner pays the duty in this case and in all similar cases.

The writer of *What to do with the Surplus*, in *The Atlantic* for January, 1870, wished to abolish the duty on pig iron, because it was a tax "to secure higher profits to the manufacturers by restricting the amount available for consumption within the country to the capacity of Pennsylvania and a few other scattered furnaces," and because it prevented this country from building iron bridges and iron ships.

He spoke too soon; henceforth he should prophesy only after the fact.

Encouraged by the duty, ironmasters improved their furnaces and built others in not one but a dozen States, in consequence of which there is now a surplus production, and pig iron is cheap enough to please the most fastidious, and to make us expect that other wail of the "still vexed" free traders, "You have diverted the industry of the country from its proper channels into something unremunerative."

Iron bridges are now made in this country so cheaply as well as abundantly that our builders take contracts for erecting them in Canada, and iron ship-building has become in Pennsylvania an established industry, producing vessels which according to the highest European authority are superior to the best English vessels, and compete successfully under our own flag with the most firmly established English lines.

The beet sugar manufacture of France is another most conspicuous instance of the cheapening of a product at home by import duties upon its foreign rival, but the story is so hackneyed that I hesitate to repeat it here. It is, in fact, less an illustration of the question of "Who pays the duty?" than an example of the legitimate final result of a steady protective policy, namely, complete independence of foreigners for an article of prime necessity, while the entire cost of it is saved to the nation, and profitable employment of the most permanent kind is given to a large fraction of the people in thus supplying their own want. In brief, foreign sugars were from 1816 to 1833 subjected to duties of five to eight cents per pound, from 1833 to 1840 to duties of two and one half to five and three fourths cents per pound, and then from 1840 to 1860 to duties of one to three and one half cents per pound. In April, 1866, the *price* of beet sugar in France was four and three fourths cents per pound, though from being protected it had passed into the condition of being heavily taxed, and of being, in fact, one of the principal sources of internal reve-

nue.¹ An excess over home consumption being now produced in France, Belgium, and Holland, those countries pay export bounties upon it, and it is exported in great quantities to England, competing there with tropical sugar so vigorously as to cause most serious alarm to the English refiners of colonial sugars, a deputation of whom lately declared, in an interview with Lord Derby, that the "enormous increase" in the sugar-producing power of France "would, if it continued, swamp the West Indies."

The real effect of import duty on prices is about this:—

In the case of articles produced only abroad, the duty is usually but not always added to the price, for when there is no supply except through the custom-house, either the duty must be paid, or the article be dispensed with. Now the fear of this latter event often causes the foreigner to pay the whole or a part of the duty by abating his price.

For instance, while coffee was subject to import duty here, the price in Brazil was decidedly lower than when that duty was abolished, the Brazilians having apparently preferred to abate their price rather than have their market curtailed by a higher price here. In 1870, when our import duty upon coffee was five cents per pound, the price of coffee at Rio was nine cents per pound, and our importations from Brazil only were 224,235,000 pounds; in 1874, our import duty having been meantime abolished, the price at Rio was twenty cents per pound, and our importations were 199,073,280 pounds.²

sive, with the total value thereof, and the average price per pound in the countries of their production:—

¹ See E. B. Grant on Beet Sugar.

² The following table exhibits the annual imports of coffee and tea from 1871 to 1874, inclu-

Statement of Imports of Tea and Coffee during the four fiscal years (ended June 30) 1871 to 1874, inclusive

Fiscal Years ended June 30.	Coffee.		Average Cost per Pound at Place of Shipment.	Tea.		Average Cost per Pound at Place of Shipment
	Pounds.	Aggregate Cost at Place of Shipment.		Pounds.	Aggregate Cost at Place of Shipment.	
1871	317,992,048	\$30,992,869	9.74 cents.	51,364,919	\$17,254,617	33.60 cents
1872	298,805,946	37,942,225	12.69 "	63,811,008	22,943,575	36.00 "
1873	293,297,271	44,109,671	15.00 "	64,815,136	24,466,170	37.74 "
1874	285,171,512	55,048,967	19.34 "	55,811,605	21,112,234	37.82 "

In the case of articles produced both at home and abroad, home competition, which is at first made possible by the duty preventing foreigners from crushing it in the bud through temporary lowering of prices,¹ or even by its causing an absolutely higher price, soon forces the foreigner to abate his price or totally lose his market. Later, it constantly obliges the foreigner to accept, not what he would wish to charge, but what the home producer is willing or able to sell at. Finally, in many cases, after quite driving the foreigner out of the field, domestic establishments competing among themselves force prices down to a lower point than foreigners could deliver at free of duty, even though they too have meantime improved and cheapened their processes. This result has almost been attained, as has been said, in the case of Bessemer steel rails, and has been fully attained in the case of divers other articles.

Why then in such cases do American producers desire the retention of the duty? I might say, For the same reason that makes a man prefer to keep his house-roof sound even in fair weather, but will rather say, —

First: In order that they may not in times of storm see their prosperity destroyed by vicissitudes growing out of the policy or accidents of other nations; nor would the public interest brook their being so destroyed.

Second: In order that, having assurance of a certain measure of defense from foreign assaults, they may confidently enlarge their operations, and by means of those larger operations derive adequate profits even at lower prices. It is notorious that most of the gains of successful manufacturers go into extensions and improvements of their mills

and factories, by which they afterwards serve the public cheaper.

My limits forbid the further prosecution of this interesting branch of the subject. It has been treated at some length by John L. Hayes, in his *Protection a Boon to Consumers*, but it should be taken up afresh, and elaborated by the light of recent facts.

9. A purely agricultural nation can hardly exist at the present day, and those nations which most nearly approach that character are the most miserable. Our own Southern States were held as nearly as possible in this condition under the slave *régime*, and fell so far behind the current of the age that many years must pass before they can come up to the front. Of the plight of Turkey and India, after the extinction of their manufactures, enough has been said, and we all know the story of Ireland's wretchedness since the deliberate destruction by England of her manufactures;² let us rather look at Egypt, that ancient granary of the world, and at present almost a purely agricultural country.

How she fares in this modern era of commercial and industrial strife is well shown in the following abstracts from a valuable paper by Alexander Delmar, communicated to the American Philosophical Society, October 2, 1874: —

"The dominion of man over nature is so feeble in that country, that immense tracts of once fertile land are now abandoned for want of power to command the needful means to hold them in cultivation. 'One half the Delta is said to be uncultivated.' 'Part of the lower territory, now being reclaimed by the Suez Canal Company, was known in ancient times as the fruitful land of Goshen.' Though the area of Egypt is

This record of foreign prices for coffee tends strongly to the conclusion, making due allowance for the effect of short crops on prices, that the duty repealed by the act of 1872 was added to the selling price abroad, with no advantage to consumers here, while the country, as a whole, has paid more than before for the entire stock. The repeal of the duty on tea caused little or no reduction of prices to consumers here, but an increase of prices abroad. (Report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1874.)

¹ In a preamble and joint resolution relative to the plate glass industry of New Albany, Indiana, which was passed by the Legislature of Indiana, February 23, 1875, occurs the following: "And whereas, the foreign manufacturers of polished plate glass have united, and publicly say, *We have had a long and profitable trade in America; we can afford, and will sell polished plate glass for years at a loss rather than yield this trade to American manufacturers.*"

² For Ireland, see Thompson, pp. 309-321.

nearly five hundred and ninety - three million acres, and its population but 8,442,000, the *cultivated* land is but nine tenths of an acre *per capita*, which is but one half the ratio in Great Britain, one fourth that of France, and one twelfth that of the United States.

"The misery of the inhabitants may be partly inferred from this, when it is further remembered that the product per acre is less in Egypt than in the other countries named, and that of the product a much smaller proportion is consumed by its cultivators. So little are the field laborers able to defend themselves, and so fixed is the Khédive's fondness for foreign trade, that they are obliged to cultivate such crops as he considers best for export, looking to his own interest as chief land-owner and tax-recipient.

"Wages in 1873 were for —

Field laborers	per diem, 7 to 15 cts.
Unskilled laborers in salt works or factories	" 15 to 40 cts.
Mechanics, namely, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc.	" 60 to 100 cts.

"While in the United States fifteen persons out of one hundred produce abundant food for all, in Egypt at least three times as many are needed to produce a vastly inferior supply.

"The peasant has usually nothing but dates and *dourra* for food. His 'home is far less comfortable than that of some wild animals, for instance, the beaver. It is of the same character as the latter — a mud hut — and teems with vermin. Great numbers of the people live in the ancient tombs, with darkness and the bats. The dress of the people (about the frontier between Egypt proper and Nubia) consists of a piece of leather about six inches wide, cut in strings and tied about their loins.' 'The rate of interest ranges between ten per cent. on the most desirable government securities to sixty and even one hundred per cent. on fair commercial risks.' When the peasantry get any coin they usually bury it.

"The most antiquated tools are used; the crops, in spite of the Nile mud, are

but meagre; wheat, for instance, eleven and one fourth bushels per acre, and other things in proportion. The total export of wheat has seldom been as much as five million bushels, mainly, of course, to England.

"Yet the population has great natural aptitude. The young Arabs are of quick intellect, and easily learn. 'They show considerable dexterity.' 'The young Egyptians show great skill, and often surpass their masters in cleverness.' "

This doleful picture is of a country once among the proudest of the world, and of a people whose ancestors were conquerors of many nations; but they are destitute of the machinery of modern civilization and industrial warfare. The few factories in the land belong to the Khédive, and no opportunity exists for the people to attempt industrial advancement.

The inhabitants of our prairie-land Egypt, more fertile than its prototype, and almost as destitute of manufactures, should ponder upon these results. They are, fortunately for themselves, politically wedded to the manufacturers of New England and the Middle States, who stand between them and England, and are better customers for their grain and better purveyors of wares and textiles; being so by virtue of that protective policy against which our Egyptians chafe. Without such defense, how many generations would elapse before British philanthropists had taken out of the land everything worth having? And how could the dwellers on those rich plains, unsupported by the metals, the manufactures, and the arts of their compatriots, resist any form of subjection or indignity which foreigners might choose to impose upon them?

That foreign traders should seek to seduce those regions from their fidelity may be comprehensible, but what shall we say of the domestic treason which tries to delude the Western farmers into believing that their real friend and ally is the English manufacturer, and their real enemy the Massachusetts mill-owner or the Pennsylvania ironmaster?¹

¹ It is remarkable that while the Pennsylvania pig-iron monopolist has always aided in the west-

ward and southward march of the iron industry, rejoicing in the success of a varied industry in any

Hog and hominy may be plenty, but it is written that "man shall not live by bread alone," and the mere food producer, unaided by those who can satisfy his other cravings, sinks into meanness as well as penury. General Jackson, writing to Dr. Coleman, said, "Common sense points out at once the remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor and employ it in mechanism and manufactures, thereby creating a home market for your breadstuffs, and distributing labor to a most profitable account."

Having been myself a farm laborer for three years, and remembering well the long summer days, and the labor that goes to make a bushel of wheat, remembering also the feeling of mingled respect and envy with which I regarded the apparently easy lives and large profits of paper-mill owners and boiler-iron makers near by, I appreciate the farmer's misgiving as to whether it is quite a fair deal between him and the manufacturer; but I know that successful owners of those iron-works have since then failed, and that only the best of the paper-mills succeeded, while the farmers have held on steadily, and the old names still keep the old places, better schools having been set up, more industries established, and the whole region advanced in comfort and prosperity.

This advance of the arts and industries; the home market, the neighboring saw and grist mill, mechanics, teachers, implement factory, and woolen mill; a varied industry and varied opportunities, — are the farmer's needs. For them he could well afford, if need were, to pay temporarily higher for some few of his necessities, while his neighbors are learning to make them, especially as they, meantime, are paying him better for his crops; but shortly, as we have seen, his neighbors sell to him cheaper than the stranger, and if they seem to him prosperous beyond their share, they have

part of our country, the free-trade teacher, Wayland, says, p. 92, "Could not one of our old States supply one of the new States with manufactures cheaper than the new State could produce them itself?" Also that such free-trade sentiment as ex-

shown to him or to his son the way to go and do likewise.

The farmer, however, enjoys more perhaps of the paternal and protective care of his government than any other citizen of this country. Not only are all of his products which are liable to foreign competition in our markets directly protected by import duties, but vast sums have been paid by the government to protect from Indians the farmers of those Western States which have successively been upon the frontier, while by selling millions of acres of lands to settlers at a nominal price, government has actually bestowed upon farmers the chief part of the capital needed in their business.

It is belittling as well as falsifying the question to insist that the farmer should mutiny against his neighbor and his government because that neighbor, aided by the government, is supplying his wants at prices lower indeed than they were formerly supplied by the foreigner, but at prices higher perhaps than the baffled foreigner now protests that he would supply them, if permitted. Without descending to confute the free trader's details as to the robbery inflicted on the farmers by the grasping manufacturers (that is, by the domestic ones, for the gains of foreign manufacturers never hurt the feelings of your free trader), I will close this part of the argument by some quotations.

Wayland says, p. 95, "Let the productiveness of labor in any department be ever so great, where labor and capital are free, competition will always reduce profit in one department to the same average per cent. that it affords in other departments."

In the discussion, February 12, 1875, of the tax and tariff bill, then before the House of Representatives, Mr. Parker, of Missouri, said, "I believe that the true solution of this question of getting the full value for the products of the farmer depends in the end . . . in

lists in New England among practical men grows mainly from the belief that European competition will be less dangerous to New England than that which protection is developing in the South and West.

placing the farmer side by side with the consumer."

10. When we remember that English free-trade economists hold the normal rate of wages to be that which just suffices to prevent the extinction of the laborers, and that English employers have usually followed with perfect obedience the rule of conduct thus laid down,¹ — when we contrast the degraded working people and the swarming paupers thence resulting, with the well-nourished, well-clad, well-housed, and well-taught American working people, — the hardihood of the free-trade tenet now under review is most amazing. From the labor expended in the endeavor to prove it (labor which is apt to take the form of calculations as to the quantity of luxuries unused by laborers, such as wines, silks, and Brussels carpets, that could be procured here or in Europe by a month's work) I suppose there must be some who are expected to credit this proposition, but if such intellects exist it were vain to argue with them, for "*gegen die Dummheit kaempfen die Goetter selbst vergebens.*"

Let it suffice to point to the enormous and rarely checked emigration from Great Britain to this country, to the similar immigration from Canada, to the huge deposits in our savings-banks and payments for life-insurance, and to the streets of comfortable houses owned by working people in American manufacturing places.

Supposing the ratio of inevitable outlay to possible earning to be as large here as in England, — which is by no means the case, — it is clear that the amounts of both being larger in the protected country, the absolute saving and power of attaining competence must be greater here.

11. The revolt of our ancestors against Great Britain a century ago having been caused in part by their determination not to submit to free-trade plunder and the suppression of their infant manufactures, and the policy of this country

having been ever since protective of our manufacturers, the general result of our hundred years of independence is fairly to be brought into court to testify whether degradation or advancement is the fruit of such a policy. Let those who prate of the prosperity arising from free trade produce a free-trade country showing attainments comparable to ours, or hold their peace for shame.

That our progress might have been yet greater is most true, for our policy has vacillated in the degree of protection established at different periods, and our growth has been accelerated or retarded in a similar degree, as has been sufficiently demonstrated by Henry C. Carey.

A free trader, writing from Melbourne, Australia, says: "I have only to add that at present our prosperity is something wonderful. *We defy all economical laws by protective tariffs* and inconsistent land legislation, and the revenue shows no sign of decrease."²

We have seen in the instances mentioned above, of Turkey, India, and Portugal, what prosperity attends the practice of free trade. Lack of space forbids the introduction of further examples.

It must not be understood that, because the rightfulness and expediency of national self-protection by means of import duties levied upon foreign goods are shown, everything that goes by the name of tariff must be defended. In nothing is it easier to show stupidity than in the framing of a tariff law, while to build up a judicious and harmonious one is a most difficult task, as Mr. Morrill or Mr. Dawes would probably be willing to testify.

Such ideas as occurred to me upon this subject may be found in my essay on International Industrial Competition,³ p. 26, *et seq.*; I will now add merely that, of all modes of tariff legislation, that by commercial treaties which would deprive us for long terms of the power to regu-

¹ See Report of Abm. S. Hewitt, Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, on the Iron and Steel Industry.

² New York Nation, April 29, 1875.

³ Published by Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia.

late our finances in accordance with our own interest is evidently the most dangerous and the least fitted to our circumstances, besides being unconstitutional, since such treaties are in violation of the exclusive privilege of originating revenue legislation, which belongs to the House of Representatives.¹

National self-protection versus free trade is no debating-club topic, resultless whichever way decided, but is a most serious question, fraught with earnest verities and consequences. That Americans, accustomed to look sharply to the main chance, will in the future as in the past generally decide this great question aright cannot be doubted, though Mr. Cobden's calm British affectation of superior wisdom and virtue may impose upon the indifferent with an overbearing assumption of absolute right for the free-trade doctrines which his own nation dares not practice; though Mr. Mill's logical cobwebs may be spun all round and round the little parlor which British trade obligingly invites the world to enter; even though Mr. D. A. Wells's formidable statistics may demonstrate

how disastrously tariffs affect the American laborer by making a family of parents and four children almost twice as costly to maintain as a family of parents and six children.²

Let England by all means take for herself such course as she thinks likely to promote her interest. It is her right, and though we, seeing the unbalanced and distorted development which she has reached in attempting the industrial and financial subjugation of other nations, may indulge the hope of her mending her ways before it is too late for her self-preservation, we refrain from fomenting disturbances among her people by insisting on their adopting our policy.

We shall take for ourselves, without asking her leave, the same privilege of consulting our own interests and doing our own thinking. We shall grow in strength and in national completeness and independence, despite the groans and growls of the Cobden Club, after England shall have distinctly failed in grasping at universal domination through trade. We decline to be her victim or her imitator.

Joseph Wharton.

¹ An attempt to fasten upon us a commercial treaty is simply an attempt to get the better of us in a bargain, and though such treaties are usually urged by free traders, they are in violation of the principles of free trade, as is thus shown by The Melbourne Age:—

"The free traders of England do not yet quite understand their own principles. If they ever did, the secret is lost to them. They are still clamorous for commercial treaties which shall secure advantages to English commerce, without inquiring too curiously into their effects on free trade with the rest of the world. . . . They do not see that the principles of free trade demand the abrogation of all commercial treaties, and that the making of a

bargain with any other country for the remission, imposition, alteration, or continuance of any impost on either side is objectionable *per se*."

After showing how England has been hampered in her European policy by her free-trade propaganda, the Age continues:—

"The result of it all will be that England will be taunted with the decay of her influence as a European power, whereas she is only unsuccessful in the management of her hobby-horse. We look in vain for evidences of success in any quarter for the spread of the Manchester confession of faith."

² See his report for 1868 as Revenue Commissioner; also Kelley's Speeches, pp. 271, 272.

DEEPHAVEN CRONIES.

DURING the summer which Kate Lancaster and I spent at Deephaven, we made many desirable friends and acquaintances, besides those of whom I spoke in *The Shore House*. It was curious to notice, in this quaint little fishing village by the sea, how clearly the gradations of society were defined. The place prided itself most upon having been long ago the residence of one Governor Chantrey, who was a rich ship-owner and East India merchant, and whose fame and magnificence were almost fabulous. It was a never-ceasing regret that his house should have burned down after he died, and there is no doubt that if it were still standing it would rival any ruin of the Old World.

The elderly people, though laying claim to no slight degree of present consequence, modestly ignored it, and spoke with pride of the grand way in which life was carried on by their ancestors, the Deephaven families of old times. I think Kate and I were assured at least a hundred times that Governor Chantrey kept a valet, and his wife, Lady Chantrey, kept a maid, and that the governor had an uncle in England who was a baronet; and I believe this must have been why our friends felt so deep an interest in the affairs of the English nobility: they no doubt felt themselves entitled to seats near the throne itself. There were formerly five families who kept their coaches, in Deephaven; there were balls at the governor's, and regal entertainments at other of the grand mansions; there is not a really distinguished person in the country who will not prove to have been directly or indirectly connected with Deephaven. We were shown the cellar of the Chantrey house, and the terraces, and a few clumps of lilacs, and the grand rows of elms. There are still two of the governor's warehouses left, but his ruined wharves are fast disappearing, and are almost deserted, except by small, barefooted

boys, who sit on the edges to fish for sea-perch when the tide comes in. There is an imposing monument in the burying-ground to the great man and his amiable consort. I am sure that if there were any surviving relatives of the governor, they would receive in Deephaven far more deference than is consistent with the principles of a republican government; but the family became extinct long since, and I have heard, though it is not a subject that one may speak of lightly, that the sons were unworthy their noble descent and came to inglorious ends.

There were still remaining a few representatives of the old families, who were treated with much reverence by the rest of the towns-people, although they were like the conies of Scripture, a feeble folk.

Deephaven is utterly out of fashion. It never recovered from the effects of the embargo of 1807, and a sand-bar has been steadily filling in the mouth of the harbor. Though the fishing gives what occupation there is for the inhabitants of the place, it is by no means sufficient to draw recruits from abroad. But nobody in Deephaven cares for excitement, and if some one once in a while has the low taste to prefer a more active life, he is obliged to go elsewhere in search of it, and is spoken of afterward with kind pity. I well remember the Widow Moses said to me, in speaking of a certain misguided nephew of hers, "I never could see what could 'a' sot him out to leave so many privileges and go way off to Lynn, with all them children too. Why, they lived here no more than a cable's length from the meetin'-house!"

There were two schooners owned in town, and 'Bijah Manley and Jo Sands owned a trawl. There were two schooners and a small brig slowly going to pieces by the wharves, and indeed all Deephaven looked more or less out of

repair. All along shore one might see dories and wherries and whale-boats, which had been left to die a lingering death. There is something piteous to me in the sight of an old boat. If one I had used much and cared for were past its usefulness, I should say good-by to it, and have it towed out to sea and sunk; it never should be left to fall to pieces above high-water mark.

Even the commonest fishermen felt a satisfaction, and seemed to realize their privilege, in being residents of Deephaven; but among the nobility and gentry there lingered a fierce pride in their family and town records, and a hardly concealed contempt and pity for people who were obliged to live in other parts of the world. There were acknowledged to be a few disadvantages, — such as living nearly a dozen miles from the railway, — but, as Miss Honora Carew said, the tone of Deephaven society had always been very high, and it was very nice that there had never been any manufacturing elements introduced. She could not feel too grateful herself that there was no disagreeable foreign population.

"But," said Kate one day, "would n't you like to have some pleasant new people brought into town?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Miss Honora, rather doubtfully; "I have always been public-spirited; but then, we always have guests in summer, and I am growing old. I should not care to enlarge my acquaintance to any great extent." Miss Honora and Mrs. Dent had lived gay lives in their younger days, and were interested and connected with the outside world more than any of our Deephaven friends; but they were quite contented to stay in their own house, with their books and letters and knitting, and they carefully read *Littell* and "the new magazine," as they called *The Atlantic*.

The Carews were very intimate with the minister and his sister, and there were one or two others who belonged to this set. There was Mr. Joshua Dorsey, who wore his hair in a queue, was very deaf, and carried a ponderous cane

which had belonged to his venerated father, — a much taller man than he. He was polite to Kate and me, but we never knew him much. He went to play whist with the Carews every Monday evening, and commonly went out fishing once a week. He had begun the practice of law, but he had lost his hearing, and at the same time his lady-love had inconsiderately fallen in love with somebody else; after which he retired from active business life. He had a fine library, which he invited us to examine. He had many new books, but they looked shockingly overdressed in their fresher bindings, beside the old brown volumes of essays and sermons, and lighter works in many-volume editions.

A prominent link in society was Widow Tully, who had been the much respected housekeeper of old Captain Manning for forty years. When he died, he left her the use of his house and family pew, besides an annuity. The existence of Mr. Tully seemed to be a myth. During the first of his widow's residence in town, she had been much affected when obliged to speak of him, and always represented herself as having seen better days and as being highly connected. But she was apt to be ungrammatical when excited, and there was a whispered tradition that she used to keep a bake-shop in a town in Connecticut; though the mystery of her previous state of existence will probably never be solved. She wore mourning for the captain which would have befitted his widow, and patronized the towns-people conspicuously, while she herself was treated with much condescension by the Carews and Lorimers. She occupied, on the whole, much the same position that "Mrs. Betty Barker" did in Cranford. And indeed Kate and I were often reminded of that estimable town. We heard that Kate's aunt, Katherine Brandon, had never been appreciative of Mrs. Tully's merits, and that since her death the others had received Mrs. Tully into their society rather more.

It seemed as if all the clocks in Deephaven, and all the people with them,

had stopped years ago, and the people had been doing over and over what they had been busy about during the last week of their unambitious progress. Their clothes had lasted wonderfully well, and they had no need to earn money when there was so little chance to spend it; indeed there were several families who seemed to have no more visible means of support than a balloon. There were no young people whom we knew, though a number used to come to church on Sunday from the inland farms, or "the country," as we learned to say. There were children among the fishermen's families at the shore, but a few years will see Deephaven possessed by two classes instead of the time-honored three.

We always went to church, and we enjoyed our first Sunday morning most heartily. We felt that we were considered as Miss Brandon's representatives, and we had already found that it was no slight responsibility, as she had received much honor and respect from her neighbors. We really tried, that summer, to do nothing to lessen the family reputation, and to give pleasure as well as take it, though we were singularly persistent in our pursuit of "a good time." It was very pleasant having Kate for one's companion, for she has an unusual power of winning people's confidence, and knows with surest instinct how to meet them on their own ground. It is the girl's being so genuinely sympathetic and interested which makes every one ready to talk to her and be friends with her; just as the sunshine makes it easy for flowers to grow up out of the ground, which the chilly winds have hindered. She is not polite for the sake of being polite, but polite for the sake of being kind; and there is not a particle of what Hugh Miller justly calls "the insolence of condescension" about her.

But to go back to our first Sunday at church: it must be in vain to ask you to imagine our delight when we heard the tuning of a bass-viol in the gallery just before service. We pressed each other's hands most tenderly, looked up at the

singers' seats, and then trusted ourselves to look at each other. It was more than we had hoped for. There were also a violin and sometimes a flute, and a choir of men and women singers, though the congregation were expected to join in the psalm-singing. It was all so delightfully old-fashioned; our pew was a square pew, and was by an open window looking seaward. We also had a view of the entire congregation, and as we were somewhat early, we watched the people come in, with great interest. The Deephaven aristocracy came with stately step up the aisle; this was all the chance there was for displaying their unquestioned dignity in public.

Many of the people drove to church in wagons that were low and old and creaky, with worn buffalo-ropes over the seat, and some hay tucked underneath for the sleepy, undecided old horse. Some of the younger farmers and their wives had high, shiny wagons, with tall horsewhips,—which they sometimes brought into church,—and they drove up to the steps with a consciousness of being conspicuous and enviable. They had a bashful look when they came in, and for a few minutes after they took their seats they evidently felt that all eyes were fixed upon them, but after a little while they were quite at their ease, and looked critically at the new arrivals.

The old folks interested us most. "Do you notice how many more old women there are than old men?" whispered Kate to me; and we wondered if the husbands and brothers had been drowned, and if it must not be sad to look at the blue, sunshiny sea beyond the marshes, if the far-away white sails reminded them of some ships that had never sailed home into Deephaven harbor, or of fishing-boats that had never come back to land.

The girls and young women adorned themselves in what they believed to be the latest fashion, but the elderly women were usually relics of old times in manner and dress. They wore to church thin, soft silk gowns that must have been brought from over the seas years

upon years before, and wide collars fastened with mourning-pins holding a lock of hair. They had big black bonnets, some of them with stiff capes, such as Kate and I had not seen before, since our childhood. They treasured large, rusty lace veils of scraggly pattern, and wore sometimes, on pleasant Sundays, white China-crape shawls with attenuated fringes; and there were two or three of these shawls in the congregation which had been dyed black, and gave an aspect of meekness and general unworthiness to the aged wearer, they clung and drooped about the figure in such a hopeless way. We used to notice often the most interesting scarfs, without which no Deephaven woman considered herself in full dress. Sometimes there were red India scarfs in spite of its being hot weather; but our favorite ones were long strips of silk, embroidered along the edges and at the ends with dismal-colored floss in odd patterns. I think there must have been a fashion once, in Deephaven, of working these scarfs, and I should not be surprised to find that it was many years before the fashion of working samplers came about. Our friends always wore black mitts on warm Sundays, and many of them carried neat little bags of various designs on their arms, containing a precisely folded pocket-handkerchief, and a frugal lunch of caraway seeds or red and white peppermints. I should like you to see, with your own eyes, Widow Ware and Miss Exper'ence Hull, two old sisters whose personal appearance we delighted in, and whom we saw feebly approaching down the street this first Sunday morning under the shadow of the two last members of an otherwise extinct race of parasols.

There were two or three old men who sat near us. They were sailors, — there is something unmistakable about a sailor, — and they had a curiously ancient, uncanny look, as if they might have belonged to the crew of the *Mayflower*, or even have cruised about with the Northmen in the times of Harold Harfager and his comrades. They had been blown about by so many winter winds,

so browned by summer suns, and wet by salt spray, that their hands and faces looked like leather with a few deep folds instead of wrinkles. They had pale blue eyes, very keen and quick; their hair looked like the fine sea-weed which clings to the kelp roots and mussel shells in little locks. These friends of ours sat solemnly at the heads of their pews and looked unflinchingly at the minister, when they were not dozing, and they sang with voices like the howl of the wind, with an occasional deep note or two.*

Have you never seen faces that seemed old-fashioned? Many of the people in Deephaven church looked as if they must be — if not supernaturally old — exact copies of their remote ancestors. I wonder if it is not possible that the features and expression may be almost perfectly reproduced. These faces were not modern American faces, but belonged rather to the days of the early settlement of the country, the old colonial times. We often heard quaint words and expressions which we never had known anywhere else but in old books. There was a great deal of sealingo in use; indeed, we learned a great deal ourselves, unconsciously, and used it afterward to the great amusement of our friends; but there were also many peculiar provincialisms, and among the people who lived on the lonely farms inland, we often noticed words we had seen in Chaucer, and studied out at school in our English literature class. Everything in Deephaven was more or less influenced by the sea; the minister spoke oftenest of Peter and his fishermen-companions, and prayed most earnestly every Sunday morning for those who go down to the sea in ships. He made frequent allusions and drew numberless illustrations of a similar kind for his sermons, and indeed I am in doubt whether, if the Bible had been written wholly in inland countries, it would have been much valued in Deephaven.

The singing was very droll, for there was a majority of old voices, which had seen their best days long before, and the bass-viol was excessively noticeable and apt to be a little ahead of the time the

singers kept, while the violin lingered after. Somewhere on the other side of the church we heard an acute voice which rose high above all the rest of the congregation, sharp as a needle, and slightly cracked, with a limitless supply of breath. It rose and fell gallantly, and clung long to the high notes of Dundee. It was like the wail of the banshee, which sounds clear to the fated hearer above all other noises. We afterward became acquainted with the owner of this voice, and were surprised to find her a meek widow, who was like a thin black beetle in her pathetic cypress veil and big black bonnet. She looked as if she had forgotten who she was, and spoke with an apologetic whine; but we heard she had a temper as high as her voice, and as much to be dreaded as the equinoctial gale.

I should consider my sketch of Deephaven society incomplete if I did not tell you something of the ancient mariners who may be found every pleasant morning, sunning themselves like turtles, on one of the wharves. There were always three of them, and sometimes several others, but the less constant members of the club were older than the rest, and the epidemics of rheumatism in town were sadly frequent. They sat close together, because most of them were deaf, and when we heard the conversation, it seemed to concern their adventures at sea, or the freight carried out by the Sea-Duck, the Ocean Rover, or some other Deephaven ship, the particulars of the voyage and its disasters and successes being as familiar as the wanderings of the children of Israel to an old parson. There were sometimes violent altercations when "the cap'ns" differed as to the tonnage of some ship that had been a prey to the winds and waves, dry-rot, or barnacles, fifty years before. The old fellows puffed away at little black pipes with short stems, and otherwise consumed tobacco in fabulous quantities. We used to wish we could join this agreeable company, but we found that the appearance of an outsider caused a disapproving silence, and that the club was evidently not to be interfered with. Once we were impertinent enough

to hide ourselves for a while, just round the corner of the warehouse, but we were afraid or ashamed to try it again, though the conversation was inconceivably edifying. Captain Isaac Bean, the oldest and wisest of all, was discoursing upon some cloth he had purchased once in Bristol, which the shopkeeper delayed sending until just as they were ready to weigh anchor.

"I happened to take a look at that cloth," said the captain in a loud, droning voice, "and as quick as I got sight of it, I spoke onpleasant of that swindling English fellow, and the crew, they stood back. I was dreadful high-tempered in them days, mind ye; and I had the gig manned. We was out in the stream, just ready to sail, nice wind a-coming in from the no'east. I went ashore, and when I walks into his shop, ye never see a creatur' so wilted. Ye see the miser'ble sculpin thought I'd never stop to open the goods, an' it was a chance I did, mind ye! 'Lor,' says he, grinning and turning the color of a b'iled lobster, 'I s'posed ye were a-standing out to sea by this time.' 'No,' says I, 'and I've got some men out here on the quay a-landing that cloth o' yourn, and if you don't send just what I bought and paid for, down there to go back in the gig within fifteen minutes, I'll take ye by the collar and drop ye into the dock.' I was twice the size of him, mind ye, and master strong. 'Don't ye like it?' says he, edging round. 'I'll change it for ye, then.' Ter'ble perlite he was. 'Like it?' says I, 'it looks as if it were built of dog's hair and devil's wool, kicked together by spiders; and it's coarser than Irish frieze; three threads to an *arnful*,' says I."

This was evidently one of the captain's favorite stories, for we heard an approving grumble from the audience.

In the course of a long walk inland we made a new acquaintance, Captain Lant, whom we had noticed at church, and who sometimes joined the company on the wharf. We had been walking through the woods, and, coming out to his fields, we went on to the house for some water. There was no one at home but the captain,

who announced cheerfully that he should be pleased to serve us, though his women-folks had gone off to a funeral, the other side of the P'int. He brought out a pitcher full of milk, and after we had drunk some, we all sat down together in the shade. The captain brought an old flag-bottomed chair from the wood-house and sat down facing Kate and me, with an air of certainty that he was going to hear something new and make some desirable new acquaintances, and also as if he knew something it would be worth our while to hear. He looked more and more like a well-to-do old English sparrow, and chipped faster and faster.

"Queer ye should know I'm a sailor so quick; why, I've been a-farming it this twenty years; have to go down to the shore and take a day's fishing every hand's turn, though, to keep the old hulk clear of barnacles. There! I do wish I lived nigher the shore, where I could see the folks I know, and talk about what's been a-goin' on. You don't know anything about it, you don't; but it's tryin' to a man to be called 'old Cap'n Lant,' and so to speak be forgot when there's anything stirring, and be called gran'ther by clumsy creatur's goin' on fifty and sixty, who can't do no more work to-day than I can; an' then the women-folks keeps a-tellin' me to be keerful and not fall, and as how I'm too old to go out fishing; and when they want to be soft-spoken, they say as how they don't see as I fail, and how wonderful I keep my hearin'. I never did want to farm it, but 'she' always took it to heart when I was off on a v'y'ge, and this farm and some consider'ble means beside come to her from her brother, and they all sot to and give me no peace of mind till I sold out my share of the Ann Eliza and come ashore for good. I did keep an eighth of the Pac-tolus, and I was ship's husband for a long spell, but she never was heard from on her last voyage to Singapore. I was the loneliest man, when I first come ashore, that ever you see. Well, you are master hands to walk, if you come way up from the Brandon House. I wish the women was at home. Know

Miss Brandon? Why, yes; and I remember all her brothers and sisters, and her father and mother. I can see 'em now, coming into meeting, proud as Lucifer and straight as a mast, every one of 'em. Miss Catherine, she always had her butter from this very farm. Some of the folks used to go down every Saturday, and my wife, she's been in the house a hundred times, I s'pose. So you are Hathaway Brandon's granddaughter?" (to Kate); "why, he and I have been out fishing together many's the time,—he and Chantrey, his next younger brother. Henry, he was a disapp'intment; he went to furrin parts and turned out a Catholic priest, I s'pose ye've heard? I never was so set agin Mr. Henry as some folks was. He was the pleasantest spoken of the whole on 'em. You do look like the Brandons; you really favor 'em consider'ble. Well, I'm pleased to see ye, I'm sure."

We asked him many questions about the old people, and found he knew all the family histories and told them with great satisfaction. We found he had his pet stories, and it must have been gratifying to have an entirely new and fresh audience. He was adroit in leading the conversation around to a point where the stories would come in appropriately, and we helped him as much as possible. In a small neighborhood all the people know each other's stories and experiences by heart, and I have no doubt the old captain had been snubbed many times on beginning a favorite anecdote. There was a story which he told us that first day, which he assured us was strictly true, and it is certainly a remarkable instance of the influence of one mind upon another at a distance. It seems to me worth preserving, at any rate; and as we heard it from the old man, with his solemn voice and serious expression and quaint gestures, it was singularly impressive.

"When I was a youngster," said Captain Lant, "I was an orphan, and I was bound out to old Mr. Peletiah Daw's folks, over on the Ridge Road. It was in the time of the last war, and he had a nephew, Ben Dighton, a dreadful high-

strung, wild fellow, who had gone off on a privateer. The old man, he set everything by Ben; he would disoblige his own boys any day to please him. This was in his latter days, and he used to have spells of wandering and being out of his head; and he used to call for Ben and talk sort of foolish about him, till they would tell him to stop. Ben never did a stroke of work for him, either, but he was a handsome fellow and had a way with him when he was good-natured. One night old Peletiah had been very bad all day and was getting quieted down, and it was after supper; we sat round in the kitchen and he lay in the bedroom opening out. There were some pitch-knots blazing and the light shone in on the bed, and all of a sudden something made me look up and look in; and there was the old man setting up straight, with his eyes shining at me like a cat's. 'Stop 'em!' says he; 'Stop 'em!' and his two sons run in then to catch hold of him, for they thought he was beginning with one of his wild spells, but he fell back on the bed and began to cry like a baby. 'Oh dear me,' says he, 'they've hung him — hung him right up to the yard-arm! Oh, they ought n't to have done it; cut him down quick! he did n't think; he means well, Ben does; he was hasty. Oh my God, I can't bear to see him swing round by the neck! It's poor Ben hung up to the yard-arm. Let me alone, I say!' Andrew and Moses, they were holding him with all their might, and they were both hearty men, but he most got away from them once or twice, and he screeched and howled like a mad creatur', and then he would cry again like a grieving child. He was worn out after a while and lay back quiet, and said over and over, 'Poor Ben!' and 'hung at the yard-arm;' and he told the neighbors next day, but nobody noticed him much, and he seemed to forget it as his mind come back. All that summer he was miser'ble, and towards cold weather he failed right along, though he had been a master strong man in his day, and his timbers held together well. Along late in the fall he had taken to his bed, and

one day there came to the house a fellow named Sim Decker, a reckless fellow he was, too, who had gone out in the same ship with Ben. He pulled a long face when he came in, and said he had brought bad news. They had been taken prisoner and carried into port and put in jail, and Ben Dighton had got a fever there and died.

"'You lie!' says the old man from the bedroom, speaking as loud and f'erce as ever you heard. 'They hung him to the yard-arm!'

"'Don't mind him,' says Andrew; 'he's wandering-like, and he had a bad dream along back in the spring; I s'posed he'd forgotten it.' But the Decker fellow he turned pale, and kept talking crooked while he listened to old Peletiah a-scoolding to himself. He answered the questions the women folks asked him, — they took on a good deal, — but pretty soon he got up and winked to me and Andrew, and we went out in the yard. He began to swear, and then says he, 'When did the old man have his dream?' Andrew could n't remember, but I knew it was the night before he sold the gray colt, and that was the twenty-fourth of April.

"'Well,' says Sim Decker, 'on the twenty-third day of April Ben Dighton was hung to the yard-arm, and I see 'em do it, Lord help him! I did n't mean to tell the women, and I s'posed you'd never know, for I'm all the one of the ship's company you're ever likely to see. We were taken prisoner, and Ben was mad as fire, and they were seared of him and chained him to the deck; and while he was raving there, a little parrot of a midshipman come up and grinned at him, and snapped his fingers in his face; and Ben lifted his hands with the heavy irons and sprung at him like a tiger, and the boy dropped dead as a stone; and they put the bight of a rope round Ben's neck and slung him right up to the yard-arm, and there he swung back and forth 'until as soon as we dared one of us clim' up and cut the rope and let him go over the ship's side; and they put us in irons for that, curse 'em. How did that old man in there know, and he bedridden here, nigh upon three thousand miles

off?" says he; but I guess there was n't any of us could tell him," said Captain Lant in conclusion. "It's something I never could account for, but it's true as truth. I've known more such cases; some folks laughs at me for believing 'em, — 'the cap'n's yarns' they calls 'em, — but if you'll notice, everybody's got some yarn of that kind they do believe, if they won't believe yours. And there's a good deal happens in the world that's mysterious. Now there was Widder Oliver Pinkham, over to the P'int, told me with her own lips that she" — But just here we saw the captain's expression alter suddenly, and looked around, to see a wagon coming up the lane. We immediately said we must go home, for it was growing late, but asked permission to come again and hear the Widow Oliver Pinkham story. We stopped however to see "the women folks," and afterward became so intimate with them that we were invited to spend the afternoon and take tea, which invitation we accepted with great pride. We went out fishing, also, with the captain and "Danny," of whom I will tell you presently. I often think of Captain Lant in the winter, for he told Kate once that he "felt master old in winter to what he did in summer." He likes reading, fortunately, and we had a letter from him, not long ago, acknowledging the receipt of some books of travel by land and water which we had luckily thought to send him. He gave the latitude and longitude of Deephaven at the beginning of his letter, and signed himself "respectfully yours with esteem, Jacob Lant (condemned as unseaworthy)."

Kate and I went to a show that summer, the memory of which will never fade. It is somewhat impertinent to call it a show, and "public entertainment" is equally inappropriate, though we certainly were entertained. It had been raining for two or three days; the Deephavenites spoke of it as "a spell of weather." Just after tea, one Thursday evening, Kate and I went down to the post-office. When we opened the great hall door the salt air was delicious, but we found the town apparently

wet through and discouraged; though it had almost stopped raining just then, there was a Scotch mist, like a snow-storm with the chill taken off, and the Chantrey elms dripped hurriedly and cracked occasionally in the east wind.

"There will not be a cap'n on the wharf for a week after this," said I to Kate; "only think of the cases of rheumatism!"

We stopped for a few minutes at the Carews', who were as surprised to see us as if we had been mermaids out of the sea, and begged us to give ourselves something warm to drink and to change our boots, the moment we got home. Then we went on to the post-office. Kate went in, but stopped, as she came out with our letters, to read a written notice securely fastened to the grocery door by four large carpet-tacks with wide leathers round their necks.

"Dear," said she, exultantly, "there's going to be a lecture to-night in the church, a free lecture on The Elements of True Manhood. Would n't you like to go?" And we went.

We were fifteen minutes later than the time appointed, and were sorry to find that the audience was almost imperceptible. The dampness had affected the old-fashioned lamps so that those on the walls and on the front of the gallery were the dimmest lights I ever saw, and sent their feeble rays through a small space, the edges of which were clearly defined. There were two rather more energetic lights on the table near the pulpit, where the lecturer sat, and as we were in the rear of the church we could see the yellow fog between ourselves and him. There were fourteen persons in the audience, and we were all huddled together in a cowardly way in the pews nearest the door: three old men, four women, and four children, besides ourselves and the sexton; a deaf little old man with a wooden leg.

The children whispered noisily, and soon, to our surprise, the lecturer rose and began. He bowed, and treated us with beautiful deference, and read the dreary lecture with enthusiasm. I wish I could say for his sake that it was in-

teresting, but I cannot tell a lie, and it was so long! He went on and on, until I felt as if I had been there ever since I was a little girl. Kate and I did not dare to look at each other, and in my desperation at feeling her quiver with laughter, I moved to the other end of the pew, knocking over a big hymn-book on the way, which attracted so much attention that I have seldom felt more embarrassed in my life. Kate's great dog rose several times to shake himself and yawn loudly, and then lay down again despairingly.

You would have thought the man was addressing an enthusiastic Young Men's Christian Association. He exhorted us with fervor upon our duties as citizens and as voters, and told us a great deal about George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, whom he urged us to choose as our examples. He waited for applause after each of his outbursts of eloquence, and presently went on again, in no wise disconcerted at the silence, and with redoubled energy, as if he were sure he would fetch us next time. The rain had begun to fall again heavily, and the wind wailed around the meeting-house. If the lecture had been upon any other subject it would not have been so hard for Kate and me to keep sober faces, but it was directed entirely toward young men, and there was not a single young man there.

The children in front of us mildly scuffled with each other at one time, until the one at the end of the pew dropped a marble, which struck the floor and rolled with a frightful noise down the edge of the aisle, where there was no carpet. The congregation instinctively started up to look after it, but we recollected ourselves and leaned back again in our places, while the awed children, after keeping unnaturally quiet, fell asleep and tumbled against each other helplessly. After a time the man sat down and wiped his forehead, looking well satisfied; and when we were wondering whether we might with propriety come away, he rose again, and said it was a free lecture, and he thanked us for our kind patronage on that inclem-

ent night, but in other places which he had visited there had been a contribution taken up for the cause. It would perhaps do no harm — would the sexton —

But the sexton could not have heard a cannon at that distance, and slumbered on. Neither Kate nor I had any money except a twenty-dollar bill in my purse, and some coppers in the pocket of her water-proof cloak, which she assured me she was prepared to give; but we saw no signs of the sexton's waking, and as one of the women kindly went forward to wake the children, we all rose and came away.

After we had made fun of the affair and laughed as long as we pleased that night; we became suddenly conscious of the pitiful side of it all; and being anxious that every one should have the highest opinion of Deephaven, we sent Tom Doekum out early in the morning with an anonymous note for the lecturer, whom he found without much trouble; but afterward we were disturbed at hearing that he was going to repeat his lecture that evening, — the wind having gone round to the northwest, — and I have no doubt there were a good many women able to be out, and that he harvested enough ten-cent pieces to pay his expenses without our help, though he had particularly told us it was "for the cause" the evening before, and that ought to have been a consolation.

None of our cronies were more interesting than the fishermen. The fish-houses, which might be called the business centre of the town, were at a little distance from the old warehouses, and were ready to fall down in despair. There were some fishermen who lived near by, but most of them were also farmers in a small way, and lived inland. From our eastern windows we could see the moorings, and we always liked to watch the boats go out and come straying in, one after the other, tipping and skimming under the square little sails, and we sometimes went down to the fish-houses to see what kind of a catch there had been.

I said we liked to see the boats go

out, but I must not give you the impression that we saw them often, for they weighed anchor at an early hour in the morning. I remember once there was a light fog over the sea, lifting fast, as the sun was coming up, and the brownish sails soon disappeared, while voices could be heard occasionally for some minutes after the men were hidden from sight. But afterward, when the sun had risen, we found everything looked much the same as usual; the fog had gone, and the dories and even the larger boats were distant specks on the sparkling sea.

One afternoon we made a new acquaintance in this wise. We went down to the shore to see if we could hire a conveyance to the light-house the next morning. We often went out in one of the fishing-boats, and after we stayed as long as we pleased, Mr. Kew — do you remember him? — would bring us home. It was quiet enough that day, for not a single boat had come in, and there were no men to be seen along shore. There was a solemn company of lobster-coops or "cages" which had been brought in to be mended. They always amused Kate. She said they seemed like droll old women telling each other secrets. These were scattered about in different attitudes, and looked more confidential than usual.

Just as we were going away we happened to see a man at work in one of the sheds. He was the fisherman whom we knew least of all; an odd-looking, silent sort of man, more sunburnt and weather-beaten than any of the others. We had learned to know him by the bright red flannel shirt he always wore, and besides, he was lame; some one told us he had had a bad fall once, on board ship. Kate and I had always wished we could find a chance to talk with him. He looked up at us pleasantly, and when we nodded and smiled, he said "Good day" in a gruff, hearty voice, and went on with his work, cleaning mackerel.

"Do you mind our watching you?" asked Kate.

"No, *ma'am!*" said the fisherman emphatically, so there we stood.

Those fish-houses were curious places, so different from any other kind of workshop. In this there was a seine, or part of one, festooned among the cross-beams overhead, and there were snarled fishing-lines, and barrows to carry fish in, like wheelbarrows without wheels; there were the queer round lobster-nets, and "kits" of salt mackerel, tubs of bait, and piles of clams; and some queer bones, and parts of remarkable fish, and lobster-claws of surprising size fastened on the walls for ornament. There was a pile of rubbish down at the end; I dare say it was all useful, however, — there is such mystery about the business.

Kate and I were never tired of hearing of the fish that come at different times of the year, and go away again, like the birds; or of the actions of the dog-fish, which the 'longshore-men hate so bitterly; and then there are such curious legends and traditions, of which almost all fishermen have a store.

"I think mackerel are the prettiest fish that swim," said I presently, in an interested way.

"So do I, miss," said the man, "not to say but I've seen more fancy-looking fish down in southern waters, bright as any flower you ever see; but a mackerel," holding one up admiringly, "why, they're so clean-built and trig-looking! Put a cod alongside, and he looks as lumbering as an old-fashioned Dutch brig aside a yacht.

"Those are good-looking fish, but they an't made much account of," continued our friend, as he pushed aside the mackerel and took another tub; "they're hake, I s'pose you know. But I forgot, — I can't stop to bother with them now;" and he pulled forward a barrow full of small fish, flat and hard, with pointed, bony heads.

"Those are porgies, are n't they?" asked Kate.

"Yes," said the man, "an' I'm going to sliver them for the trawls."

We knew what the trawls were, and supposed that the porgies were to be used for bait; and we soon found out what "slivering" meant, by seeing him take them by the head and cut a slice

from first one side and then the other in such a way that the pieces looked not unlike smaller fish.

"It seems to me," said I, "that fishermen always have sharper knives than other people."

"Yes, we do like a sharp knife in our trade, and then we are mostly strong-handed."

He was throwing the porgies' heads and back-bones — all that was left of them after slivering — in a heap, and now several cats walked in as if they felt at home, and began a hearty lunch. "What a troop of pussies there is round here," said I; "I wonder what will become of them in the winter, though to be sure the fishing goes on just the same."

"The better part of them don't get through the cold weather," said Danny. "Two or three of the old ones have been here for years, and are as much belonging to Deephaven as the meetin'-house; but the rest of them are n't to be depended on. You'll miss the young ones by the dozen, come spring. I don't know myself but they move inland in the fall of the year; they're knowing enough, if that's all!"

Kate and I stood in the wide doorway, arm in arm, looking sometimes at the queer fisherman and the porgies, and sometimes out to sea. It was low tide; the wind had risen a little, and the heavy salt air blew toward us from the wet brown ledges in the rocky harbor. The sea was bright blue, and the sun was shining. Two gulls were swinging lazily to and fro; there was a flock of sandpipers down by the water's edge, in a great hurry, as usual.

Presently the fisherman spoke again, beginning with an odd laugh: —

"I was scared last winter! Jim Toggerson and me, we were up in the Cap'n Manning storehouse hunting for a half-bar'l of salt the skipper said was there. It was an awful blustering kind of day, with a thin, icy rain blowing from all points at once; sea roaring as if it wished it could come ashore and put a stop to everything. Bad days at sea, them are; rigging all froze up. As I was saying,

we were hunting for a half-bar'l of salt, and I laid hold of a bar'l that had something heavy in the bottom, and tilted it up, and my eye! there was a stir and a scratch and a squeal, and out went some kind of a creatur', and I jumped back, not looking for anything live, but I see in a minute it was a cat; and perhaps you think it is a big story, but there were eight more in there, hived in together to keep warm. I car'd 'em up some new fish that night; they seemed short of provisions. We had n't been out fishing as much as common, and they had n't dared to be round the fish-houses much, for a fellow who came in on a coaster had a dog, and he used to chase 'em. Hard chance they had, and lots of 'em died, I guess; but there seems to be some survivin' relatives, an' al'ays just so hungry! I used to feed them some when I was ashore. I think likely you've heard that a cat will fetch you bad luck; but I don't know's that made much difference to me. I kind of like to keep on the right side of 'em, too; if ever I have a bad dream there's sure to be a cat in it; but I was brought up to be clever to dumb beasts, an' I guess it's my natur'. Except fish," said Danny after a minute's thought; "but then, it never seems like they had feelin's like creatur's that live ashore;" and we all laughed heartily and felt well acquainted.

"I s'pose you misses will laugh if I tell ye I kept a kitty once myself." This was said rather shyly, and there was evidently a story, so we were much interested, and Kate said, "Please tell us about it; was it at sea?"

"Yes, it was at sea; leastways, on a coaster. I got her in a sing'lar kind of way: it was one afternoon we were lying alongside Charlestown bridge, and I heard a young cat screeching real pitiful; and after I looked all round, I see her in the water clutching on to the pier of the bridge, and some little devils of boys were heaving rocks down at her. I got into the schooner's tag-boat, quick, I tell ye, and pushed off for her, 'n she let go just as I got there, 'n I guess you never saw a more miser'ble-looking

creatur' than I fished out of the water. Cold weather it was. Her leg was hurt, and her eye, and I thought first I'd drop her overboard again, and then I did n't, and I took her aboard the schooner and put her by the stove. I thought she might as well die where it was warm. She eat a little mite of chowder before night, but she was very slim; but next morning, when I went to see, if she was dead, she fell to licking my finger, and she did purr away like a dolphin. One of her eyes was out, where a stone had took her, and she never got any use of it, but she used to look at you so clever with the other, and she got well of her lame foot after a while. I got to be ter'ble fond of her. She was just the knowingest thing you ever saw, and she used to sleep alongside of me in my bunk, and like as not she would go on deck with me when it was my watch. I was coasting then for a year and eight months, and I kept her all the time. We used to be in harbor consider'ble, and about eight o'clock in the forenoon I used to drop a line and catch her a couple of cunners. Now, it is cur'us that she used to know when I was fishing for her. She would pounce on them fish and carry them off and growl, and she knew when I got a bite, — she'd watch the line; but when we were mackereling she never give us any trouble. She would never lift a paw to touch any of our fish. She did n't have the thieving ways common to most cats. She used to set round on deck in fair weather, and when the wind blew she al'ays kept herself below. Sometimes when we were in port she would go ashore a while, and fetch back a bird or a mouse, but she would n't eat it till she come and showed it to me. She never wanted to stop long ashore, though I never shut her up; I always give her her liberty. I got a good deal of joking about her from the fellows, but she was a sight of company. I don't know as I ever had anything like me as much as she did. Not to say as I ever had much of any trouble with anybody, ashore or afloat. I'm a still kind of fellow for all I look so rough.

"But then, I han't had a home, what I call a home, since I was going on nine year old."

"How has that happened?" inquired Kate.

"Well, mother, she died, and I was bound out to a man in the tanning trade, and I hated him, and I hated the trade; and when I was a little bigger I ran away, and I've followed the sea ever since. I was n't much use to him, I guess; leastways, he never took the trouble to hunt me up.

"About the best place I ever was in was a hospital. It was in foreign parts. Ye see I'm crippled some? I fell from way up the mainmast rigging, and I struck my shoulder and broke my leg and banged myself all up. It was to a nuns' hospital where they took me. All of the nuns were Catholics, and they wore big white things on their heads. I don't suppose you ever saw any. Have you? Well, now, that's queer! When I was first there I was scared of them; they were real ladies, and I wasn't used to being in a house, any way. One of them, that took care of me most of the time, why, she would even set up half the night with me, and I could n't begin to tell you how good-natured she was, an' she'd look real sorry too. I used to be ugly, I ached so, along in the first of my being there, but I spoke of it when I was coming away, and she said it was all right. She used to feed me, that lady did; and there were some days I could n't lift my head, and she would rise it on her arm. She give me a little mite of a book, when I come away. I'm not much of a hand at reading, but I always kept it on account of her. She was so pleased when I got so 's to set up in a chair and look out of the window. She was n't much of a hand to talk English. I did feel bad to come away from there; I 'most wished I could be sick a while longer. I never said much of anything either, and I don't know but she thought it was queer, but I am a dreadful clumsy man to say anything, and I got flustered. I don't know's I mind telling you; I was most a-crying. I used to

think I'd lay by some money and ship for there and carry her something real pretty. But I don't rank able-bodied seaman like I used, and it's as much as I can do to get a berth on a coaster; I suppose I might go as cook. I liked to have died with my hurt at that hospital, but when I was getting well it made me think of when I was a mite of a chap to home before mother died, to be laying there in a clean bed with somebody to do for me. Guess you think I'm a master hand to spin long yarns; somehow it comes easy to talk to-day."

"What became of your cat?" asked Kate, after a pause, during which our friend sliced away at the porgies.

"I never rightfully knew; it was in Salem harbor, and a windy night. I was on deck consider'ble, for the schooner pitched lively, and once or twice she dragged her anchor. I never saw the kitty after she eat her supper. I remember I gave her some milk — I used to buy her a pint once in a while for a treat; I don't know but she might have gone off on a cake of ice, but it did seem as if she had too much sense for that. Most likely she missed her footing, and fell overboard in the dark. She was marked real pretty, black and white, and kep' herself just as clean! She knew as well as could be when foul weather was coming; she would bother round and act queer; but when the sun was out she would sit round on deck as pleased as a queen. There! I feel bad sometimes when I think of her, and I never went into Salem since without kind of hoping I should see her. I don't know but if I was a-going to begin my life over again, I'd settle down ashore and have a snug little house and farm it. But I guess I shall do better at fishing. Give me a trig-built fore-and-aft schooner painted up nice, with a stripe on her, and clean sails, and a fresh wind with the sun a-shining, and I feel first-rate."

"Do you believe that codfish swallow stones before a storm?" asked Kate. I had been thinking about the lonely fisherman in a sentimental way, and so irrelevant a question shocked me. "I

saw he felt slightly embarrassed at having talked about his affairs so much," Kate told me afterward, "and I thought we should leave him feeling more at his ease if we talked about fish for a while." And sure enough he did seem relieved, and gave us his opinion about the codfish at once, adding that he never cared much for cod any way; folks up country bought 'em a good deal, he heard. Give him a haddock right out of the water for his dinner!

"I never can remember," said Kate, "whether it is cod or haddock that have a black stripe along their sides" —

"Oh, those are haddock," said I; "they say that the devil caught a haddock once, and it slipped through his fingers and got scorched; so all the haddock had the same mark afterward."

"Well, now, how did you know that old story?" said Danny, laughing heartily; "ye must n't believe all the old stories ye hear, mind ye!"

"Oh, no," said we.

"Hullo! There's Jim Toggerson's boat close in shore. She sets low in the water, so he's done well. He's been out deep-sea fishing since yesterday." Our friend pushed the porgies back into a corner, stuck his knife into a beam, and we hastened down to the shore. Kate and I sat on the pebbles, and he went out to the moorings in a dirty dory to help unload the fish.

We afterward saw a great deal of Danny, as all the men called him. But though Kate and I tried our best and used our utmost skill and tact to make him tell us more about himself, he never did. But perhaps there was nothing more to be told.

The day we left Deephaven we went down to the shore to say good-by to him, and to some other friends, and he said, "Goin', are ye? Well, I'm sorry; ye've treated me first-rate; the Lord bless ye!" and then was so much mortified at his speech that he turned and fled round the corner of the fish-house.

It is bewildering to try to write one's impressions of Deephaven, there is so much to be said. Beside the quaintness and unworldliness of the people,

there was the delight we had in our housekeeping, in that fascinating old Shore House. I think it did Kate and me much good in more ways than one. I have the good fortune and the misfortune to belong to the navy, — that is, my father does, — and I have lived the consequent unsettled life. The thought of Deephaven brings up long, quiet summer days, and reading aloud on the rocks by the sea, the fresh salt air, and gorgeous sunsets; the wail of the Sunday psalm-singing; the yellow lichen that grew over the trees, the houses, and the stone wall; our importance as members of society, and how kind every one was to us both. By and by the Deephaven warehouses will fall and be used for firewood by the fisher-people, and the wharves will be worn away by the tides. The few old gentlefolks who still linger will be dead; and I wonder if some day Kate Lancaster and I shall not go down to

Deephaven for the sake of old times, and read the epitaphs in the burying-ground, look out to sea, and talk quietly about the girls who were so happy there one summer long before. I should like to walk along the beach at sunset, and watch the color of the marshes and the sea change as the light of the sky goes out. It would make the old days come back vividly. We should see the roofs and chimneys of the village, and the great Chantrey elms look black against the sky. A little later the marsh fog would show faintly white, and we should feel it deliciously cold and wet against our hands and faces; when we looked up, there would be a star, the crickets would chirp loudly, perhaps some late sea-birds would fly inland. Turning, we could see the light-house lamp shine out over the water, and the great sea would move and speak to us lazily in its idle, high-tide sleep.

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE DANCING BEAR.

FAR over Elf-land poets stretch their sway,
And win their dearest crowns beyond the goal
Of their own conscious purpose; they control
With gossamer threads wide-flown our fancy's play,
And so our action. On my walk to-day
A wallowing bear begged clumsily his toll,
When straight a vision rose of Atta Troll,
And scenes ideal witch'd mine eyes away.
“*Merci, Mossieu!*” the astonished bear-ward cried,
Grateful for thrice his 'hope to me, the slave
Of partial memory, seeing at his side
A bear immortal; the glad dole I gave
Was none of mine; poor Heine o'er the wide
Atlantic welter reached it from his grave.

James Russell Lowell.

A PATRIOTIC SCHOOL-MASTER.

It was recently said by some nice critic, anxious to be just before he was generous, that the book commonly known as Webster's Dictionary, sometimes, with a ponderous familiarity, as *The Unabridged*, should more properly be called *The Webster Dictionary*, as indicating the fact that the original private enterprise had, as it were, been transformed into a joint-stock company, which might out of courtesy take the name of the once founder but now merely honorary member of the literary firm engaged in the manufacture and arrangement of words. Indeed, the name Webster has been associated with such a vast number of dictionaries of all sizes and weights, that it has become to many a most impersonal term, so that we may almost expect in a few generations to find the word "*Webster*" defined in some millennial edition of *The Unabridged* as the colloquial word for a dictionary. The bright-eyed, bird-like-looking gentleman who faces the title-page of his dictionary may be undergoing some metempsychosis, but the student of American literature will at any time have little difficulty in rescuing his personality from unseemly transmigration, and by the aid of historical glasses he may discover that the dictionary-maker, far from being either the arid, bloodless being which his work supposes, or the reckless disturber of philological peace which his enemies aver, was an exceedingly vigilant, public-spirited American, and, if we mistake not, an important person among the founders of the nation.

It seems a little singular that a man so well known in his life-time should not have received at his death the customary second burial in a complete *Life and Writings*; perhaps it may be thought that the stones which have been flung at him have already raised a sufficiently high monument; but the fact remains that beyond the paragraphs in the encyclopædias there is no formal sketch

except that prefixed to the dictionary, enlarged as there stated from one which appeared in the National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans. His writings are scattered in books, tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and single volumes; twice, we believe, his shorter papers were collected into a volume, but in all these the autobiographic memoranda are not many, though it is possible to form from them some conception of his character. Whatever may have been the reason for neglecting to publish a memoir of Mr. Webster, the delay has not been altogether to his disadvantage. If it is now undertaken, it will probably be better done than it would have been at the time of his death. The dust of several combats has finally settled, and if the work should be executed in the life-time of his contemporaries, it would get the benefit of their personal reminiscences. Besides, the conception of American literary biography, and the perception of comparative distances in it as applied to this subject, would probably be truer than they could have been twenty years ago. In saying this we assume that the written materials for such a life have been preserved. If these exist in the form of his letters and diary, they might also throw considerable light upon the formative period of our national life.

For the first incident to remark is the interruption of his collegiate studies at Yale by the war of the Revolution. He was in his Junior year, a young man of eighteen, when the western part of New England was thrown into confusion by General Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, and for a short time the student was a volunteer under the captaincy of his own father; he graduated in due course, and began to qualify himself for the practice of the law, supporting himself meanwhile by school-teaching, for which he seems to have had no special liking. But though he tried to escape from it,

and began in 1781 the practice of the law, there was no other so ready means of support, and he returned to it, to find there the suggestion of his subsequent work.

"In the year 1782," he writes, "while the American army was lying on the bank of the Hudson, I kept a classical school in Goshen, Orange County, State of New York. I there compiled two small elementary books for teaching the English language. The country was then impoverished, intercourse with Great Britain was interrupted, school-books were scarce and hardly attainable, and there was no certain prospect of peace." The "two small elementary books" were Parts I. and II. of *A Grammatical Institute of the English Language*, comprising an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Method of Education, designed for the use of English Schools in America. One is rather surprised at finding this stately title supported by two dingy little volumes, one a speller and the other a grammar. A third part was afterward issued with the sub-title, *An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking*; calculated to improve the Minds and refine the Taste of Youth, and also to instruct them in the Geography, History, and Politics of the United States. To which are prefixed Rules in Elocution, and Directions for expressing the Principal Passions of the Mind. (We have tried to indicate something of the laborious emphasis of the title-page.) So the Grammatical Institute, when reduced to its lowest terms, consists of a spelling-book, a grammar, and a reader. The spelling-book blossomed into Webster's *Elementary*, the grammar was afterward suppressed by the author, who rose to higher views of truth, and the reader, passing to its eleventh edition in 1800, and appearing in 1810 as Hogan's fifth improved edition, was the forerunner of a number of reading-books all based on the same general plan, though this particular one, we think, has ceased to maintain an independent existence.

The title-page of the reader bears the motto from Mirabeau, "Begin with the infant in his cradle: let the first word

he lisps be Washington." In strict accordance with this patriotic sentiment, the compiler gives a series of lessons which would not be inappropriate to any girl or boy who in infancy had performed the feat of lisping the easy-going name which Mirabeau himself probably had some struggle to achieve. "In the choice of pieces," says the editor in his preface, "I have been attentive to the political interests of America. I consider it as a capital fault in all our schools, that the books generally used contain subjects wholly uninteresting to our youth; while the writings that marked the Revolution, which are perhaps not inferior to the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and which are calculated to impress interesting truths upon young minds, lie neglected and forgotten. Several of those masterly addresses of Congress, written at the commencement of the late Revolution, contain such noble sentiments of liberty and patriotism that I cannot help wishing to transfuse them into the breasts of the rising generation." Accordingly he makes abundant room in his book for orations by Hancock, Warren, Livingston, and Joel Barlow, and for poetry by Freneau, Dwight, Barlow, and Livingston again, all kept in countenance by Cicero, Publius Scipio, Shakespeare, and Pope, while a tribute is paid to "Mr. Andrus, of Yale College, since deceased," by the insertion of *A Dialogue* written in the Year 1776. To plump from Joel Barlow at the North Church in Hartford, July 4, 1787, to a portion of Cicero's oration against Verres probably produced no severe shock, since both orations were intended as exercises in speaking, and the former by its structure was removed to about the same chronological distance from the young orator as the latter. It would be a curious inquiry how far writers of historical addresses in America have from the beginning been affected by the necessity which a regard for ancient models laid upon them of fitting the facts of our Revolutionary war to oratorical periods, and how far popular conceptions of the beginning of our national life have been formed by the "pieces" which young

Americans have been called upon to speak. As the war itself and the outrages of English misgovernment shrink in the historical perspective, the bubble of oratory looks bigger than ever to us. That the solidarity of the country, toward which colonial life had been inevitably tending, should be secured on paper after a brief struggle was a fact which turned many heads as wise as Noah Webster's, and the consciousness of national independence was so oppressive that it has required more than two generations to subdue it into a self-respectful recognition of national deficiency. In a period when every one was engaged in rearranging the universe upon some improved plan of his own, it is not surprising that those who suddenly found a brand-new nation on their hands should have made serious business of nationalizing themselves. The real elements of the nation were there, to be manifested in ways not wholly perceived by the busily anxious attendants at the birth, and the sponsors who had named the child were rather heavily freighted with the responsibility of the child's behavior.

Hence there was in some minds a discouraged feeling at the general slowness of the country to enter into full possession of its patriotic estate. "A fundamental mistake of the Americans," says our author in his *Remarks on the Manners, Government, and Debt of the United States*, "has been that they considered the Revolution as completed, when it was but just begun. Having raised the pillars of the building they ceased to exert themselves, and seemed to forget that the whole superstructure was then to be erected. This country is independent in government, but totally dependent in manners, which are the basis of government." Under this proposition he instances the several points in which America was still controlled by foreign authority: morals, fashions, and modes of speech. "By making the present taste of Europe our standards, we not only debase our own, but we check the attempts of genius in this country." So far as literature and pronunciation are concerned, Webster was

not a mere unreasoning sufferer from Anglophobia. He probably was impatient of the easy supremacy which Englishmen of the day held over his countrymen in this regard, but he was entirely willing to go back to the England of eighty years previous for his authority. "Very seldom," he says, "have men examined the structure of the language to find reasons for their practice. The pronunciation and use of words have been subject to the same arbitrary or accidental changes as the shape of their garments. My lord wears a hat of a certain size and shape; he pronounces a word in a certain manner; and both must be right, for he is a fashionable man. In Europe this is right in dress; and men who have not an opportunity of learning the just rules of our language are in some degree excusable for imitating those whom they consider as superiors. But in men of science this imitation can hardly be excused. Our language was spoken in purity about eighty years ago; since which time great numbers of faults have crept into practice about the theater and court of London. An affected, erroneous pronunciation has in many instances taken place of the true; and new words or modes of speech have succeeded the ancient correct English phrases. Thus we have, in the modern English pronunciation, their natshures, conjunctshures, constitshutions, and tshumultshuous legislatshures." Was not independence a doubtful possession, if we were yet to be compelled to pronounce our words as if we had a Hibernian king for a school-master? This was, in fact, the king's Irish as set forth by Sheridan.

Webster's patriotism, as shown in the third part of his *Grammatical Institute*, had other and more brilliant flights; but it is worth while to consider a moment the fate of Part II., for its illustration of a less expansive trait of his character. Part II., as we have said, was a grammar, "a plain and comprehensive grammar, founded on the true principles and idioms of the language." Webster had fallen upon Lowth's *Short Introduction to the English Grammar*, and upon the basis of

that book drew up his own grammar for the use of American youth. But the principal result of his work seems to have been the introduction of his own mind to the study. Six years afterward he wrote: "The favorable reception of this prompted me to extend my original plan, which led to a further investigation of the principles of language. After all my reading and observation for the course of ten years, I have been able to unlearn a considerable part of what I learnt in early life, and at thirty years of age can with confidence affirm that our modern grammars have done much more hurt than good. The authors have labored to prove what is obviously absurd, namely, that our language is not made right; and in pursuance of this idea have tried to make it over again, and persuade the English to speak by Latin rules, or by arbitrary rules of their own. Hence they have rejected many phrases of pure English, and substituted those which are neither English nor sense. Writers and grammarians have attempted for centuries to introduce a subjunctive mode into English, yet without effect; the language requires none, distinct from the indicative; and therefore a subjunctive form stands in books only as a singularity, and people in practice pay no regard to it. The people are right, and a critical investigation of the subject warrants me in saying that common practice, even among the unlearned, is generally defensible on the principles of analogy and the structure of the language, and that very few of the alterations recommended by Lowth and his followers can be vindicated on any better principle than some Latin rule or his own private opinion." Accordingly, besides publishing some dissertations on the subject, he issued a new grammar in 1807, based this time on Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*. This grammar reappears in the prefatory matter of his great dictionary, where he says, "My researches into the structure of language had convinced me that some of Lowth's principles are erroneous, and that my own grammar wanted material corrections. In consequence of

this conviction, believing it to be immoral to publish what appeared to be false rules and principles, I determined to suppress my grammar, and actually did so."

Here we have his frankness of character, his honesty, his force of will, and the impulsiveness, too, with which he took up attractive theories. Perhaps the most comprehensive statement of his ruling principle in all matters of language is that he was governed by *usage*, but did not sufficiently discriminate between usage by educated and usage by uneducated people; he had, indeed, so violent a prejudice against grammarians in general, and so much respect for popular instinct, that it was a recommendation to him when a phrase was condemned by the grammarians, and in common use by the people. For example, he says:¹ "According to the grammars the pronoun *you*, being originally plural, must always be followed by a plural verb, though referring to a single person. This is not correct, for the moment the word is generally used to denote an individual it is to be considered as a pronoun in the singular number; the following verb should be regulated by that circumstance and considered as in the singular. . . . Indeed, in the substantive verb the word has taken the singular form of the verb, *you was*, which practice is getting the better of old rules and probably will be established." But old rules have considerable vitality, and the general opinion still seems to be that if an individual permits himself to be represented by a plural pronoun he must accept all the grammatical consequences; the editorial *we* has had severe struggles in this regard. "I will even venture to assert," he continues in the same letter, "that two thirds of all the corruptions in our language have been introduced by *learned* grammarians, who, from a species of pedantry acquired in schools, and from a real ignorance of the original principle of the English tongue, have been for

¹ A Letter to the Governors, Instructors, and Trustees of the Universities and other Seminaries of Learning in the United States.

ages attempting to correct what they have supposed *vulgar errors*, but which are in fact *established analogies*. . . . In this country it is desirable that inquiries should be free, and opinions unshackled. North America is destined to be the seat of a people more numerous probably than any nation now existing with the same vernacular language, unless one except some Asiatic nations. It would be little honorable to the founders of a great empire to be hurried prematurely into errors and corruptions by the mere force of authority."

This appeal to the pride of the young nation is a curious part of that consciousness of being an American which we are inclined to think was more pronounced in Webster than in any of the leaders of the country.

The reader and grammar, however, recede into obscurity before the shining success of Part I. of *A Grammatical Institute*, which, at first "containing a new and accurate standard of pronunciation," afterward took the title of *The American Spelling-Book*, and finally, undergoing considerable revision, passed into the well-known *Elementary*. "The spelling-book," he says in one of his essays, "does more to form the language of a nation than all other books," and the man who first supplied our young nation with a spelling-book has undoubtedly affected its spelling habits more than any other single person. It is very plain, too, that Webster was a moralist and philosopher as well as a speller. He was by no means restricted in his ambition to the teaching of correct spelling, but he aimed to have a hand in the molding of the national mind and national manners. In his Preface to *The American Spelling-Book*, he says: "To diffuse an uniformity and purity of language in America, to destroy the provincial prejudices that originate in the trifling differences of dialect and produce reciprocal ridicule, to promote the interest of literature and the harmony of the United States, is the most earnest wish of the author, and it is his highest ambition to deserve the approbation and encouragement of

his countrymen." His spelling-book, accordingly, in its early editions, contained a number of sharp little warnings in the form of foot-notes, which imply that he seized the young nation just in time to prevent the perpetuation of vulgar errors which, once becoming universal, would have required the hereditary Webster to make them the basis of orthoepic canons. Thus *ax* is reprobated when *ask* is intended; Americans were to say *wainscot*, not *winchcott*; *resin*, not *rozum*; *chimney*, not *chimbly*; *confiscate*, not *confisicate*. As these warnings disappeared after a few years, it may be presumed that he regarded the immediate danger as past; but the more substantial matters of good morals came to have greater prominence, and in addition to the columns of classified words, which constitute almost the sole contents of the earliest edition, there came to be inserted those fables and moral and industrial injunctions, with sly reminders of the virtue of Washington, which have sunk into the soft minds of three generations of Americans. Webster had the prudence, possibly fortified by his publisher's worldly wisdom, to keep his spelling-book free from the orthographic reforms which he was longing to make, and remembering the stubbornness with which he held to what he regarded as sound grammatical principles, we suspect that his spelling-book cost him many conflicts of conscience. He very early threw out feelers in the direction which he afterward took. In the Preface quoted from above, he says further: "The spelling of such words as *publick*, *favour*, *neighbour*, *head*, *prove*, *phlegm*, *his*, *give*, *debt*, *rough*, *well*, instead of the more natural and easy method, *public*, *favor*, *nabor*, *hed*, *proov*, *flem*, *hiz*, *giv*, *det*, *ruf*, *wel*, has the plea of antiquity in its favor; and yet I am convinced that common sense and convenience will sooner or later get the better of the present absurd practice." There is a curious foot-note to the Introduction to his Dictionary (edition of 1828) in which he supports the spelling of *favor* by the authority of General Washington, who was a most

unimpeachable authority, since he was the Father of his Country.

His mind was intent on this reform, and so early as 1790 he published A Collection of Essays and Fugitiv Writings, in which he carried out, in part, his notions as to the reform of the American language. The Preface is printed as he decided the whole volume ought to have been, except for the inconvenience of it. "The reeder wil obzerv," he says, "that the orthography of the volum iz not uniform. The reezon iz that many of the essays hav been published before, in the common orthography, and it would hav been a laborious task to copy the whole for the sake of changing the spelling. In the essays ritten within the last year, a considerable change of spelling iz introduced by way of experiment. This liberty waz taken by the writers before the age of Queen Elizabeth, and to this we are indeted for the preference of modern spelling over that of Gower and Chaucer. The man who admits that the change of *housbonde*, *mynde*, *ygone*, *moneth*, into *husband*, *mind*, *gone*, *month*, iz an improovment, must acknowledge also the riting of *helth*, *breth*, *rong*, *tung*, *munth* to be an improovment. There iz no alternativ. Every possible reezon that could ever be offered for altering the spelling of wurdz stil exists in full force; and if a gradual reform should not be made in our language, it will proof that we are less under the influence of reezon than our ancestors." The reader can easily see that Webster himself in the above paragraph is rather a timid reformer, attacking such defenseless little words as *is*, and passing by respectfully *would* and *offered*. The general appearance of those essays, in the volume, which are printed after Webster's own heart, leads one happening upon them nowadays into some disappointment, since they are by no means to be ranked with the humorous writings of later misspellers, who have contrived to get some fun out of respectable words by pulling off their wigs and false teeth and turning them loose in the streets.

We fancy that Isaiah Thomas, who

printed this volume, had no great relish for these pranks, and Webster himself was no harum-scarum reformer who regarded himself as appointed trumpet-blower against any Jericho which lay in his way. He was an experimenter, sanguine and shrewd, who made use of the most direct means for securing his results. "In closing my remarks on false or irregular orthography," he writes in one of his essays, "I would suggest that American printers, if they would unite in attempting corrections, would accomplish the object in a very short time. To prove how much influence printers have on this subject, I would state that within my memory they have banished the use of the long *s* in printed books; they have corrected the spelling of household, falsehood, in which the *s* and *h* were formerly united, forming houshold, falshood; and this has been done without any rule given them or any previous concert." The present printer of Webster's Dictionary remembers that when he was a boy of thirteen, working at the case in Burlington, a little, pale-faced man came into the office and handed him a printed slip, saying, "My lad, when you use these words, spell them as here: *theater*, *center*," etc. It was Noah Webster, traveling about among the printing-offices and persuading people to spell as he did, and a better illustration could not be found of the reformer's sagacity, and his patient method of effecting his purpose.

It was in his dictionary, however, that Mr. Webster gathered most completely the results of his work, and illustrated the principles which we have discovered as governing in his life. The first suggestion came to him after publication of his Grammatical Institute, but it was not until 1806 that he published his Compendious Dictionary, and shortly after he began preparation for a larger work, which twenty years later saw the light as The American Dictionary of the English Language, in two volumes quarto. It is worth one's while to read the Author's Preface to the edition of 1828, which continues to be prefixed to The Unabridged, for the sake of getting some

notion of the resolution and independence with which he set about and carried forward a task that might well stagger even a dictionary-maker. It is no part of our purpose to discuss the importance or correctness of the changes he introduced, which were in part accepted, in part rejected by subsequent editors, nor to follow the fortune of a book which has shown itself abundantly able to fight its own battles. But there is a passage in the Preface which is worth quoting as a fresh illustration of what we have pointed out as a ruling principle in Webster's mind. He has been giving reasons why it had become necessary that an English dictionary should be revised to meet the exigencies of American as distinct from English life, and he says finally: "One consideration, however, which is dictated by my own feelings, but which I trust will meet with approbation in correspondent feelings in my fellow-citizens, ought not to be passed in silence; it is this: 'The chief glory of a nation,' says Dr. Johnson, 'arises from its authors.' With this opinion deeply impressed on my mind, I have the same ambition which actuated that great man, when he expressed a wish to give celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle. I do not indeed expect to add celebrity to the names of Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jay, Madison, Marshall, Ramsay, Dwight, Smith, Trumbull, Hamilton, Belknap, Ames, Mason, Kent, Hare, Silliman, Cleaveland, Walsh, Irving, and many other Americans distinguished by their writings or by their science; but it is with pride and satisfaction that I can place them, as authorities, on the same page with those of Boyle, Hooker, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Ray, Milner, Cowper, Davy, Thomson, and Jameson. A life devoted to reading and to an investigation of the origin and principles of our vernacular language, and especially a particular examination of the best English writers, with a view to a comparison of their style and phraseology with those of the best American writers and with our colloquial usage, enables me to affirm, with confidence, that the genuine English idiom is as well preserved by the

unmixed English of this country as it is by the best *English* writers. Examples to prove this fact will be found in the *Introduction* to this work. It is true that many of our writers have neglected to cultivate taste, and the embellishments of style; but even these have written the language in its genuine *idiom*. In this respect Franklin and Washington, whose language is their hereditary mother-tongue, unsophisticated by modern grammar, present as pure models of genuine English as Addison and Swift. But I may go further, and affirm with truth that our country has produced some of the best models of composition. The style of President Smith; of the authors of the *Federalist*; of Mr. Ames; of Dr. Mason; of Mr. Harper; of Chancellor Kent; [the prose]" (happily bracketed reservation) "of Mr. Barlow; of Dr. Channing; of Washington Irving; of the legal decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; of the reports of legal decisions in some of the particular States; and many other writings, — in purity, in elegance, and in technical precision, is equaled only by that of the best British authors, and surpassed by that of no English compositions of a similar kind."

The extracts given above would seem sufficient to establish what we have said respecting Webster's patriotism, but there is one other passage which should be read, as it sets forever at rest any doubts that might linger as to the ruling purpose of this extraordinary man. In the Appendix to his *Dissertations on the English Language* is an essay on the necessity, advantages, and practicability of reforming the mode of spelling, and of rendering the orthography of words correspondent to the pronunciation. "A capital advantage of this reform," he says, "in these States would be, that it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American. This will startle those who have not attended to the subject; but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast political consequence. For the alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it in some meas-

ure necessary that all books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use; and consequently the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography. Besides this, a *national language* is a bond of *national union*. Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country *national*; to call their attachments home to their own country; and to inspire them with the pride of national character. . . . Let us then seize the present moment, and establish a *national language* as well as a national government. Let us remember that there is a certain respect due to the opinions of other nations. As an independent people, our reputation abroad demands that in all things we should be federal, be *national*, for if we do not respect *ourselves* we may be assured that *other nations* will not respect us. In short, let it be impressed upon the mind of every American that to neglect the means of commanding respect abroad is treason against the character and dignity of a brave, independent people."

A patriotism so rampant as this is likely to tilt at windmills, but it cannot be carelessly laughed away as a mere vagary. It was the passion of a hard-headed, industrious man, whose work has entered into the common life of the nation more distinctly than has that of any other American, unless Franklin be excepted. There is unquestionably a parochial sort of nationality which it is easy to satirize. No one could well set it out in stronger light than Webster himself has done in the passages quoted above. He is judiciously silent concerning the American poets of his time, being careful even — most unkindest cut! — not to commit himself to the support of Joel Barlow's heroic verse; but he produces a list of American prosaists whom he seems to array in a sort of spelling-match against their English fellows. He has a proper sense of the importance

of language to a nation, and appears to be perplexed by the implied question, If Englishmen and Americans speak the same language, how in the world are we to tell them apart and keep them apart? Then again, since there has been a revolution resulting in governmental independence, what stands in the way of a complete independence, so that the spick-and-span new nation may go to the language tailors and be dressed in a new suit of parts of speech? "Let us seize the present moment," he cries, "and establish a national language as well as a national government." Never was there such a chance, he seems to say, for clearing out the rubbish which has accumulated for generations in our clumsy, inelegant language. Hand me the Bible which people have foolishly regarded as a great conservator of the English tongue, and I will give you a new edition, "purified from the numerous errors." Knock off the useless appendages to words which serve only to muffle simple sounds. Innocent iconoclast with his school-master ferule! Yet the changes in the language which have ever since been taking place, and are still in progress, coincide in many respects with his summary decisions, and fresh attention has of late been called in the highest court of language in the country to the wrongs suffered by Englishmen and Americans in the matter of orthography.

It is worth our while to make serious answer to this serious proposition, since the true aspect of native literature may perhaps thus be disclosed. The Revolution, which so filled Webster's eyes, was unquestionably a great historic event by reason of its connection with the formal institution of a new nation, but the roots of our national life were not then planted. They run back to the first settlements and the first charters and agreements, nor is the genesis of the nation to be found there; sharp as are the beginnings of our history on this continent, no student could content himself with a conception of our national life which took into account only the events and conditions determined by the

people and soil of America. Even in actual relations between America and Europe there never has been a time when the Atlantic has not had an ebbing as well as a flowing tide, and the instinct which now sends us to the Old World on passionate pilgrimages is a constituent part of our national life, and not an unnatural, unfilial sentiment. In the minds of Webster and many others, England was an unnatural parent, and the spirit of anger, together with an elation at success in the severing of governmental ties, made them impatient of even a spiritual connection. But the Revolution was an outward, visible sign of an organic growth which it accelerated, but did not produce, and the patriotic outcries of the generation were incoherent expressions of a profounder life which had been growing, scarcely heeded, until awakened by this event. The centrifugal force of nationality was at work, and it is possible now, even from our near station, to discover the conjunction of outward circumstance and inward consciousness which marks nationality as an established fact. It was a weak conception of nationality which was bounded by Webster's definition, but his belief in his country and his energetic action were in reality constantly surpassing that conception. In spite of the disposition to regard a written constitution as the bottom fact, there was the real, substantial, organic nation, and that saved the paper nation from erasure—a fate that easily overtakes the South American republics. A nation which could immediately be placed in the world's museum, duly ticketed and catalogued, with its distinct manners, dress, language, and literature,—this was the logical conception which resulted from theories that held the nation itself to be the creation of popular will or historic accident; but a nation slowly struggling against untoward outward circumstance and inward dissension, collecting by degrees its constituent members, forming and reforming, plunging with rude strength sometimes down dangerous ways, but nevertheless growing into integral unity,—this has been the histor-

ical result of the living forces which were immanent in the country when the nation was formally instituted.

Now there never has been a time from Webster's day to this, when Americans have not believed and asserted that nationality consisted mainly in independence, and waxed impatient not merely of foreign control and influence, but even of hereditary influence: the temper which calls for American characteristics in art and literature is scarcely less hostile to the past of American history than to the present of European civilization. It is a restless, uneasy spirit, that is goaded by self-consciousness. It finds in nature an aider and abettor; it grows angry at the disproportionate place which the Cephissus, the Arno, the Seine, the Rhine, and the Thames hold on the map of the world's passion. We are all acquainted with the typical American who added to his name in the hotel book, on the shores of Lake Lugano, "What pygmy puddles these are to the inland seas of tremendous and eternal America." But these are coarser, more palpable signs of that uneasy national consciousness which frets at a continued dependence on European culture.

There is no doubt that Webster was right when he set himself the task of Americanizing the English language by a recourse to the spelling-book. He has succeeded very largely in determining the forms of words, but he did more than this, while he failed in the more ambitious task he set himself. He did more, for by his shrewdness and his ready perception of the popular need, he made elementary education possible at once, and furnished the American people with a key which moved easily in the lock; he failed where he sought the most, because language is not a toy nor a patent machine which can be broken, thrown aside at will, and replaced with a better tool ready-made from the lexicographer's shop. He had no conception of the enormous weight of the English language and literature when he undertook to shovel it out of the path of American civilization. The stars in their courses fought against him. It is so still. We

cannot dispense with European culture, because we refuse to separate ourselves from the mighty past which has settled there in forms of human life unrepresented among us. We cannot step out of the world's current, though it looks sluggish beside our rushing stream, because there is a spiritual demand in us which cries louder than the thin voice of a self-conscious national life. This demand is profoundly at one with the deeper, holier sense of national being which does not strut upon the world's stage. The humility of a great nation is in its reverence for its own past, and, where that is incomplete, in its admiration for whatever is noble and worthy in other nations. It is out of this reverence and humility and this self-respect that great works in literature and art grow, and not out of the overweening sensitiveness which makes one's nationality only a petty jealousy of other people.

The patriotic school-master who in the dark twilight of his country's new institution turned to the making of elementary school-books might well find his reproduction at the present time. A certain instinctive sense of nationality, poorly disclosed in his thin pleading for the mere signs of national life, led him to tasks which have been of profound value. He made a speller which has sown votes

and muskets; he made, alone, a dictionary which grew, under the impulse he gave it, into a national encyclopædia, possessing now an irresistible momentum. His failures we may smile at; the substantial success remains. So, doubtless, in the more complex life of the present day, when gloom overcasts the political landscape, when literature seems a spiritless thing, and no great names or works rise above the horizon, the humbler elements at work may some day be proved to have been laboring more efficaciously than we now guess. We are all making ready for a new start in history, but history has an inconvenient way of disregarding the almanacs, and it may be that while we are beating our centennial drums no great deeds or great books will come to the call. Yet in the somewhat desperate encounter with that worst form of ignorance which is ignorant of its own ignorance, literature in the person of its knights may take courage from the growing resolution to make the most of our own past. Certain it is that a sturdy belief in the nation as a divine fact is the condition of hearty literary work, and the patriotic school-master of to-day, whether holding the pen or the ferule, has the advantage over Webster in being able to look before and after from a point a little further along in the nation's course.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

I.

It is proposed in these papers to consider a subject which, one might almost say, was born — or reborn — but a quarter of a century ago, and which has contended with much difficulty in bringing itself to the notice of the public. Indeed, it is only within the past ten years that it has made its way in any important degree outside of purely professional literature.

Happily men, and women too, are fast coming to realize the fact that humanity is responsible for much of its own sickness and premature death, and it is no longer necessary to offer an apology for presenting to public consideration a subject in which, more than in any other, — that is, the subject of its own healthfulness and the cleanliness of its own living, — the general public is vitally interested.

The evils arising from sanitary neg-

lect are as old as civilization, perhaps as old as human life, and they exist about every isolated cabin of the newly settled country. As population multiplies, as cabins accumulate into hamlets, as hamlets grow into villages, villages into towns, and towns into cities, the effects of the evil become more intense, and in their appeal to our attention they are reinforced by the fact that while in isolated life fatal or debilitating illness may equally arise, in compact communities each case arising is a menace to others, so that a single centre of contagion may spread devastation on every side.

It is not enough that we build our houses on healthful sites, and where we have pure air and pure water; we must also make provision for preventing these sites from becoming foul, as every unprotected house-site inevitably must — by sheer force of the accumulated waste of its occupants.

Houses, even of the best class, which are free from sanitary objections are extremely rare. The best modern appliances of plumbing are made with almost no regard for the tendency of sewer-gas to find its way into living-rooms, and for other insidious but well known defects. So generally is this true, that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that unwholesomeness in our houses is practically universal. Hardly less universal is a curious sensitiveness on the part of the occupants of these houses to any suggestion of their short-comings.

Singularly enough, no one whose premises are subject to malarial influences seems willing to be told the truth with regard to them. No man likes to confess that his own well and his own cess-pool occupy the same permeable stratum in his garden; that the decaying vegetables in his cellar are the source of the ailments in his household; or that an obvious odor from his adjacent pigsty, or from his costly marble-topped wash-stand, has to do with the disease his physician is contending against.

That the imperfections of our own premises are a menace to our neighbors is a still more irritating suggestion, and such criticism seems to invade the do-

main of our private rights. Yet surely there can be no equitable or legal private right whose maintenance jeopardizes the well-being of others. It is not possible, in a closely-built town or compact neighborhood, for one to retain in his own ground (either on the surface or in a vault or cess-pool) any form of ordure or festering organic matter, without endangering the lives of his neighbors, through either the pollution of the common air or the poisoning of wells fed from strata underlying the whole ground and more or less tainted by household wastes. Even if he might be permitted to maintain a source of injury to his own family, his neighbors may well insist that he shall not endanger them.

It being important for all that each be made to live cleanly, and the requirements of all, so far as the removal of the wastes of life is concerned, being essentially of the same character, the question of drainage is one in which the whole public is interested, and should be decided and carried out by public authority, — so that all may have the advantage of the economy of organized work and the security of work well done.

The drainage question is essentially a question of health and life. Dr. George Derby stated the whole case when he said, "The well are made sick and the sick are made worse for the simple lack of God's pure air and pure water."

Yet, neither this statement nor the most perfect modern development of the art of cleansing towns by water-carriage has the merit of novelty. Hippocrates gave as the cardinal hygienic formula, "Pure air, pure water, and a pure soil," and after all these centuries we know nothing to add to it. Our modern sewerage works are thus far only taking us back to the cleanly condition of the most prosperous ancient cities; only lifting us out of the slough of plague-causing filth that marked the darkest periods of the Middle Ages; only continuing the wholesome revival that the Mahometan Moors introduced among the unwashed Christians of Europe. It is a revival that has grown slowly, urged on

by the harsh whip of disease and death. So late as the middle of the brilliant nineteenth century it had only begun to command the aid of the law, and as a subject of popular interest it can hardly yet be said to command the attention of even the more intelligent members of society.

Yet, when the subject is once considered, every thoughtful person must appreciate the fact that in seeking the advantages of civilized life we necessarily depend at every turn upon our fellow-men, and that in this communion we lay ourselves open to the consequences of the neglect of others, while we equally threaten others with the consequences of our own neglect. The influence of thoughtful persons cannot long be withheld from a movement whose object it is to popularize the knowledge of good and evil in the conduct of the daily life of the household and of the community, and to make the public at large insist that each shall so regulate his action as to secure the greatest safety for all.

Public sanitary improvement is not the affair of the philanthropist alone, nor is the interest of the individual satisfied when he has made his own immediate surroundings perfect. Everything that can affect the health of the poorest and most distant of our neighbors may affect us; and, practically, the spread of disease in closely-built towns is more often than not from the poorest classes upward, so that many a patient falling ill of contagious or infectious disease in the back slums of the city becomes the centre of a wide infection. The health of each is important to all, and all must join in securing it.

The great aim of all sewerage work is to secure to every member of the community his full supply of uncontaminated air, and, where wells are used, of pure drinking-water.

Referring to the lower quarters of the city of Boston, Dr. Derby asks us to consider "what would be the effect upon the annual mortality in a community like Boston, if the wretched cellars and crystal palaces and rookeries

and dens in which the extremely poor and improvident live could be depopulated, and their occupants transferred to well drained and lighted and ventilated buildings, of however cheap and simple construction; if all the foul fluids could be made quickly to depart by force of gravity through ventilated sewers; if all the foul solids could be removed without delay in carts provided with means for arresting putrefaction; if the blind alleys and narrow streets were opened to the admission of the air and of sunlight; if the old vaults were removed, the old cisterns torn down or filled, and the general principle of *cleanliness in its broadest sense* applied to air, water, and food." The picture would have been complete, had he suggested the well-known fact that the danger to the community from the class of diseases known as "pythogenic" (born of putridity) is not confined to those who live amid these filthy surroundings, but that the very sewers with which the better houses are drained are too often subterranean channels for conveying poisonous gases from the places of their origin to quarters which, without this transmission, would remain free from contamination.

Self-preservation is the first law of our nature; but it is a law which we ignorantly and constantly disregard in laying our life and health at the mercy of the foul conditions of life prevailing among our neighbors.

We roll up our eyes and stand aghast when contemplating the horrors of war; yet the mortality of war is trifling as compared with the mortality by preventable disease. England, in twenty-two years of continuous war, lost 79,700 lives; in one year of cholera she lost 144,860 lives.

We look idly on and see our population decimated by an infant mortality so great that its like among calves and colts would appall the farmer, and set the whole community energetically at work to discover a remedy.

It is estimated that for every person dying, twenty fall sick (Playfair estimates it at twenty-eight), and — to turn the argument in a direction best under-

stood by many of our more influential neighbors — that every case of sickness costs on the average fifty dollars.

Dr. Stephen Smith says, "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death, except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to an unnatural condition of living, — to neglect, abuse, or want.

Were any excuse needed for the constant reiteration of such truths as are known concerning the origin and spread of infectious diseases, it is to be found in the hope that by creating a public realization of the danger of sanitary neglect we may obviate the necessity that now seems to exist for the appearance of occasional severe epidemics, acting as scavengers and inducing the performance of sanitary duties whose continued neglect would lead to even more serious results.

Dr. Farmer speaks of pestilence as the angel "with which it would seem it has pleased the Almighty Creator and Preserver of mankind" to awaken the human race to the duty of self-preservation; plagues "not committing havoc perpetually, but turning men to destruction and then suddenly ceasing, that they may consider. As the lost father speaks to the family, and the slight epidemic to the city, so the pestilence speaks to nations."

The death-rate in the healthiest broad districts in England may be fixed at about fifteen per thousand per annum, but taking the whole kingdom into consideration, the death-rate is thirty-five per thousand, over one fourth of the deaths being due to preventable diseases. It is estimated that eighteen deaths take place every hour which might have been prevented by proper precaution. In addition to this, account must be taken of the lowering of the tone of health of those who survive, and of the existence of a vast number of weakly persons who are a tax on the community, and who transmit an inheritance of physical weakness to their offspring. Infants are most

susceptible to unhealthful influences, and one half of the population of Great Britain dies before attaining the age of five years.

An ordinary epidemic any modern community will bear almost with indifference. The few who know the close relation between the disease and its preventable cause will generally maintain their accustomed indifference until their own circle is attacked, and even then they are powerless to arouse the authorities to the necessary action. It is only when an outbreak of more than ordinary malignity occurs that even the sanitary authorities of most of our towns bestir themselves in the matter; but if the prevalence and the malignity be sufficient, there follows a most active cleansing of streets, purification of drains, and investigation of the private habits of the lower classes of the people.

Then only is such attention given to the most obvious duty not only of the sanitary authorities but of every man in the community, as, had it been exercised in advance, would have prevented every death and every case of sickness that has gone to swell the aggregate needed to attract public attention.

Nothing so arouses the alarm of a people as an epidemic of cholera, yet it is a singular fact that even during the most severe cholera epidemics the deaths from this disease are less than from many others which attract no attention and excite no apprehension. During the epidemic of 1849-50 there were 31,506 deaths from cholera in the United States. During the same period there were more than this number of deaths from other diseases of the intestinal canal, and more from fevers alone.

That a proper use of known sanitary appliances is competent to remove the causes of a large class of fatal diseases is hardly disputed, and it is clearly proven by experience here and abroad.

Mr. Baldwin Latham, in his excellent work on Sanitary Engineering, gives the following table, showing the effect on health of sanitary works in different towns in England: —

Name of Place.	Population in 1861.	Average Mortality per 1000 before Construction of Works.	Average Mortality per 1000 since Completion of Works.	Saving of Life per Cent. ¹	Reduction of Typhoid Fever Rate per Cent.	Reduction in Rate of Phthisis per Cent.
Banbury . .	10,238	23.4	20.5	12½	48	41
Cardiff . .	32,954	33.2	22.6	32	40	17
Croydon . .	30,229	23.7	18.6	22	63	17
Dover . .	23,108	22.6	20.9	7	36	20
Ely . .	7,847	23.9	20.5	14	56	47
Leicester . .	68,056	26.4	25.2	4½	43	32
Macclesfield .	27,475	29.8	23.7	20	43	31
Merthyr . .	52,778	33.2	26.2	18	60	11
Newport . .	24,756	31.8	21.6	32	36	32
Rugby . .	7,818	19.1	18.6	2½	10	43
Salisbury . .	9,030	27.5	21.9	20	75	49
Warwick . .	10,570	22.7	21.0	7½	52	19

When the improvement of sewerage was actively undertaken in London some twenty-five years ago, it was found that the death-rate was so much reduced, in some of the worst quarters of the town, that if the same reduction could be made universal the annual deaths would be twenty-five thousand less in London, and one hundred and seventy-seven thousand less in England and Wales; or, by another view, that the average age at death would be forty-eight instead of twenty-nine, as it then was.

The early registration returns of England developed the fact that the prevalence of fatal diseases was in the case of some three times, of some ten or twenty times, and of others even forty or fifty times greater in certain districts than in others, and that these diseases raised the mortality of some districts from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than that of other districts, the death-rate of the whole country being from thirty to forty per cent. above that of its healthiest parts.

The effect of sanitary improvement has been nowhere better shown than in the British navy, where in 1779 the death-rate was one in forty-two (this of able-bodied, picked men), and the sick were two in every five. In 1813, after the means and appliances of health had been furnished, the death-rate was one in one hundred and forty-three, and the sick two in twenty-one.

Less than a generation ago the idea

prevailed that it was of doubtful propriety to ask why we are sick, and even at this day many believe that such an inquiry savors of irreligion. Happily this condition of otherwise intelligent minds is passing away.

While we know, thus far, comparatively little of the exact causes of disease, our knowledge at least points to certain perfectly well-established truths. One of these is that man cannot live in an atmosphere that is tainted by exhalations from putrefying organic matter, without danger of being made sick—sick unto death. It is true that not all of those who live in such an atmosphere either fall sick or die from its effects; but it is also true that not all who go into battle are shot down. In both cases they expose themselves to dangers from which their escape is a matter of good fortune. Fewer would be shot if none went into battle, and fewer would die of disease if none were exposed to poisoned air. Our adaptability is great, and we accustom ourselves to withstand the attacks of an infected atmosphere wonderfully well; but for all that, we are constantly in the presence of the danger, and though insensibly resisting, are too often insensibly yielding to it. Some, with less power to resist, or exposed to a stronger poison, or finally weakened by long exposure, fall sick with typhoid fever or some similar disease, that springs directly from putrid infection. Of these, a portion die; the community loses their services, and it sympathizes with their friends in mourning that, "in the wisdom of a

¹ It is to be remembered that even this great saving of life has been effected by works that are very far from perfect.

kind but inscrutable Providence, it has been found necessary to remove them from our midst."

In this way we blandly impose upon Divine Providence the responsibility of our own short-comings. The victims of typhoid fever die, not by the act of God, but by the act of man; they are poisoned to death by infections that are due to man's ignorance or neglect.

Pettenkofer states that, so far as the city of Munich is concerned, typhoid epidemics bear in their frequency or rarity a certain fixed relation to changes in the soil, which can only be surmised, but which correspond with the differences of elevation of the water-table, or line of saturation in the soil. The greatest mortality coincides with the lowest state of the water-table, and the least mortality with the approach of this to the surface of the ground.

Fifteen years' observation showed that the prevalence of typhoid was indicated by the water-level in the wells. This careful investigator believes that the cause of the disease exists not in the water, but in the soil; that it is due to certain "organic processes" in the earth.

The English investigators say that when the water in the well is low its area of drainage is extended, and it draws typhoid poison from a greater distance.

Neither of these theories is inconsistent with the hypothesis that the disease is due to organic matter reaching the soil from house-drains, cess-pools, etc., and finally either carried into the well to poison the drinking-water to a degree that becomes apparent when, during drought, it is reduced to a small quantity and its impurities are concentrated, or else left in the soil after the withdrawal of the water, and there exposed in such quantities to the action of the permeating air that poisonous gases are generated by their decomposition.

It is very clear that no system yet applied has been so generally efficient in lessening and weakening the attacks of typhoid as the English system of water

supply and impervious drainage, which gives drinking-water free from contamination, and leaves the air untainted by the decomposition of organic matters in the immediate vicinity of dwellings.

Whether the London theory or the Munich theory be correct, the general result of all investigations shows that typhoid fever stands in a certain relation to the amount of neglected filth permitted to poison water and air.

The Massachusetts Board of Health published in 1871 a copious report on the causes of typhoid as occurring in that State. It concludes that the propagation of the fever is occasioned by a poison "as definite as that which causes vaccine disease;" and divides the means of propagation under three heads: first, drinking-water made foul by the decomposition of any organic matter, whether animal or vegetable, and specially by the presence in such water of excrementitious matters discharged from the bodies of those suffering from typhoid fever; second, propagation by air contaminated by any form of filth and specially by privies, cess-pools, pig-sties, manure-heaps, rotten vegetables in cellars, and leaky or obstructed drains; third, emanations from the earth, occurring specially in the autumnal months and in seasons of drought.

So far as Massachusetts towns are concerned, the contamination of wells, though a prominent, was not found to be a preëminent cause; numerous instances show this to have been active, but other causes, such as foul drains, sewer-gas, etc., are more important. It appears that the attack is more frequently received through the lungs than through the intestines. While it may be necessary that a marked quantity of impurity should exist in drinking-water before it can do us harm, an extremely small proportion of impurity in air is greatly to be apprehended; for we drink but a comparatively small amount of water, while we inhale, every twenty-four hours, from one to two thousand gallons of air.

There is reason to suspect the poison to be sometimes, if not quite generally,

odorless, and the danger seems to be the greatest where the natural process of decomposition is secluded from air and light. The decay of vegetables in dark and unventilated cellars, and of house wastes or street wash in unventilated sewers, are especially to be feared.

In the town of Pittsfield, when the Board of Health assiduously attended to the removal of all nuisances, there was a very decided falling off in the number of cases of typhoid fever.

Derby says, "Whether the vehicle be drinking-water made foul by human excrement, sink drains, or soiled clothing, or air made foul in inclosed places by drains, decaying vegetables or fish, or old timber; or, in open places, by pig-sties, drained ponds or reservoirs, stagnant water, or accumulations of filth of every sort,—the one thing present in all these circumstances is decomposition."

If anything has been clearly proven with reference to the whole subject, it is that nearly all of the causes of typhoid fever are strictly within human control.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, an eminent physician of the last century, was so satisfied that the means of preventing pestilential fevers are "as much under the power of human reason and industry as the means of preventing the evils of lightning or common fire," that he looked for the time when the law should punish cities and villages "for permitting any sources of malignant or bilious fevers to exist within their jurisdiction."

No dense population can hope to escape recurrent pestilential diseases unless the inhabited area is kept habitually free from the dejections and other organic wastes of the population.

The instance of the "Maplewood" young ladies' school, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been so often quoted in sanitary writings during the past ten years, that it must seem almost an old story to those who are familiar with the literature of the subject; but it is at the same time such a striking instance of the possibilities of the evils with which we are contending, that it can never lose its interest, and it is to be hoped that it

may always remain the worst instance of its sort in our country's record.

The house was a large one, built of wood, closely surrounded by trees, with a foul barn-yard near it containing water in which swine wallowed, and emitting offensive odors. The cellar of the centre main building was used for storing vegetables, and its private closets connected by closed corridors with the main halls of the building. The kitchen drain opened eighty or ninety feet away from the building. The vaults of the private closets were shallow and filled nearly to the surface with semi-fluid material (they received the slops from the sleeping-rooms). The house seems to have been beset with danger on every side, and it was often necessary in the heat of summer to close the windows, to keep out offensive odors. The whole case was examined after the attack by Drs. Palmer, Ford, and Earle, of the Berkshire Medical College, and they took, so far as possible, the testimony of every member of the household and of the relatives of those who had died after being removed to their homes. Their investigation fixed the origin of the Maplewood fever (which was clearly marked typhoid) unquestionably upon the unhealthfulness of the air of the house, made impure by the causes above specified.

This Maplewood fever is one of the most fatal ever recorded. Of seventy-four resident pupils heard from, sixty-six, or nearly ninety per cent., had illness of some sort, and fifty-one, or nearly sixty-nine per cent., had well-marked typhoid fever. Of the whole family of one hundred and twelve persons, fifty-six had typhoid fever, and of these fifty-six, sixteen died. These proportions applied to the eight thousand people living in Pittsfield would have given four thousand cases of typhoid fever within the space of a few weeks, and of these eleven hundred and forty would have died. The outbreak was, however, so entirely local that some physicians in Pittsfield had no cases, and others only two or three. The Maplewood fever was a sudden explosion. It broke up the school

in a very short time, and the pupils scattered to their homes, where, under the influence of pure air, many recovered.

Dr. Palmer says of this epidemic, "Before the investigation, the matter was spoken of as the act of a mysterious Providence, to whose rulings all must submit. Looking with the eye of science upon the overflowing cess-pools and reeking sewers as inevitable causes, and with the eye of humanity upon the interesting and innocent victims languishing in pain and peril or moldering in their shrouds, I could but regard such implications of Providence, though perhaps sincerely made, as next to blasphemy; especially when uttered by the agents who were to be held responsible; though the prayer of charity might have been, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'"

A century ago epidemic diseases carried with them only calamity, not culpability; but now, when their occurrence is chargeable to willful ignorance or to wicked neglect, Dr. Rush's prophecy should be fulfilled, and the law should hold the community responsible for every death permitted to occur from preventable disease within the area that it controls.

The sanitary reforms recommended by the examining physicians being carried out, Maplewood became, and still remains, free from malarial disease.

Dr. Anstie, in his *Notes on Epidemics*, after describing the fouling of wells by the escape of cess-pool matter, and the fouling of the interior air of houses by reason of imperfect drain-traps, says, "In short, all observers arrived at the conclusion that it would be possible, by rendering our drinking-water absolutely pure, and by disinfecting our sewage at the earliest moment, entirely, or almost entirely, to suppress typhoid fever."

Dr. Austin Flint says, "Typhoid fever is very rarely if ever communicated by means of emanations from the bodies of patients affected with the disease. It does not spread from cases in hospitals to fellow-patients, nurses, and medical attendants. Isolated cases are numerous, occurring under circumstances which

preclude the possibility of contagion. Its special cause may be a product of the decomposition of collections of human excrement."

The agency of tainted water was enunciated by Canstatt, in Germany, in 1847, and many later medical writers have confirmed the theory.

Dr. Flint investigated an outbreak of typhoid fever in a village in Western New York, in 1843. No case of typhoid fever had ever been known in the county. The community numbered forty-three persons; twenty-eight of these were attacked with fever, and ten died. All of those affected obtained their drinking-water from a well adjoining the tavern; but one family, living in the midst of the infected neighborhood, owing to a feud with the tavern-keeper did not use this water and escaped infection. Two families lived too far away to use this well. This immunity on the part of the enemy of the tavern-keeper led to a charge that he had maliciously poisoned the well, a charge which led to a suit for slander and the payment of one hundred dollars damages. At this time the idea that typhoid fever might be communicated by infected drinking-water had not been advanced, but its truth receives strong confirmation from the fact that a passenger, coming from a town in Massachusetts where typhoid prevailed, and traveling westward in a stage-coach, having been taken ill, was obliged to stop at this tavern. Twenty-eight days after his arrival he died of typhoid fever, and thus, doubtless, communicated in some way to the water of this well the germs of the disease, which speedily attacked every family in the town, except the three which did not resort to it for their supply. Dr. Flint states it as his opinion that "in typhoid fever the contagion is in the dejections, and this fever may be, and generally is, caused by a morbid matter produced in decomposing excrement from healthy bodies." And he believes that "the spontaneous occurrence of this disease is to be avoided by a complete precaution against the pollution of water or air by the dejecta from healthy persons."

In the summer vacation of 1874, ten students from Oxford went on a reading party to a rural retreat in Cornwall, which was recommended as of undoubted healthfulness and of quiet seclusion. They fell into a fever trap. The water and the soil of this village were polluted until it equaled the worst slums of Liverpool. Detecting the sanitary shortcomings of their retiring-place, they beat a hasty retreat, but they carried with them the germs of the disease, and before many days six of the party were down with typhoid fever: one has since died.

The Local Government Board of England lately deputed Dr. Thorne to investigate an outbreak of typhoid at Brierly. He found that the spread of the fever was due to the poisonous dejecta of the patients. Wherever those dejecta went, poison and disease went also. The original case was in the person of a dairy-man, and was of a mild type; but it was followed by two other cases in the same house, and, by the tainting of the milk vessels, the infection was carried to thirty-eight houses in the village, in twenty-three of which the fever appeared. From these centres it spread by excremental contamination until nearly the whole village was attacked. Dr. Thorne "wished it to be distinctly understood that he by no means attributed all the cases occurring to the use of milk from the infected dairy; for when once the disease was started another powerful means for distributing it came into operation;" and he proceeds to show a very defective condition of the vaults and drains. His irresistible conclusion was that the outbreak had been due, primarily, to the use of milk from an infected dairy, and that bad drainage and bad disposal of excrement had done the rest.

During the autumn of 1874 there was an outbreak of typhoid fever in the town of Lewes, about four hundred and fifty cases occurring. The town is divided into three sections, each having its own water supply, and the disease was confined almost entirely to the division supplied by the Lewes Water-Works Com-

pany. This company furnished an intermittent supply of water, the head being turned on for three or four hours in the morning and for the same time in the afternoon. When the head is taken off, the pipes empty themselves, sucking in air at every opening. Examination showed that there were many water-closets, some of them used by fever patients, which were supplied by pipes leading directly from the water-mains into the soil-pan, and that it was a common habit to leave the taps open so that the closets should be flushed whenever the water was turned on. There were leaks in some of the old mains, and many of these were laid in soil fouled with the overflow of vaults. In one case a leak was found in a water-main where it passed through a sewer. The lead service-pipes of houses were frequently honey-combed, especially in the immediate vicinity of vaults, and in one case a leak was found directly under a vault. In seeking for this while the water was subsiding in the mains, the opening was exposed, and the whole contents of the vault were sucked into the water-pipe. In short, on every occasion of the subsiding of the water supply, air was drawn in violently at every opening, and the pipes thus received air contaminated by closets and vaults, and air from within a public sewer, so that in some cases at least, particles of excrement were drawn in from closet pans. In one section of the town only sixty houses out of a total of four hundred and fifty-four were supplied by the water-works company, and in this section, with the exception of two infants, every case of typhoid fever occurred in these sixty houses, to the total exclusion of the other three hundred and ninety-four. Even after the epidemic became rife, and there were many other means for its extension, it was found that twenty-seven per cent. of the town-water houses had been attacked, and only six per cent. of all the others.

There has recently been an investigation into the origin of an outbreak of "filth fever" in Over-Darwen, England, the origin of which for a long

time eluded the careful search of the authorities. It was finally worked out by a sanitary officer dispatched from London. The first case was an imported one, occurring in a house at a considerable distance from the town. The patient had contracted the disease, came home, and died with it. On first inquiry it was stated that the town derived its water supply from a distance, and that the water was brought by covered channels and could not possibly have been polluted by the excreta from this case. Further examination showed that the drain of the closet into which the excreta of this patient were passed emptied itself through channels used for the irrigation of a neighboring field. The water-main of the town passed through this field, and although special precautions had been taken to prevent any infiltration of sewage into the main, it was found that the concrete had sprung a leak and allowed the contents of the drain to be sucked freely into the water-pipe. The poison was regularly thrown down the drain, and as regularly passed into the water-main of the town. This outbreak had a ferocity that attracted universal attention; within a very short period two thousand and thirty-five people were attacked, and one hundred and four died. The report of this investigation closes as follows: "If an inquest were held on every case of death from typhoid fever, as we have long contended there should be, a similar relation of fatal effect to preventable cause could nearly always be traced, and may always safely be presumed."

Thus much attention has been given to the subject of typhoid fever because it is universally recognized as the typical pythogenic disease, and the most prominent of those which are believed to be entirely preventable by human agency.

Two other prevalent scourges, not ascribed to organic uncleanness but connected with the question of soil-water removal, — consumption and fever and ague, — must have a prominent place in any discussion of sanitary drainage."

The scientific world has been quick to

accept the suggestion of Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, that the genesis of pulmonary disease seems to be connected with excessive moisture arising either from a wet soil, from a clay subsoil, which is usually a cause of damp and cold, from springs breaking out near the site of the house, from sluggish drains, damp meadows, ponds of water, and other sources of fog and atmospheric moisture, or from too close sheltering by trees. To one or more of these causes it is now thought that we may ascribe the origin of a large proportion of the cases of that painful disease which, more than any other, characterizes New England.

Dr. Bowditch says, "Private investigations in Europe and America have in these later times proved that residence on a damp soil brings consumption; and second, that drainage of the wet soil of towns tends to lessen the ravages of that disease."

In 1865-66 the British government instituted an examination into the effect of drainage works on public health. Twenty-four towns sewered by the modern system were examined. "It appeared that while the general death-rate had greatly diminished, it was most strikingly evident in the smaller number of deaths from consumption." As Bowditch had pointed out, the drying of the soil as an incidental effect of sewerage had led to the diminution of this disease.

Those ailments which are caused by the influence of stagnant water or excessive wetness of the soil — consumption in its most fatal form being one of them — may be much alleviated by the simple removal of the drainage-water, through exactly the same process that is employed in farm drainage.

The connection of fever and ague with soil moisture and with the obstructed decomposition of vegetable matter in saturated ground or in moist air is almost universally recognized.

The improvement resulting from drainage is fully attested by wide areas in England where whole neighborhoods have been drained for farming purposes, and where, as a consequence, malarial diseases have entirely disappeared.

In the report of the Staten Island Improvement Commission (1871) it is stated that where the foundations of the dwelling and the land about it for a certain space have been thoroughly underdrained, and where considerable foliage interposes between such space and any exterior source of malaria, the liability to disease is greatly reduced, and there is little danger that fever and ague would be contracted by the inmates of such a house except by exposure outside their own grounds. An instance is cited where four adjoining farms, near Fresh Kills, were drained. Close to each of these farms there has been much malarial disease, but the seventy people living on them have had scarcely a symptom of it. In another quarter formerly very malarial, the occupants of which carried to other residences the disease there contracted, those who remained after the thorough drainage of the land have recovered, and have not suffered at all since; while those who moved to them after their drainage have lived there for years without injury. In this case as in the first, the neighborhood beyond the influence of the under-drains is still highly malarial.

Pulmonary diseases, especially the early stages of consumption; all continued fevers, especially typhoid fever; degenerative diseases, such as scrofula and cancer; and uterine diseases, both of tissues and of function, are stated by the Staten Island commissioners to become less severe with the natural or artificial reduction of the level of the ground-moisture.

The Secretary of the General Board of Health (England) published in 1852 Minutes of Information collected in respect to the drainage of the land forming the sites of towns, etc.

He says: "When experienced medical officers see rows of houses springing up on a foundation of deep, retentive clay, inefficiently drained, they foretell the certain appearance, among the inhabitants of catarrh, rheumatism, scrofula, and other diseases, the consequence of an excess of damp, which break out more extensively and in severer forms

in the cottages of the poor, who have scanty means of purchasing the larger quantities of fuel and of obtaining the other appliances by which the rich partly counteract the effects of dampness. Excess of moisture is often rendered visible in the shape of mist or fog, particularly towards evening. An intelligent medical officer took a member of the sanitary commission to an elevated spot from which his district could be seen. It being in the evening, level white mists could be distinguished over a large portion of the district. 'These mists,' said the officer, 'exactly mark out and cover the seats of disease for which my attendance is required. Beyond these mists, I have rarely any cases to attend but midwifery cases and accidents.' Efficient drainage causes the removal, or at least a diminution of such mists, and a proportionate abatement of the disease generated or aggravated by dampness.

"After houses built in the manner described have been inhabited for some time, and especially if crowded, fevers of a typhoid type are added to the preceding list of diseases, in consequence of emanations from privies and cess-pools. The poisonous gases, the product of decomposing animal and vegetable matter, are mixed with the watery vapor arising from excessive damp (such vapors being now recognized as the vehicle for the diffusion of the more subtle noxious gases), and both are inhaled night and day by the residents of these unwholesome houses. A further consequence of the constant inhalation of these noxious gases, which have an extremely depressing effect, is inducing the habitual use of fermented liquors, ardent spirits, or other stimulants, by which a temporary relief from the feeling of oppression is obtained."

In the English Sanitary Report for 1852 the following propositions are laid down:—

1. Excess of moisture, even on lands not evidently wet, is a cause of fogs and damps.

2. Dampness serves as the medium of conveyance for any decomposing matter that may be evolved, and adds to the

injurious effect of such matter in the air; in other words, the excess of moisture may be said to increase or aggravate excess of impurities in the atmosphere.

3. The evaporation of the surplus moisture lowers temperature, produces chills, and creates or aggravates the sudden and injurious changes of temperature by which health is injured.

The copious evidence taken by the Metropolitan Sanitary Commission, in 1848, concerning the effect of ordinary agricultural land-drainage, as practiced in England, upon the improving healthfulness of men and animals and upon climate, resulted in the production of a vast amount of evidence of the most telling character, to review which, even briefly, would be impossible in this limited space; but it clearly showed that all the benefits that the advocates of land-drainage have claimed for it had already been fully sustained by English experience.

The agricultural drainage of the land in and about the sites of towns, and the soil-drainage which is usually effected, even where no especial provision is made for it, by the ordinary works of sewerage, has fully demonstrated the sanitary benefit arising from the removal of stagnant water, or water of saturation, from the soil. The earth acts upon foul organic matters much in the same way that charcoal would do, having, though in less degree, the same sort of capacity for condensing within its pores the oxygen needed to consume the products of organic decomposition. But no soil can act in this way so long as its spaces are filled with water, and in order to make it an efficient disinfectant it is necessary to withdraw its surplus moisture and thus admit atmospheric air within its pores.

It is now generally believed that in addition to the many other evils of excessive soil-moisture, its effect in rendering a dwelling-house cold and unwholesome is especially marked in encouraging the formation of tubercles in consumptive subjects; and the various forms of malarial fever, neuralgia, influenza, dysentery, and diseases of the bowels, are

thought to be aggravated by excess of moisture in the soil immediately about human habitations.

During the past thirty or forty years very large contiguous areas have been drained in England for agricultural purposes, and an invariable result of the improvement has been a great decrease of malarial diseases, such as fever and ague and neuralgia. The vast fen-lands of Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Cumberlandshire were formerly the seat of very wide-spread diseases of a malarial type. Since the drainage of the fens these diseases have become comparatively rare and mild in form; and it is asserted with regard to England generally, that such diseases "have been steadily decreasing both in frequency and severity for several years; and this decrease is attributed in nearly every case mainly to one cause, — improved land-drainage."

The well-known Mr. James Howard, of Bedford, England, says, "In my own county, ague and fever thirty or forty years ago were very common in certain villages; since draining has been carried out the former has quite disappeared, and the latter has greatly decreased."

So far as the question of social prosperity is concerned, it is quite proper to consider the financial aspects of the question of health. The body politic has perhaps no compassion for the sufferings of the poor invalid or the bereaved mourner, but it has a quick and a vital interest in everything affecting its worldly prosperity, and the deepest foundation of its worldly prosperity lies in the strength and efficiency of its members.

Dr. Boardman, of Boston, in the sixth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, enters into a calculation, based on numerous data, which seem to be sufficiently proved.

In the metropolitan district, including Boston, the average loss of time from sickness for each individual is twenty-four days in the year. In the western district, including Berkshire County, the loss is about fourteen days; and the average for the whole State is nearly

seventeen days for each member of the population. This was in 1872; a similar computation for the previous eight years shows an average of fourteen days for each person. Calculating the cost of nursing, medical attendance, etc., and the loss of time to persons of a productive age, he finds that the loss to the State from the sickness of working people alone is over fifteen million dollars; and the same computation for the entire population would amount to nearly forty million dollars.

Assuming that out of the nineteen persons in every thousand who die annually in the whole State of Massachusetts, four might be saved by the avoidance of preventable diseases, — and this is certainly very low, for it may be reasonably assumed that eleven per thousand is the *natural* death-rate, or the lowest that can be attained, — the following saving to the State would result: the annual mortality being 26,619 with a death-rate of nineteen per one thousand, it would be, with a death-rate of fifteen per thousand, 21,015, or an annual saving of 5604 lives. Good grounds are given for assuming that every death represents a total of 730 days of sickness and disability; the aggregate saving from sickness therefore would be 4,090,920 days, which would amount to \$8,181,840, or for the working population alone \$3,190,916, which latter sum would represent the interest on more than fifty million dollars. The practical question then which the commonwealth should consider is whether an investment of fifty million dollars in the improvement of the sanitary condition of its population, and in their enlightenment as to means for preserving health, would result in a reduction of the death-rate from nineteen to fifteen. If it would do so, then the investment would be a profitable one. That it might do this, and even more, is proven by English experience, and no one can doubt it who will give even casual attention to the degree to which human life, in even our best communities, whether in town or country, is hourly endangered by the unwholesome conditions under which it exists.

In every household in which a pronounced case of typhoid occurs, it may fairly be assumed that the value of the whole family to themselves and to the community is distinctly lessened; and the large proportion of "debilitated and weakly" persons found in all our communities are but half-way victims struggling against the assaults of foul air and contaminated water. Their lives are permanently dulled by a malaria they are in part able to withstand.

In this ever-waged battle there are wounded as well as killed; and in England it is recognized that "convulsions" and many attacks of nervous ailments are marks of excremental poisoning.

There are several diseases which are now known to indicate more or less definitely unfavorable sanitary arrangements, and as the knowledge of hygiene extends, other diseases are being added to the list. Nervous toothache, neuralgia, scarlet fever, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and consumption are among those which are either generated by foul air or foul water, or which are made worse because of unhealthy surroundings.

Dr. Derby says, "That an obscure internal cause — which, in our ignorance of its nature, is called a proneness of disposition to receive the poison — is necessary for its development does not affect the truth of the fact that without filth the disease is not born. . . . The improvement of public health as expressed by that unerring guide, the death-rate, corresponds with all the means by which air and water are kept free from pollution."

Typhoid fever is the most conspicuous type of the class of zymotic diseases, all of which are clearly pythogenic, and none of which can originate under conditions fit for proper human habitation.

A fertile soil or an impervious subsoil is especially favorable to typhoid poisoning; while deep gravel or sand, well drained and offering free access to the air, are the least so. Rock near the surface is bad in the same way that a clay subsoil is bad.

As a rule, new residents in an unhealthy locality are more subject to disease than those who have become accustomed to the unfavorable influence; yet when typhoid contagion appears, it attacks first those whose systems have been debilitated by the insidious influences of foul air or water.

One naturally argues from circumstances with which he is most familiar, and as I have given more especial attention to the sanitary short-comings of my own town, I take it as an example, believing, however, that its interior arrangements are not less favorable than those of the average of our prosperous country places, and recognizing the important fact that its position (on a neck of land hardly a mile wide and sloping in one direction to the Atlantic Ocean and in the other to Narragansett Bay, without a hill or a forest to intercept the free-blowing winds from every quarter) makes Newport *naturally* a perfectly salubrious town. The population in 1870 was 12,521, the larger number living in a compactly built district facing the west and drained into a deep cove of Narragansett Bay. At the north and at the south the land is flat, but nearly all of it lies high enough for tolerable drainage. It is underlaid with stratified rock, and has a heavy clay subsoil interrupted by fissures of gravel sloping similarly to the surface of the ground.

There is no public water supply, and probably a large majority of the population drink water from wells only, although there are many filtering cisterns. Nearly all the houses of well-to-do people have the usual plumbing arrangements, which discharge into cisterns or into cess-pools in the ground. Some of these drain themselves through the gravel streaks of the subsoil, and a very few are absolutely tight, so that they require hand emptying. A rude sort of sewerage has been attempted here and there, laid without system and constructed apparently without the least reference to the well-known requirements of all town drains.

These sewers have the advantage of

being at every opening so noisomely offensive that persons living near them are warned by the odor to keep their windows closed when the wind comes from a certain direction, and passers-by do not loiter in their vicinity. There is less insidious sewer poisoning here, as the exhalations are blazoned to the duldest sense. Usually where a sewer is available, the private cess-pool overflows into it, but in a great majority of cases the removal is by hand, with carts trundling into the country and making winter days and summer nights more than hideous.

If the best winds of heaven did not blow almost constantly through our streets, we should probably be as badly off as a country town can be, but apparently this free ventilation will, for some time continue to stave off the epidemic that awaits us, and which alone probably (here as elsewhere) will be able to secure the needed reform.

With these advantages and disadvantages Newport had a death-rate in 1863 of 34.16 per thousand (even supposing the population not to have increased between 1863 and 1870); a death-rate in 1873 of 25.76 per thousand, and an average death-rate for eleven years ending 1873 of 21.05 per thousand.

The town of Worthing, on the south coast of England, is probably more nearly like Newport in its climate, population, and uses than any other sea-coast town with which it can be compared. Like Newport, Worthing is more or less a resort for invalids and persons seeking a beneficial change of air, but unlike Newport it has an excellent and abundant supply of pure water, and its drainage is said to be perhaps the most complete in Great Britain, every cess-pool and surface drain having been suppressed and a main sewer emptying into the sea two miles away. The sanitary effect of this difference is shown by the fact that Worthing has the lowest death-rate ever recorded — 14.5 per thousand (during the second quarter of 1874 it was only 12.9 per thousand); and a *death-rate of 14.5 means an average longevity of nearly sixty-nine years for the whole population.*

It is probably as nearly certain as any such speculation can be, that could Newport have the simple advantage of a pure water supply and the perfect drainage that could so easily be given it, its average death-rate could be reduced to that of Worthing, causing us an annual saving of nearly one third of its deaths, with the enormous amount of costly and wearying illness and of debility and inefficiency that these deaths imply. Viewed in another light, could the questionable reputation under which Newport now suffers be replaced by one like that of Worthing, it would lead to such a growth of "stranger" population in summer and in winter as would gladden the hearts and overflow the coffers of all its eager army of purveyors.

Nor are our cities better provided with sanitary appliances than our smaller towns. Even Boston, which congratulates itself on its refinement and civilization, is assiduously planting the seeds of future trouble.

The newer parts of the city, especially the district toward the mill-dam, may serve as a very good illustration of what it is possible to do in the way of providing unfit habitations. The annoyances caused by the imperfect sewerage of this district have long been a ground of complaint even among persons who would accept the ordinarily defective drainage of higher-lying town-districts as quite satisfactory.

In this case the remedy though radical is simple, and it would be much less costly than would be supposed by those who are not acquainted with the artificial pumping system largely in use in England. Indeed, this district is especially well adapted for such drainage, for the reason that all its houses are occupied by a class who use water very liberally, so that there need be no fear that there would not be an ample flow to remove all solid matter reaching properly made drains.

All street-wash and the rain-water falling on the roofs, court-yards, etc. (beyond what would be needed for occasional flushing of the house sewers), may be removed by surface gutters or by

a system of shallow drains discharging into Massachusetts Bay, and flushed, whenever needed, by water admitted to a flushing reservoir from Charles River. The house drainage itself should be disposed of through an independent system of small sewers laid at least three feet below the level of the lowest cellars, collected at one point and lifted by steam power into a sewer leading to Massachusetts Bay.

Nothing but the fact that it is surrounded by wide stretches of water and great areas of unoccupied land could account for the preservation of the city in a state of even tolerable healthfulness, in the face of the circumstance that the water system is only partially introduced, and that fully one half of its night-soil, or about five thousand cords per annum, is still removed by carts; and it should be borne in mind that this five thousand cords is only what has been retained in the vaults after enormous volumes of its liquid parts have soaked away into a soil covered with a dense population.

Reference has been made to the fact that there is often less danger from impure well-water than from impure air, and some of the Massachusetts investigations indicate that in that State contaminated wells are not a very prominent source of infection. At the same time, the fouling of well-water by organic impurities is a very frequent source of fatal disease, and probably the reason why it does not appear relatively more serious in Massachusetts is that so much of the soil of that State is of a light character to a very great depth, there being less lateral movement of excessive soil-moisture than where strata of hardpan, or impervious soil, and seams in stratified rocks are more prevalent.

The reason why well-water is often bad and unwholesome is, in plain English, because sink-drains and vaults empty their foul contents into it. A well may be good for a long time and subsequently become poisoned, because the soil lying between the source of the impurity and the well itself has a certain amount of cleansing power. While this is effective, every impurity is with-

held, but by degrees the soil becomes foul farther and farther on, until at last there is no grain of uncorrupted earth to stand between the sink and our only source of the pure water without which we cannot live in health.

The well is in effect a deeper drain, toward which the water from the surrounding earth finds its way, and in time, as impurities will follow water to any outlet unless the filter that holds them back remains always active, the foulness of the earth within the drawing range of the well is carried into the water, which it renders unfit for human use.

In 1847 typhoid fever broke out nearly at once in the thirteen houses of a single terrace in Clifton, England, which took their drinking-water from a certain well. Other houses in the same terrace escaped entirely, and it was found on investigation that in every house supplied from the well in question the disease was severe, while in no other house of the terrace did it appear. The infected houses were considerably scattered, and the only connecting link between the inmates was the use of the same drinking-water.

A very striking case in point which occurred in Williamstown, Massachusetts, was well and skillfully investigated. A house-drain became choked, and its contents mingled with those of a field-drain that was near a well. The season was wet, the ground was thoroughly saturated, and surface water oozed into the well. The house was a boarding-house, with from thirty to thirty-five persons, mostly students, at table. Within two weeks most of the boarders were affected, and twenty or more of the students fell sick. At this time there was one case of typhoid fever in town, and this patient had been removed from his lodgings in the college to this boarding-house, where, probably by means of the escape of his dejections from the imperfect drain, his disease was communicated through the water of the well to all or nearly all of those who drank the water unboiled. Those who drank no cold water escaped: but a family in an adjoining house supplied from the same

well were attacked, except one member who habitually drank no cold water. All who drank that water unboiled had the disease; all who avoided it in that state escaped.

Dr. Stephen Smith describes a visit to a country clergyman, a former school-mate, who told him of a family, five of the members of which had died, while another was then fatally sick with typhoid fever; and he had not thought of attributing it to anything else but a "visitation of Providence." An investigation showed that during a busy harvest the valve of the pump had got out of order, and there being no time to replace it, water had been taken from a brook which received, higher up, surface water and the drainage from several barn-yards. Of the entire family but two escaped attack, and they had not used the water.

The Broad Street pump in London is now famous in the annals of epidemics. During the cholera visitation in 1848-49, it killed five hundred persons in a single week. And many of the better classes, who fled the town and went to reside five miles farther up the Thames, were there attacked with cholera, it being found that they had been in the habit of sending to the Broad Street pump for their tea-water.

Having been instrumental in introducing the dry-earth system of sewerage into this country, it is proper for me to say here that my faith in the ability of that system to accomplish all that it has ever promised remains unabated, and that, under circumstances where its application is practically feasible, I should never recommend water sewerage; yet, in the present state of its development, it is so inapplicable to a large majority of cases, or so distasteful to a mass of persons whose necessities demand immediate relief, that, without in any way receding from its advocacy, I freely acknowledge that the practical good which is to come of early sanitary reform is to be sought through other means.

The drawback, so far as towns are concerned, lies in the inability of this system to deal satisfactorily with copious

amounts of water. Twenty-five gallons of waste running from a kitchen sink would require for its absorption from four hundred to five hundred pounds of earth. Still, earth sewerage can be perfectly depended on in village and rural establishments where there is a sufficient amount of lawn or garden to absorb the waste by underground irrigation; such irrigation beginning at a point sufficiently far from the house or the well. Disposed of in this way, and made to feed a vigorous vegetation, all of the liquid waters of the house may be safely treated in a small lawn or garden.

The evidence as to the sanitary completeness of this system is all as conclusive as the following recent report from a very unhealthy quarter: Before 1868, dysentery and fever were very prevalent in the convict-prison of Labuan, Borneo, and the old system of water-closets and cess-pits was abolished, earth-closets being substituted. Hereupon the sickness and mortality declined. In 1870 a great mortality broke out among the troops of the station, and a government inquiry developed the fact that in the barracks, where the earth system had been neglected, thirty per cent. of the troops died per annum; the deaths in the prison, where it had been assiduously used, amounted to but two per cent. In Sierra Leone, where the commanding officer had taken efficient measures to provide earth-closets for the troops, the health of the officers and men was maintained "at the very time when fever and dysentery were carrying off twenty per cent. per

annum of the European population residing in the town."

A novel system of sewerage by pneumatic action, invented a few years ago by a Dutch engineer named Liernur, has been introduced on a large scale in parts of Amsterdam, Leyden, and other towns of Holland, and is now being much discussed by those interested in sanitary matters in England. The accounts given of the success of this method, of the entire absence of odor in all its processes, and of the complete saving for agricultural use of almost every part of the household waste, indicate that it is most efficient, economical, and admirable. It has just been adopted for the entire sewerage of St. Petersburg, where it is to be introduced at a cost of over twenty million dollars.

It has been attempted, in this preliminary paper, to bring within the scope of a magazine article some of the leading considerations which make the subject of sanitary drainage seem well worthy of more attention at the hands of the public than it has thus far received. It seemed advisable to offer such an introduction to the later articles of this series, — which will treat more particularly of the better methods of dealing with such of the wastes of human life in and about dwelling-houses, whether isolated or in towns, as lead to the evils herein referred to; and of the safest means for removing from inhabited town-areas the accumulated waste of its individual houses.

George E. Waring, Jr.

LOVE'S REWARD.

FOR Love I labored all the day,
Through morning-chill and midday heat,
For surely with the evening gray,
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be sweet.

At eventide, with weary limb,
I brought my labors to the spot
Where Love had bid me come to him;
Thither I came, but found him not.

For he with idle folk had gone
To dance the hours of night away;
And I that toiled was left alone,
Too weary now to dance or play.

F. W. Bourdillon.

EXOTICS.¹

THIS many-colored bouquet of strange flowers would interest us at once as coming from the hands of a father and daughter who have wrought together as if they had been brother and sister. It may even be doubted if brother and sister would ever work together in such perfect accord as father and daughter are sometimes found doing, and as they have done in this labor of love. Poets have commonly invoked the muse to aid them, but to find one dwelling under one's own roof, a child that was rocked in the household cradle, that has grown into girlhood and womanhood by the family fireside, is a rare and singular felicity. In this case it is not always easy to say whether the father or the daughter is author of the particular translation before us. The masculine hand is so nice in touch, and the feminine one is so firm and true, that we may be pardoned for looking now and then to make sure whether it is to

J. F. C. or to L. C. that we owe the verses which we have been reading.

Other readers must perform the critical labor of comparing these versions with the original. For us, as for most of those into whose hands they will pass, they are valuable in themselves, as English poems. One would hardly be thought to have read them carefully if he did not point out a false rhyme in two or three places; "morning" and "dawning" (VI.), "morn" and "gone" (XX.), and the "out" repeating itself (LXXIX.). The grandeur of those two parallel sentiments "*Æquo pede pulsat*," and "*la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre*," falters in the rhythm of the translation, and in one instance, at least, as acknowledged in a foot-note, the classic air of the poem is modernized. But these are small matters and need not disturb our judgment.

The translation of a poem from one language to another is in one sense an impossibility — as much as it is to get a ripe peach from New Jersey to Boston;

¹ *Exotics: Attempts to domesticate them.* By J. F. C. and L. C. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

to carry a full-blown rose from here to San Francisco; to waft the salt-sea odor of Nahant to St. Louis. Or, to change the comparison, it is like the reproduction of a painting in mosaic. The scenes and figures that "savage Rosa dashed or learned Poussin drew," the sweeps of Michel Angelo's brush, the flood from the paint-jars of Rubens which overflowed some palace ceiling, have to be reproduced by picking out little colored bits one by one, and thus cheating the eye if possible into the belief that they are something other than mere patches brought together in a state of mind the very opposite of that in which paintings are conceived and executed. So the mental condition of the translator is like to be, in the vast majority of cases, the very reverse of that of the poet whom he is trying to reproduce.

What is the poet's condition when writing? If Shakespeare called it a "fine frenzy," a modern psychologist would be quite as likely to say it is a kind of clairvoyance. The poet is a medium, and he has always recognized himself as such ever since and long before the invocation which begins the great early epic. He holds the pen, and the divinity, the muse, the inspiration, the genius, the spirit-influence, — whatever the time may choose to call it, — shapes the characters. The difference is this. In the "medium" commonly so called, the mechanical process of writing is automatically performed by the muscles, in obedience to an impulse not recognized as proceeding from the will. In poetical composition the will is first called in requisition to exclude interfering outward impressions and alien trains of thought. After a certain time the second state or adjustment of the poet's double consciousness (for he has two states, just as the somnambulists have) sets up its own automatic movement, with its special trains of ideas and feelings in the thinking and emotional centres. As soon as the fine frenzy or *quasi* trance-state is fairly established, the consciousness watches the torrent of thoughts and arrests the ones wanted, singly with their fitting expression, or in

groups of fortunate sequences which he cannot better by after treatment. As the poetical vocabulary is limited and its plasticity lends itself only to certain moulds, the mind works under great difficulty, at least until it has acquired by practice such handling of language that every possibility of rhythm or rhyme offers itself actually or potentially to the clairvoyant perception simultaneously with the thought it is to embody. Thus poetical composition is the most intense, the most exciting, and therefore the most exhausting of mental exercises. It is exciting because its mental states are a series of revelations and surprises; intense on account of the double strain upon the attention. The poet is not the same man who seated himself an hour ago at his desk, with the dust-cart and the gutter, or the duck-pond and the hay-stack and the barn-yard fowls beneath his window. He is in the forest with the song-birds; he is on the mountain-top with the eagles. He sat down in rusty broadcloth, he is arrayed in the imperial purple of his singing-robos. Let him alone now, if you are wise, for you might as well have pushed the arm that was finishing the smile of a Madonna, or laid a rail before a train that had a queen on board, as thrust your untimely question on this half cataleptic child of the muse, who hardly knows whether he is in the body or out of the body. And do not wonder if, when the fit is over, he is in some respects like one who is recovering after an excess of the baser stimulants.

If the reader thinks this is put too strongly, let him open the little book before us and read the first poem in it, a translation from Goethe, which is headed —

THE RULE WITH NO EXCEPTIONS.

Tell me, friend, as you are bidden,
What is hardest to be hidden?
Fire is hard. The smoke betrays
Its place by day, by night its blaze.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
FIRE is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell as I am bidden!
LOVE is hardest to be hidden.
Do your best, you can't conceal it;

Actions, looks, and tones reveal it.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
Love is hardest to be hidden.

I will tell as I am bidden!
Poetry cannot be hidden.
Fire may smoulder, love be dead,
But a poem must be read.
Song intoxicates the poet;
He will sing it, he will show it.

He must show it, he must sing it.
Tell the fellow then to bring it!
Though he knows you can't abide it,
'Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell as I am bidden, —
Poems never can be hidden.

"*Song intoxicates the poet.*" His brain rings with it for hours or days or weeks after it has chimed itself through his consciousness. The vibration dies away gradually, like the tremor of a bell which has been struck, and the medium comes to himself again. What a pity that the passion and the fever and the delirium are not a measure of the excellence of the product of the poetic trance! It is mournful to think how many rhymes have been written in tears of ecstasy and self-admiration, which have been read with the smile of pity or the sneer of contempt. No small fraction of the correspondence of an over-good-natured literary man consists of replies to the victims of the delusion that their vascular and nervous excitement is the index of their power. He cannot help the same kind of commiseration for them that he would have for the poor, foolish, sickly mother who should insist on sending her limp infant to one of those elevating spectacles known as "baby-shows;" her blood is in its veins, and her milk is in its blood; how can she help thinking it worthy to be admired of all?

The passion with which verse is written does not measure its true poetical value, but that true poetry can be evolved by any calm process, like the working out of a mathematical problem, is hardly to be conceived. Under what conditions, then, can a translation, which is a transfer, drop by drop, into a more or less opaque receptacle, of the crystalline thought that sprang up into the air from its hidden fountain, have anything of the effect of the original?

The answer is that if the translator is really "penetrated by a sense of the qualities of his author;" he must have some mental gift like that of his author. His mind must have a mordant for the colors to be transferred from the original pattern. The poem to be translated must have lain in his memory long enough to have naturalized itself as a part of his thought. It must have worked itself in before it tries to work itself out. When this "fretting in" has taken place, and not before, the translator, if, as has been assumed, he has something of the poetical nature akin to his original, may reproduce a poem with somewhat of the passion which accompanied its conception in the mind of the author. He will not then give us a literal rendering, but a new poem, which produces an impression on the reader's mind as nearly as possible like that which the original produced on his own. The treatment is not unlike that of a landscape by a true painter, who often gets his best effects by neglecting the details which a novice would have thought essential. This is the kind of work the reader may look for in the pages before us.

In every work where taste and judgment are called in requisition, we try the man in some measure by his book, but we are also, in some degree, influenced in our estimate of the book by what we know of the man. Mr. Emerson's Parnassus, for instance, independently of any excellences it possesses as a collection of poems, interests us and commands our respect as showing what has especially pleased the unforeseeable selective instinct of his ethereal but incisive intelligence. It is only fair, then, to ask who it is that gives us, with the occasional aid of his homebred and long domesticated muse, this book of choicely gathered poetical blossoms from various ages and climates.

Fifty years of friendly association, beginning in the earliest college days, may tempt the writer to speak of James Freeman Clarke in terms which have ripened towards the superlative, but it is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly-earned praise to the

writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker. These translations are the work of one who, though not unknown as a poet, is not a mere man of letters. They reveal some of the mental affinities of a man whose life has been passed in labor of various kinds; very little of which has come even as near to recreation as the work of making these careful versions; all of which labor has been directed to high and unselfish ends. A faithful, untiring preacher and pastor, a diligent student from his youth upward, for more than an entire generation constantly before us, speaking and writing manly and living thoughts on vital subjects; a Christian without a crook of ecclesiasticism or a squint of bigotry; a philanthropist who leaves no aftertaste of bitterness in any word he utters, as largely human in his sympathies as the old neighbor of Terence's play; ready to lend a hand to every useful project, in church, college, state, society; scholarly in acquisition, familiar in imparting knowledge, always cheerful and hopeful, — he is wanted in as many places and fills those places as well as any man among us. The accomplishment of verse is no more needful to his record than it was to that of John Quincy Adams, who felt, nevertheless, as so many other great personages have felt, that to get into the inmost heart of his fellow men and women, his thought must wind its way aided by the flexuous graces of rhythmical expression.

The reader cannot but like to know what are the inmates of such a man's memory, his favorites, which he has robed in the fairest garments of his vocabulary, as a mother adorns her children for a festival.

Where was ever the poet who did not sing of love? Where was ever the lover of poetry who lived long enough to outgrow the recollection of the love-songs of his youth? "My lyre will ring to love alone," said Anacreon, though the maidens told him he was no longer young. Its dreams and memories at least belong to every age, and so the reader will be glad to know that love, hoping and despairing, love returned and

love rejected, love with its anticipations and love with its regrets, is the burden of one third of these poems. Devotion, self-forgetfulness, prayer, faith, good works, patriotism, wise counsel, epigrammatic satire, lively pictures from Roman life, and chips of various aspects from the poets' workshops, help to fill the volume, which, small as it is, holds more than many of those great books whose very size has given them a name of reproach.

A few of the more attractive poems may be mentioned, and this notice will be closed most fitly by the citation of one or two as specimens. *Rabia*, it may be taken for granted, everybody remembers; once heard it is hard to forget it. If the reader wishes to smile, let him read the translation from Goethe, entitled *Modern Catholics*. If he would smile at the expense of some of his estimable but sometimes ill-balanced neighbors, let him read the lesson to *Philanthropists*, which ends with the four lines, —

"Be so benevolent, I pray,
As to drive the wolf away;
Love *him*, if you will, but keep
Some love also for the sheep."

But if he does not laugh with delight when he reads the following, he has not had the experiences through which some of us have passed. It is the same counsel, with an addition, which good Dr. Primrose gives in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and is credited to the *Gulistan of Saadi*.

"A scholar sought his teacher: 'What shall I do?' said he,
'With these unasked-for visitors, who steal my time from me?'
The learned master answered, 'Lend money to the poor,
And borrow money of the rich, — they'll trouble you no more.'
When Islam's army marches, send a beggar in the van,
And the frightened hosts of Infidels will run to Hindostan."

Miss Clarke's part of the joint labor is, as has been said, not unworthy to be associated with the best of her father's. Two verses — a translation from Geibel — will be enough at least to show her graceful management of language.

TEARS.

I mourned and wept through many weary years,
In bitter grief and care;
And now this perfect hour still brings me tears;
My bliss I cannot bear.

Oh, how can one poor heart all heaven contain?
My foolish lips are dumb;
Alas! in sweetest joy, in sharpest pain
Only these bright tears come.

One more specimen must be given in
full, and can hardly fail to leave the
reader longing for the book which holds
it. This is from the hand of the father.

MOSES AND THE WORM.

(Herder.)

Holy Moses, man of God, came to his tent one day,
And called his wife Safurja, and his children from
their play:

"O sweetest orphaned children! O dearest widowed
wife!

We meet, dear ones, no more on earth, for this day
ends my life.

Jehovah sent his angel down and told me to pre-
pare"—

Then swooned Safurja on the ground; the chil-
dren, in despair,

Said, weeping, "Who will care for us, when you,
dear father, go?"

And Moses wept and sobbed aloud to see his chil-
dren's woe.

But then Jehovah spake from heaven: "And dost
thou fear to die?"

And dost thou love this world so well that thus I
hear thee cry?"

And Moses said, "I fear not death. I leave this
world with joy;

Yet cannot but compassionate this orphan girl and
boy."

"In whom then did thy mother trust, when, in
thy basket-boat,
An infant, on the Nile's broad stream all helpless
thou didst float?"

In whom didst thou thyself confide, when by the
raging sea

The host of Pharaoh came in sight?" Then Moses
said, "In Thee!

In Thee, O Lord, I now confide as I confided then."

And God replied, "Go to the shore! Lift up thy
staff again."

Then Moses lifted up his rod. The sea rolled wide
away,

And in the midst a mighty rock black and uncov-
ered lay.

"Smite thou the rock!" said God again. The
rock was rent apart,

And then appeared a little worm, close nestled in
its heart.

The worm cried, "Praise to God on high, who
hears his creatures' moan,

Nor did forget the little worm concealed within the
stone."

"If I remember," said the Lord, "the worm be-
neath the sea,

Shall I forget thy children, who love and honor
me?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MORE problems!¹ Why should we read them if they are not our problems, but only Mr. Lewes's? Of all forms of earthly worry, the metaphysical worry seems the most gratuitous. If it lands us in permanently skeptical conclusions, it is worse than superfluous; and if (as is almost always the case with non-skeptical systems) it simply ends by "indorsing" common-sense, and reinstating us in the possession of our old feelings, motives, and duties, we may fairly ask if it was worth while to go so far round in order simply to return to our starting-point and be put back into the old harness. Is not the primal state of philosophic innocence, since the practical difference is *nil*, as good as the state of reflective enlightenment? And need we, provided we can stay at home and take the world for granted, undergo the fatigues of a campaign with such uncomfortable spirits as the present author, merely for the sake of coming to our own again, with nothing gained but the pride of having accompanied his expedition? So we may ask. But is the pride nothing? Consciousness is the only measure of utility, and even if no philosophy could ever alter a man's motives in life,—which is untrue,—that it should add to their conscious completeness is enough to make thousands take upon themselves its burden of perplexities. We like the sense of companionship with better and more eager intelligences than our own, and that increment of self-respect which we all experience in passing from an instinctive to a reflective state, and adopting a belief which hitherto we simply underwent.

Mr. Lewes has drunk deep of the waters of skepticism that have of late years been poured out so freely in England, but he has worked his way through them into a constructive activity; and his work is only one of many harbingers of a reflux in the philosophic tide. All philosophic reflection is essentially skeptical at the start. To common-sense, and in fact to all living thought, matters actually thought of are held to be absolutely and objectively as we think them. Every representation *per se*, and while it persists, is of something absolutely

so. It becomes relative, flickering, insecure, only when reduced, only in the light of further consideration which we may bring forward to confront it with. This may be called its *reductive*. Now the reductive of most of our confident beliefs about Being is the reflection that they are *our* beliefs; that we are turbid media; and that a form of being may exist uncontaminated by the touch of the fallacious knowing subject. In the light of this conception, the Being we know droops its head; but until this conception has been formed it knows no fear. The motive of most philosophies has been to find a position from which one could *exorcise the reductive*, and remain securely in possession of a secure belief. Ontologies do this by their conception of "necessary" truth, *i. e.*, a truth with no alternative; with a *præterea nihil*, and not a *plus ultra possibile*; a truth, in other words, whose only reductive would be the impossible, nonentity, or zero.

In such conclusions as these philosophy re-joins hands with common-sense. For above all things common-sense craves for a stable conception of things. We desire to know what to *expect*. Once having settled down into an attitude towards life both as to its details and as a whole, an incalculable disturbance which might arise, disconcert all our judgments, and render our efforts vain, would be in the last degree undesirable. Now as a matter of fact we do live in a world from which as a rule we know what to expect. Whatever items we found together in the past are likely to coexist in the future. Our confidence in this state of things deprives us of all sense of insecurity; if we lay our plans rightly the world will fulfill its part of the contract. Common-sense, or popular philosophy, explains this by what is called the judgment of Substance, that is, by the postulation of a persistent Nature, immutable by time, behind each phenomenal group, which binds that group together and makes it what it is essentially and eternally. Even in regard to that mass of accidents which must be expected to occur in some shape but cannot be accurately prophesied in detail, we set our minds at rest, by saying that the world with all its events has a substantial cause; and when we call this cause God, Love, or

¹ *Problems of Life and Mind.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Perfection, we feel secure that whatever the future may harbor, it cannot at bottom be inconsistent with the character of this term. So our attitude towards even the unexpected is in a general sense defined.

Now this substantial judgment has been adopted by most dogmatic philosophies. They have explained the collocations of phenomena by an immutable underlying nature or natures, beside or beyond which they have posited either the sphere of the Impossible, if they professed rationalism throughout, or merely a *de facto* Nonentity if they admitted the element of Faith as legitimate. But the skeptical philosophers who have of late predominated in England have denied that the substantial judgment is legitimate at all, and in so doing have seemed among other things to deny the legitimacy of the confidence and repose which it engenders. The habitual concurrence of the same phenomena is not a case of dynamic connection at all, they say. It may happen again—but we have no rational warrant for asserting that it must. The syntheses of data we think necessary are only so to us, from habit. The universe may turn inside out to-morrow, for aught we know; our knowledge grasps neither the essential nor the immutable. Instead of a nonentity beyond, there is a darkness, peopled it may be with every nightmare-shape. Their total divergence from popular philosophy has many other aspects, but this last thought is their reductive of its tendency to theosophize and of its dogmatic confidence in general.

The originality of Mr. Lewes is that while vigorously hissing the "Substances" of common-sense and metaphysics off the stage, he also scouts the reductive which the school of Mill has used, and maintains the absoluteness and essentiality of our knowledge. The world according to him as according to them is truly enough only the world *as known*, but *for us* there is no other world. For grant a moment the existence of such a one: we could never be affected by it; as soon as we were affected, however, we should be knowers of it, in the only sense in which there is any knowledge at all, the sense of subjective determination,—and it would have become our world. Now, as such it is a universe and not a heap of sand, or, as has been said, a *nulliverse* like Mill's. Its truths are *eternæ veritates*, essential, exhaustive, immutable. We can settle down upon them and they will keep their promise. The sum of all the proper-

ties is the substance; the predicates are the subject; each property is the other viewed in a "different aspect." The same collocations must therefore occur in the future. So far from the notion of cause being illusory, the cause is the effect "in another relation," and the effect the procession of the cause. The identification by continuity of what the senses discriminate, and so, according to the reigning empiricism, disunite, is carried so far by Mr. Lewes that in his final chapter he affirms the psychic event which accompanies a tremor in the brain to be that tremor "in a different aspect."

His arguments we have not space to expose. One thing is obvious, however: that his results will meet with even greater disfavor from the empirics than from the ontologists in philosophy, and that the pupils of Mill and Bain in particular will find this bold identification of the sensibly diverse too mystical to pass muster. It is in fact the revival of the old Greek puzzle of the One and the Many—how each becomes the other—which they, if we apprehend them aright, have escaped by the simple expedient of suppressing the One. They will join hands too with the ontologists in conjuring up beyond the universe recognized by Mr. Lewes the spectre of an hypothetical possible Something, not a Zero—only the ontologists will not join them again in letting this fill the blank form of a logical reductive pure and simple, but will dub it the universe *in se*, or the universe as related to God, if Mr. Lewes still insists on their defining everything as in relation. That Mr. Lewes should say candidly of this thought that *he* is willing to ignore it, cannot restrain them. We may conclude, therefore, that ever-sprouting reflection, or skepticism, just as it preys on all other systems, may also in strict theoretic legitimacy prey upon the ultimate data of Mr. Lewes's Positivism taken as a whole; even though all men should end by admitting that within the bounds of that empirical whole, his views of the necessary continuity between the parts were true. To this reduction by a *plus ultra*, Mr. Lewes can only retort by saying, "Foolishness! So much ontologic thirst is a morbid appetite." But in doing this he simply falls back on the *act of faith* of all positivisms. Wary of the infinitely receding chase after a theoretically warranted Absolute, they return to their starting-point and break off there, like practical men, saying, "Physics, we espouse thee;

for better or worse be thou our Absolute!"

Skepticism, or unrest, in short, can always have the last word. After every definition of an object, reflection may arise, infect it with the *cogito*, and so discriminate it from the object *in se*. This is possible *ad infinitum*. That we do not all do it is because at a certain point most of us get tired of the play, resolve to stop, and assuming something for true, pass on to a life of action based on that.

We wish that Mr. Lewes had emphasized this volitional moment in his Positivism. Although the consistent pyrrhonist is the only theoretically unassailable man, it does not follow that he is the right man. Between us and the universe, there are no "rules of the game." The important thing is that our judgments should be right, not that they should observe a logical etiquette. There is a brute, blind element in every thought which still has the vital heat within it and has not yet been reflected on. Our present thought always has it, we cannot escape it, and we for our part think philosophers had best acknowledge it, and avowedly *posit* their universe, staking their persons, so to speak, on the truth of their position. In practical life we despise a man who will risk nothing, even more than one who will heed nothing. May it not be that in the theoretic life the man whose scruples about flawless accuracy of demonstration keep him forever shivering on the brink of Belief is as great an imbecile as the man at the opposite pole, who simply consults his prophetic soul for the answer to everything? What is this but saying that our opinions about the nature of things belong to our moral life?

Mr. Lewes's personal fame will now stand or fall by the *credo* he has published. We do not think the fame should suffer, even though we reserve our assent to important parts of the creed. The book is full of vigor of thought and felicity of style, in spite of its diffuseness and repetition. It will refute many of the objections made by critics to the first volume; and will, we doubt not, be a most important ferment in the philosophic thought of the immediate future.

—In Mr. Boyesen's new novel,¹ as in the case of his *Gunnar*, we have first of all to greet a substantial success—and success

¹ *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*. By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, author of *Gunnar*. New York: Sheldon and Company. 1875.

with characters and scenery that will speak, of their nature, to a wider audience than his initial romance, popular as it is, addressed. But this done, there are some exceptions to be taken. The plot is as simple as possible; this, of course, we do not object to; but it is sometimes a good principle of art to graft upon the plain, sturdy stock of the primary motive a variety of situations, of counter motives and emotions, that strengthen as well as beautify the different parts. The Norseman's Pilgrimage is not wanting in change of *physical* and scenic situation, but the mental and spiritual pose and gronping are about the same all the way through. After the opening startle and adventure of the first chapter, and the encounter at the Venusberg, Varberg and Ruth Copley assume at once the relative position which is maintained by them up to the final pages; and the change from Leipsic to Strasburg, and from there to Norway, with all the splendor and pleasure of association that it involves, is really to a certain slight extent factitious in its interest. Besides this, we do not quite like the portrait of Ruth. No doubt the author has drawn with care from nature; but Ruth stands here, by a more or less strong implication, as a type of the best American girls, without any other figure to modify the effect produced by her. Though we recognize in her traits that are characteristic of many American young women, they are combined with certain elements of character—a dignity, a grave sweetness—that we think is not apt to co-exist with them.

Especially we should say she lacks the accent of Boston girlhood, though it is that city that she hails from. We must not, however, neglect to mention the many skillful touches of character, both in her portrait and in those of others. Mrs. Elder is excellent. Too much cannot be said in praise of the way in which Thora is rendered,—that delicate, dreamy snow-maiden of the north who seems like the ghost of Varberg's haunting love for his motherland, and bears her disappointment with such sweet, pathetic silence. The whole description of the Norwegian homestead and the old grandparents is charming. Mr. Boyesen is as yet more harmonious in his pictures of Norway than in others; but his advances in the presentation of other things is decided and commendable; and with his remarkable command of English and rapidly developing style, therefore, we are prepared to see him introduce into our fictitious

literature elements of the liveliest interest and vigor, unused before.

— The inverted title of Mr. Calvert's collected essays¹ indicates their greatest fault: a certain pomposity of manner, a something which looks like verbal affectation. He has a remarkable affluence of words, which he is apt to dispose rather showily and fantastically, so that his style sometimes reminds us of the dress of those people who are a trifle too fond, for perfect taste, of making picturesque points in costume. Frequently Mr. Calvert's verbal magnificence is appropriate and striking, like that of Sainte-Beuve himself, for whom the American essayist has so healthful and honorable an enthusiasm. But then again he will disport himself in such expressions as "posited," "teemful," "transpicious;" or strain after an aphorism with an effect of blank absurdity, as in the remark, "That no writer of limited faculties can have a style of high excellence ought to be a truism;" or airily cast off the ordinary bonds of English grammar, as where he says of Carlyle's Cromwell and Frederick, "Such giants, carrying nations on their broad fronts, Mr. Carlyle in writing their lives with duteous particularity, has embraced the full story of the epoch in which each was a leader." These eccentricities are the more remarkable because Mr. Calvert in the essay entitled *Errata* proclaims himself exceedingly sensitive in the matter of "English undefiled," and is certainly hypercritical in his censure of the use of "another" for "other" in the expression "on one ground or another." "Now," he says, "*another*, the prefix *an* making it singular, embraces but one ground or cause, and therefore, contrary to the purpose of the writer, the words mean that there are but two grounds or causes." This seems to us nonsense. The prefix *an* is the indefinite article. Derivatively, of course, it means one: *unus, ein*; but practically it means one of a class, in this case and in many others any one, not one to the exclusion of the rest. However, other is shorter than another, and so, if for no other reason, it is usually better. And it would be invidious to emphasize too strongly the trifling blemishes on Mr. Calvert's work, since his little volume contains so much of refined literary insight, delicate criticism, and writing which is truly and justifiably *fine*. The essay on Dante and his Recent

Translators not only glows with enthusiasm for the great Florentine, but shows the nicest possible discrimination of the merits of his translators, and is full of valuable suggestion for poetical translators generally. Mr. Calvert's analysis of the *terza rima* is so fascinating, and his defense of it so eloquent, that we could wish he had adopted it in his own highly concentrated octosyllabic versions.

The very interesting and valuable paper entitled *Sainte-Beuve* the Critic reflects much of the great master's own spirit and method, and we cannot wonder that he himself was made happy by it. We are particularly grateful to Mr. Calvert for his generosity in appending to his essay the lovely and characteristic letter in which in the last year of his life M. Sainte-Beuve thanked him for his appreciation. "It is always amazing to me," wrote the gracious Frenchman, "and in the present case more so than ever, to see how a friendly reader and a nice judge can contrive to construct a simple and consistent figure out of what looks to me in the retrospect like the course of a long river which goes meandering along with little care for declivities, and is perpetually deserting its banks. Portraits like that which you offer me give me a resting-place, and could almost make me believe in myself." Extraordinary as these words sound on the lips of the prince of critics, those who have studied M. Sainte-Beuve most deeply best know how sincerely they were said. He who can become so absorbed in discerning the excellences of others that a chance glimpse of his own affords him pleasant surprise is no egotist at heart, whatever he may transiently appear, and to this nobler class of critics Mr. Calvert himself belongs. Carlyle, of whom his next essay treats, is always absorbed in the vices and meannesses of men. He is the precise antipodes of Sainte-Beuve as a critic, and the juxtaposition of these, two of the most important and carefully studied papers in Mr. Calvert's book, seems to us peculiarly happy.

— There are moods when everything presents itself to the mind with something of that sheen which comes of nearly closing the eyes, on a sunny day, and letting the light shred itself into fine silken strands. It appears to us that Mr. Harrison² chooses for his writing only such intellectual moments

¹ *Essays Esthetical*. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1875.

² *A Group of Poets and their Haunts*. By JAMES ALBERT HARRISON. New York: Hurd and Houghton; Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. 1875.

as correspond to this description, and the delicate-colored rays which he amuses himself with are fine-spun literary associations, or dreamy reminiscences of towns and places famous in history. We employ the term *chooses* advisedly; for the glimpse we get in this volume of the author's resources leads us to believe that he might employ his forces in other ways, but that he has selected this as the most fitting. Of course, every one has a right to decide whether he will wait, before putting pen to paper, until he finds himself entirely disposed to treat everything in a flowery manner, and to give utterance to only the rosiest and roundest of phrases; but in making the decision, he should not forget that this course will inevitably lead to a certain amount of monotony in his productions and of satiety in his reader. Mr. Harrison has not escaped that consequence. The essays in this collection all strike nearly the same notes; there are far too many classical allusions, and some of them are repeated, Hybla and Hymettus coming in, in several different papers, at about the same angle of incidence. "The shadow of the lemon and the ilex rolled into the purpled glooms where lovers are fain to walk, or sculptors to muse, or painters to loiter and watch the delicate susceptibilities of *chiaroscuro* on an Italian noonday," applied to the darkness overlaying Boccaccio's biography, is a mild instance of the ornate language of the writer, in which, nevertheless, a good deal of his conventional freedom of appropriate allusion is discoverable. Elsewhere he dips into drastic frankness, speaking of the Catacombs that "riot and run like estuaries of hell through leagues of moldering bones . . . foul with gases and oozing at every pore with the ichor of centuries;" and at times he undertakes the grim and dexterous humor of Carlyle; but the grand trouble in each of these cases is that all is done for the sake of the doing and not in the service of any large, distinct, or connected thought. The conclusions Mr. Harrison arrives at are sometimes well enough, sometimes not; but they are too obvious, and the expression of them is too much flustered with fine writing. We have the form and aspect of substantial criticism, without its legitimate structure. It is *boned* criticism, as we may say; and as such we accept it—a delicacy, not a staple of diet. Sometimes, too, he is quite out of his key, and then

everything falls flat. The paper on Lord Byron's Italian Haunts is vulgar and distressing. A great breadth of expression is here and sometimes elsewhere imprudently borrowed from the armory of powerful writers who have known how to control its movements to a hair's-breadth. One cannot be severe toward Mr. Harrison, however, for it is evident that he has read much, and that he desires to be thoroughly literary. His book comes from the South, whence it is pleasant to get anything that speaks of an advance which we feel sure the future ought to see in that quarter; but there is really nothing in his style that has local meaning, except its over-ornateness. We should have been glad to find, had it been by the subtlest fibre in his thought, that Mr. Harrison is possessed by his nationality; but it does not appear. Still, one may read his book with a great deal of pleasure, if only for the ground it revisits with its anecdotes and its musings about Heine, Tasso, Béranger, Jasmin the Troubadour, Hawthorne, and much besides. The author's careful culture of phrases leads sometimes to the happiest hits, as when he calls Goethe "the great ice-artist." "There is something in the air of Italy," he says "that embalms and perpetuates. . . . This air of the *herbarium*" is present "in all that relates to early Italian literary history." The best of the chapters are those on Heine, Chénier and Baudelaire having in them more of direct treatment; that on Bellman, the Swedish improvisatore, is a passionate eulogy which can appeal only to those who are acquainted with the poet whose memory incites it.

—Dr. Cones's new work on the Birds of the Northwest¹ is one that will not only prove attractive to the general reader, but will be indispensable to the working ornithologist, so satisfactorily has Dr. Cones performed the task he so earnestly set himself to do. The work is marked throughout by a thoroughness that only natural aptitude, patient industry, and a long familiarity with the subject could give. It is, in short, the work of a master, and one which will add to the reputation of the already distinguished author. The volume forms the third of the miscellaneous publications of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, in charge of Dr. F. V. Hayden. The work, as we learn from

¹ *Birds of the Northwest; a Handbook of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries.* By ELLIOT CONES, Cap-

tain and Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1874.

the Introduction, is based in great part on the material collected in former years by Dr. Hayden himself, together with that more recently collected under his direction in connection with the work of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories. Naturalists have long been indebted to Dr. Hayden for his extended and conscientious field-work, and they are now—especially ornithologists—placed under renewed obligations by the publication, by his authorization, of this elaborate report upon his ornithological collections.

The region embraced in this work is the so-called Missouri region, in its broadest sense, the whole watershed of that great river and its tributaries being the scene of the chief part of Dr. Hayden's ornithological field-work. While the work refers mainly to the so-called middle faunal province of the continent, it also overlaps the boundaries of both the eastern and western provinces, thus including not only most of the birds of the Atlantic States, but a large proportion of those of the Rocky Mountains. As the birds of the Missouri region, in common with those of North America generally, had already been repeatedly and sufficiently described, the author very properly deemed it needless to increase the text by including full technical descriptions, and in this respect has contented himself with adding descriptions of states of plumage not before properly recorded. The geographical distribution of the species, however, has received the attention its special importance deserves, the range of all the species and varieties being traced throughout their respective *habitats* with greater detail than in any hitherto published work. The elaboration of these points necessarily involved a thorough examination of the literature of American ornithology. That subsequent investigators might be saved much of the drudgery this necessary work entailed, Dr. Coues has published in the present work the most extended lists of bibliographical references yet presented in any work treating of North American birds. Besides giving the synonymy in full, he has cited all the important references to each species, in many cases indicating the character of the notices cited by such remarks as "critical," "anatomical," etc., and, in case of faunal lists, stating the locality specified and whether the species is common or rare. These elaborate reference lists "not only serve," as the author truly says, "as a guide to research, and as vouchers for facts of geographical

distribution, but they also have a direct bearing upon the important matter of nomenclature, fixity and precision of which are nowhere more desirable than in the natural sciences, where names become in a great measure the exponents of biological generalizations."

The biographical matter is freshly prepared, and the greater part of it has never before been published. In his Introduction Dr. Coues acknowledges special favors in the way of original observations communicated to him in MS. from Mr. T. M. Trippe, Mr. J. A. Allen, Mr. J. Stevenson, Dr. J. M. Wheaton, and others, and he draws liberally upon the recently published local lists of the birds of different portions of the West for facts that have not before found their way into a general treatise. It thus happens that his biographical notices are very unequal in length, rarely exceeding a few lines for the well-known Eastern species, while for some of the less-known Western forms they range from one or two pages in length to ten pages. These sketches are the first detailed biographical accounts we have had of some of the birds of the far West. His long sojourn in different parts of the West and his explorations along the northern boundary-line have given him abundant opportunity to become personally familiar with the Western species, and his notes bear the impress of his actual contact with the species in their natural haunts. The following is a paragraph from his account of the long-crested jay of the Rocky Mountains (*Cyanurus Stelleri* var. *macrolophus*):

"All jays make their share of noise in the world; they fret and scold about trifles, quarrel over anything, and keep everything in a ferment when they are about. The particular kind we are now talking about is nowise behind his fellows in these respects—a stranger to modesty and forbearance, and the many gentle qualities that charm us in some little birds and endear them to us; he is a regular filibuster, ready for any sort of adventure that promises sport or spoil, even if spiced with danger. Sometimes he prowls about alone, but oftener has a band of choice spirits with him, who keep each other in countenance (for our jay is a coward at heart, like other bullies) and share the plunder on the usual terms in such cases, of each one taking all he can get. Once I had a chance of seeing a band of these guerrillas on a raid; they went at it in good style, but came off very badly in-

deed. A vagabond troop made a descent upon a bush-clump, where, probably, they expected to find eggs to suck, or at any rate a chance for mischief and amusement. To their intense joy, they surprised a little owl quietly digesting his grasshoppers with both eyes shut. Here was a lark, and a chance to wipe out a part of the score that the jays keep against owls for injuries received time out of mind. In the tumult that ensued, the little birds scurried off, the woodpeckers overhead stopped tapping to look on, and a snake that was basking in a sunny spot concluded to crawl into his hole. The jays lunged furiously at their enemy, who sat helpless, bewildered by the sudden onslaught, trying to look as big as possible, with his wings set for bucklers and his bill snapping; meanwhile twisting his head till I thought he would wring it off, trying to look all ways at once. The jays, emboldened by partial success, grew more impudent, till their victim made a break through their ranks and flapped into the heart of a neighboring juniper, hoping to be protected by the tough, thick foliage. The jays went trooping after, and I hardly know how the fight would have ended had I not thought it time to take a hand in the game myself. I secured the owl first, it being the interesting pygmy owl (*Glaucidium*), and then shot four of the jays before they made up their minds to be off. The collector has no better chance to enrich his cabinet than when the birds are quarreling; and so it has been with the third party in a difficulty ever since the monkey divided the cheese for the two cats."

His whole account of the sparrow-hawk is worthy of transcription, as is that of the burrowing owl, the latter from the special interest attaching to the subject of the sketch; but lack of space forbids. He devotes a page to the myth of the supposed harmonious relations of the owls, prairie-dogs, and rattlesnakes, which he thus holds up to ridicule:—

"According to the dense bathos of such nursery tales, in this underground Elysium the snakes give their rattles to the puppies to play with, the old dogs cuddle the owlets, and farm out their own litters to the grave and careful birds; when an owl and dog come home paw-in-wing, they are often mistaken by their respective progeny, the little dogs nosing the owls in search of the maternal font, and the old dogs left to wonder why the baby owls will not nurse. It is a pity to spoil a good story for the sake

of a few facts," he adds, and then proceeds to give the facts.

Under the head of the white-headed eagle he takes occasion to say what all ornithologists concur in, and this may be well repeated, since supposed specimens of Audubon's mythical "bird of Washington" are recurring with, to the ornithologist, nauseating frequency, solely from the lack of a knowledge of just these facts. "From the circumstance that several years (at least three) are required for the gaining of the perfect plumage, when the head and tail are entirely white, it follows that 'gray eagles' and 'birds of Washington' are much the more frequently met with. Those who, unpracticed in ornithology, may be puzzled by accounts of numerous eagles, may be interested to know that only *two* species have ever been found in the United States. In any plumage they may be instantly distinguished by the legs—feathered to the toes in *Aquila chrysaëus* [golden eagle], naked on the whole shank in *Haliaeetus leucocephalus* [white-headed eagle]."

The members of the grouse family come in for a large share of attention, very full biographies being given of nearly all the Western species. The sharp-tailed grouse, for instance, comes in for ten pages; the sage cock, or cock-of-the-plains, for six; and the white-tailed ptarmigan, the plumed and the Massena quails for about equally extended notices.

As previously stated, the book includes the greater part of the species of North American land-birds. All the gallinæ, or the grouse and their allies, are included, while complete monographs are given of the *Laridæ* (gulls, terns, etc.), *Colymbidæ* (loons), and the *Podicipidæ* (grebes). The raptorial birds of the continent also nearly all find a place, though sometimes only the synonymy and bibliographical references are given of the extra-limital species, and these are added in foot-notes. For this the working ornithologist will be grateful, adding, as it does, greatly to the scientific value and usefulness of the book. Many points in the work of a more technical character might well be noticed, showing the advanced ground held by the author on the leading biological questions of the day, but the present notice already exceeds its intended limits. A few minor defects might also be pointed out, but they are generally of too little importance to require special mention. Of the typography of the work, it is probably sufficient to say that it is from the Government

Printing Office and is uniform in style with the usual department reports. While there is little æsthetically to redeem it, the work is exceptionally free from typographical errors. An exhaustive index of fifty-three pages closes the volume, which contains upwards of eight hundred closely-printed pages, and forms a monument to the patience and industry of the author that any one might well be proud of.

— A more unattractive book of travels than the Rev. Mr. Haven's *Our Next-Door Neighbor: A Winter in Mexico*,¹ it would be hard to find. The author had the advantage of going through a land which lies almost entirely out of the range of the ordinary tourist's journeys, and with regard to which definite information would have been agreeable and useful; but instead of writing a book that should tell us about the country he saw, and the people he met, he has filled nearly five hundred octavo pages with poor jokes, denunciation of the Roman Catholic church, a very confused account of his adventures, and a very thorough exhibition of his own prejudices. A few extracts will, perhaps, illustrate these remarks. At Progreso, in Yucatan, he met a Spaniard and his wife, a Cuban, with their three adopted daughters, one a white girl, another with African blood in her veins, the third an Indian. Of this singularly formed family he writes as follows: "Our ignorance of Spanish put a barrier between us, but their bearing was sisterly and filial; and we accepted this index of the New America as a token of the superiority of Yucatan over the United States, and a proof of the fitness of the name of the town. Had many an American father recognized, not his adopted, but his actual family, a like variety would have been visible about the paternal board. It will yet be, and without sin or shame, as in this cultivated circle." Such is Mr. Haven's notion of progress.

Only one of his remarks about religion need be quoted. He is describing Sunday in Vera Cruz. "The shops are open, the workmen busy. The church is attended once, as in the mummeries this morning. Then the circus came running down the street, the clown and two pretty boys ahead, preparatory to performing outside the walls. It was the first band of music I had heard on Sunday since that which

awoke me in Detroit last summer. How sad and striking the resemblance! Shall our German infidelity and mis-education make our land like Mexico? Or shall a holy faith and a holy life make this land like the New England of our fathers? As Mr. Lincoln said, 'Our nation must be all slave or all free;' and as one infinitely greater said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand;' so America, North and South, the United States and Mexico, must be all Christian in its Sabbath sanctity, or all diabolic."

It would be only too easy to make further excerpts illustrative of the author's generous temper and profound wisdom, but we forbear. A book more defective in every thing demanded by what is called good taste, it would be hard to find; it is a lamentable monument of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Still it should be borne in mind that the volume is probably made up from letters hastily written for publication in a journal which had readers not averse to the tendencies the author shows. But in publishing them in book form and offering them to a larger public, the author does a very bold thing, which cannot be too severely condemned.

— The design of Mr. Jones's volume on Africa² is worthy of praise, and if it is not completely carried into execution, enough has been done to make the book not only interesting—it could not fail to be that—but also serviceable. Within a few years African literature has grown enormously, and those who have read the rapidly succeeding accounts of what has been done by different explorers have found it hard to bear in their minds exactly what had been done by their predecessors, and all the shifting details of African geography. For such this volume will be found a useful condensation. The first chapter contains some general information with regard to the different divisions of the continent, of the various races inhabiting it, and of the animals and vegetation to be found there. The accounts of earlier African travelers are very brief; the bulk of the book is devoted to synopses from the reports of Livingstone, Barth, Overwig, Richardson, Schweinfurth, Du Chaillu, Baker, Burton, Speke and Grant, Magyar, Servat, and Anderson. It must be noticed that it is not a

¹ *Our Next-Door Neighbor: A Winter in Mexico*. By GILBERT HAVEN, author of *Pilgrim's Wallet*, *National Sermons*, *The Sailor Preacher*, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

² *Africa. The History of Exploration and Adventure*, as given in the *Leading Authorities*, from *Heraotus to Livingstone*. By C. H. JONES. Map and Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

complete list of the explorers of that country, but so far as the book goes it presents in an intelligible form the results these explorers have obtained. This will be found a valuable volume, and it may well be recommended to those who supply books for school and town libraries. Parents, too, who have sons interested in books of travel, cannot do better than place it in their hands.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

The first volume of M. d'Ideville's *Journal d'un Diplomate*² was noticed in these pages about two years ago, and attention was called to its value and interest. This third volume contains his notes taken in Dresden and Athens in the years 1867 and 1868, and will be found no less entertaining reading. For some unexplained reason the account of the stay in Greece, although it comes first in time, follows in the book that of the residence in Dresden; probably the author thought information about Germany would find more readers nowadays in France than would that concerning any other country, but still, since a very large number of Americans are familiar with Dresden and but few with Greece, most of us will turn first to what is said of this unhappy monarchy. M. d'Ideville found it a lamentably dull country to live in. We hear less about brigands, to be sure, than we do in the journals and conversations of those bold tourists who wait over a steamer and detect a brigand in every peasant; indeed, the French minister found dullness his greatest foe, and hardly mentions the bandits. The peculiarities of the people he naturally speedily detected; a certain indifference to exactitude occasionally struck him, and he states that it is the habit of young Greeks to enter the service of the English and French residents, in order to acquire those languages against the day when they shall enter diplomatic life, and be appointed ambassadors abroad or ministers at home. His authority for this statement was his landlord, who had himself had an experience very much of this sort. Indeed, the Greek mind has shown itself to be not yet wholly exhausted, by devising the ingenious improvement of giving a pension to all who have ever held a

position under government, and since almost every inhabitant of the city has received a fair education at home or a liberal one abroad, and there is actually no business done in the whole country, the government purse has to maintain all the citizens. The Greeks are certainly not deficient in skill and energy; their success in other countries shows this; but at home they probably find it easier to have a change of ministry and to try their luck that way, than to be the first in the country to introduce great changes in the way of commerce or manufactures.

It will be remembered that M. d'Ideville was in Italy during the years in which that country was regaining its independence; the period described in this volume was one less troublous and important. He was in Greece at the time of the Cretan "revolution," as all rebellions are now called in the newspapers, and he was an eye-witness of the following curious incident: The Turks brought back to the Piræus about four hundred Cretan volunteers, whom they had captured and did not care to treat as prisoners-of-war; they were willing to let them land with all of their arms, equipments, etc., when suddenly those brave Greeks who had stayed at home, and, apparently, read ancient history, refused to receive again those who failed of success in the war. The civilians, indeed, went so far as to push the returning soldiers into the water, so that one, at least, was drowned, and it was only after the use of both force and diplomacy that peace was restored.

Of Saxony the author has a different story to tell. He seems to have found Dresden as strange as Greece, though in a different way. He throws no light on German politics other than that possessed by all who have not completely forgotten the events of the last few years. Bismarck figures continually in the background, and generally as a thing of evil. Being ignorant of the German language, M. d'Ideville was compelled to fill his diary with very meagre and scrappy notes about matters which were sure to catch the eye of an outsider sooner than that of one familiar with the country. The Circus Renz, gossip about Prussian sentinels, Bismarck's plans of conquering the whole of Europe, and similar trifles take the place which might better have been devoted to more

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

² *Journal d'un Diplomate en Allemagne et en*

Grèce. Notes intimes pouvant servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire. Dresde — Athènes. 1867-68. Par HENRY D'IDEVILLE. Paris. 1875.

serious matters. It is no wonder that France was ignorant of the condition of Germany at the beginning of the last war, for M. d'Ideville's amount of information may probably be taken as a fair sample of the condition of most of the French embassies in Germany at that time, and he was confident, apparently, that Saxony and Prussia would be on different sides in case of a foreign war. M. d'Ideville's book is of service, however, if for no other purpose than that of showing what France demanded of its representatives in foreign parts. M. d'Ideville is very little of a Machiavelli, but his harmless gossip is often entertaining.

— A brief biography of Madame de Girardin¹ is principally remarkable for the very scanty information it gives about that lady, and interesting almost entirely by means of the letters addressed to her by different correspondents who are well known to fame. Such are Lamartine, Chateaubriand, and Rachel, whose letters are the most interesting of the volume. Madame de Girardin, whose maiden name was Delphine Gay, first became known in the *salon* of Madame Récamier, where she received many compliments from Chateaubriand, and others of the brilliant people who assembled there. Chateaubriand's letters are very courtly; Lamartine's, which are more numerous, are very characteristic of the man, with their smooth-tongued eloquence, their complacent mention of his success and popularity, and the numerous complaints at his misfortunes. The most attractive, on the whole, are those of Rachel, who seems to have been a warm friend of Madame de Girardin. This little volume contains a brief sketch of Rachel's life, as it was told the author by the great actress's sister. Their father, M. Félix, was the son of a poor laborer; he married the daughter of a tradesman of Mühlhausen, against the consent of her family, which had once been wealthy, and supported her and their sixteen children by selling handkerchiefs, needles, etc., at fairs. He was from Alsace, and knew almost no French; "he spoke only German, but," the biographer tells us, "he was intelligent; he sang with a pleasant tenor voice, and he was passionately fond of Schiller, and knew by heart the finest passages of his poems."

Naturally his large family was not lux-

uriously cared for, and it was at the age of four that Rachel and her sister joined some little Italian children in their public performances in the street, and brought home their meagre collections to their father, who was too proud to accept them. Before long, however, this became a common method of increasing the family wealth. A singing-teacher heard them once in the street, and took them gratuitously into his class, and after his death, in 1833, they entered the conservatory. They made their first appearance together in opera. In 1837 Rachel appeared at the Gymnase, and in the next year at the Français. Madame de Girardin, in her husband's paper, the *Presse*, was one of the first to praise her. Garcia, be it said by the way, made her first appearance at the same time. Of Rachel's subsequent career there is no need of writing here. She retained her affection for Madame de Girardin, who, it will be remembered, wrote for the great actress some plays which still hold the stage; perhaps as well known as any of these is *Lady Tartuffe*.

As has been said, the biographical part of this volume is not very satisfactory, but such as is given is tolerably entertaining. Delphine Gay was one of the brilliant women of a brilliant period: her mother knew every one, so that she at an early age made useful and agreeable acquaintances; she was very beautiful; indeed, she wrote a poem on the joy of being handsome. At first she naturally fell into some of the faults of the period, and from Lamartine she learned a mournful tone, but for a good part she maintained her originality. One of the singular things of Émile de Girardin's life was his marrying this celebrated woman. He was the illegitimate son of General de Girardin, and in defiance of law and custom had taken his father's name when, after some difficulty, he had learned it. He had known already curious adventures, and his marriage did not take place without difficulty, inasmuch as he was unable to produce a register of his birth. Several witnesses, however, averred that they had known him in 1822 or 1823, and that he appeared at that time about eighteen years old, and that was considered sufficient. He found her always one of the best of wives.

She died June 29, 1855, leaving a request to Lamartine that he should finish her poem of Madeleine. She said, "I formerly hoped for much from M. de Lamartine's friendship. I have always found him

¹ *Madame de Girardin avec des Lettres inédites de Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Mlle. Rachel.* Paris. 1876.

kind and obliging, but never wholly devoted. This coldness was the first illusion I was freed from. When I am dead, he will not refuse this my last wish." But he did; the letter had been written twenty years before her death, and at this time Lamartine felt reluctant to undertake the task, and he declined it.

— M. Littré has collected a certain number of such of his essays as have more general interest into a volume entitled *Littérature et Histoire*,¹ which is to take its place by the side of his miscellaneous writings on medicine, the barbarians of the Middle Ages, the French language, etc. In his preface he gives his readers a most interesting personal explanation. He says he has not always done what he wanted to do, but that he has never done anything he did not want to do. He reminds us that he has never held an official position as instructor, that his philosophical opinions have been of a sort to act as an insurmountable obstacle, that when in 1871 M. Gambetta appointed him to the chair of history at the Polytechnic School of Bordeaux, the opposition was intense from the clerical journals of the province. He has also stood firm against receiving any decoration. In this volume we find articles contributed to the papers of forty-five years ago, and others of more recent date, but all are characterized by the same solid merit. One of the later articles, written in 1870, compares Aristophanes and Rabelais, the two satirists who saw the coming decay of their respective civilizations. Of Greece he says it would have been necessary, in order to survive shipwreck, that it should have had material power and size sufficient to withstand the numerous encroachments of outsiders, and an intellectual basis capable of enduring the most searching discussion. But the first of these conditions was impossible; even Rome succumbed to outside barbarians, and in ancient times there was not that difference between civilized men and barbarians that there is at present, thanks to the many mechanical inventions. As to the other, the Greek mythology was far from being firmly enough established to resist ridicule and indifference. The only hope seemed to be in trying to recall the past, but that was never successful. What was needed was the scientific spirit. This Aristophanes laughed at, but Rabelais, in his time, felt the forces that were about to

regenerate society, and gave expression to them.

In an interesting article about Madame de Sévigné he begins with something of the spirit of the lexicographer, finding in a new edition of the letters certain phrases set right which had given him trouble in making his dictionary. Previous editors had corrected foolishly, stricken out obscure words, explained ineptly; and he gives many examples which show that these letters had suffered more from unworthy hands than have even our old English dramatists. But after this side-play he goes on to write with authority an excellent essay, which may well be commended to readers of French. A good part of it treats instructively of the peculiarities of our language.

Another good article is that on Don Quixote, and it will be, moreover, with some curiosity that the reader will turn to the translations from Schiller, which seem, at any rate to the foreigner, to be accurate and good. Perhaps even more attention will be attracted by M. Littré's own poems, which have the peculiar merit of his prose writings, namely, that of expressing some thought in intelligible language. Littré is not the only writer of a dictionary who has written poetry. Of these few pieces perhaps *La Vieillesse* is the best. This volume, which is the last one the author proposes to make of selections, certainly contains honorable memorials of a well-spent life, and is deserving of attention.

— Mr. Krez's poems² are the tuneful stammerings of an essentially lyrical nature, abounding in feeling, but unendowed with the gift of song. The sentiment, although apparently sincere, is never strong enough to lift the phrase above the commonplace; it struggles painfully for utterance, takes at times a brief and ill-sustained flight, and then relapses into unmitigated prose.

The situation of a man whose basis of culture is that of the Old World, and whose sympathies and interests constantly draw him away from his actual sphere of life, is, to be sure, not absolutely new, but still offers numerous opportunities for new effects. To the poet, the emigrant life is as yet practically a fallow field. But whether it be in voice or in vision that Mr. Krez is lacking, it is certain that he has either not seen his chances, or, seeing them, has felt the inadequacy of his powers to realize them

¹ *Littérature et Histoire.* Par É. LITTRÉ, de l'Institut Paris. 1876.

² *Aus Wisconsin.* Gedichte von KONRAD KREZ. New York: E. Steiger. 1875.

in song. If occasionally he strikes a true note, the voice of some greater poet invariably vibrates audibly through his verse. If the poem entitled *Ein Traumgesicht* had been a professed imitation of Heine, could it have struck more distinctly the characteristic Heine chords? Let any one judge:—

Oft plagt ein böser Traum mich,
Er wird sich leider erwähnen:
Ich sehe die Geliebte
Als Braut in die Kirche fahren.

Es sitzen Myrtenblüten
Und welzse Maienglocken,
So einfach wie sie selber,
Zu ihren blonden Locken.

Es sitzt an ihrer Seite
So einer von den Schranzen
Die nach dem Amtsblatt hassten,
Und lieben nach Ordonnanzen.

O dasz ihm doch die Geier
Das Herz aus dem Leibe hackten!
So einer soll dich lieben?
Das steht nicht in den Akten.

Longing for the Rhine and the lost associations of youth, brooding regret (often with a touch of disdain) at the joylessness of our barren, materialistic life on this side of the ocean, and now and then a characteristically German apostrophe to "Wein, Weib, und Gesang,"—these are the distinctive themes more or less successfully varied, through one hundred and thirty-nine pages of Krez's collection. His verse is often defective in rhythm; his ear is not sensitive enough to manage the subtler cadences in the long-sustained roll of the hexameter. Among the translations, of which the volume contains several, those from Anacreon strike us as the best.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The International Scientific Series. *The Life and Growth of Language: An Outline of Linguistic Science.* By William Dwight Whitney, Professor in Yale College. — *English Men of Science; their Nature and Nurture.* By Francis Galton, F. R. S.

Atwood and Culver, Madison: *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Wisconsin, for the School Year ending August 31, 1874.* Edward Searing, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Edwin Benson, London: *Working and Singing. Poems, Lyrics, and Songs on the Life-March.* By Sheldon Chadwick.

James Campbell, Boston: *The History and Philosophy of Marriage; or, Polygamy and Monogamy compared.* By a Christian Philanthropist. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. — *A Course of Lectures on Physiology, as delivered by Professor Küss at the Medical School of the University of Strasbourg.* Edited by Mathias Duval, M. D. Translated from the Second and Revised Edition. By Robert Amory, M. D.

Catholic Publication Society, New York: A Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Exposition. By John Henry Newman, D. D., of the Oratory.

Clark and Maynard, New York: *An Illustrated Child's First Book in French.* By Professor Jean Gustave Keetels, Author of Analytical and Practical French Grammar, etc.

Day, Egbert, and Fidler, Davenport, Iowa: *The Cuban Martyrs and other Poems.* By Charles Stephenson.

Dodd and Mead, New York: *Conquering and to Conquer.* By the Author of *The Schönberg-Cotta Family.* — *God's Word through Preaching.* The Lyman Beecher Lectures before the Theological Department of Yale College. Fourth Series. By John Hall, D. D. — *The Adventures of the Chevalier De La Salle and his Companions, in their Explorations of the Prairies, Forests, Lakes, and Rivers of the New World, and their Interviews*

with the Savage Tribes, Two Hundred Years ago. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. — *The American Evangelists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, in Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Hall, D. D., New York, and George H. Starnet, Philadelphia. — *The Wonderful Life.* By Hesba Stretton. — *Character Sketches.* By Norman Macleod, D. D. — *Christian Missions.* By Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College. — *A Double Story.* By George Macdonald. — *Metaphysics; or, the Science of Perception.* By John Miller.

Eldredge and Brother, Philadelphia: *Christian Ethics; or, True Moral Manhood and Life of Duty A Text-Book for Schools and Colleges.* By D. S. Gregory, D. D.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History. The Population of an Apple-Tree.* — *First Half-Hours with Insects. Part 7. Insects of the Field. Part 8. Insects of the Forest.* By A. S. Packard, Jr., Editor of *The American Naturalist.* — *Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science.* Dana Estes, Editor. No. 14. *The Glacial Epoch of Our Globe.* By Alexander Braun. No. 16. *The Ice Age in Britain.* By Professor Geikie. — *Edward III.* By the Rev. W. Warburton, M. A. With Three Maps. — *Miss Rovel.* By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated by Frances A. Shaw. — *What Young People should Know. The Reproductive Function in Man and the Lower Animals.* By Burt G. Wilder. With Twenty-Six Illustrations. — *The Sun and the Earth.* By Professor Balfour Stewart, F. R. S. — *Force Electrically Exhibited.* By J. W. Phelps. — *Elena. An Italian Tale.* By L. N. Comyn. — *Causes of the Degeneracy of the Teeth.* By Professor Henry S. Cleaves.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: *Christ in Art. The Story of the Words and Acts of Jesus Christ, as related in the Language of the Four Evangelists, arranged in one Continuous Narrative.* By Edward Eggleston, D. D. Illustrated with One Hundred Full-Page Plates on Steel and Wood, executed by Brend-²Amour, of Dusseldorf, after the famous designs of Alexander Bida.

E. J. Hale and Son, New York: *The Mountain of the Lovers*; with Poems of Nature and Tradition. By Paul H. Hayne.

Harper and Bros., New York: *The Satires of A. Persius Flaccus*. Edited by Basil L. Gildersleeve, Ph. D. (Göttingen), LL. D.—*Rape of the Gamp*. A Novel. By C. Welch Mason. Illustrated.—*Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter*. Illustrated by more than Three Hundred Original Anecdotes. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S.—*The Work of God in Great Britain*, under Messrs. Moody and Sankey. 1873 to 1875. With Biographical Sketches. By Rufus W. Clark, D. D.—*Three Feathers*. A Novel. By William Black.—*Our Mutual Friend* By Charles Dickens. With Fifty-Eight Illustrations by J. Mahoney.—*The Early Kings of Norway*; also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. By Thomas Carlyle.—*Bluebeard's Keys*, and other Stories. By Miss Thackeray.

Love's Victory. A Novel. By B. L. Farjeon.—*The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China*; or, *Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad*. By J. Thompson, F. R. G. S., Author of *Illustrations of China and its People*. Illustrated with upward of Sixty Wood Engravings by J. D. Cooper, from the Author's own Sketches and Photographs.—*The Law and the Lady*. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations.—*Christ and Humanity*; with a Review, Historical and Critical, of the Doctrine of Christ's Person. By Henry M. Goodwin.—*Hope Meredith*. A Novel. By Eliza Tabor.—*Alice Lorraine*. A Tale of the South Downs. By R. D. Blackmore.—*A Tale of Two Cities*. By Charles Dickens. Household Edition. With Forty-One Illustrations.—*After Dark and Other Stories*. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations.—*The Bazar Book of the Household*.—*Hagarene*. A Novel. By George A. Lawrence.—*Old Myddelton's Money*. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Constantinople*. From the French of Théophile Gautier. By Robert Howe Gould, M. A. American Edition, specially revised.—*Wynacote* (Leisure Hour Series). By Mrs. Thomas Erskine.—*Introductory German Reader*. By Dr. Emil Otto. With Notes and Vocabulary by Edward S. Joynes, M. A., Professor of Modern Languages in Washington and Lee University.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Boston University Year Book. Edited by the University Council. Vol. II.—*The Authorship of Shakespeare*. By Nathaniel Holmes. Third Edition. With an Appendix of Additional Matters, including a Notice of the Recently Discovered Northumberland MSS.

Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co., New York: *The Geological Story briefly told*. An Introduction to Geology for the General Reader, and for Inquirers in the Science. By James D. Dana, LL. D. With Numerous Illustrations.

Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia: *A Manual of Diet in Health and Disease*. By Thomas King Chambers, M. D., Oxon., F. R. C. P., London, Honorary Physician to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem*. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby).—*Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic, and Financial Fragments*. By William B. Greene.—*Twentieth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York*.—*Schem's Statistics of the World*. Edited by Professor Alexander J. Schem. Third Revised Edition.—*Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Edu-*

cation. No. 2. 1875. Education in Japan.—*Petites Causeries*. Par Lambert Sauveur.—*Causeries avec mes Elèves*. Par Lambert Sauveur.

Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., Boston: *Piano and Song. How to Teach, how to Learn, and how to Form a Judgment of Musical Performances*. Translated from the German of Friedrich Wieck.—*History of the Battle of Bunker's (Breed's) Hill on June 17, 1775*, from Authentic Sources in Print and Manuscript. By George E. Ellis. With a Map of the Battle-Ground.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: *Claudian. The Last of the Roman Poets*. Two Lectures delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. By Thomas Hodgkin, B. A., London.

Macmillan & Co., London: *The Unseen Universe*; or, *Physical Speculations on a Future State*.

New England News Co., Boston: *Holden's Book on Birds*. By Charles F. Holden.

Nichols and Hall, Boston: *Bunker Hill. The Story told in Letters from the Battle Field, by British Officers engaged*. With an Introduction and Sketch of the Battle. By Samuel Adams Drake.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Aristophanes' Apology*; including a Transcript from Euripides, being the Last Adventure of Balaustion. By Robert Browning.—*The Birds and Seasons of New England*. By Wilson Flag.

Porter and Coates, Philadelphia: *At Capri. A Story of Italian Life*. By Clara Bauer (Carl Detlef). Translated from the German by MS.—*Oldbury*. By Annie Keary.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *The Keys of the Creeds*.—*Home Sketches in France, and other Papers*. By the late Mrs. Henry M. Field. With some Notices of her Life and Character.

J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York: *The Mosaic Account of Creation. The Miracle of To-Day*; or, *New Witnesses to the Oneness of Genesis and Science*. To which are added an Inquiry as to the Cause and Epoch of the Present Inclination of the Earth's Axis, and an Essay upon Cosmology. By Charles B. Warring.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences*. By Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.—*Religion and Science in their Relations to Philosophy. An Essay on the Present State of the Sciences*. Read before the Philosophical Society of Washington. By Charles W. Shields, D. D.—*Breakfast, Luncheon, and Tea*. By Marion Harland.

Henry L. Shepard & Co., New York: *Nugé Intitiles (Specimens of Translation)*. By J. M. Merrick, B. Sc. (Harv.), sometime Instructor in Chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School.

Charles P. Somerby, New York: *The Cultivation of Art and its Relations to Religious Puritanism and Money-Getting*. By A. R. Cooper. Being the substance of a paper read before the Louisville Library Association, December 8, 1873.—*Antiquity of Christianity*. By John Alberger.

Tavel, Eastman, and Howell, State Printers, Tennessee: *Annual Report of John M. Fleming, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Tennessee, for the Scholastic Year ending August 31, 1874*.

—*The Public School Law of Tennessee*, passed March 6, 1873, approved March 15, 1873. With Circular Address from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction

ART.

A RECENT discussion, provoked by the juxtaposition of Veronese's *Marriage of St. Catherine* with some remarkable works by the French master, Millet, in Mr. Shaw's loan-collection at the Athenæum, seems to us peculiarly interesting. It has brought forward for a second time the sharp difference of opinion among teachers of art and painters in Boston and Cambridge, which the publication of Mr. Hunt's *Talks on Art* had revealed in the spring. Mr. Moore, of Harvard College, in writing to the *Boston Advertiser*, praised some of the qualities of the Veronese at the expense of Millet. "Let one's eyes get filled with this work," he writes, "and then turn toward the loose sketching of modern French pictures. . . . Take No. 91, for example. This is what the modern French school understand by broad and suggestive painting. . . . This vague and inaccurate drawing indicates shallow grasp of a subject. . . . The loose and meaningless dashes of paint in the work of the Frenchman indicate that he is not a master." These strictures called out some energetic rejoinders — among them a note from Mr. Hunt, epigrammatic, but somewhat too headlong to plant any effective blow; indeed, it contained an assumption that Mr. Moore had ranked Millet as a "trifler," which nothing in the former's letter could warrant. After careful reference, we understand Mr. Moore to complain merely that "shallow grasp" is manifest in No. 91, and that Millet and Corôt are not "exemplary masters in execution." These complaints, however, are serious, and it is at least very unfortunate that Mr. Moore should have entirely overlooked those pieces characteristic of Millet, namely, *The Sower*, *The Cooper*, the powerful study of two figures sitting on a hill-side, and the small picture called *Sheep Shearing*. No. 91 is a landscape, hardly justifying its painter's fame: the sentiment is vague, and the modeling very deficient. But then, Millet is chiefly a painter of figures, and should be met on his own ground, as the depicter of peasant life *par excellence*. Courbet, Corôt, Daubigny, Rousseau, Diaz, and Jacques form the reserve which the assailant of French landscape is compelled to encounter. Mr. Moore's mistake seems

to have been the confounding of the defects in Millet's minor landscape with certain errors which he considers inevitable in all "broad" French art. The chief of these is said by him to be a want of detail, and of characterization. Characterization Millet certainly possesses, of a massive and peculiar kind. He steeped himself with his subject, and powerfully stamped its leading traits on his canvas. As for detail, it seems to us that two things have been included under this term, namely, actual detail, and the *effect* of detail. Now, Veronese's *Marriage* gives us both; but in Millet we find the two separated. Observe in the *Sheep Shearing* the exquisite *effect* of detail; and for the other, turn to the masterly drawing of the peasant's shirt, in that hill-side study, No. 85. There is abundant proof in these pictures of Millet's force in drawing, though his management of the paint seems to be blind and confusing. We have seen etchings by this master which in precision and power recall Dürer and Holbein, though distinctly individual; but his color swallows up many of his merits. It is easy to understand a preference for Veronese's solid, intelligent, and above all thoroughly healthy painting, and we can appreciate Mr. Moore's admiration for a style at once so general and so particular, so fearlessly distinct yet so thoroughly well related in its parts as this of the great Venetian's. Indeed, it is difficult to suppose that Mr. Hunt and the anonymous upholders of Millet really intend to place the French master on the same plane with Veronese. Millet has not that supreme command of resources, nor that simple, large, contented, and somewhat unintellectual outlook that marks Veronese, but neither had Veronese the spiritual keenness, the weird imagination, of the Frenchman. On the other hand, Mr. Moore ignores the fact that mastery may be of different kinds; and, though we may admit a share of truth in his hint that Millet is not "exemplary . . . in execution" (to Corôt this cannot, in our opinion, apply), we suppose few persons will sympathize in strictures so general as to intimate that "French art" is wholly without merits worthy of emulation. But it is evident that each party to the discussion has had more than one aim

In Mr. Moore's generalizations we detect a dread of the predominating influence of French painting in this country, and especially in Massachusetts; and in the unnecessary heat of some of his adversaries, injurious to a cause well-grounded enough in itself, there would seem to be proof of a latent irritation, conscious of the opinions it has to expect from Mr. Moore. For ourselves, we think a certain amount of protest against exclusive French influence salutary, but we regret any state of things which may prevent reasonable and observant remonstrance from having its due weight. Mr. Moore clearly calls attention to excellences in Veronese which we do not easily find developed to the same magnificent stature in recent French painters, and probably no one of his opponents would have denied this statement, had it been advanced in a manner favorable to a pacific hearing. Neglect to note the short-comings of French painting, on the part of those who look almost exclusively to that source of artistic training, is certainly not without its dangers. But perhaps it is not chimerical to suppose that, the smoke of this skirmish clearing off, both sides may find themselves in a more frank and mutually approachable position.

— Some spirited pieces — paintings, charcoal-sketches, and photographs — shown at Mr. Blakeslee's rooms, recently, and peculiarly interesting when looked at in the light of the controversy just noticed, presented Mr. Hunt's different characteristics as a painter in very concise form. We had here the glimpse from Florida, — white house, rosy cloud, violet water, and orange-dotted greenery; the classic grace that black and white in skillful hands can impart to river-fringing trees and a pair of Watertown spires; and the nervous characterization that has brought Mr. Hunt his fame as a portrait-painter. Then there was a Laughing Girl, a Boy and Butterfly, an Elaine. The latter was not a successful conception, making, so far as we could see, no claim to dramatic realization of the character. The Boy and Butterfly (photograph) was graceful and good, the Laughing Girl superb. No one of our other Boston painters, we think, has yet come very near Mr. Hunt's standpoint in portraiture and landscape, and it is always agreeable to get a glimpse of work so suggestive as that shown here, and so frequently powerful and sufficient. Miss Knowlton's contributions were equal in number to her master's, but her considerable skill

has thus far only served her in what, it can hardly be disguised, is candid imitation. All the apples from Mr. Hunt's bough have fallen not far from it; but this must be laid as much to the score of gravitation as to the artist's influence. An admirable head "by a pupil" (Miss Knowlton?) seemed to promise real poetic perception in the executor of it; and Miss Ellen Hale sent in an excellent little Orange-Seller, — a simple effect of contrasted oranges and lemons and a boy's white shirt-sleeve. To be sure, everything in the collection had a French accent; though this was more especially the case with the landscape, which in every way made a poorer show than the heads.

Now, Mr. Inness (whom we are glad to have in this country again) lately placed at Messrs. Doll and Richards's some large and very remarkable landscapes, which do him more than credit, and compare very curiously with these of the Hunt group. One of them is a sunset — a calm, golden glory overspreading the sky beyond a simple stretch of grass and road and stone wall. A heavy cluster of trees stands directly against the light, on the not distant horizon, wearing that peculiar look of being on the very topmost point of earth which heavy trees always bear in such conjunction, and through a low opening in the mass the quiet glare bores its way with a resistless and concentrated but unobtrusive splendor that we scarcely remember to have seen equaled. Nearer, a farmer sits in a gap of the wall (or rocky outcrop), also against the sky; his humble and weary inactivity emphasizing with strange power the gorgeous quietude of the heaven behind him. At the left, two cattle are walking slowly in upon the scene. Even more powerful is the huge canvas opposite — the pine grove of the Barbarini Villa, with a bit of meadowy foreground, and far down beyond the grove, the dully purpled Mediterranean. There is no controlling incident of sunset or other similar phenomenon here, but the painter, first choosing that most difficult of effects, the look *downward* upon a wide vista, has so treated these immense, eternal-looking stone-pines, the few olives in front of them, and the white gleam of Pompey's tomb on the left, as to impart in its full strength that dim, historic horror and that pathetic beauty of the broad landscape which dwell so subtly in it as to seem out of reach of any but a literary embodiment. A similar result is obtained in the pines and the olives; and these three, as they are the most peculiar

are also the most powerful in the room. According to mood and individual preference, other spectators than ourselves will have got more or less pleasure out of the view near Leeds, New York, the scene from Monte Luce, and the Oak Grove near Perugia, all of which are full of merit, and of a certain massive and rugged beauty characteristic of Mr. Inness. The Washing Place at Pretela, with its misty, tapestry-like effect, will hardly have met with as much favor, we imagine; and justly. In all of these works, the painter's incompleteness appears to some extent, and the Italian scenes are not true to the coloring and atmosphere of their localities. Mr. Inness, as we have before hinted,¹ is strongly influenced by his moods; but we believe we may congratulate him on having developed from his later phase some of the most powerful pictures that he has yet given us.

They are all treated with a pronounced "breadth," and have something of the French accent remarked in the Hunt landscapes. But the difference in this case seems precisely that between painters who have studied a foreign language until it affects their every utterance, and one who has gathered knowledge from various sources, but keeps it all in bondage to his own individual vocabulary of color.

— Meantime, while we debate of French art and pre-Raphaelism, there are signs that another strong influence is at work among us, emanating from a wholly different source. The portraits by Messrs. Wyatt Eaton, W. M. Chase, Toby Rosenthal, and David Neal, in the Academy of Design last spring, showed in different degrees the effect of study in Munich, with perhaps a dash of English feeling. At the same time, Mr. Duveneck's very remarkable and in many ways admirable contributions to the Boston Art Club exhibition² called attention still more sharply to Bavarian art-tutelage. Within a few weeks, three additional productions of the last-named artist's have been brought to Messrs. Doll and Richards's rooms, and they fully sustain the interest excited by his first installment at the Art Club. These three portraits were painted with an interval of one or two years between the first and second and the second and third, and they thus mark Mr. Duveneck's rapid modification of style. The first, a bearded face of an old man in a fur cap, is wrought in the same rough grain

as that of *The Professor* (described in our previous notice); the second represents a black-haired young man in a black velvet coat, who has a short black beard and wears a broad, dark hat. The effect of all this nearly unmitigated black, contrasted with the lively flesh-tones, is very peculiar, decidedly startling, and a little disagreeable. In both these cases there is a realization of the mere corporeality of the subjects which appears to us excessive. It is the most natural thing possible for a sensitive young painter to be unduly affected by this view of the human form and its surfaces, and none but a student with great executive power could give such splendid emphasis to it as Mr. Duveneck has given; nevertheless it is a partial and not entirely healthy view. The artist changes it for a better one in his *Portrait of a Lady*. Here is a demure, gentle-looking German woman clad in a brown kirtle, her hat covered with slate-tinted tulle painted in simple, seemingly rapid touches that give it an amazing lightness and downiness of look; and her face and eyes are finished with a perfect finish, of the smooth and complete, not the suggestive kind. If in the two preceding instances Mr. Duveneck saw too much, it was perhaps a fortunate fault, for all that he then saw or learned has doubtless gone to enrich this more refined result. Still without abating anything from the praise which is justly his due, we must observe that thus far Mr. Duveneck has given us only studies — powerful and promising ones, without doubt, but they tell us nothing of his powers of design. It is a common error in recent painting, even in that of masters, to stop at this point; there is, in short, a dearth of good *design*. Especially is this the case in America. It is exceedingly encouraging to find, just at this time, talents like that of Mr. Duveneck breaking upon us almost full-fledged; but to contribute anything of permanent and educative value to American art, they must be developed to the point of design. One thing, however, is to be avoided utterly, and that is design of the Kaulbach and Dubufe pattern. For pictorial conceptions in the larger sense Mr. Duveneck cannot do better than to go to the Italian and Netherland masters, to nature, and to his own imagination. One other requisite he in some measure lacks; that is, robust color; and for this he must go to France and England.

¹ The Atlantic Monthly for January, 1873.

² See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1875, pp. 751, 752.

MUSIC.

A new composition for solo, chorus, and orchestra by Franz Liszt cannot but be interesting at the very least. The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral,¹ written to the words of our own Longfellow, and dedicated to the poet, is a short cantata that shows us a side of Liszt that we are scarcely familiar with in this country, the ecclesiastical side. The cantata is preceded by a short prelude, during which the chorus and a mezzo-soprano solo repeat the word "excelsior." Whatever the genuine musical value of this prelude may be, it is certainly one of the most brilliant and effective things of its kind that we know. It opens with one of those vague, impressive themes that Liszt knows how to draw such peculiar effects from; very much of the same character as the opening theme of *Les Préludes*. Comparing the two, we find their family resemblance to be unmistakable.

LES PRÉLUDES.



THE BELLS, &c.



This theme, given out by the trumpets, is taken up by the whole orchestra and chorus, passing through some very daring triad progressions and enharmonic modulations, as is Liszt's wont, when the solo voice comes in, the orchestra hinting at one of the themes that we shall meet with afterwards in the cantata itself.

Mezzo Soprano Solo.  *p* Ex - - -

*Flute, Reeds,
Horn, Harp.*  *dolce espressivo.*

Cello.  *mf*

 cel - - - si - - - or!

 &c.

 &c.

¹ Die Glocken des Strassburger Münsters. Gedicht von H. W. LONGFELLOW; für Bariton-Solo, Chor

und Orchester. Componirt von FRANZ LISZT. Leipzig: J. Schuberth & Co.

This is repeated three times, rising by semitones, when the full chorus strikes in *fortissimo* and ends it with the full force of the orchestra. In spite of all the brilliant effects of modulation and instrumentation in this prelude, it has an unmistakable ecclesiastical cut. The vague tonality and mysticism of the old, mediæval church-music is here reproduced with a poetic appre-

ciation that one is loath to call imitation. The cantata proper opens with a hurried, *agitato* movement for the orchestra, the horns, bassoons, and tamtam booming out like bells through the tempest on the strings, when Lucifer begins his exhortation to the evil spirits to drag down the cross from the steeple. This baritone solo is answered by the chorus:

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system contains three vocal staves: Soprano, Alto, and Tenor. The Soprano staff begins with a rest followed by a melodic line starting on a G4, marked *mf*. The Alto and Tenor staves enter with the lyrics "Oh, we can - not." The Alto staff is marked *mf* and the Tenor staff is marked *mf*. The instrumental parts for Violins, Horns, and Cello and Fag. are also shown. The second system is for the Chorus, marked *dolce*. It consists of three staves. The lyrics "For a - round it all - - - the saints and" are written below the first two staves. The third system continues the chorus with the lyrics "guard - ian an - - - gels thron in le - glons." and ends with "&c.". The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4.

All this accompanied by soft trills in thirds and *tremolos* in alt on the violins and violas, sweet *arpeggios* on the reeds and harp, in strong contrast to the rather harsh instrumentation that accompanied Lucifer.

This short choral passage is followed by a Gregorian plain chant sung by the basses of the chorus, doubled in the lower octave by the bass trombone and tuba, against a sustained E on the drums and double basses,

the horns and tamtam striking in every second bar with a dull, marked low E. As this chant is the principal theme of the cantata (its similarity to the "excelsior" theme in the prelude is not to be overlooked), we will give it entire.

f

Chorus.

Lau - do De - um ve - rum, plebem vo - eo, congre - go cle - rum.

Trombones & Tuba.

Basses and Drums.

p

Tamtam.

Horns in E.

This phrase, repeated with a little fuller instrumentation, ends the first verse. The second verse is like the first, except that it is a tone higher, with some slight changes in instrumentation. The third verse shows some difference at the opening, and the chorus of evil spirits strikes in with appalling effect:—

mf

Chorus.
Sopr., Alto, Tenor.

Oh, we can - - not! Oh, we can - not!

dim.

Horns and Trumpets in D.

Trombones & Tuba.

ff

The Arch - an - gel Mi - - - chael flames from]

ff

3

3

3

3

ff

&c.

after which the basses take up their chant as in the preceding verses. The fourth verse is built upon the same model, rather more concisely treated. In the fifth verse

Lucifer's recitative rises to its highest pitch of dramatic power, the effect at the words, "Leave this labor unto Time, the great Destroyer," being positively terrific. The following chorus of evil spirits in unison, "Onward! onward! with the night wind,"

accompanied by a rising, spiral *crescendo* of the orchestra, is most effective, and leads to the Gregorian chant in C-major, the opening phrase of which is given in full harmony by the orchestra and organ. The chorus then sings as follows:—

Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

p

Noc-te sur-gen-tes vig-i-le-mus om-nes,
vig-i-le-mus om-nes, vig-i-le-mus om-nes!

accompanied here and there by a chord on the organ. These triad progressions are undoubtedly harsh to our ear, the B-flat in the thirteenth measure being especially trying. But when we take them in connection with what goes before, we feel no inclination to quarrel with them. Even taking them as nothing better than a wholly willful and conscious imitation of mediæval music, they have at the very least the merit of good workmanship and a consistent spirit. At this point the theme of the chant is worked up by the chorus and full orchestra to a fine climax, with which the work ends.

Little as the real merits of a composition can be rightly judged before actually hearing it, a careful study of the full score has led us to hope for great things from this work. How much in it is real power and how much mere clever effectiveness we cannot as yet tell, but that the work is strongly effective cannot be doubted.

—Among the many recent publications for the piano-forte that we have seen, Sterndale Bennett's sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*,¹ stands easily first. It can hardly be called a great work; Bennett was never up to that, even at his very best; but it must cer-

tainly be ranked among the strongest works of a man whose title to the first place among modern English composers few will be inclined to dispute. In fact, we find in this sonata an amount of manly vigor and depth of sentiment that we were hardly prepared for in a composition of Bennett's. In purity of musical form and logical, articulate development of ideas, it is fully up to anything the composer has written, and although there is perhaps nothing strikingly original in all its thirty and odd pages, there is yet very little that smacks of imitation or plagiarism. The sonata must undoubtedly take its place among that large class of compositions which the world has agreed by common consent to call "programme music," but it has more essentially musical vitality than have most modern works of this genus, and the quotations from Schiller's play that stand at the beginning of each movement are, after all, rather illustrations of the general tendency of the music, than the germs from which the music itself has sprung.

The first movement, *In the Fields*, with the heading, —

"In innocence I led my sheep
Down the mountain's silent steep,"

is a smoothly-flowing, rather sad and moody *andante pastorale* in A-flat major. It is in Bennett's happiest vein, graceful and thor-

¹ *The Maid of Orleans*. Sonata for the piano-forte. By WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT. Op. 46. London. Lamborn Cock, 63 New Bond Street.

oughly pleasing, — a good preparation for the more serious work to come. The second movement, *In the Field*, with the motto, —

"The clanging trumpets cry, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear,"

is really what musicians call the first movement of the sonata form. It is marked *allegro marziale*, and begins with a stately march-theme in A-flat minor. The movement soon becomes more animated, and a few enharmonic changes, interspersed with trumpet-calls, lead to a more passionate motive, which in turn leads to the real second theme (*cantabile*) of the movement, in B-major. These three themes are skillfully worked out, and with unflagging energy. One thing, however, surprises us; a thing that is noticeable throughout the sonata, but more especially in this and the last movement. That is, that a pianist like Bennett should have drawn so very sparingly upon the acknowledged and universally applied resources of modern piano-forte-playing in a composition which develops all the intrinsic

fire, energy, and dramatic intensity of modern music. What the Germans call the *claviersatz*, the mere putting upon the instrument, is certainly very thin and *mesquin* (we know no other word for it). This peculiarity not only detracts much from the effect the music would otherwise have, and which its intrinsic brilliancy absolutely indicates, but also makes it very hard work for the performer. We find long passages of steadily increasing power, in which the fingers alone are called into play, the wrist and arm (to which pianists principally look for strong effects) being almost completely inactive. This trait in piano-forte-writing is not a new one in Bennett, and some of his larger compositions for the concert-room, among others his *Capriccio* in E with orchestra, are unreasonably fatiguing for the fingers. Indeed, we hardly think that pianists will play much of this sonata exactly as it is written, when the time for actual performance comes. There are surely but few men who have strong enough fingers to make a passage like this —



effective to modern ears as the climax to a crescendo of twenty-eight bars.

The third movement, *In Prison*, with the motto, —

"Hear me, O God, in mine extremity,
In fervent supplication up to thee,
Up to thy heaven above, I send my soul,"

contains much that is fine; we can hardly say enough about the beautiful effect of the second theme, expressive of the words, —

"When on my native hills I drove my herd,
Then was I happy as in Paradise."

We do not feel inclined to look too closely into the question whether this effect is not

due more to the idea suggested by the poetry than to the music. There are beauties in art which shrink from cold analysis, and whatever a man's notions of musical purity may be, there are some passages even in programme music that the feelings admit as pure and beautiful, in spite of some conscientious qualms of the critical understanding.

The last movement, *The End*,

"Brief is the sorrow, endless the joy,"

is perhaps the best of all. Although not quite up to the dignity of the subject, and

defaced here and there by some few rather obsolete-sounding commonplaces, it is written with great fire from beginning to end. Unfortunately the peculiarity of Bennett's writing that we have already mentioned above is more distressingly felt here than in any of the other movements, and some passages are cruelly taxing for the fingers. But the joyful, onward rush of the music cannot be too much praised.

—Friedrich Wieck's *Piano and Song*¹ is a curious little book on musical instruction. It is the work of an experienced piano-forte teacher, and as such is not without value, though we cannot really quite make up our minds whether it is more calculated to do good or harm. Wieck, like most intelligent men who thoroughly know what they are talking about, argues well and persuasively. He appeals to common-sense, and is logical in his conclusions. Whether what we dignify by the name of common-sense is the best faculty to appeal to in questions of this kind may be very well doubted, and we, for one, must admit that the very plausibility of Wieck's theories of teaching makes us distrust them, not to speak of our natural distrust of such an exceedingly conservative and plodding old gentleman as Wieck evidently was. There are, however, many excellent hints in the book, which the intelligent, and above all the experienced reader can turn to good account.

The book is, unluckily, not very readable, and the instructive dialogues with which it is filled too closely resemble those tract-like romances for the nursery, in which the very good little boy is miraculously rewarded with lollipops, and the utterly abandoned little boy ends on the gallows, to be read by any one not voraciously intent upon acquiring all possible information on the subject of piano-forte playing. But, as we have already said, there is much good in the book, and it only requires to be read with proper discrimination, to be useful.

—Harrison Millard's *A Mother's Dream*²

is quite ambitious in design, but belongs rather to a bygone class of music. We do not think that many people nowadays want to hear a singer go through such a painful length of roulade and cadenza before she gets safely shut "within the pearly gates of heaven!" The same composer's *Ave Maria*³ is more musical, and, were it not for the closing bars, might be called quite a good song, of by no means sacred character.

—H. P. Danks's *Ave Maria*⁴ is, if possible, still less sacred and still more sentimental.

—Gounod's *Biondina Bella*⁵ is exceedingly graceful and pretty.

—Morgan's *Sea Fern*⁶ is a very good and effective part-song for mixed voices, showing a good knowledge of the effects to be brought about by somewhat mournful minor chords.

—We are very glad to see a collection of easy piano-forte sonatas,⁷ for the use of young pupils, brought out by Carl Prüfer. Among them we notice Beethoven's Op. 49, No. 2, and two of his smaller sonatas without opus number, with the fingering taken from Lebert and Stark's admirable Stuttgart edition, some easy sonatas on only five notes in the right hand, by Reinecke, and some more pleasing ones by A. Krause. Mr. Prüfer is also publishing an excellently engraved edition of some of the smaller piano-forte writings of Mendelssohn, Saran, Hiller, Henselt, and others.⁸

—A very nicely gotten up collection of trios for female voices,⁹ headed by two fascinating little compositions in canon-form by Reinecke, and Schumann's *Of Loving will the Token*, from his *Pilgrimage of the Rose*, is also much to be recommended.

—The most valuable addition to the already abundant list of piano-forte studies that we have seen for some time are two books of daily exercises, collected from manuscripts of the late Carl Tausig by H. Ehrlich.¹⁰ As finger-studies they are inestimable, and throw all that has come before them completely into the shade.

¹ *Piano and Song*. Translated from the German of FRIEDRICH WIECK. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co., successors to Noyes, Holmes, & Co. 1875.

² *A Mother's Dream*. Song, with 'Cello Obligato. Words by GEO. COOPER; music by HARRISON MILLARD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

³ *Ave Maria*. With Violin Obligato by HARRISON MILLARD. Jersey City, N. J.: W. H. Ewald & Bro.

⁴ *Ave Maria*. By H. P. Danks. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

⁵ *Biondina Bella*. Canzonetta. By CHARLES GOUNOD. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

⁶ *Sea Fern*. Part-Song for Mixed Voices By JOHN P. MORGAN. San Francisco: M. Gray.

⁷ *Instructive Sonatas for Piano*. By BEETHOVEN, CLEMENTI, KRAUSE, and others. Boston: C. Prüfer.

⁸ *Zwei Clavierstücke* By MENDELSSOHN. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

⁹ *Bradford Academy Collection of Trios for Female Voices*. Boston: Carl Prüfer.

¹⁰ *Tägliche Studien für Piano-Forte*. Von CARL TAUSIG. Berlin: M. Bahn; New York: G. Schirmer.

EDUCATION.

ABOUT nineteen months since, some ladies in Boston and its vicinity formed a society, called a society to encourage studies at home, with a view to influencing young ladies in the formation of *habits* of systematic reading. Their object not being to obtain uniform results, but to foster habits which might be of great benefit both to individuals and, in time, to communities, they did not fix upon absolute standards of attainment, but adopted informal methods which have thus far proved exceedingly effective. The rules and mode of operations are these. Any young lady seventeen years of age, or upwards, may become a member of the society by paying two dollars annually, at the beginning of the term, which lasts from October 1 to June 1. Having made known what branch of study she wishes to follow, she is put in correspondence with the lady who has charge of the special subject chosen. Eight ladies of the committee undertake to supervise courses in general history, zoölogy, botany, physical geography and geology, art, French and German, and English literature. The head of each department writes once a month to all the students in her department, giving advice, answering special questions, etc. At the beginning of the term she has sent them a list of works to be read through in the course of the winter, with the request that the reading shall be done as regularly as possible, a little every day. "Even if the time devoted daily to this use is short" (we quote from a circular), "much can be accomplished by perseverance; and the habit soon becomes a delightful one." So far as we can judge from the printed circular of the society, the lists of books are made out with much care and discretion, no attempt at undue cramming being discoverable in them. The intention is evidently to be modest in attempt and thorough in achievement. "It is more desirable to remember what you read than to read much," says the printed letter of instructions which accompanies the programmes of study. And in order to cultivate the memory, a system of notes has been adopted. Each day a concise report of what was read the day before is written out in a blank book. The instructions proceed:—

"Bear in mind, while you read, that you

are to make the notes later, and try, therefore, to fix the important points in your memory. . . . At the beginning of each month, please write to me, stating what book you are reading, how much you have read, and what difficulties you meet with. Inclose a copy of some pages of your memory notes as you first wrote them, or send me your note-book by mail. When you have read a volume, or an important division of the subject, please to review it, and make an abstract of its contents, *from memory*, adding remarks on the subject or on its treatment by the author. These abstracts I wish to see also. The notes should be very brief statements of facts. The abstracts should contain groupings of these facts, with comments."

The committee justly regard this system of notes and correspondence as of the highest importance; and indeed it is not easy to overestimate the beneficial results which it may have, when the field of action of the society gets to be more extended. Finally, at the end of the term, students are invited to send in essays in English, French, or German, "on subjects of their own choice, showing the results of their studies." At the same time a reunion of members is held in Boston, reports are presented, and a few of the essays are read. In this way the vital element of personal intercourse and mutual encouragement is supplied. Two of these reunions have already taken place, the second one on the 3d of June last, and some of the ladies came from distant points to be present at them. Several essays were received, all creditable, and some showing uncommon powers of thought and analysis.

The history of the society's work, thus far, is most encouraging. Forty-five persons began studying in the first term, of whom only two or three failed without sufficient excuse. Sixteen of these continued to work throughout the second term, and sixty-five new students were admitted during the same period. Eighty-one young women, therefore, have enjoyed the advantages offered by the society thus far, and there is reason to suppose that the number of workers will continue to increase. Of those already enrolled some are unmarried, others married; some are themselves teachers, others again have but just left school.

Of course a system of study by correspondence must be limited in its scope; but we think it is clear that, as organized by this society, it cannot fail of a wide and useful application in quarters into which no other instrument of the higher education can penetrate, and a corroboration of this belief would seem to offer itself in the fact to which we called attention last month, in *The Atlantic*, that a somewhat similar plan is now in operation in England. It is too early as yet to make predictions concerning the future of this society, but its beginnings — carried on with commendable reserve and with a noteworthy predominance of action over argument — are such as to lead to the hope that further connections may be formed by it, or other societies called into being by its example. Among its students are residents of thirteen different States and more than thirty-five towns and villages in those States — a suggestive fact. The favorite studies thus far are history and English literature, but the presence of natural science in fair force among the studies offered for choice excites a hope that eventually, and at least indirectly, this organization may advance us toward some of those results the desirability of which we suggested in our remarks on the Scientific Education of Women,¹ last year.

— In spite of its somewhat ridiculous name, the *Bona-Fide Pocket Dictionary*² is really a useful publication. It not only does what it pretends to with regard to fitting even a small pocket; it has the further merit of being unusually serviceable as a dictionary. By the use of very small but remarkably clear type a great deal is put on each page, making it very full in words and definitions, and the arrangement is such as to insure greater convenience, for the French and English words are on the same page, and not in apparently interchangeable parts of the book, as in most pocket dictionaries. The gender of the French words is indicated by the type; words alike in both languages are

given but once, and then in French, to determine the gender and accentuation. Many examples are given of the possible variations in the use of different words. The completeness with which this has been done can best be shown by an example. Take the English word *catch*. Four French equivalents are given. *Surprendre*, it is indicated, is used in the phrase to catch one sleeping; then follow these expressions, each with its translation into French: to catch the eye; contagion, attention, etc.; the train, the steamer; to catch at a ball, etc.; at the offer; to catch again; to catch cold, fire, hold of; to catch it (colloquial); to catch one's death; to catch up (in the sense of seizing); the same in the sense of overtake; etc., etc. And there are many other words quite as full.

The tables are very numerous. The sensitive philologist will object to that ignoring of his favorite study which enables the compiler to say, for instance, that the perfect indicative, first person singular, is formed in the first conjugation by changing *e* into *ai*; the grammarian does not employ such processes, but the stammering foreigner will find them useful and handy. The comparison between the English and the metric systems is made as complete as possible. There is an outline of the English barometer with all its measurements converted into millimetres; of the Fahrenheit, Centigrade, and Réaumur thermometers; and what has most struck us in the book, at the edge of one of the pages, a real centimetre, which, however glibly it may flow from the tongue, is almost as unfamiliar to the eyes of those who yet worship the yard-stick as is its congener the centipede itself. There are also tables for the comparison of French, English, German, and American coins. In short, Mr. Bellows, by trying to remedy some of the faults he has noticed in other books of the kind, and by letting originality replace servile copying, has made a very serviceable dictionary.

explaining Difficulties of Pronunciation. By JOHN BELLOW, Gloucester. Revised and Corrected by Auguste Beljame, Alexandre Beljame, and John Libree, M. A. University of London. London: Trübner & Co.

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1874, p. 760.

² *The Bona-Fide Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages*. On an entirely new System, showing both Divisions on the same Page, distinguishing the Genders by different Types, giving Tabular Conjugations of all the Irregular Verbs,

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS:

VOL. XXXVI.—OCTOBER, 1875.—No. CCXVI.

RODERICK HUDSON.

X.

THE CAVALIERE.

THERE befell at last a couple of days during which Rowland was unable to go to the hotel. Late in the evening of the second one Roderick came into his room. In a few moments he announced that he had finished the bust of his mother.

"And it's magnificent!" he declared. "It's one of the best things I've done."

"I believe it, said Rowland. "Never again talk to me about your inspiration being dead."

"Why not? This may be its last kick! I feel very tired. But it's a masterpiece, though I do say it. They tell us we owe so much to our parents. Well, I've paid the filial debt handsomely!" He walked up and down the room a few moments, with the purpose of his visit evidently still undischarged. "There's one thing more I want to say," he presently resumed. "I feel as if I ought to tell you!" He stopped before Rowland with his head high and his brilliant glance unclouded. "Your invention's a failure!"

"My invention?" Rowland repeated.

"Bringing out my mother and Mary."

"A failure?"

"It's no use! They don't help me."

Rowland had fancied that Roderick had no more surprises for him; but he was now staring at him, wide-eyed.

"They bore me!" Roderick went on.

"Oh, oh!" cried Rowland.

"Listen, listen!" said Roderick, with perfect gentleness. "I'm not complaining of them; I'm simply stating a fact. I'm very sorry for them; I'm greatly disappointed."

"Have you given them a fair trial?"

"Shouldn't you say so? It seems to me I've behaved beautifully."

"You have done very well; I have been building great hopes on it."

"I have done too well, then. After the first forty-eight hours my own hopes collapsed. But I determined to fight it out; to stand within the temple; to let the spirit of the Lord descend! Do you want to know the result? Another week of it, and I shall begin to hate them. I shall want to poison them."

"Miserable boy!" cried Rowland.

"They're the loveliest of women!"

"Very likely! But they mean no more to me than a Bible text to an atheist!"

"I utterly fail," said Rowland, in a moment, "to understand your relation to Miss Garland."

Roderick shrugged his shoulders and let his hands drop at his sides. "She

adores me! That's my relation." And he smiled strangely.

"Have you broken your engagement?"

"Broken it? You can't break a ray of moonshine."

"Have you absolutely no affection for her?"

Roderick placed his hand on his heart and held it there a moment. "Dead — dead — dead!" he said at last.

"I wonder," Rowland asked presently, "if you begin to comprehend the beauty of Miss Garland's character. She's a person of the highest merit."

"Evidently — or I would not have cared for her!"

"Has that no charm for you now?"

"Oh, don't force a fellow to say rude things!"

"Well, I can only say that you don't know what you are giving up."

Roderick gave a quickened glance.

"Do you know, so well?"

"I admire her immeasurably."

Roderick smiled, we may almost say sympathetically. "You have not wasted time."

Rowland's thoughts were crowding upon him fast. If Roderick was resolute, why oppose him? If Mary was to be sacrificed, why, in *that* way, try to save her? There was another way; it only needed a little presumption to make it possible. Rowland tried, mentally, to summon presumption to his aid; but whether it came or not, it found conscience there before it. Conscience had only three words, but they were cogent.

"For *her* sake — for *her* sake," it dumbly murmured, and Rowland resumed his argument. "I don't know what I would n't do," he said, "rather than that Miss Garland should suffer."

"There's one thing to be said," Roderick answered reflectively. "She is very strong."

"Well, then, if she's strong, believe that with a longer chance, a better chance, she will still regain your affection."

"Do you know what you ask?" cried Roderick. "Make love to a girl I hate?"

"You *hate*?"

"As her lover, I should hate her!"

"Listen to me!" said Rowland, with vehemence.

"No, listen you to me! Do you really urge my marrying a woman who would bore me to death? I would let her know it in very good season, and then where would she be?"

Rowland walked the length of the room a couple of times and then stopped suddenly. "Go your way, then! Say all this to *her*, not to me!"

"To her? I'm afraid of her; I want you to help me."

"My dear Roderick," said Rowland, with an eloquent smile, "I can help you no more!"

Roderick frowned, hesitated a moment, and then took his hat. "Oh, well," he said, "I'm not so afraid of her as all that!" And he turned, as if to depart.

"Stop!" cried Rowland, as he laid his hand on the door.

Roderick paused and stood waiting, with his irritated brow.

"Come back; sit down there and listen to me. Of anything you were to say in your present state of mind, you would live most bitterly to repent. You don't know what you really think; you don't know what you really feel. You don't know your own mind; you don't do justice to Miss Garland. All this is impossible here, under these circumstances. You're blind, you're deaf, you're under a spell. To break it, you must leave Rome."

"Leave Rome! Rome was never so dear to me."

"That's not of the smallest consequence. Leave it instantly."

"And where shall I go?"

"Go to some place where you may be alone with your mother and Miss Garland."

"Alone? You'll not come?"

"Oh, if you desire it, I'll come."

Roderick, inclining his head a little, looked at his friend askance. "I don't understand you," he said; "I wish you liked Miss Garland either a little less, or a little more!"

Rowland felt himself coloring, but he paid no heed to Roderick's speech. "You ask me to help you," he went on. "On these present conditions I can do nothing. But if you will postpone all decision as to the continuance of your engagement a couple of months longer, and meanwhile leave Rome, leave Italy, I will do what I can to 'help you,' as you say, in the event of your still wishing to break it."

"I must do without your help then! Your conditions are impossible. I will leave Rome at the time I have always intended—at the end of June. My rooms and my mother's are taken till then; all my arrangements are made accordingly. Then, I'll depart; not before."

"You're not frank," said Rowland. "Your real reason for staying has nothing to do with your rooms."

Roderick's face betrayed neither embarrassment nor resentment. "If I'm not frank, it's for the first time in my life. Since you know so much about my real reason, let me hear it! No, stop!" he suddenly added, "I won't trouble you. You're right, I have a motive. On the twenty-fourth of June Miss Light is to be married. I take an immense interest in all that concerns her, and I wish to be present at her wedding."

"But you said the other day at Saint Peter's that it was by no means sure her marriage was to take place."

"Apparently I was wrong: the invitations, I am told, are going out."

Rowland felt that it would be utterly vain to remonstrate, and that the only thing for him was to make the best terms possible. "If I offer no further opposition to your waiting for Miss Light's marriage," he said, "will you promise, meanwhile and afterwards, for a certain period, to defer to my judgment—to say nothing that may be a cause of suffering to Miss Garland?"

"For a certain period? What period?" Roderick demanded.

"Ah, don't drive so close a bargain! Don't you understand that I have taken you away from her, that I suffer in every

nerve in consequence, and that I must do what I can to restore you?"

"Do what you can, then," said Roderick gravely, putting out his hand. "Do what you can!" His tone and his hand-shake seemed to constitute a promise, and upon this they parted.

Roderick's bust of his mother, whether or no it was a discharge of what he called the filial debt, was at least a most admirable production. Rowland, at the time it was finished, met Gloriani one evening, and this unscrupulous genius immediately began to ask questions about it. "I'm told our high-flying friend has come down," he said. "He has been doing a queer little old woman."

"A queer little old woman!" Rowland exclaimed. "My dear sir, she's Hudson's mother."

"All the more reason for her being queer! It's a bust for terra-cotta, eh?"

"By no means; it's for marble."

"That's a pity. It was described to me as a charming piece of quaintness: a little demure, thin-lipped old lady, with her head on one side and the prettiest wrinkles in the world—a sort of fairy godmother."

"Go and see it, and judge for yourself," said Rowland.

"No, I see I shall be disappointed. It's quite the other thing, the sort of thing they put into the campo-santos. I wish that boy would listen to me an hour!"

But a day or two later Rowland met him again in the street, and, as they were near, proposed they should adjourn to Roderick's studio. He consented, and on entering they found the young master. Roderick's demeanor to Gloriani was never conciliatory, and on this occasion supremé indifference was apparently all he had to offer. But Gloriani, like a genuine connoisseur, cared nothing for his manners; he cared only for his skill. In the bust of Mrs. Hudson there was something almost touching; it was an exquisite example of a ruling sense of beauty. The poor lady's small, neat, timorous face had certainly no great character, but Roderick had repro-

duced its sweetness, its mildness, its minuteness, its still maternal passion, with the most unerring art. It was perfectly unflattered, and yet admirably tender; it was the poetry of fidelity. Gloriani stood looking at it a long time most intently. Roderick wandered away into the neighboring room.

"I give it up!" said the sculptor at last. "I don't understand it."

"But you like it?" said Rowland.

"Like it? It's a pearl of pearls. Tell me this," he added: "is he very fond of his mother; is he a very good son?" And he gave Rowland a sharp look.

"Why, she adores him," said Rowland, smiling.

"That's not an answer! But it's none of my business. Only if I, in his place, being suspected of having — what shall I call it? — a cold heart, managed to do that piece of work, oh, oh! I should be called a pretty lot of names. Charlatan, *poseur*, *arrangeur*! But he can do as he chooses! My dear young man, I know you don't like me," he went on, as Roderick came back. "It's a pity; you're strong enough not to care about me at all. You're very strong."

"Not at all," said Roderick curtly. "I'm very weak!"

"I told you last year that you would n't keep it up. I was a great ass. You will!"

"I beg your pardon — I won't!" retorted Roderick.

"Though I'm a great ass, all the same, eh? Well, call me what you will, so long as you turn out this sort of thing! I don't suppose it makes any particular difference, but I should like to say now I believe in you."

Roderick stood looking at him for a moment with a strange hardness in his face. It flushed slowly, and two glittering, angry tears filled his eyes. It was the first time Rowland had ever seen them there; he saw them but once again. Poor Gloriani, he was sure, had never in his life spoken with less of irony; but to Roderick there was evidently a sense of mockery in his profession of faith. He turned away with a muttered, pas-

sionate imprecation. Gloriani was accustomed to deal with complex problems, but this time he was hopelessly puzzled. "What's the matter with him?" he asked, simply.

Rowland gave a sad smile and touched his forehead. "Genius, I suppose."

Gloriani sent another parting, lingering look at the bust of Mrs. Hudson.

"Well, it's deuced perfect, it's deuced simple; I *do* believe in him!" he said.

"But I'm glad I'm not a genius. It makes," he added with a laugh, as he looked for Roderick to wave him goodbye, and saw his back still turned, "it makes a more sociable studio!"

Rowland had purchased, as he supposed, temporary tranquillity for Mary Garland; but his own humor in these days was not especially peaceful. He was attempting, in a certain sense, to lead the ideal life, and he found it, at the least, not easy. The days passed, but brought with them no official invitation to Miss Light's wedding. He occasionally met her, and he occasionally met Prince Casamassima; but always separately, never together. They were apparently taking their happiness in the inexpressive manner proper to people of social eminence. Rowland continued to see Madame Grandoni, for whom he felt a confirmed affection. He had always talked to her with frankness, but now he made her a confidant of all his hidden dejection. Roderick and Roderick's concerns had been a common theme with him, and it was in the natural course to talk of Mrs. Hudson's arrival and Miss Garland's fine smile. Madame Grandoni was an intelligent listener, and she lost no time in putting his case for him in a nutshell. "At one moment you tell me the girl is plain," she said; "the next you tell me she's pretty. I will invite them, and I shall see for myself. But one thing is very clear: you're in love with her."

Rowland, for all answer, glanced round to see that no one heard her.

"More than that," she added, "you have been in love with her these two years. There was that certain something about you! . . . I knew you were

a mild, sweet fellow, but you had a touch of it more than was natural. Why did n't you tell me at once? You would have saved me a great deal of trouble. And poor Augusta Blanchard too!" And herewith Madame Grandoni communicated a pertinent fact: Augusta Blanchard and Mr. Leavenworth were going to make a match. The young lady had been staying for a month at Albano, and Mr. Leavenworth had been dancing attendance. The event was a matter of course. Rowland, who had been lately reproaching himself with a failure of attention to Miss Blanchard's doings, made some such observation.

"But you did n't find it so!" cried his hostess. "It was a matter of course, perhaps, that Mr. Leavenworth, who seems to be going about Europe with the sole view of picking up furniture for his 'home,' as he calls it, should think Miss Blanchard a very handsome piece; but it was not a matter of course — or it need n't have been — that she should be willing to become a sort of superior table-ornament. She would have accepted you if you had tried."

"You are supposing the insupposable," said Rowland. "She never gave me a particle of encouragement."

"What would you have had her do? The poor girl did her best, and I'm sure that when she accepted Mr. Leavenworth she thought of you."

"She thought of the pleasure her marriage would give me."

"Ay, pleasure indeed! She is a thoroughly good girl, but she has her little grain of feminine spite, like the rest. Well, he's richer than you, and she will have what she wants; but before I forgive you I must wait and see this new arrival — what do you call her? — Miss Garland. If I like her, I'll forgive you; if I don't, I shall always bear you a grudge."

Rowland answered that he was sorry to forfeit any advantage she might offer him, but that his exculpatory passion for Miss Garland was a figment of her fancy. Miss Garland was engaged to another man, and he himself had no claims.

"Well, then," said Madame Grandoni, "if I like her, we'll have it that you ought to be in love with her. If you fail in this it will be a double misdeemeanor. The man she's engaged to does n't care a straw for her. Leave me alone and I'll tell her what I think of you."

As to Christina Light's marriage, Madame Grandoni could make no definite statement. The young girl, of late, had made her several flying visits, in the intervals of the usual pre-matrimonial shopping and dress-fitting; she had spoken of the event with a toss of her head, as a matter which, with a wise old friend who viewed things in their essence, she need not pretend to treat as a solemnity. It was for Prince Casamassima to do that. "It's what they call a marriage of reason," she once said. "That means, you know, a marriage of madness!"

"What have you said in the way of advice?" Rowland asked.

"Very little; but that little has favored the prince. I know nothing of the mysteries of the young lady's heart. It may be a gold-mine, but at any rate it's a mine, and it's a long journey down into it. But the marriage in itself is an excellent marriage. It's not only brilliant, but it's safe. I think Christina is quite capable of making it a means of misery; but there is no position that would be sacred to her. Casamassima is an irreproachable young man; there is nothing against him but that he is a prince. It is not often, I fancy, that a prince has been put through his paces at this rate. No one knows the wedding-day; the cards of invitation have been printed half a dozen times over, with a different date; each time Christina has destroyed them. There are people in Rome who are furious at the delay; they want to get away; they are in a dreadful fright about the fever, but they are dying to see the wedding, and if the day were fixed, they would make their arrangements to wait for it. I think it very possible that after having kept them a month and produced a dozen cases of malaria, Christina will be mar-

ried at midnight by an old friar, with simply the legal witnesses."

"It's true, then, that she has become a Catholic?"

"So she tells me. One day she got up in the depths of despair; at her wit's end, I suppose, in other words, for a new sensation. Suddenly it occurred to her that the Catholic church might after all hold the key, might give her what she wanted! She sent for a priest; he happened to be a clever man, and he contrived to interest her. She put on a black dress and a black lace veil, and looking handsomer than ever she rustled into the Catholic church. The prince, who is very devout, and who had her heresy sorely on his conscience, was thrown into an ecstasy. May she never have a caprice that pleases him less!"

Rowland had already asked Madame Grandoni what, to her perception, was the present state of matters between Christina and Roderick; and he now repeated his question with some earnestness of apprehension. "The girl is so deucedly dramatic," he said, "that I don't know what *coup de théâtre* she may have in store for us. Such a stroke was her turning Catholic; such a stroke would be her some day making her courtesy to a disappointed world as Princess Casamassima, married at midnight, in her bonnet. She might do—she may do—something that would make even more starers! I'm prepared for anything."

"You mean that she might elope with your sculptor, eh?"

"I'm prepared for anything!"

"Do you mean that he's ready?"

"Do you think that *she* is?"

"They're a precious pair! I think this! You by no means exhaust the subject when you say that Christina is dramatic. It's my belief that in the course of her life she will do a certain number of things from pure disinterested passion. She's immeasurably proud, and if that is often a fault in a virtuous person, it may be a merit in a vicious one. She needs to think well of herself; she knows a fine character, easily, when she meets one; she hates to suffer by comparison, even though the compari-

son is made by herself alone; and when the estimate she may have made of herself grows vague, she needs to do something to give it definite, impressive form. What she will do in such a case will be better or worse, according to her opportunity; but I imagine it will generally be something that will drive her mother to despair; something of the sort usually termed 'unworldly.'"

Rowland, as he was taking his leave, after some further exchange of opinions, rendered Miss Light the tribute of a deeply meditative sigh. "She has bothered me half to death," he said, "but somehow I can't manage, as I ought, to hate her. I admire her, half the time, and a good part of the rest I pity her."

"I think I most pity her!" said Madame Grandoni.

This enlightened woman came the next day to call upon the two ladies from Northampton. She carried their shy affections by storm, and made them promise to drink tea with her on the evening of the morrow. Her visit was an era in the life of poor Mrs. Hudson, who did nothing but make sudden desultory allusions to her, for the next thirty-six hours. "To think of her being a foreigner!" she would exclaim, after much intent reflection, over her knitting; "she speaks so beautifully!" Then in a little while, "She was n't so much dressed as you might have expected. Did you notice how easy it was in the waist? I wonder if that's the fashion?" Or, "She's very old to wear a hat; I should never dare to wear a hat!" Or, "Did you notice her hands?—very pretty hands for such a stout person. A great many rings, but nothing very handsome. I suppose they are hereditary." Or, "She's certainly not handsome, but she's very sweet-looking. I wonder why she does n't have something done to her teeth." Rowland also received a summons to Madame Grandoni's tea-drinking, and went betimes, as he had been requested. He was eagerly desirous to lend his mute applause to Mary Garland's *début* in the Roman social world. The two ladies had ar-

rived, with Roderick, silent and careless, in attendance. Miss Blanchard was also present, escorted by Mr. Leavenworth, and the party was completed by a dozen artists of both sexes and various nationalities. It was a friendly and easy assembly, like all Madame Grandoni's parties, and in the course of the evening there was some excellent music. People played and sang for Madame Grandoni, on easy terms, who, elsewhere, were not to be heard for the asking. She was herself a superior musician, and singers found it a privilege to perform to her accompaniment. Rowland talked to various persons, but for the first time in his life his attention visibly wandered; he could not keep his eyes off Mary Garland. Madame Grandoni had said that he sometimes spoke of her as pretty and sometimes as plain; to-night, if he had had occasion to describe her appearance, he would have called her beautiful. She was dressed more than he had ever seen her; it was becoming and gave her a deeper color and an ampler presence. Two or three persons were introduced to her who were apparently witty people, for she sat listening to them with her brilliant natural smile. Rowland, from an opposite corner, reflected that he had never varied in his appreciation of Miss Blanchard's classic contour, but that somehow, to-night, it impressed him hardly more than an effigy stamped upon a coin of low value. Roderick could not be accused of rancor, for he had approached Mr. Leavenworth with unstudied familiarity, and, lounging against the wall, with hands in pockets, was discoursing to him with candid serenity. Now that he had done him an impertinence, he evidently found him less intolerable. Mr. Leavenworth stood stirring his tea and silently opening and shutting his mouth, without looking at the young sculptor, like a large, drowsy dog snapping at flies. Rowland had found it disagreeable to be told Miss Blanchard would have married him for the asking, and he would have felt some embarrassment in going to speak to her if his modesty had not found incredulity so easy. The facile

side of a union with Miss Blanchard had never been present to his mind; it had struck him as a thing, in all ways, to be compassed with a great effort. He had half an hour's talk with her; a farewell talk, as it seemed to him—a farewell not to a real illusion, but to the idea that for him, in that matter, there could ever be an acceptable *pis-aller*. He congratulated Miss Blanchard upon her engagement, and she received his compliment with a touch of primness. But she was always a trifle prim, even when she was quoting Mrs. Browning and George Sand, and this harmless defect did not prevent her responding on this occasion that Mr. Leavenworth had a "glorious heart." Rowland wished to manifest an extreme regard, but toward the end of the talk his zeal relaxed, and he fell a-thinking that a certain natural ease in a woman was the most delightful thing in the world. There was Christina Light, who had too much, and here was Miss Blanchard, who had too little, and there was Mary Garland (in whom the quality was wholly uncultivated), who had just the right amount.

He went to Madame Grandoni in an adjoining room, where she was pouring out tea.

"I'll make you an excellent cup," she said, "because I've forgiven you."

He looked at her, answering nothing; but he swallowed his tea with great gusto, and a slight deepening of his color; by all of which one would have known that he was gratified. In a moment he intimated that, in so far as he had sinned, he had forgiven himself.

"She's a lovely girl," said Madame Grandoni. "There's a great deal there; I have taken a great fancy to her, and she must let me make a friend of her."

"She's very plain," said Rowland, slowly, "very simple, very ignorant."

"Which, being interpreted, means, 'She's very handsome, very subtle, and has read hundreds of volumes on winter evenings in the country.'"

"You are a veritable sorceress," cried Rowland; "you frighten me away!" As he was turning to leave her, there rose above the hum of voices in the

drawing-room the sharp, grotesque note of a barking dog. Their eyes met in a glance of intelligence.

"There's the sorceress!" said Madame Grandoni. "The sorceress and her necromantic poodle!" And she hastened back to the post of hospitality.

Rowland followed her, and found Christina Light standing in the middle of the drawing-room, and looking about in perplexity. Her poodle, sitting on his haunches and gazing at the company, had apparently been expressing a sympathetic displeasure at the absence of a welcome. But in a moment Madame Grandoni had come to the young girl's relief, and Christina had tenderly kissed her.

"I had no idea," said Christina, surveying the assembly, "that you had such a lot of grand people, or I would not have come in. The servant said nothing; he took me for an *invitée*. I came to spend a neighborly half-hour; you know I have n't many left! It was too dismally dreary at home. I hoped I should find you alone, and I brought Stenterello to play with the cat. I don't know that if I had known about all this I would have dared to come in; but since I've stumbled into the midst of it, I beg you'll let me stay. I'm not dressed, but am I very hideous? I'll sit in a corner and no one will notice me. My dear, sweet lady, do let me stay. Pray why did n't you ask me? I never have been to a little party like this. They must be very charming. No dancing—tea and conversation? No tea, thank you; but if you could spare a biscuit for Stenterello; a sweet biscuit, please. Really, why did n't you ask me? Do you have these things often? Madame Grandoni, it's very unkind!" And the young girl, who had delivered herself of the foregoing succession of sentences in her usual low, cool, penetrating voice, uttered these last words with a certain tremor of feeling. "I see," she went on, "I do very well for balls and great banquets, but when people wish to have a cozy, friendly, comfortable evening, they leave me

out, with the big flower-pots and the gilt candelabra."

"I'm sure you're welcome to stay, my dear," said Madame Grandoni, "and at the risk of displeasing you I must confess that if I did n't invite you, it was because you're too grand. Your dress will do very well, with its fifty flounces, and there is no need of your going into a corner. Indeed, since you're here, I propose to have the glory of it. You must remain where my people can see you."

"They are evidently determined to do that, by the way they stare. Do they think I'm going to dance a *tarantella*? Who are they all; do I know them?" And lingering in the middle of the room, with her arm passed into Madame Grandoni's, she let her eyes wander slowly from group to group. They were of course observing her. Standing in the little circle of lamplight, with the hood of an Eastern burnous, shot with silver threads, falling back from her beautiful head, one hand gathering together its voluminous, shimmering folds, and the other playing with the silken top-knot on the uplifted head of her poodle, she was a figure of radiant picturesqueness. She seemed to be a sort of extemporized *tableau vivant*. Rowland's position made it becoming for him to speak to her without delay. As she looked at him he saw that, judging by the light of her beautiful eyes, she was in a humor of which she had not yet treated him to a specimen. In a simpler person he would have called it exquisite kindness; but in this young lady's deportment the flower was one thing and the perfume another. "Tell me about these people," she said to him. "I had no idea there were so many people in Rome I had not seen. What are they all talking about? It's all beyond me, I suppose. There's Miss Blanchard, sitting as usual in profile against a dark object. She's like a head on a postage-stamp. And there's that nice little old lady in black, Mrs. Hudson. What a dear little woman for a mother! *Comme elle est proprette!* And the other, the *fiancée*, of course she's here. Ah, I

see!" She paused; she was looking intently at Miss Garland. Rowland measured the intentness of her glance, and suddenly acquired a firm conviction. "I should like so much to know her!" she said, turning to Madame Grandoni. "She has a charming face; I'm sure she's an angel. I wish very much you would introduce me. No, on second thoughts, I had rather you did n't. I'll speak to her bravely myself, as a friend of her cousin." Madame Grandoni and Rowland exchanged glances of baffled conjecture, and Christina flung off her burnous, crumpled it together, and, with uplifted finger, tossing it into a corner, gave it in charge to her poodle. He stationed himself upon it, on his haunches, with upright vigilance. Christina crossed the room with the step and smile of a ministering angel, and introduced herself to Mary Garland. She had once told Rowland that she would show him, some day, how gracious her manners could be; she was now redeeming her promise. Rowland, watching her, saw Mary Garland rise slowly, in response to her greeting, and look at her with serious, deep-gazing eyes. The almost dramatic opposition of these two keenly interesting girls touched Rowland with a nameless apprehension, and after a moment he preferred to turn away. In doing so he noticed Roderick. The young sculptor was standing planted on the train of a lady's dress, gazing across at Christina's movements with undisguised earnestness. There were several more pieces of music; Rowland sat in a corner and listened to them. When they were over, several people began to take their leave, Mrs. Hudson among the number. Rowland saw her come up to Madame Grandoni, clinging shyly to Mary Garland's arm. Miss Garland had a brilliant eye and a deep color in her cheek. The two ladies looked about for Roderick, but Roderick had his back turned. He had approached Christina, who, with an absent air, was sitting alone, where she had taken her place near Miss Garland, looking at the guests pass out of the room. Christina's eye, like Miss Garland's, was bright, but her

cheek was pale. Hearing Roderick's voice, she looked up at him sharply; then silently, with a single quick gesture, motioned him away. He obeyed her, and came and joined his mother in bidding good night to Madame Grandoni. Christina, in a moment, met Rowland's glance, and immediately beckoned him to come to her. He was familiar with her spontaneity of movement, and was scarcely surprised. She made a place for him on the sofa beside her; he wondered what was coming now. He was not sure it was not a mere fancy, but it seemed to him that he had never seen her look just as she was looking then. It was a humble, touching, appealing look, and it threw into wonderful relief the nobleness of her beauty. "How many more metamorphoses," he asked himself, "am I to be treated to before we have done?"

"I want to tell you," said Christina. "I have taken an immense fancy to Miss Garland. Are n't you glad?"

"Delighted!" exclaimed poor Rowland.

"Ah, you don't believe it," she said with soft dignity.

"Is it so hard to believe?"

"Not that people in general should admire her, but that *I* should. But I want to tell you; I want to tell some one, and I can't tell Miss Garland herself. She thinks me already a horrid false creature, and if I were to express to her frankly what I think of her, I should simply disgust her. She would be quite right; she has repose, and from that point of view I and my doings must seem monstrous. Unfortunately, I have n't repose. I'm trembling now; if I could ask you to feel my arm, you would see! But I want to tell you that I admire Miss Garland more than any of the people who call themselves her friends — except of course you. Oh, I know that! To begin with, she's extremely handsome, and she does n't know it."

"She's not generally thought handsome," said Rowland.

"Evidently! That's the vulgarity of the human mind. Her head has great character, great natural style. If a wom-

an is not to be a supreme beauty in the regular way, she will choose, if she's wise, to look like that. She'll not be thought pretty by people in general, and desecrated, as she passes, by the stare of every vile wretch who chooses to thrust his nose under her bonnet; but a certain number of superior people will find it one of the delightful things of life to look at her. That lot is as good as another! Then she has a beautiful character!"

"You found that out soon!" said Rowland, smiling.

"How long did it take *you*? I found it out before I ever spoke to her. I met her the other day in Saint Peter's; I knew it then. I knew it—do you want to know how long I've known it?"

"Really," said Rowland, "I did n't mean to cross-examine you."

"Do you remember mamma's ball in December? We had some talk and you then mentioned her—not by name. You said but three words, but I saw you admired her, and I knew that if you admired her she must have a beautiful character. That's what you require!"

"Upon my word," cried Rowland, "you make three words go very far!"

"Oh, Mr. Hudson has also spoken of her."

"Ah, that's better!" said Rowland.

"I don't know; he does n't like her."

"Did he tell you so?" The question left Rowland's lips before he could stay it, which he would have done on a moment's reflection.

Christina looked at him intently. "No!" she said at last. "That would have been dishonorable, would n't it? But I know it from my knowledge of him. He does n't like perfection; he's not bent upon being *safe*, in his likings; he's willing to risk something! Poor fellow, he risks too much!"

Rowland was silent; he did not care for the thrust; but he was profoundly mystified. Christina beckoned to her poodle, and the dog marched stiffly across to her. She gave a loving twist to his rose-colored top-knot, and bade him go and fetch her burnous. He obeyed, gathered it up in his teeth, and returned

with great solemnity, dragging it along the floor.

"I do her justice. I do her full justice," she went on, with soft earnestness. "I like to say that, I like to be able to say it. She's full of intelligence and courage and devotion. She does n't do me a grain of justice; but that's no harm. There is something so fine in the aversions of a good woman!"

"If you would give Miss Garland a chance," said Rowland, "I'm sure she would be glad to be your friend."

"What do you mean by a chance? She has only to take it. I told her I liked her immensely, and she frowned as if I had said something disgusting. She looks very handsome when she frowns." Christina rose, with these words, and began to gather her mantle about her. "I don't often like women," she went on. "In fact I generally detest them. But I should like to know Miss Garland well. I should like to have a friendship with her; I have never had one; they must be very delightful. But I shan't have one now, either—not if she can help it! Ask her what she thinks of me; see what she'll say. I don't want to know; keep it to yourself. It's too sad. So we go through life. It's fatality—that's what they call it, is n't it? We please the people we don't care for, we displease those we do! But I appreciate her, I do her justice; that's the more important thing. It's because I have imagination. She has none. Never mind; it's her only fault. I do her justice; I understand very well." She kept softly murmuring and looking about for Madame Grandoni. She saw the good lady near the door, and put out her hand to Rowland for good night. She held his hand an instant, fixing him with her eyes, the living splendor of which, at this moment, was something transcendent. "Yes, I do her justice," she repeated. "And you do her more; you would lay down your life for her." With this she turned away, and before he could answer, she left him. She went to Madame Grandoni, grasped her two hands, and held out her forehead to be kissed. The next moment she was gone.

"That was a happy accident!" said Madame Grandoni. "She never looked so beautiful, and she made my little party brilliant."

"Beautiful, verily!" Rowland answered. "But it was no accident."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a plan. She wished to see Miss Garland. She knew she was to be here."

"How so?"

"By Roderick, evidently."

"And why did she wish to see Miss Garland?"

"Heaven knows! I give it up!"

"Ah, the wicked girl!" murmured Madame Grandoni.

"No," said Rowland; "don't say that now. She's too beautiful."

"Oh, you men! The best of you!"

"Well, then," cried Rowland, "she's too good!"

The opportunity presenting itself the next day, he failed not, as you may imagine, to ask Mary Garland what she thought of Miss Light. It was a Saturday afternoon, the time at which the beautiful marbles of the Villa Borghese are thrown open to the public. Mary had told him that Roderick had promised to take her to see them, with his mother, and he joined the party in the splendid Casino. The warm weather had left so few strangers in Rome that they had the place almost to themselves. Mrs. Hudson had confessed to an invincible fear of treading, even with the help of her son's arm, the polished marble floors, and was sitting patiently on a stool, with folded hands, looking shyly, here and there, at the undraped paganism around her. Roderick had sauntered off alone, with an irritated brow, which seemed to betray the conflict between the instinct of observation and the perplexities of circumstance. Miss Garland was wandering in another direction, and though she was consulting her catalogue, Rowland fancied it was from habit; she too was preoccupied. He joined her and she presently sat down on a divan, rather wearily, and closed her Murray. Then he asked her abruptly how Christina had pleased her.

She started the least bit at the question, and he felt that she had been thinking of Christina.

"I don't like her!" she said with decision.

"What do you think of her?"

"I think she's false." This was said without petulance or bitterness, but with a very positive air.

"But she wished to please you; she tried," Rowland rejoined, in a moment.

"I think not. She wished to please herself!"

Rowland felt himself at liberty to say no more. No allusion to Christina had passed between them since the day they met her at Saint Peter's, but he knew that she knew, by that infallible sixth sense of a woman who loves, that this strange, beautiful girl had the power to injure her. To what extent she had the will, Mary was uncertain; but last night's interview, apparently, had not reassured her. It was, under these circumstances, equally unbecoming for Rowland either to depreciate or to defend Christina, and he had to content himself with simply having verified the girl's own assurance that she had made a bad impression. He tried to talk of indifferent matters—about the statues and the frescos; but to-day, plainly, æsthetic curiosity, with Miss Garland, had folded its wings. Curiosity of another sort had taken its place. Mary was longing, he was sure, to question him about Christina; but she found a dozen reasons for hesitating. Her questions would imply that Roderick had not treated her with confidence, for information on this point should properly have come from him. They would imply that she was jealous, and to betray her jealousy was intolerable to her pride. For some minutes, as she sat scratching the brilliant pavement with the point of her umbrella, it was to be supposed that her pride and her anxiety held an earnest debate. At last anxiety won.

"Apropos of Miss Light," she asked, "do you know her well?"

"I can hardly say that. But I have seen her repeatedly."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes and no. I think I'm sorry for her."

Mary had spoken with her eyes on the pavement. At this she looked up.

"Sorry for her? Why?"

"Well—she's unhappy."

"What are her misfortunes?"

"Well—she has a horrible mother, and she has had a most injurious education."

For a moment Miss Garland was silent. Then, "Isn't she very beautiful?" she asked.

"Don't you think so?"

"That's measured by what men think! She's extremely clever, too."

"Oh, incontestably."

"She has beautiful dresses."

"Yes, any quantity of them."

"And beautiful manners."

"Yes—sometimes."

"And plenty of money."

"Money enough, apparently."

"And she receives great admiration."

"Very true."

"And she's to marry a prince."

"So they say."

Miss Garland rose and turned to rejoin her companions, commenting these admissions with a pregnant silence. "Poor Miss Light!" she said at last, simply. And in this it seemed to Rowland there was a touch of bitterness.

Very late on the following evening his servant brought him the card of a visitor. He was surprised at a visit at such an hour, but it may be said that when he read the inscription—Cavaliere Giuseppe Giacosa—his surprise declined. He had had an unformulated conviction that there was to be a sequel to the apparition at Madame Grandoni's: the Cavaliere had come to usher it in.

He had come, evidently, on a portentous errand. He was as pale as ashes and prodigiously serious; his little cold black eye had grown ardent, and he had left his caressing smile at home. He saluted Rowland, however, with his usual obsequious bow.

"You have more than once done me the honor to invite me to call upon you," he said. "I'm ashamed of my long delay, and I can only say to you, frankly,

that my time this winter has not been my own." Rowland assented, ungrudgingly fumbled for the Italian correlative of the adage "Better late than never," begged him to be seated, and offered him a cigar. The Cavaliere sniffed imperceptibly the fragrant weed, and then declared that, if his kind host would allow him, he would reserve it for consumption at another time. He apparently desired to intimate that the solemnity of his errand left him no breath for idle smoke-puffings. Rowland stayed himself, just in time, from an enthusiastic offer of a dozen more cigars, and, as he watched the Cavaliere stow his treasure tenderly away in his pocket-book, reflected that only an Italian could go through such a performance with uncompromised dignity. "I must confess," the little old man resumed, "that even now I come on business not of my own—or my own, at least, only in a secondary sense. I have been dispatched as an ambassador, an envoy extraordinary, I may say, by my dear friend Mrs. Light."

"If I can in any way be of service to Mrs. Light, I shall be happy," Rowland said.

"Well then, dear sir, Casa Light is in commotion. The signora is in trouble—in terrible trouble." For a moment Rowland expected to hear that the signora's trouble was of a nature that a loan of five thousand francs would assuage. But the Cavaliere continued: "Miss Light has committed a great crime; she has plunged a dagger into the heart of her mother."

"A dagger!" cried Rowland.

The Cavaliere patted the air an instant with his finger-tips. "I speak figuratively. She has broken off her marriage."

"Broken it off?"

"Short! She has turned the prince from the door." And the Cavaliere, when he had made this announcement, folded his arms and bent upon Rowland his intense, inscrutable gaze. It seemed to Rowland that he detected in the polished depths of it a sort of fantastic gleam of irony or of triumph; but super-

ficially, at least, Giacosa did nothing to discredit his character as a presumably sympathetic representative of Mrs. Light's affliction.

Rowland heard his news with a kind of fierce disgust; it seemed the sinister counterpart of Christina's preternatural mildness at Madame Grandoni's tea-party. She had been too plausible to be honest. Without being able to trace the connection, he yet instinctively associated her present rebellion with her meeting with Mary Garland. If she had not seen Mary, the prince would still be happy. It was monstrous to suppose that she could have sacrificed so brilliant a fortune to a mere movement of jealousy, to a refined instinct of feminine devilry, to a desire to frighten poor Mary from her security by again appearing in the field. Yet Rowland remembered his first impression of her; she was "dangerous," and she had measured in each direction the perturbing effect of her rupture. She was smiling her sweetest smile at it! For half an hour Rowland simply detested her and longed to denounce her to her face. Of course all he could say to Giacosa was that he was extremely sorry. "But I'm not surprised," he added.

"You are not surprised?"

"With Miss Light everything is possible. Isn't that true?"

Another ripple seemed to play for an instant in the current of the old man's irony, but he waived response. "It was a magnificent marriage," he said, solemnly. "I do not respect many people, but I respect Prince Casamassima."

"I should judge him indeed to be a very honorable young man," said Rowland.

"Eh, young as he is, he's made of the old stuff. And now, perhaps, he's blowing his brains out. He's the last of his house; it's a great house. But Miss Light will have put an end to it!"

"Is that the view she takes of it?"

Rowland ventured to ask.

This time, unmistakably, the Cavaliere smiled, but still in that very out-of-the-way place. "You have observed Miss Light with attention," he said,

"and this brings me to my errand. Mrs. Light has a high opinion of your wisdom, of your kindness, and she has reason to believe you have influence with her daughter."

"I — with her daughter? Not a grain!"

"That is possibly your modesty. Mrs. Light believes that something may yet be done, and that Christina will listen to you. She begs you to come and see her before it is too late."

"But all this, my dear Cavaliere, is none of my business," Rowland objected. "I can't possibly, in such a matter, take the responsibility of advising Miss Light."

The Cavaliere fixed his eyes for a moment on the floor, in brief but intense reflection. Then looking up, "Unfortunately," he said, "she has no man near her whom she respects; she has no father!"

"And a fatally foolish mother!" Rowland gave himself the satisfaction of exclaiming.

The Cavaliere was so pale that he could not easily have turned paler; yet it seemed for a moment that his dead complexion blanched. "Eh, signore, such as she is, the mother appeals to you. A very handsome woman — dishevelled, in tears, in despair, in dishabille!"

Rowland reflected a moment, not on the attractions of Mrs. Light under the circumstances thus indicated by the Cavaliere, but on the satisfaction he would take in accusing Christina to her face of having struck a cruel blow.

"I must add," said the Cavaliere, "that Mrs. Light desires also to speak to you on the subject of Mr. Hudson."

"She considers Mr. Hudson, then, connected with this step of her daughter's?"

"Intimately. He must be got out of Rome."

"Mrs. Light, then, must get an order from the Pope to remove him. It's not in my power."

The Cavaliere assented, deferentially. "Mrs. Light is equally helpless. She would leave Rome to-morrow, but Chris-

tina won't budge. An order from the Pope would do nothing. A bull in council would do nothing."

"She's a remarkable young lady," said Rowland, with bitterness.

But the Cavaliere rose and responded coldly, "She has a great spirit." And it seemed to Rowland that her great spirit, for mysterious reasons, gave him more pleasure than the distressing use she made of it gave him pain. He was on the point of charging him with his inconsistency, when Giacosa resumed: "But if the marriage can be saved, it must be saved. It's a beautiful marriage. It *will* be saved."

"Notwithstanding Miss Light's great spirit to the contrary?"

"Miss Light, notwithstanding her great spirit, will call Prince Casamasima back."

"Heaven grant it!" said Rowland.

"I don't know," said the Cavaliere, solemnly, "that Heaven will have much to do with it."

Rowland gave him a questioning look, but he laid his finger on his lips. And with Rowland's promise to present himself on the morrow at Casa Light, he shortly afterwards departed. He left Rowland revolving many things: Christina's magnanimity, Christina's perversity, Roderick's contingent fortune, Mary Garland's certain trouble, and the Cavaliere's own fine ambiguities.

Rowland's promise to the Cavaliere obliged him to withdraw from an excursion which he had arranged with the two ladies from Northampton. Before going to Casa Light he repaired in person to Mrs. Hudson's hotel, to make his excuses.

He found Roderick's mother sitting with tearful eyes, staring at an open note that lay in her lap. At the window sat Miss Garland, who turned her intense regard upon him as he came in. Mrs. Hudson quickly rose and came to him, holding out the note.

"In pity's name," she cried, "what is the matter with my boy? If he is ill, I entreat you to take me to him!"

"He is not ill, to my knowledge," said Rowland. "What have you there?"

"A note—a dreadful note. He tells us we are not to see him for a week. If I could only go to his room! But I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

"I imagine there is no need of going to his room. What is the occasion, may I ask, of his note?"

"He was to have gone with us on this drive to—what is the place?—to Cervara. You know it was arranged yesterday morning. In the evening he was to have dined with us. But he never came, and this morning arrives this awful thing. Oh dear, I'm so excited! Would you mind reading it?"

Rowland took the note and glanced at its half-dozen lines. "I cannot go to Cervara," they ran; "I have something else to do. This will occupy me perhaps for a week, and you'll not see me. Don't miss me—learn not to miss me. R. H."

"Why, it means," Rowland commented, "that he has taken up a piece of work, and that it is all-absorbing. That's very good news." This explanation was not sincere; but he had not the courage not to offer it as a stop-gap. But he found he needed all his courage to maintain it, for Miss Garland had left her place and approached him, formidably unsatisfied.

"He does n't work in the evening," said Mrs. Hudson. "Can't he come for five minutes? Why does he write such a cruel, cold note to his poor mother—to poor Mary? What have we done that he acts so strangely? It's this awful, infectious, heathenish place!" And the poor lady's suppressed mistrust of the Eternal City broke out passionately. "Oh, dear Mr. Mallet," she went on, "I'm sure he has the fever and he's already delirious!"

"I'm very sure it's not that," said Miss Garland, with a certain dryness.

She was still looking at Rowland; his eyes met hers, and his own glance fell. This made him angry, and to carry off his confusion he pretended to be looking at the floor, in meditation. After all, what had *he* to be ashamed of? For a moment he was on the point of making a clean breast of it, of crying out,

"Dearest friends, I abdicate: I can't help you!" But he checked himself; he felt so impatient to have his three words with Christina. He grasped his hat. "I'll see what it is!" he cried. And then he was glad he had not abdicated, for as he turned away he glanced again at Mary and saw that, though her eyes were full of trouble, they were not hard and accusing, but almost tender with appealing friendship.

He went straight to Roderick's apartment, deeming this, at an early hour, the safest place to seek him. He found him in his sitting-room, which had been closely darkened to keep out the heat. The carpets and rugs had been removed, the floor of speckled concrete was bare and lightly sprinkled with water. Here and there, over it, certain strongly perfumed flowers had been scattered. Roderick was lying on his divan in a white dressing-gown, staring up at the frescoed ceiling. The room was deliciously cool, and filled with the moist, sweet odor of the circumjacent roses and violets. All this seemed highly fantastic, and yet Rowland hardly felt surprised.

"Your mother was greatly alarmed at your note," he said, "and I came to satisfy myself that, as I believed, you are not ill."

Roderick lay motionless, except that he slightly turned his head toward his friend. He was smelling a large white rose, and he continued to present it to his nose. In the darkness of the room he looked exceedingly pale, but his handsome eyes had an extraordinary brilliancy. He let them rest for some time on Rowland, lying there like a Buddhist in an intellectual swoon, whose perception should be slowly ebbing back to temporal matters. "Oh, I'm not ill," he said at last. "I have never been better."

"Your note, nevertheless, and your absence," Rowland said, "have very naturally alarmed your mother. I advise you to go to her directly and reassure her."

"Go to her? Going to her would be worse than staying away. Staying away at present is a kindness." And

he inhaled deeply his huge rose, looking up over it at Rowland. "My presence, in fact, would be indecent."

"Indecent? Pray explain."

"Why, you see, as regards Mary Garland. I'm divinely happy! Does n't it strike you? You ought to agree with me. You wish me to spare her feelings; I spare them by staying away. Last night I heard something" —

"I heard it, too," said Rowland with brevity. "And it's in honor of this piece of news that you have taken to your bed in this fashion?"

"Extremes meet! I can't get up for joy."

"May I inquire how you heard your joyous news? — from Miss Light herself?"

"By no means. It was brought me by her maid, who is in my service as well."

"Casamassima's loss, then, is to a certainty your gain?"

"I don't talk about certainties. I don't want to be arrogant, I don't want to offend the immortal gods. I'm keeping very quiet, but I can't help being happy. I shall wait a while; I shall bide my time."

"And then?"

"And then that transcendent girl will confess to me that when she threw overboard her prince she remembered that I adored her!"

"I feel bound to tell you," was in the course of a moment Rowland's response to this speech, "that I am now on my way to Mrs. Light's."

"I congratulate you, I envy you!" Roderick murmured, imperturbably.

"Mrs. Light has sent for me to remonstrate with her daughter, with whom she has taken it into her head that I have influence. I don't know to what extent I shall remonstrate, but I give you notice I shall not speak in your interest."

Roderick looked at him a moment with a lazy radiance in his eyes. "Pray don't!" he simply answered.

"You deserve I should tell her you are a very shabby fellow."

"My dear Rowland, the comfort with

you is that I can trust you. You're incapable of doing anything disloyal."

"You mean to lie here, then, smelling your roses and nursing your visions, and leaving your mother and Miss Garland to fall ill with anxiety?"

"Can I go and flaunt my felicity in their faces? Wait till I get used to it a trifle. I have done them a palpable wrong, but I can at least forbear to add insult to injury. I may be an arrant fool, but, for the moment, I have taken it into my head to be prodigiously pleased. I should n't be able to conceal it; my pleasure would offend them; so I lock myself up as a dangerous character."

"Well, I can only say, 'May your pleasure never grow less, or your danger greater!'"

Roderick closed his eyes again, and sniffed at his rose. "God's will be done!"

On this Rowland left him and repaired directly to Mrs. Light's. This afflicted lady hurried forward to meet him. Since the Cavaliere's report of her condition she had somewhat smoothed and trimmed the exuberance of her distress, but she was evidently in extreme tribulation, and she clutched Rowland by his two hands, as if, in the shipwreck of her hopes, he were her single floating spar. Rowland greatly pitied her, for there is something respectable in passionate grief, even in a very bad cause; and as pity is akin to love, he endured her rather better than he had done hitherto.

"Speak to her, plead with her, command her!" she cried, pressing and shaking his hands. "She'll not heed us, no more than if we were a pair of clocks a-ticking. Perhaps she'll listen to you; she always liked you."

"She always disliked me," said Rowland. "But that does n't matter now. I have come here simply because you sent for me, not because I can help you. I can't advise your daughter."

"Oh, cruel, deadly man! You *must* advise her; you shan't leave this house till you have advised her!" the poor woman passionately retorted. "Look

at me in my misery and refuse to help me! Oh, you need n't be afraid, I know I'm a fright, I have n't an idea what I have on. If this goes on, we may both as well turn scarecrows. If ever a woman was desperate, frantic, heart-broken, I'm that woman. I can't begin to tell you. To have nourished a serpent, sir, all these years! to have lavished one's self upon a viper that turns and stings her own poor mother! To have toiled and prayed, to have pushed and struggled, to have eaten the bread of bitterness, and all the rest of it, sir—and at the end of all things to find myself at this pass. It can't be, it's too cruel, such things don't happen, the Lord don't allow it. I'm a religious woman, sir, and the Lord knows all about me. With his own hand he had given me his reward! I would have lain down in the dust and let her walk over me; I would have given her the eyes out of my head, if she had taken a fancy to them. No, she's a cruel, wicked, heartless, unnatural girl! I speak to you, Mr. Mallet, in my dire distress, as to my *only* friend. There is n't a creature here that I can look to—not one of them all that I have faith in. But I always admired you. I said to Christina the first time I saw you that there at last was a real gentleman. Come, don't disappoint me now! I feel so terribly alone, you see; I feel what a nasty, hard, heartless world it is that has come and devoured my dinners and danced to my fiddles, and yet that has n't a word to throw to me in my agony! Oh, the money, alone, that I have put into this thing, would melt the heart of a Turk!"

During this frenzied outbreak Rowland had had time to look round the room, and to see the Cavaliere sitting in a corner, like a major-domo on the divan of an antechamber, pale, rigid, and inscrutable.

"I have it at heart to tell you," Rowland said, "that if you consider my friend Hudson"—

Mrs. Light gave a toss of her head and hands. "Oh, it's not that. She told me last night to bother her no long—

er with Hudson, Hudson! She did n't care a button for Hudson. I almost wish she did; then perhaps one might understand it. But she does n't care for anything in the wide world, except to do her own hard, wicked will, and to crush me and shame me with her cruelty."

"Ah, then," said Rowland, "I am as much at sea as you, and my presence here is an impertinence. I should like to say three words to Miss Light on my own account, but I must absolutely and inexorably decline to urge the cause of Prince Casamassima. This is simply impossible."

Mrs. Light burst into angry tears. "Because the poor boy is a prince, eh? because he's of a great family, and has an income of millions, eh? That's why you grudge him and hate him. I knew there were vulgar people of that way of feeling, but I did n't expect it of *you*. Make an effort, Mr. Mallet; rise to the occasion; forgive the poor fellow his splendor. Be just, be reasonable! It's not *his* fault, and it's not mine. He's the best, the kindest young man in the world, and the most correct and moral and virtuous! If he were standing here in rags, I would say it all the same. The man first—the money afterwards: that was always my motto, and always will be. What do you take me for? Do you suppose I would give Christina to a *vicious* person? do you suppose I would sacrifice my precious child, little comfort as I have in her, to a man against whose character *one* word could be breathed? Casamassima is only too good, he's a saint of saints, he's stupidly good! There is n't such another in the length and breadth of Europe. What he has been through in this house not a common peasant would endure. Christina has treated him as you would n't treat a dog. He has been insulted, outraged, persecuted! He has been driven hither and thither till he did n't know *where* he was. He has stood there where you stand—there, with his name and his millions and his devotion—as white as your handkerchief, with hot tears in his eyes, and

me ready to go down on my knees to him and say, 'My own sweet prince, I could kiss the ground you tread on, but it is n't *decent* that I should allow you to enter my house and expose yourself to these horrors again.' And he would come back, and he would come back, and go through it all again, and take all that was given him, and only want the girl the more! I was his confidante; I know everything. He used to beg *my* forgiveness for Christina. What do you say to that? I seized him once and kissed him, I did! To find *that* and to find all the rest with it, and to believe it was a gift straight from the pitying angels of heaven, and then to see it dashed away before your eyes and to stand here helpless—oh, it's a fate I hope *you* may ever be spared!"

"It would seem, then, that in the interest of Prince Casamassima himself I ought to refuse to interfere," said Rowland.

Mrs. Light looked at him hard, slowly drying her eyes. The intensity of her grief and anger gave her a kind of majesty, and Rowland, for the moment, felt ashamed of the ironical ring of his observation. "Very good, sir," she said. "I'm sorry your heart is not so tender as your conscience. My compliments to your conscience! It must give you great happiness. Heaven help me! Since you fail us, we are indeed driven to the wall. But I have fought my own battles before, and I have never lost courage, and I don't see why I should break down now. Cavaliere, come here!"

Giacosa rose at her summons and advanced with his usual deferential alacrity. He shook hands with Rowland in silence.

"Mr. Mallet refuses to say a word," Mrs. Light went on. "Time presses, every moment is precious. Heaven knows what that poor boy may be doing. If at this moment a clever woman should get hold of him she might be as ugly as she pleased! It's horrible to think of it."

The Cavaliere fixed his eyes on Rowland, and his look, which the night be-

fore had been singular, was now most extraordinary. There was a nameless force of anguish in it which seemed to grapple with the young man's reluctance, to plead, to entreat, and at the same time to be glazed over with a reflection of strange things.

Suddenly, though most vaguely, Rowland felt the presence of a new element in the drama that was going on before him. He looked from the Cavaliere to Mrs. Light, whose eyes were now quite dry, and were fixed in stony hardness on the floor.

"If you could bring yourself," the Cavaliere said, in a low, soft, caressing voice, "to address a few words of solemn remonstrance to Miss Light, you would, perhaps, do more for us than you know. You would save several persons a great pain. The dear signora, first, and then Christina herself. Christina in particular. Me too, I might take the liberty to add!"

There was, to Rowland, something acutely touching in this humble petition. He had always felt a sort of imaginative tenderness for poor little unexplained Giacosa, and these words seemed a supreme contortion of the mysterious obliquity of his fate. All of a sudden, as he watched the Cavaliere, something occurred to him; it was something very odd, and it stayed his glance suddenly from again turning to Mrs. Light. His idea embarrassed him, and, to carry off his embarrassment, he repeated that it was folly to suppose that *his* words would have any weight with Christina.

The Cavaliere stepped forward and laid two fingers on Rowland's breast. "Do you wish to know the truth? You are the only man whose words she remembers."

Rowland was going from surprise to surprise. "I will say what I can!" he said. By this time he had ventured to glance at Mrs. Light. She was looking at him askance, as if, upon this, she was suddenly mistrusting his motives.

"If you fail," she said sharply, "we have something else! But please to lose no time."

She had hardly spoken when the sound

of a short, sharp growl caused the company to turn. Christina's fleecy poodle stood in the middle of the vast saloon, with his muzzle lowered, in pompous defiance of the three conspirators against the comfort of his mistress. This young lady's claims for him seemed justified; he was an animal of amazingly delicate instincts. He had preceded Christina as a sort of van-guard of defense, and she now slowly advanced from a neighboring room.

"You will be so good as to listen to Mr. Mallet," her mother said, in a terrible voice, "and to reflect carefully upon what he says. I suppose you will admit that *he* is disinterested. In half an hour you shall hear from me again!" And passing her hand through the Cavaliere's arm, she swept rapidly out of the room.

Christina looked hard at Rowland, but offered him no greeting. She was very pale, and, strangely enough, it at first seemed to Rowland that her beauty was in eclipse. But he very soon perceived that it had only changed its character, and that if it was a trifle less brilliant than usual, it was admirably touching and noble. The clouded light of her eyes, the magnificent gravity of her features, the conscious erectness of her head, might have belonged to a deposed sovereign or a condemned martyr. "Why have you come here at this time?" she asked.

"Your mother sent for me in pressing terms, and I was very glad to have an opportunity to speak to you."

"Have you come to help me, or to persecute me?"

"I have as little power to do one as I have desire to do the other. I came in great part to ask you a question. First, your decision is irrevocable?"

Christina's two hands had been hanging clasped in front of her; she separated them and flung them apart by an admirable gesture.

"Would you have done this if you had not seen Miss Garland?"

She looked at him with quickened attention; then suddenly, "This is interesting!" she cried. "Let us have it

out." And she flung herself into a chair and pointed to another.

"You don't answer my question," Rowland said.

"You have no right, that I know of, to ask it. But it's a very clever one; so clever that it deserves an answer. Very likely I would not."

"Last night, when I said that to myself, I was extremely angry," Rowland rejoined.

"Oh, dear, and you are not angry now?"

"I'm less angry."

"How very stupid! But you can say something at least."

"If I were to say what is uppermost in my mind, I would say that, face to face with you, it is never possible to condemn you."

"*Perchè?*"

"You know, yourself! But I can at least say now what I felt last night. It seemed to me that you had consciously, cruelly dealt a blow at that poor girl. Do you understand?"

"Wait a moment!" And with her eyes fixed on him, she inclined her head on one side, meditatively. Then a cold, brilliant smile covered her face, and she made a gesture of negation. "I see your train of reasoning, but it's quite wrong. I meant no harm to Miss Garland; I should be extremely sorry to make her suffer. Tell me you believe that."

This was said with ineffable candor. Rowland heard himself answering, "I believe it!"

"And yet, in a sense, your supposition was true," Christina continued. "I conceived, as I told you, a great admiration for Miss Garland, and I frankly confess I was jealous of her. What I envied her was simply her character! I said to myself, 'She, in my place, would n't marry Casamassima.' I could n't help saying it, and I said it so often that I found a kind of inspiration in it. I hated the idea of being worse than she — of doing something that she would n't do. I might be bad by nature, but I need n't be by volition. The end of it all was that I found it impossible not to

tell the prince that I was his very humble servant, but that I could n't marry him."

"Are you sure it was only of Miss Garland's character that you were jealous, not of — not of?" —

"Speak out, I beg you. We are talking philosophy!"

"Not of her affection for her cousin?"

"Sure is a good deal to ask. Still, I think I may say it! There are two reasons; one, at least, I can tell you: her affection has not a shadow's weight with Mr. Hudson! Why then should one fear it?"

"And what is the other reason?"

"Excuse me; that is my own affair."

Rowland was puzzled, baffled, charmed, inspired, almost, all at once. "I have promised your mother," he presently resumed, "to say something in favor of Prince Casamassima."

She shook her head sadly. "Prince Casamassima needs nothing that you can say for him. He is a magnificent *parti*. I know it perfectly."

"You know also of the extreme affliction of your mother?"

"Her affliction is demonstrative. She has been abusing me for the last twenty-four hours as if I were the vilest of the vile." To see Christina sit there in the purity of her beauty and say this, might have made one bow one's head with a kind of awe. "I have failed of respect to her at other times, but I have not done so now. Since we are talking philosophy," she pursued with a gentle smile, "I may say it's a simple matter. I don't love him. Or rather, perhaps, since we are talking philosophy, I may say it's not a simple matter! I spoke just now of inspiration. The inspiration has been great, but — I frankly confess it — the choice has been hard. Shall I tell you?" she demanded, with sudden ardor; "will you understand me? It was on the one side the world, the splendid, beautiful, powerful, interesting world. I know what that is; I've tasted of the cup, I know its sweetness. Ah, if I chose, if I let myself go, if I flung everything to the winds, the world and I would be famous friends! I know its

merits, and I think, without vanity, it would see mine. You would see some fine things! I should like to be a princess, and I think I should be a very good one; I would play my part well. I'm fond of luxury, I'm fond of a great society, I'm fond of being looked at. I'm corrupt, corruptible, corruption! Ah, what a pity that could n't be, too! Mercy of Heaven!" There was a passionate tremor in her voice; she covered her face with her hands and sat motionless. Rowland saw that an intense agitation, hitherto successfully repressed, underlay her calmness, and he could easily believe that her battle had been fierce. She rose quickly and turned away, walked a few paces, and stopped. In a moment she was facing him again, with tears in her eyes and a flush in her cheeks. "But you need n't think I'm afraid!" she said. "I've chosen, and I shall hold to it. I've something here, here, *here!*" and she patted her heart. "It's my own. I shan't part with it. Is it what you call an ideal? I don't know; I don't care! It's brighter than the Casamassima diamonds!"

"You say that certain things are your own affair," Rowland presently rejoined; "but I must nevertheless make an attempt to learn what all this means — what it promises for my friend Hudson. Is there any hope for him?"

"This is a point I can't discuss with you minutely. I like him very much."

"Would you marry him if he were to ask you?"

"He has asked me."

"And if he asks again?"

"I shall marry no one just now."

"Roderick," said Rowland, "has great hopes."

"Does he know of my rupture with the prince?"

"He's making a great holiday of it."

Christina pulled her poodle towards her and began to smooth his silky fleece. "I like him very much," she repeated; "much more than I used to. Since you told me all that about him at Saint Cecilia's, I have felt a great friendship for him. There's something very fine about him; he's not afraid of anything.

He's not afraid of failure; he's not afraid of ruin or death."

"Poor fellow!" said Rowland, bitterly; "he's fatally picturesque."

"Picturesque, yes; that's what he is. I'm very sorry for him."

"Your mother told me just now that you had said that you did n't care a straw for him."

"Very likely! I meant as a lover. One does n't want a lover one pities, and one does n't want — of all things in the world — a picturesque husband! I should like Mr. Hudson as something else. I wish he were my brother, so that he could never talk to me of marriage. Then I could adore him. I would nurse him, I would wait on him and save him all disagreeable rubs and shocks. I'm much stronger than he, and I would stand between him and the world. Indeed, with Mr. Hudson for my brother, I should be willing to live and die an old maid!"

"Have you ever told him all this?"

"I suppose so; I've told him five hundred things! If it would please you, I will tell him again."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" cried poor Rowland, with a groan.

He was lingering there, weighing his sympathy against his irritation, and feeling it sink in the scale, when the curtain of a distant doorway was lifted and Mrs. Light passed across the room. She stopped half-way, and gave the young persons a flushed and menacing look. It found apparently little to reassure her, and she moved away with a passionate toss of her drapery. Rowland thought with horror of the sinister compulsion to which the young girl was to be subjected. In this ethereal flight of hers, there was a certain painful effort and tension of wing; but it was none the less piteous to imagine her being rudely jerked down to the base earth she was doing her adventurous utmost to spurn. She would need all her magnanimity for her own trial, and it seemed gross to make further demands upon it on Roderick's behalf.

Rowland took up his hat. "You asked a while ago if I had come to

help you," he said. "If I knew how I might help you, I should be particularly glad."

She stood silent a moment, reflecting. Then at last, looking up, "You remember," she said, "your promising me six months ago to tell me what you finally thought of me? I should like you to tell me now."

He could hardly help smiling. Madame Grandoni had insisted on the fact that Christina was an actress, though a sincere one; and this little speech seemed a glimpse of the cloven foot. She had played her great scene, she had made her point, and now she had her eye at the hole in the curtain and she was watching the house! But she blushed as she perceived his smile, and her blush, which was beautiful, made her fault venial.

"You are an excellent girl!" he said, in a particular tone, and gave her his hand in farewell.

There was a great chain of rooms in Mrs. Light's apartment, the pride and joy of the hostess on festal evenings, through which the departing visitor passed before reaching the door. In one of the first of these Rowland found himself waylaid and arrested by the distracted lady herself.

"Well, well?" she cried, seizing his arm. "Has she listened to you—have you moved her?"

"In Heaven's name, dear madam," Rowland begged, "leave the poor girl alone! She's behaving very well!"

"Behaving very well? Is that all you have to tell me? I don't believe you said a proper word to her. You're conspiring together to kill me!"

Rowland tried to soothe her, to remonstrate, to persuade her that it was equally cruel and unwise to try to force matters. But she answered him only with harsh lamentations and imprecations, and ended by telling him that her daughter was *her* property, not his, and that his interference was most insolent and most scandalous. Her disappointment seemed really to have crazed her, and his only possible rejoinder was to take a summary departure.

A moment later he came upon the Cavaliere, who was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, so buried in thought that Rowland had to call him before he roused himself. Giacosa looked at him a moment keenly, and then gave a shake of the head, interrogatively.

Rowland gave a shake negative, to which the Cavaliere responded by a long, melancholy sigh. "But her mother is determined to force matters," said Rowland.

"It seems that it must be!"

"Do you consider that it must be?"

"I don't differ with Mrs. Light!"

"It will be a great cruelty!"

The Cavaliere gave a tragic shrug.

"Eh! it is n't an easy world."

"You should do nothing to make it harder, then."

"What will you have? It's a magnificent marriage."

"You disappoint me, Cavaliere," said Rowland, solemnly. "I imagined you appreciated the great elevation of Miss Light's attitude. She does n't love the prince; she has let the matter stand or fall by that."

The old man grasped him by the hand and stood a moment with averted eyes. At last, looking at him, he held up two fingers.

"I have two hearts," he said, "one for myself, one for the world. This one opposes Miss Light, the other adores her! One suffers horribly at what the other does."

"I don't understand double people, Cavaliere," Rowland said, "and I don't pretend to understand you. But I have guessed that you are going to play some secret card."

"The card is Mrs. Light's, not mine," said the Cavaliere.

"It's a menace, at any rate?"

"The sword of Damocles! It hangs by a hair. Christina is to be given ten minutes to recant, under penalty of having it fall. On the blade there is something written, in strange characters. Don't scratch your head; you'll not make it out."

"I think I have guessed it," Rowland

said, after a pregnant silence. The Cavaliere looked at him blankly but intently, and Rowland added, "Though there are some signs, indeed, I don't understand."

"Puzzle them out at your leisure," said the Cavaliere, shaking his hand. "I hear Mrs. Light; I must go to my post. I wish you were a Catholic; I would beg you to step into the first

church you come to, and pray for us the next half-hour."

"For 'us'? For whom?"

"For all of us. At any rate remember this: I worship the Christina!"

Rowland heard the rustle of Mrs. Light's dress; he turned away, and the Cavaliere went, as he said, to his post. Rowland, for the next couple of days, pondered his riddle.

Henry James, Jr.

LEAVES ON THE TIDE.

I.

WHO that sees a flowing tide
Can resist the wish to throw,
On its subtle influence,
Leaf or like, to see it go?

I cannot: the stream goes by,
And I drop upon it here,
From the rose of life, a leaf,
Light and warm, or brown and sere.

If you see the warm and light
Floating down and down to you,
You will know the heart is near,
Whence the bud so lately grew.

If you see the brown alone,
Here or not though I may be,
You will know that sun and rain
Somewhere have been sweet to me.

So upon the creeping tide
Now and then a leaf I throw;
If a heart shall greet it, well;
If it sink, — the roses grow.

II.

An apple-tree, dead long ago
To further hope of pink and snow, —

Lone sorrow of the wayside there,
An empty nest its only care, —

Spring, in a rapture after rain,
Kissed partly into bloom again.

So have we known a melody
Come in a dream from buried days;
So have we seen a life grow sweet
With blossom after barren Mays.

It seems there is not anything
Beyond the chance of blossoming,

Nor any day too dead to be
A better day in memory,

Nor any life—the barrenest —
But hath some dear, old, empty nest.

III.

A little while the roses bloom,
A little while the soft winds blow,
A little while the baby laughed,
A little while,—from bud to snow.

But after all the rose was sweet,
And after all the winds have blown,
And after all the baby blessed,
And after all it is our own.

If in our thought the rose remains,
And winds are sweet in memory,
Why should not then the baby gone
Forever be a babe to me?

IV.

From my door the river winds
In and out among the creeks,
Looking, and whate'er it finds,
Never finding what it seeks.

For anon it turns again
Toward the sea that drinks it in,
Where the dory fishermen
Daily bread would daily win.

Day by day and year by year,
Come and go the sea and wind:
I am like the river here,
Seeking what I never find.

V.

Only a bit of the highway sunning itself on the hill,
By it the beautiful river singing a song in the mill.

Only a bit of the highway I see as I sit by the door,
And the valley is pleasant behind it and the valley is pleasant before.

People come out of the valley and into the valley they go,
A shadow doth ferry the river, under a piloting crow.

'Tis but a moment I see them, — only a glimpse I obtain;
What do I know of their losses? what do they know of my gain?

I know they are bearing their burdens as I know that I do mine,
And I know they have their gladness, no happier, heart, than thine.

For never a highway windeth over the earth, but there
Feet of the happy are on it, — feet that are followed by care.

The shadow that ferried the river hath fallen asleep on the sea,
And the river, unheard by the miller, is singing a song in me.

Only a glimpse of the highway I get as I sit by the door,
But it hints of the journey behind me and the journey, remaining, before.

VI.

Two children were making the most of the day,
In the sand their castles building,
While out in the harbor the sunset gold
Was every vessel gilding.

But the sea came over the castles dear
And the charm of the sunset faded;
Oh! after a labor is lost may we
Go happily home as they did.

For we build and build in a different way,
Till our heads are wise and hoary;
But after it all the sun goes down,
And the sea — 'tis a common story.

Hiram Rich.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ONE of the peculiarities of the civilization of the present day seems to be its great dependence on the work of other times and of other people. This is not so much a period of productiveness as one of examination, of criticism. No one of the arts can be said to be in a flourishing condition; flourishing, that is, in comparison with those great periods for which we feel so warm an admiration. To examine them one by one, sculpture certainly has but a lingering existence; in painting there are perpetual efforts to breathe life into imitations of the past, with hardly a single school following its own course forward; in architecture there are thousands of reminiscences of foreign and old buildings rather than satisfactory novelties; of music it is better to forbear making mention, lest he who is not an ardent admirer of what is certainly novelty should be marked for derision as one who would have denounced Beethoven when he began to compose. It would moreover be impertinent to speak prematurely of music, which recognizes only our posterity as fair judges of its merits. Now this statement is not meant for a wail at the emptiness of all things, nor yet for contemptuous depreciation of the present day; it is rather the mention of what is the natural consequence of our position in the nineteenth century, with our tolerably complete knowledge of other civilizations weighing us down and serving as a standard of comparison for everything we try to accomplish. The richness of our information produces in us a feeling not unlike that which we have in an enormous library, that we cannot recall a single book we care to read; or in a large exhibition, that it is impossible to decide what to look at. The abundance of attractions is apt to produce a state of mental equilibrium by means of the many counter-temptations of equal force which paralyze the will. Concentrated effort is rendered difficult;

every one is conscious of a thousand distractions which have the charm of presenting real and tempting interest. Even an ordinary education implies some knowledge of many subjects of almost equal fascination. Delicacy of taste is cultivated, rather than depth of knowledge. We acquire refinement rather than strength. At present we are living extravagantly on all the best of all the fine arts. Suddenly, we know all the masterpieces a groaning world has been for many ages slowly producing. We go, for instance, to a picture gallery, and there we see nothing but the finest paintings; all the second-rate pictures are excluded or overlooked. We learn to judge the past by the smooth results, we forget the tedious processes, we no longer remember by what arduous toil success has been achieved. We have a good knowledge of antiquity. We talk of old cities, and some one goes and digs them up; we find ancient statues; we collect the masters' paintings; we have photographs of those few corners of the world we cannot ourselves visit; we accumulate Persian, Indian, and Japanese curiosities. This is indeed a time for great enjoyment.

Now all of these advantages are not to be decried, nor certainly is this country, where such things are rarer, to be placed above Europe in any respect in which these things count; but it would seem as if in this plethora of luxuries we ran the risk of forgetting the method of furnishing our share to the gratification of posterity. It certainly will never be by turning our backs upon our advantages and returning to the good old times, because that is impossible, and, if it were practicable, would be as wise as it would be for a grown man who yields to the temptations of maturity to go back to the pinafore and innocent sports of childhood. Nor is it by travestying the honest work of the

past that the tasks of the present are to be accomplished. A Gothic cathedral nowadays can hardly be more than a success of cleverness. No painter can with sincerity paint pictures like those painted by men who preceded Raphael, without doing injustice to himself by excluding from his work the countless influences which have grown to be part of his nature. One might as well, in order to acquire simplicity, try to talk in the language of Chaucer. And yet there are poets who do try to talk in the language of Chaucer. Those older men accomplished what they did by doing their best, by working with all the force they had, and not by willfully excluding the largest part of their education and feeling. But we go on perpetually repeating the familiar mistake of taking some conditions for the essential inspiration, imagining, for instance, that if we can put a contemporary into a suit of armor, we have a mediæval knight before us, — as if they masqueraded in that dress, — and forgetting that the nearest approach to the knight is the blue or red coated soldier. It would be hard to see why what has once pleased should not please again, if it were not that what we liked lies elsewhere than in the mere costume, that the dress is nothing without the human heart beneath. Shall it be left to future historians of these times to satisfy curiosity about our doings by the statement that in the last part of the nineteenth century nothing was accomplished, that we built museums and stored them with curiosities, and filled picture-galleries with old pictures, and gave concerts, and wrote imitations of older poets, and enjoyed ourselves greatly, and that was all?

It is not that this fervor is to be wholly condemned; it is in many ways admirable. The only thing to be guarded against is fancying that when we know things we are cultivated, have attained culture, and can rest there. That is the rock on which we are in peril of splitting. We must not make culture an idol, as is the fashion, but regard it as merely one of the forces that goes to keep the world in motion. It is a means,

not an end. It is no more to be worshiped for itself than is the knowledge of the multiplication-table. We should not let ourselves be swamped in our luxuries. The man should always be better than his surroundings; he should absorb what is good in them, and stand above them. It is to the credit of a man to rise purified by his experience, however bitter it may be, and certainly he should not fall into joyous self-content because he has knowledge of bric-à-brac. That is no better than the strength of the giant who forever lolls upon the sofa. The collection of curiosities, the ransacking of the globe after singularities, and the consequent selfish thrilling with enjoyment, are not enough. Indeed, the mere enjoyment is in itself idle, unproductive, and, if it interferes with work, harmful, however delightful it may be. That it is delightful no one can deny, but just as fear of starvation is, however disguised, one of the strongest inspirations of toil known to man, the evident danger of comfort, pleasantly won distinction, and elegance is, that they produce sloth, or passive content with things as they are.

This spirit of the times finds its expression in the poetry of the day. Just as in the last century the poets followed Pope's well-worn track and imitated a species of classicism, so nowadays, since the time of Keats and Shelley, we find traces of these poets jutting up everywhere. Tennyson has acquired, partly from them, a peculiar and well-known form of expression; other poets have caught this from him, until there are almost as many pseudo-Tennysons as in the last century there were smooth-tongued imitators of Pope. Tennyson gratifies a good part of the cultivated taste of the present day. His facile elegance, the deliciousness of his single lines, please the ear, but there are those who fail to find beneath this lusciousness the solid strength which makes poetry, which alone is poetry. Do we not admire most in him the grace of his expression? Is he not possibly an excellent specimen of dilettanteism? To a certain extent, then, he is a representa-

tive of this period, but of its less active side. While Tennyson puts his art into prettinesses, occasionally rising into grace, and other modern poets, like Rossetti and Swinburne, content themselves with praise of what they consider immortal loveliness, assuming the innocence of the ancients in the most sophisticated way, devoting themselves to singing boldly the charms of beautiful objects, the age is not without poetry appropriate to its delicacy, its enjoyment of curiosities and antiquities, and its bitterness. The saddest wail of this poetry is that of having no new things to look at and get pleasure from. The writers of it chant graceful imitations of what was once real poetry, just as avowed mechanics have factories for the making of what is known as Eastlake furniture. One of these modern poets, "an idle singer," presumes to call this "an empty day." But the emptiness is not in the day. The worship of mere beauty ends in satiety; it is as unsatisfying as any paganism, and the melancholy tone of much of our modern poetry is its natural result. Mere enjoyment is not the normal condition of man, and now that we have acquired so much, it is our duty to work with these new conditions, to assimilate what we have collected, seen, and admired, and to recognize what is the true life of the time, not merely what are its most charming pastimes. Some of the old problems of life are still unsettled, and it is not by arraying ourselves in the cast-off robes of our grandfathers that we shall do our part towards finding a solution of them. For their part, scientific men are busily plunging into their work, eagerly investigating, and — for their only relaxation — fighting savagely with those who hold different opinions, while we stand outside and counsel moderation and calm and think of the violence of the Spanish Inquisition, forgetting that their exaggeration is a good sign of their earnestness.

But it is unfair that scientific men should monopolize all the intellectual energy. They do not get intoxicated at their success, nor do they give them-

selves up to the idle contemplation of newly discovered truths; they work incessantly. They are the most noticeably active men of the present time, and there would be some justice in calling this the scientific age, in which no poetry can be looked for, were it not that no amount of science can replace poetry, nor deaden the heart of man to its charm. The real poet of the present day would seem to be the one who avoids imitating the past, and who sees in what new form the old questions are disguised, who recognizes the peril that culture brings, and who does not avoid the difficulties with which new scientific knowledge has enveloped what many have thought the truth. Such a poet was Clough. Even if he did not always write cheerfully, he treated human nature with dignity, never fancying that it was enough for a poet to have an outfit of smooth lines, ingenious expressions, and familiar images, with which to reëcho the popular interest in antiquity or the fashionable melancholy.

What is most noticeable in Clough is his earnestness. He wrote but little, yet in almost every line he left the mark of a serious nature. The form of some of his verses is crude and rugged; in others, however, he seems to have had no difficulty in finding suitable expression for his thoughts. In what he had to say he more nearly expressed the thought of the present age than do those bards who display merely the refinements or perversities of its taste. However it may seem to contradict the fact of his earnestness, it was to doubt and hesitation and shrinking from bold assertion that he gave expression. But it is not such a contradiction as it may seem, for doubt with him is not a state of vainglorious flippancy, nor one of prompt acceptance of enjoyment in the place of faith, but one, rather, of very earnest intellectual struggle. If Clough's doubts had led him to put into verse nothing but questions of biblical exegesis, he could of course be fairly condemned for mistaking the functions of poetry; but as it is, he represents the reaction after the awakening of the

early years of the century, as fairly as Shelley does this awakening itself; but it is not that alone which makes itself felt in his poetry. He was a student at Oxford when that great university was shaken by the Tractarian movement. In his *Life and Letters*, edited by his wife, we have many proofs given us of the ardent way in which a sensitive and serious nature like Clough's felt itself greatly influenced by one of the most remarkable religious excitements of modern times. He once said, speaking of two years of his life at this period, with regard to which we have only very vague information, that in that time he had been like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney. This was but a natural result of the influence to which he was exposed. In time, however, came reaction, and he found himself not only looking coldly on the excitement which had carried so many to the Church of Rome, but also with only a vague reverence for any form of ecclesiastical authority. Before long, he became so convinced of his religious uncertainty that he felt it his duty to resign both his tutorship and his fellowship. This he did in 1848. Although fond of teaching, he could not reconcile it with his conscience that he should hold a position which implied religious beliefs that he was unable to avow. It was a case of an artificial system shackling a very conscientious man. Had he been a trifle more worldly or less sensitively careful, he would have thought it enough to make merely a formal acknowledgment of the excellence of the religious system of the university; but he was too strictly upright for that, and made himself a victim of formality. In Germany or in this country, such a result would not have followed. There is a certain latitude of opinion possible, which seldom calls forth any noisy license, and certainly never would from men as thoughtful as Clough. His state of mind, even when he was in the greatest doubt, is one that ought to command respect. He was perfectly sincere, and he never gave expression to, nor felt, anything like a scoffing spirit. One of the most

noticeable of the poems in which he gives expression to his doubts is that entitled *A Shadow*, but in this as well as in *Easter Day*, Naples, 1849, there is no touch of derision. The author expresses, especially in the last-named poem, the sadness which the want, or rather the loss of faith must produce in a serious nature. Now, while it is by no means essential, for poetry to be good, that it should aim at propagating the tenets of the Church of England, it certainly touches a lofty chord of the human heart when it takes up the general question of man's relation to religion. For a long time Clough was wrestling with these problems, always with sincerity and reverence, even when far from orthodox conclusions. Such a state of mind is expressed by these lines:—

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so :
That howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

Or again in these:—

"O Thou in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
And be profane with 'yes' and 'no';
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoever Thou may'st be, art."

These poems, however, express but one phase of mental struggle. They are worthy of all respect for their honesty and earnestness, but from their nature they cannot appeal to a large class of readers. They express a state of tension in the author's mind which was right enough in its time as part of his intellectual growth, but which normally is succeeded by the contemplation of other questions, which crowd upon the mind with maturer and probably more active years. At times he expresses a certain pensiveness at the thought of the separations and estrangements unavoidable in life, and nowhere more beautifully than in the following verses, which, although they are perhaps the best-known of all that Clough wrote, we venture to quote; certainly no one will be harmed by giving them another reading:—

"As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart desied ;

"When fell the night, upspring the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

"E'en so — but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

"At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered ;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared !

"To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides ;
To that and your own selves be true.

"But, O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

"One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare ;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there."

The same feeling is otherwise expressed in the following poem, one of the Songs in Absence, composed either during his voyage across the Atlantic to this country, or during his stay here in the year 1852: —

"Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall, rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now un-
known,
Have made life clear and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again, — we shall have much to say.

"With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

"Some day which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed — ye winds and waters say ! —
Meet yet again upon some future day ?"

In these verses it is not at all by beauty of rhythm nor by ease of expres-

sion that the reader's attention is specially attracted. They are not lacking in these qualities, but they are noteworthy much more for the feeling that they express. Those who take up Clough for the first time will have to prepare themselves to encounter occasional ruggedness of phrase, which will be more noticed perhaps by those accustomed to reading poets who are masters of facile expression, but this fault is never great enough to mar seriously the enjoyment of those who have any fancy for this earnest-minded writer. Certainly towards the end of his brief life — he died at but a little over forty, and he was a man who matured slowly — he found it easier to give appropriate and poetical wording to what he had to say. The most carping criticism can find no fault with these lines: —

"Say not the struggle nought availleth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

"If hopes were dunes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fiers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward look, the land is bright."

There is no weakness in his longer poems. The *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, which was the first of these to appear, is an idyl of country-life, as fresh as a breeze in summer, into which is woven a social problem of love-making such as Clough was fond of introducing into his more ambitious poems. With even its decided merits, it is less characteristic of the author than one piece written in the succeeding year, 1849, which first saw light, nine years later, in the earliest pages of *The Atlantic*. The poem we mean is the *Amours de Voyage*. In it, we find drawn with great comprehension a character such as Clough imagined might well be the result of the uncertainty, self-questioning,

and wondering indecision consequent on the inactivity of æsthetic enjoyment. The poet saw the danger of our delicate civilization, and in the hero of the *Amours de Voyage*, who certainly is not the usual hero of poetry or of fiction, he draws a very delightful man, cultivated and accomplished, who lacks the energy and enthusiasm requisite for the most urgent of the practical affairs of life, for certainly choice in marriage deserves to be included in this category, at least for the purposes of the writer of novels or poems. In Rome he meets and falls in love with a young girl, sensible and refined, but with a much truer knowledge of the world than that which he possesses. The story is told in a series of letters, in which the hero, Claude, portrays himself at great length as a halting, hesitating creature, looking at both sides of a question and weighing every argument, capable, to be sure, of falling in love with the girl, but meanwhile doubting, as the motto prefixed to the poem says, about love. In short, Clough drew here a picture of one of the dangers of the present day, as truly as Goethe, in his *Sorrows of Werther*, represented one of the follies of his time. To us there is something bordering on the old-fashioned in Werther. We read it without being moved to suicide, just as we are able to see Jack Sheppard without taking to the road for a livelihood. But in its day it was a most fatal story. It described what was at the time a common disease, and thereby helped to spread it among its readers, who caught the infection from its pages and suffered like pangs, just as beginners in the study of medicine imagine themselves the prey of every new ailment they come across in their text-books. Werther is the greater book because it describes what has been a more widely-spread evil, and because its passionate outbursts take stronger hold of the reader's imagination than do Claude's tepid self-communings. Then the tragic ending of Werther outweighs the uneventful termination of the *Amours de Voyage*, if not in truth, at least in dramatic effect. A conclusion of this sort to the

poem would have been impossible; the hero, who, as it was, had self-conscious trepidation about the part he was playing in the comedy, would have shrunk from a tragedy as from the most violent breach of decorum. The whole portrayal of Claude's state of mind deserves great praise. Clough very wisely chose for a background to the unenergetic hesitation of his hero's mind the futile activity of the struggle of the Roman republicans against the French in 1849. To tell the story of the poem over again in prose, or by means of brief extracts, would be treating it with but little justice. It may be fairer simply to call the reader's attention to certain passages, as, for instance, to the naturalness with which the brief spasm of energy is introduced into Claude's mind by the consciousness of his folly in letting happiness, or rather the chance of it, slip from between his fingers. His ineffectual efforts to find the heroine, after she had left Rome, are soon followed by a resignation which is in some measure the result of doubt about the reality of the feeling which is urging him on. For a time he had acted instinctively, without analyzing his emotions; but his habits are too strong, and he soon relapses into pondering about the good of everything except his usual uncertain state of mind. What is pathetic in the poem is not his suffering, which is so speedily consoled by reflection, but, rather, the gently indicated disappointment of the heroine, who sees very clearly, being unaccustomed to the sophistication of clever selfishness, how benumbing is the web which the hero spins about himself. In comparison with her straightforwardness his vexatious hair-splitting, which is nowhere exaggerated, stands out in its proper light. It is nowhere contemptible, otherwise she could not have been willing to love him, but it is truly pitiable. With him it is not a crime, it is a disease, and it is a form of disease which is known to those who complacently suffer from it as the spirit of the nineteenth century; for the self-consciousness of the age has reached the height of recognizing and naming its own spirit

in this fashion, and of calling a man who represents that spirit a representative man of the nineteenth century. This is a habit which was unknown to those who lived in other centuries. The flattering model of characters like these is Hamlet. Nowhere in literature is there to be found a better picture of a man of this sort than in the *Amours de Voyage*, and hence it is that Clough so well deserves the credit of having understood and drawn one of the people of his time. It is not in this study of character alone that he has been successful. There is a charm in his verses which is very noteworthy. The poem itself, like the *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, is written in hexameters. In the hands of a master like Clough this metre shows itself adapted to the practical purpose of telling the story in an impressive and artistic way, while at the same time it shows great fitness for poetical expression, as in the extract given below:—

"Ye too, marvelous Twain, that erect on the
Monte Cavallo
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your
motionless movement,
Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil
regardant faces,
Stand as instinct with life in the might of im-
mutable manhood."

In general Clough's hexameters do not have the misfortune of reminding the reader that he is dealing with that much-abused and often mechanical metre. One reads them without recollecting that they are hexameters. Even more marked is his success with elegiacs. In this measure are written the brief introductory and concluding lines of each of the four cantos. For one example the following passage may be quoted:—

"Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envine-
yarded ruins!
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,
and domes!
Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the
mythic Albano,
Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Alsula's
hills!
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand,
while, to ocean descending,
Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the
yellow broad sun,
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once
in the champaign,
Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-
brageous and old,

E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy
beautiful hollow,
Neml imbedded in wood, Neml inurned in the
hill!

Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and
the City Eternal!

Therefore farewell! We depart, but to behold
you again!"

And, in addition, these ringing lines with
which the poem ends:—

"So go forth to the world, to the good report and
the evil!

Go, little book! thy tale, is it not evil and
good?

Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by with-
out answer.

Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing
and age,

Say, 'I am flitting about many years from brain
unto brain of

Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious
days:

But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman
chamber,

When from Janiculum heights thundered the
cannon of France.'"

Certainly these verses need no comment stumbling along after the impression made by them, and vainly trying to explain it. The reader has a deaf ear who does not perceive their charm, and no argument or appeal can aid him. It will be hard, however, to find any one insensible to the grace and dreaminess which characterize so much of Clough's poetry. It is not so much that he fascinates us by power of description, as that he represents the feeling made on the soul of man by objects of beauty. For this purpose he does not analyze his sensations, he sings the mood which the sympathetic reader is able to recall as the one inspired in him by similar circumstances. This art is not prettiness, nor technical or, if the expression can be used, *professional* elegance, so much as an exaltation of the poetic power; for it appeals to the highest feelings of men, not to their more easily gratified enjoyment of what is perceived through the senses alone. This rare quality makes Clough a poet for the faithful few rather than for the hastily reading multitude, averse to reflection, and prone to measure poetic worth more by the intensity of the impression than by its quality. As an example of what is meant, the following lines, introductory to Canto III., deserve quotation:—

" Yet to the wondrous Saint Peter's, and yet to the
 solemn Rotunda,
 Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vati-
 can walls,
 Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty
 world seems above us,
 Gathered and fixed to all time into a roofing
 supreme ;
 Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude
 what is meaner around us ;
 Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a
 chamber remain ;
 Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our
 souls in resistance.
 Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and
 gossip of war,
 Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut
 the oak-trees immingling,
 Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander
 and wind,
 Where, under mulberry-branches, the diligent
 rivulet sparkles,
 Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-
 works ply,
 Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier
 still repeated,
 Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to
 the sky, —
 Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the
 streets of the city,
 Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with
 thee ! "

Another of his long poems is *Dipsychus*, which was written in dramatic form, not with any design for the stage, but as a proper means of expressing what was to be said. The subject of the poem is the conflict between a tender conscience and the world. The *dramatis personæ*, representing these two opposing forces, are *Dipsychus* and the spirit. *Dipsychus* has a yearning for what is good, and the spirit is the vulgar, sneering, ironical mood which is one of the results of excessive mental culture. For with all its merits for the inspiration of those who are able to make use of their accumulations, there is a certain danger lest cultivation, carried too far, should unfit its owner for activity by inspiring his self-consciousness to make comparisons between him and others, and lest it should destroy the enthusiasm which inspires work, by precocious application of the lesson of experience, that everything is vanity. Sitting in a room lined with mirrors is not apt to produce unconscious manners, and, in the same way, too much theoretical knowledge is likely to have for its result the negation of everything on which activity depends. The ardor

of youth may be foolishness, but its cynicism is cheap wisdom plagiarized. The spirit represents this cynicism, and *Dipsychus* suffers from the self-consciousness which paralyzes the will.

If the *Amours de Voyage* is a modern Werther, the *Dipsychus* is a modern Faust. An attempt has already been made to show that there is some resemblance between the first-named books; and it is easy to detect a certain similarity between the other two. While Faust stands for the man of all time, the *Dipsychus* represents merely the modern man with his newly acquired imperfections, and there is consequently a great difference in the proportions of the two poems, but they are alike in quality. The emotional nature of *Dipsychus*, who has ardent longings for what makes life most honorable, is well portrayed. He is perpetually baffled by irresolution, the bane of reflection. At times this, when carried to the extent of ridiculing honest effort, is the part the spirit acts; he is the embodiment of all worldliness, while *Dipsychus*, with nearly the uniformity of a pendulum, swings from the pondering of what he shall do to satiety of the whole matter. As he himself asks: —

" Is it a law for me
 That opportunity shall breed distrust,
 Not passing until that pass ? "

And there is always to be heard the corroding voice of the spirit, turning reverence to ridicule, and mocking every pure feeling. This poem is indeed a tragedy, for it describes the death of a soul which, although morbid, is at least human. Perhaps a thoroughly healthy soul knows nothing of tragedies.

Even an unobservant reader can hardly fail to notice the skill with which Clough has set the remarks of the spirit in a jingling, vulgar metre, which mocks the poetical language to which *Dipsychus* occasionally rises. One of the many cases of this is to be found in Scene II. *Dipsychus* has just said, —

" Oh, let me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 No witness to the vision call,
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
 And worship thee, with thee withdrawn, apart,
 Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart

"Better it were, thou sayest, to consent,
Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent;
Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure;
In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul

"Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
And call it heaven; place bliss and glory there;
Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say, what is not will be by and by;
What here exists not must exist elsewhere.
But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man;
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can."

To this the jeering spirit replies, —

"To these so sage and clerkly,
Worthy of Malebranche or Berkeley,
I trust it won't be deemed a sin
If I, too, answer with a grin.
These juicy meats, this flashing wine,
May be an unreal mere appearance;
Only — for my inside, in fine,
They have a singular coherence," etc.

And when Dipsychus goes on, —

"Where are the great, whom thou wouldst wish
to praise thee?
Where are the pure, whom thou wouldst choose
to love thee?
Where are the brave, to stand supreme above
thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chid-
ings raise thee?
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank
mind,"

the spirit sings his song beginning, —

"As I sat in the café, I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about what they
call pelf,
They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,
But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, helgh ho!
How pleasant it is to have money."

While dramatic action is wholly want-
ing, dramatic feeling has inspired the
whole of this wonderful poem. It is a
marvelous picture of the contending im-
pulses of the human mind, and espe-
cially under the temptations of the pres-
ent day. It lays bare the mysteries of a
reserved nature. While it is not to be
read for statistical information with re-
gard to Clough's life, it throws a great
deal of light upon his character and
manner of thinking. His letters, such
at least as have been published, are very
interesting, but the reader gets the im-
pression of the writer's constant unwill-
ingness to make much of himself; he
rather eludes than invites observation;

but in his poems we get, very markedly,
the impression of what was always per-
plexing him, namely, man's relation to
unseen things. His position of rever-
ent uncertainty is, indeed, far more de-
serving of respect than is that of the
mock pagans who eat, drink, and make
merry, because to-morrow they die.
When they write poetry they may ex-
press what certain people do in this cen-
tury, but its real life, and the questions
agitating it, are best set forth in Clough's
poems. His seriousness may make him
less generally read, but those who read
him will only value him the more.

The *Mari Magno* is a collection of tales
told upon the high seas by a few passen-
gers of a steamship. In them there is
none of the subjective discussion which
appears in those poems already men-
tioned, but in its place a most concise
directness, a truly Chaucerian simplicity.
The narrators are well described. Here,
for example, is one:—

"My guardian friend was now, at thirty-three,
A rising lawyer; ever, at the best,
Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed;
Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,
His new success he never seemed to trust.
By nature he to gentler thoughts inclined,
To most severe had disciplined his mind;
He held it duty to be half unkind.
Bitter, they said who but the exterior knew;
In friendship never was a friend so true:
The unwelcome fact he did not shrink to tell,
The good, if fact, he recognized as well.
Stout to maintain, if not the first to see;
In conversation who so great as he?
Leading but seldom, always sure to guide;
To false or silly if 't was borne aside,
His quick correction silent he expressed,
And stopped you short, and forced you to your
best.
Often, I think, he suffered from some pain
Of mind, that on the body worked again;
One felt it in his sort of half-disdain,
Impatient not, but acrid in his speech;
The world with him her lesson failed to teach
To take things easily and let them go."

This book of poems gives evidence of
his tardily-attained maturity. It seems
as if at length he had found his place in
life, as if he had passed safely through
the experiences which make up so much
of his earlier poems, and as if while
sympathizing with others he had found
firm ground under his feet, from which
he could examine what went on about
him, without losing himself in wonder.

All of these poems treat of different questions about love and marriage. The last subject was in his mind during his final illness. They serve to show what it would have been fair to expect from him if he had lived longer; but that is not all: they are, though brief and few, good models of narration, by means of both their simplicity and their seriousness. The first of them, *The Lawyer's First Tale*, or *Love is Fellow-Service*, is a fair example of what Clough had attained to when his brief life ended. The hero is just the hesitating, over-conscientious youth who was always a favorite with this poet, who, while presenting clearly the character he has chosen, and understanding him thoroughly, was able to state his troubles, doubts, and fears, as something outside of himself. The other stories of the *Mari Magno* have the same distinctive quality. It is by no means clear that he had abandoned his former method of expression; indeed, the *Dipsychus*, as well as the *Mari Magno*, was published only after his death, but he gave in the latter the first proof of a willingness to employ a directly objective method. It is not probable that he would have abandoned a form in which

he had been so successful already, and which his thoughtfulness and sincerity inspired with such vivid truth.

In these few pages an attempt has been made to set before the reader some of the distinctive traits of one of the wisest of modern poets, of one who has most sympathetically perceived what was peculiar to his time, and most fairly stated it. His tone is, perhaps, too lofty for him to attract a multitude of readers, but he is sure to count among his admirers those who are not repelled by seriousness, and who feel that the poet does his duty when he busies himself with the highest emotions of man. When the literary fashion of the present day has gone to the same limbo as the writing of pastorals, or, it may be, of epics, it will be found that there wrote at this time a poet who refused to join the melodious singers that lived upon the past; who saw what was distracting the hearts of his contemporaries, and put it down in his verses; who was like the ancients in seeing what was present to him. He, and one or two of his contemporaries, will receive the credit of having written poetry really characteristic of this century.

T. S. Perry.

THE WEAVER.

I.

THE weaver sat by his burden,
Waiting the work to begin,
Dreamily throwing the shuttle
Backward and forward between,
Questioning much of the pattern,
Watching for it to be seen.

The shuttle was filled with colors
Of every shade and glow;
Thoughtless he scattered their radiance,
Falling above and below,
The pulse of the loom ever beating
Solemnly to and fro.

The throb of the loom grew stronger;
The shuttle flew faster between;
One thread seemed a line of shadow,
Another a ray serene;
But the solemn loom wove together,
Equally, shade and sheen.

The weaver sat by his burden,
Watching the low-setting sun,
Wearily throwing the shuttle,
Ending as he had begun;
Pondering still of the pattern—
The pattern that was done.

II.

The weaver took to his bosom
The web as it fell from the loom;
In its many folds lay hidden
Whatever of light or gloom
Had come through the flying shuttle,
From the gray of dawn till doom:

Buttercups with dew besprent,
Forget-me-nots in tears,
Bedight the fabric of the loom,
Through all the dawning years;
The texture of those morning hours
A fairy web appears.

Lilies, with their vestal light,
And orange-blossoms pale,
Illume the woof of youthful days
And show a bridal veil—
Mid blue-eyed flax and ears of wheat,
A distaff, and a flail.

Patterns of the after years,
The olive and the vine,
Adorn the richest of the folds,
Its costliest threads entwine;
And through the labors of those days,
Altars and firesides shine.

Barren husks from winter fields,
And tardy asters' light,
Glint o'er the few remaining threads
That dimmed the weaver's sight;
And then a shadow falls upon
The web, and lo! 'tis night.

J. B. Bittinger.

THE OLEANDER-TREE: A STORY OF THE BRITISH PRESS-GANG.

I CHANCED to spend a few weeks of a hot summer in a little village among the New England hills. A series of small table-lands around the base of one of the tallest mountains in the State gave space for farms and houses and narrow roads to be located in the high, dry air, which, though bracing and wholesome, did not encourage vegetation nor wealth of bloom. As one drove through the ragged, winding lanes, or up and down the wooded roads which ascended the different sides of the mountain or descended into the plain, everywhere green and gray hues only met the eye: the green of the grass and the trees, the gray of the granite that cropped out in broad ledges, showing the enormous quarries that underlay the town, or stood in giant boulders scattered through the pastures.

Later, as July passed, I noticed that in almost every door-yard of the little hamlet an oleander grew; generally, in its big, green tub, the one solitary ornament of the broad stone in front of the threshold. Some of these oleanders were very large, standing six feet high, and some were very small slips just potted, or with one year's growth of stature; but to possess an oleander of some size or other seemed to be a passion with the townsfolk of Princeton.

I understood at once that some singular chance had brought this foreign tropical beauty to the secluded spot, and that it had become the fashion. Who that has seen a new overskirt or apron, or even a milk-strainer or coal scuttle, run through a country village like wildfire, can fail to understand the spread of this prettier novelty? But how came the first one hither?

As the scarlet buds of the oleanders swelled and paled at the same time, and the pink, peachy blooms began to deck the door-yards, and constantly thrust themselves on my sight, I wondered

more and more about their history. Sometimes in quiet summer leisure in a solitary farm-house the imagination fastens itself on a trifle, and curiosity gets hungry. Where did the parent oleander come from?

Wandering one day to a little brown homestead set on a ledge of the mountain, at a house where I stopped for a glass of water I found the noblest Roman of them all, a mighty tree of an oleander, standing some twelve feet high, and crowded with pale pink blossoms. I praised the beautiful foreigner with its exquisite flowers and faint, refined odor, and the bent and wrinkled old woman who gave me my refreshing draught was greatly pleased.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"That 'ere flower has quite a story to it, I can tell ye. It come fust from the West Indies, and was sent to a friend of mine by her beau, who was a seafarin' man. Don't you want I should tell you about it?"

I was loofer at large and conscientiously dawdling for a pain in my side, and was really very glad to fill the time in so pleasant a way, besides satisfying my curiosity in hearing the history of the patriarch oleander, its tribe and its family.

I sat down in the list-bottomed chair she brought out from her "keepin'-room," and put upon the grass by the door, while she gave me this little village history, whose pathos or whose joy cannot be entirely hid by her homely speech.

Katy Goodnow was the nicest girl anywhere about. Of course the young men all found it out, and she had lots of 'em a-waitin' on her, but afore she was eighteen she had settled down to Tom Mariner, a real snappin', drivin' lad who lived just across the way from her. You know them two stun houses

on the north road to the mountain? Well, them two tumble-down ones, all to pieces, were Tom's and Katy's homes.

There wa'n't much chance for Tom to more 'n earn a living for himself if he stayed to Princeton. His father worked the farm, and was a healthy, middle-aged man, and there were eight other boys and girls, beside Tom, a-comin' up. He was willin' to give Tom his time, and Tom thought he'd like to go sea-farin' for a while. You see he was kind of ambitious, and so was she; and seein' as she'd sent off the young doctor and the young minister and the store-keeper's son, Tom sort o' wanted to do well by her, and he hankered to get suthin ahead and buy a farm of his own. He did n't exactly like to set Katy to work in his father's kitchen, as he'd 'a' had to do if he did n't start for himself.

Well, he went to see her one Sunday night, and the next day but one he started off to go to Middletown, Connecticut; a long ways off, but trade was brisk there, and a smart young fellow had good chances to run to the West Indies on a sloop, and when he had sailed a voyage or two, and l'arnt the handlin' of the ship, just as like as not the captain would take him as mate, and then his fortin would be made.

Tom went off, and in six months he came back with a lot of cokynuts and queer things, and said he'd done well. He was sailin' for Seebor & Co., rich Jews of Middletown, and they had made him mate, and like as not he'd be captain afore long. He come to meetin' with Katy, and they was proud enough of each other, I can tell ye.

Well, Tom went back'ard and for'ard for two years or more, and Katy she stayed at hum and raised flax, and hackled and spun and bleached, till she'd got a nice lot of sheets and towels, and a pillow-case full of stockings. She was a smart girl any way, and an extra fast knitter. Why, she could beat every girl in the village a-knitting round, and she was the quickest quilter I ever did see, and the tastiest of us all. She used to look as handsome as a picter every Sunday, a-standin' up so straight

in the gallery along with the bass-viol, a-singin' with all her might. Well, well, she needed all her strength and courage afore she got through.

In them days we had a mail only once a fortnight, and sometimes there was n't a letter come then, except for the parson, for as much as two months. A man went down through the woods on horseback, and brought up the paper which was printed once a week down to Boston. One day Katy's brother Joe, who was the mail-carrier, was sick, and it was hayin' time, and Katy's father was awful busy, and mail day come round. Everybody wanted to see the Boston paper and read the news, 'cause it was just along them years that the Britishers were carryin' on so, and takin' our men off our merchant sloops, and makin' 'em serve in their navy.

Katy come ridin' along that mornin', as chirks as could be, and give a call at the back door to let me know she was there; and says she, "Mattie, I'm goin' down to Worcester to get the mail. The men folks are all busy with their hayin' and can't spend time to go, and I want to hear pretty bad myself." So she talked a minute or two, and I sent down a little bundle of yarn I had spun, for her to change off at the store with some steel needles and thread, and then she said good-by, and I see her go joggin' along on Brown Bill through the pine woods and down the hill. Of course there wa'n't no railroads then, but pikes w'a'nt built either. There was a sort of foot-path cut through the underbrush, and it was blazed quite correct on the trees, and one could see the big white spots when it was quite dark. I've traveled down to Worcester in this path many a time, and very pleasant it was on a warm summer's day. It used to be so sweet and cool and still under the dark pines.

The next day I see her coming cross-lots to see me, and she was bright and handsome as a red hollyhock. She threw my little bundle of storin's into my lap, and said, "They threw in some darnin'-needles extra, Mattie," and then she went on a talkin' to me

and ma, who was a-sittin' spinnin' and reelin' together, and 'most the fust thing she said was, "Ab'gail Griffith's boy has come home to Leicester, and Tom's sent me a letter and his pay, and a slip of a new kind of geranium in a pot. He says it has real pretty flowers, but it is n't tough, though it looks so, and I must n't let it freeze. And he's sent word to buy the Widder Thompson's farm, and the money to pay for it is in the Bank of Worcester, and I'm going to get the house all ready against his coming home in the spring."

"S'pose you calkilate to get married then," I spoke right out.

"Tom says so," and she blushed real pretty about it. Well, the farm was bought, and she went to work, and how that girl did work! She made rag-carpet for every room in the house,—to be sure there were only four on 'em, but it takes a lot of rags when you cut and dye and weave every bit on 'em with your own hands,—and she braided rugs, and she picked and cured live geese feathers enough for two beds and four pillows; and she was just as chirk and set up as she could be.

And this here oleander grew and grew. She covered it up every night from the frost, and allus put a pail of water by it every night through Janoary to keep it from freezin', and it throve fust-rate.

In the spring Tom come home, and he wanted to be married right off, and they was married about the middle of May. Katy had some apple-blows in her hair, and looked splendid; but no good comes of a weddin' in May any more than on a Friday, and you'll see it's so afore I've got through. Tom meant to stay to hum and farm it for the summer, and then go voyagin' again in the winter, after the crops were got in. You see they was dreadful ambitious, and wanted to get on fast.

Well, when Thanksgivin' was over, Tom went off. It was tough parting, and he said if he had n't give his word he would have stayed to hum. You see neither of 'em thought just how it would be, and that it was n't just right to leave Katy all alone in the dead of winter,

with four feet of snow on the ground, and she not quite so able to get about as usual. He wanted her to go and stay to his or her father's while he was gone, but she said no. She'd got plenty of sewin' to do afore spring, and the cattle to fodder; and she quoted the Bible, and said that she "would abide by the stuff."

I guess he felt awful to leave her, though he expected to be back afore her trouble was on her, but she kep' up and talked brave to him. I went over there the arternoon of the day he went (he went away of a Thursday mornin'), and her eyes were as red and stuck out like lobsterses, and she kind o' choked when she fust see me, afore she could tell me to set down and take a chair, and take my calash off and stay to tea.

Well, I used to go over and see her as often as I could. She kep' busy; she milked, and made butter and laid it down, and the cow had a calf, and it got to be April. One day she said to me, "Mattie, I'm not so light-footed as I was, and I'm thinking that I'll take the new schoolma'am to board, so's to have her little brother help me outdoors. He can fodder the cows and do the milking, and drive them to pasture, and I can keep more in-doors and do the house work." Elviney Skinner was very glad to come, 'cause Katy was a fust-rate cook, and as neat as a new pin, and I felt kind o' easier about her after they come, 'cause she'd always have company. I wanted to go and stay with her myself, but ma said I was n't big enough.

One mornin' I see the doctor go by, and Miss Mariner with him, and I knew Katy's groanin' time had come. Ma had brought me over a piece of the groanin' cake a week afore. I felt dreadful bad to think of poor Katy, and Tom not back. I ran out to the gate to see the doctor when he come back, and he said, "Mattie, tell your ma there are two peradventures this time. Katy Mariner has got twins; two big twin boys." I never was so sot down in my life, and I ran right in to tell ma and ask her if I might n't go over and see them. She would n't let me go that

day, but as soon as I could she sent me over there to see the twins, and likely children they were. I did n't say nothin' about Tom, for fear of worryin' her, she lay so calm, and rested with a baby on each arm; but I spoke to Miss Mariner, Tom's mother, and she said she was kind o' troubled, for Tom had said he would be back in March sure, and now it had got to be May.

And it got to be June, and nothing was heard of Tom. Katy went right to work as soon as she was out of bed, and sowed corn and oats; she had the plowin' all done afore she was sick; and she and the little lad planted a garden, so she'd have garden sass through the summer. She had her hands full, what with her babies and her farm, but they were such good babies, and jest as contented as kittens. She used to tie 'em one in each end of the cradle, and give 'em each a tin pan and an iron spoon, and they'd make music till they went off to sleep, and she'd jest go round and do her work. She seemed pretty contented too, and took up with the babies and her farm, and I guess she worked too hard to fret much.

But when fall come and the farm work was mostly over, and Thanksgivin' would be along pretty soon, and Tom not back and no word of him, she could n't stand it no longer. One day she come over to see me while the babies was asleep. She called 'em Romulus and Remus, 'cause, she said, she was a kind of wolf mother to them, and she said something about keepin' the wolf from the door and sucklin' them at the breast of poverty; but I did n't know what she meant then, and don't now, for that matter, except that she'd do her dooty by 'em. Says she to me, says she, "Mattie, can you go over to my house to-morrow to see to things, while I go to Worcester and try if I can find out something about Tom? I can't wait no longer. I must try to find out what has become of him, or my heart will break," and she most broke down and cried, and so did I.

I went over early in the mornin' and found her all wrapt up, a-waitin' for me. She was going to take one baby with her,

and leave the one that had learned to drink out of a cup, at hum with me. "Land's sakes, Katy," says I, "how well you do manage! jest as the Injuns do with their papposes;" for she slung the baby on her back with a shawl, so that both her hands were left free for the reins; and her horse was dreadful gentle. I saw her start off once more through them same pine woods.

A good while arter, she told me ever so much about her feelin's on her two rides. She was so happy when she went afore she got married, a-plannin' about it and her home with Tom. She was so proud to work for him and make him comfortable, and she thought about it all the way to Worcester and back, and when she got to the very stillest place, she stopped Brown Bill and said her prayers, and then come home feelin' so glad. The second time her heart was heavy as lead—for where was Tom? He might be in the bottom of the sea, for all she knew!

Well, she rode on over the light November snowfall, which showed her the tracks of the wild birds and the wild beasts all about her. Once a red fox looked out at her from the thicket, and she saw where the great paws of the gray wolves had crossed her path. She said she kept thinking of the old graveyard on Princeton hill, where the sod that covered her little dead brother had been heavily weighted down with large stones piled up on it, to keep the wolves from their "hunger sacrilege," as the parson called it; and she shuddered all over. You see she was kind o' tuckered out with all her hard work through the summer, and nursin' them two big young ones beside. And then, she'd got narvous, and felt as though she'd ought to have seen about Tom afore. She'd somehow got a fancy (I s'pose it was narves partly) that she'd neglected him for his babies; but I told her over and over that takin' care of his babies was the same as takin' care of him, and if people did n't show their love a-workin' for each other, I did n't see how they could.

And then the Injuns, who lived all

round Princeton in them days, come into her head, and she thought some cross fellow might come out of the woods and steal her horse and leave her right there to get home as she could. But just then she remembered her aunt Nixon she was named for, and how, when the Injuns come to Roxbury, close by Boston, and surrounded her house, and she all alone in it, she put the great oak bars up agin the door, and turned the big brass kettle over her baby to keep it from the arrows, and fired her husband's gun out the winder till she druv them off. Katy, she said, says she, "I'm as big as aunt Nixon; let me see, if the Injuns come, if I can't be as brave." Well, the baby was proper good and was sort o' quieted down by the cold air and the jolting, and in three hours she got to Worcester, and the fust man she see in the street was John Hutchings, that sailed shipmate with Tom Mariner. He'd just got back from his third voyage that year, for he did nothin' else but go to sea, and bad news he had brought. Them Britishers had boarded the sloop on the fust voyage out and had carried off Tom with their press-gang. He was just such a strong fellow as they wanted, and they fixed on him right away and nobody could stop it. But his mate had his sea-chest and his back pay and his British bounty, which, wicked as they were to take him, they had sent to his wife, and even asked if he had one.

John Hutchings said Katy never said nothin', only looked very white and kinder clutched the baby, till he told her what Tom said about wanting to get back to her, and how he fought the men that took him, and how he hoped to get home afore the little fellow came; then she cried right out, "Oh, Tom, Tom!" and fell right off her horse.

Well, he got her somehow to her cousins', and she had some samp and milk and baked beans and cherry bounce, that revived her up, and then she started to come home all that lonesome road through the woods. She got back as it was fallin' dark, and she come inter the kitchen where I was settin', 'most like a ghost. She'd put up the horse and given him

some hay and some oats, and sent the school-ma'am's brother to water him, afore she said anything. Then she took the baby that had stayed to hum, and give him a drink. He was all undrest and ready to go to bed. So when he dropped off we woke the other one, Remus it was, and put his night-gown on him, and warmed his little squirming pink toes at the fire, but his long ride made him sleepy, and he soon went off. Then when they both were in the big cradle she begun to talk, and she said, —

"Tom has been carried off for a Britisher;" but she never cried a bit. I asked her what she was goin' to do.

"Write to Washington and Boston to-night, and send Jerome" — that was the school-ma'am's brother — "down to Worcester to-morrow with the letter."

"But pony will be tired after to-day," says I.

"He can go on Brown Bill," says she. You see she'd been thinking it over, all the way back, and got her mind clear.

Well, I give her a cup of tea as sweet and strong and hot as I could make it, and then, as I could n't do nothing more for her, I put my things on and went home across-lots. Oh! afore I went, she took out Tom's pay, which was in a canvas bag in his chest, and which John Hutchings was glad enough to hand over safe to her, and told me to put it away in the cupboard. I asked her how much it was, and she said she did n't know, and I sat down and counted it for her, and it come to more'n fifty dollars, all in gold and silver. He was proper smart to work, was Tom; but she wa'n't a bit glad over it. She said it seemed like the price of Tom's blood; life, I s'pose she meant.

Jerome, when he come back from Worcester, brought the news that war was declared between England and us, because they would have press-gangs and search-warrants, and steal men out of our ships to man theirs, and we would n't bear it no longer.

Oh, how worked up we was! Miss Mariner, Tom's mother, used to come over with her knittin'-work and big

patch-bag on mail days to see Katy and the children, and hope for some news of Tom. By'mby a letter did come. He was well, had his pay regular, and was watching his chance to get away; then nothin' more come for months and months. Katy managed the farm somehow, and the neighbors would get her hay in for her and do her plowin', and she did the rest. Everything she sot her hand to did well, and everything grew, especially the children, and the oleander, that she thought a sight of. She used to say, "As long as that lives, Tom lives;" and I've seen her many a time hold her babies up to it, as soon as they took notice, and tell them their father sent it to their mother.

Well, I sp'ose a young thing like you don't remember when Preble and Decatur captured the Macedonian. That was a British man-of-war; and one of the prisoners turned out to be a shipmate of Tom, carried off at the same time Tom was, from the Lively Peggy. He turned up, and he'd come out of his way clear up to Princeton, to tell Katy about her husband. He said that Tom went on shore in a boat in the Mediterranean Sea, and was caught by an Algerine pirate who was watching the harbor for captives. He being an American was not protected by the British flag, which was powerful enough to steal him but not to save him from the pirates. There was nobody to pay any ransom for him, and John did n't know a bit what had become of him.

Poor Katy! She had kep' up brave till then, but now she clear broke down. She was sick for a week; did n't eat nothin' nor take no notice; but she did n't cry none, at least when anybody was round. I wish she had. It would have eased her off some.

The shipmate brought her some more back pay, all in gold guineas, and Katy managed not to spend it, but to keep it agin the time when Tom should come back, though she was clear discouraged and never smiled for ever so long. Evenings, she'd take her boys up in her lap and talk to them about their father, and they sort of supported her.

She took real comfort in those young ones, and gradually she settled down to doin' without him, but she never forgot him. Mr. Winchester, the richest farmer in Princeton, came to ask her to keep company with him, when he was a widower,—he married Hanner Blagden afterwards,—but she said quite fierce to him, "How dare you ask me such a question, when my husband is a-livin'?" but it hurt her, and she cried about it afterwards, though she did n't say nothin' to nobody.

The twins got to be four years old, and never a word from Tom. Then, three years after the war began, Decatur went sailin' into Tripoli. He took a frigate and spiked forty-nine guns and rode right into the harbor of Algiers to deliver the American prisoners. And among the very first lot, he found Tom, with a ball and chain at his ankle, a-rowin' at the galleys. And Decatur was high-handed with them pirates, and would n't give a cent of ransom for their captives, and he brought 'em all back safe and sound, although Tom was black as a nigger from workin' bareheaded out under them hot suns. Lucky he did n't have a sunstroke, and perhaps he did without a-knowin' on it, for he was kind o' strange-like when he got back.

He come home in 1815 or '16, and precious glad he was to get here. He was n't nat'ral fust, but sort of curious and in a dream. He did n't know a bit what to say to Romulus and Remus, and took no notice of 'em fust off, when he was so dreadful tickled to see Katy; but when another baby come to keep her busy, he took to 'em quick enough, and they were allus a-followin' him round the farm.

He was dreadful pleased at the way Katy had worked the land and paid off the mortgage, and he did n't take control himself, but let her do jest what she was a mind ter, and give her her own way in everything. He did jest what she told him to do, and did n't start nothin' himself out of his own head, like as if he was her hired man. Somehow he was kind o' broken down, and sea-

farin' had got into his head, and got him out of the notion of farmin'; and he never exactly took to it again. He used to leave her every two or three years and go a-voyagin'; and she 'd got used to the business and she went right on, and Tom was awful proud and satisfied with her.

That oleander-tree there began to blow as soon as Tom got home, and has had some blows on it every year since. One hard winter it got frosted and did n't have so many, and the next summer Tom died. Lots of slips have been cut off from it, and 'most every house in the town has a big or little oleander cut from this tree.

Romulus and Remus grew up and went into the grocery business down to New York, and they both of 'em drive in their carriage. Them old houses was sold when the last two Mariners went to Ohio, and are a-droppin' to pieces, but I heern

tell that one of Katy's grandsons means to fix hers up for a summer villa. Anyways, he come two or three years ago and got some shoots of his grandmother's oleander for his greenhouse.

"I suppose Mrs. Mariner died some time since," said I, as she paused.

"Who, Katy? Yes, she was six or seven years older than I, and I am eighty-nine; and she made the beautifulest corpse you ever did see. Her long hair was as white as silver, and Remus's wife jest braided it like a crown all around her head, and her coffin was more than six feet long. Her twins were proper big men too, and so was her husband, though he never was jest the same after livin' with the Mahomedans and the pirates. He died fust, and she used to sit and forget her knitting-work and patches and look at that oleander as if it would bring him back."

Emily E. Ford.

THAT NEW WORLD.

How gracious we are to grant to the dead
Those wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving the world for ourselves instead;
For we must live, though others must die!

And what is the world that we keep, I pray?
True, it has glimpses of dews and flowers;
Then youth and love are here and away,
Like mated birds, — but nothing is ours.

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all.
It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,
It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear
We were loath to give it for all we know
Of that charmed country we hold so dear,
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are, when we see them fade
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,

Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,
And the strange, high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it, O soul of mine!
And yet, if these vacant eyes could see
One, only one, from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me!

Ah, blow me the scent of one lily, to tell
That it grew outside of the world, at most;
Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell
That whispers of some unearthly coast!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

II.

"THE house is the unit of sanitary administration."

Whatever means may be adopted by the board of health of town or village for the removal of the wastes incident to the life of its population; whatever facilities for such removal may be offered by the natural surroundings of isolated country houses; and whatever the public or the individual may do toward rendering the natural character of the ground dry and salubrious, the first aim of the householder himself should be to secure a perfect means for carrying safely beyond the walls of his domicile everything of a dangerous character that is generated or produced within it, and to secure his living-rooms against the entrance of any manner of foul air, impure water, or excessive dampness.

It would not be possible here to consider the very great variety of circumstances attending the location and arrangement of different houses. It will suffice for our general purposes to assume that all liquid or semi-liquid drainage from the house should be delivered either into a public sewer, into a private cess-pool or vault, or directly into a natural water-course. If we arrange a safe means for discharging our out-

flows into one or other of these, for the exclusion from the house of gas arising from their decomposition, and for preventing filtration from them into the source of our domestic water, we shall, so far as exterior surroundings are concerned, accomplish the most important aim. General rules and principles, of which the modifications needed in particular cases will quite naturally suggest themselves, are all that can here be given.

The individual householder has these problems to solve:—

1. To secure his house against excessive damp in its walls, in its cellar, and, where practicable, in its surrounding atmosphere.

2. To provide for the perfect and instant removal of all manner of fluid or semi-fluid organic wastes.

3. To provide a sufficient supply of pure water for domestic use.

4. To guard against the evils arising from the decomposition of organic matter in or under the house.

5. To remove all sources of offense and danger which may affect the atmosphere about the house.

6. (And almost more important than all the rest.) To prevent the insidious entrance into the house, through communications with the sewer, cess-pool,

or vault, of poisonous gases resulting from the decomposition of the refuse of his own household, or of other households with which a common sewer or drain may bring him into communication.

The first item implies a dry cellar, an impervious foundation wall, and, if the soil be heavy and liable to be wet, or if it be underlaid too closely with rock or clay, "thorough drainage," of the sort employed in the agricultural improvement of land. So far as this matter of drainage is concerned, it will suffice to refer to the well-known works on agricultural drainage; but the drying of the cellar and foundation receives so little attention at the hands of both owners and architects, that explicit directions seem advisable. If the house is founded on well-drained gravel or on a dry bed of sand (which is the best of all foundations) no further draining will be necessary; but even here it is always advisable to cover the floor of the cellar with an impervious concrete, to prevent the exhalation of moisture that arises from even the driest soil; and in all cases where the foundation wall is not built with hard and impervious stone, it should be furnished with a course of some impervious material, whether hydraulic cement, asphalted brick, bluestone, slate laid in cement, or sheet-lead. Even with this precaution, if the foundation wall below the impervious course is of brick or soft stone, the inner surface of the wall should be well washed with pure hydraulic cement, which will lessen the escape of the moisture that penetrates the stones during driving rain-storms, or soaks into them from the earth.

If the ground is at all inclined, even in the wettest seasons, to be wet or springy, whatever other precautions are taken, a drain should be laid all round the cellar inside of the wall, and at least a foot lower than its lowest bed-stone, and carried away to a free and sufficient outlet. This drain may be made of gravel or broken stones, but ordinary land-drainage tile with open joints is usually cheaper and always better, especially as preventing the ingress of ver-

min. For the largest private house, the smallest-sized land-drain tile will be sufficient. If the soil is unduly wet, at any season, similar drains should cross the cellar at intervals of not more than fifteen feet. All of these drains should have a slight but continuous fall toward the outlet, and should be securely covered by having earth well rammed over them, the whole cellar bottom being then coated with concrete. For small houses, where cobble-stones or gravel are plenty, if the foundation rests on a layer of this porous material a foot or more deep, and if a good outlet be provided at the lowest point, the tile is not needful.

The complete drainage of the house, that is, the instant removal of the impurities incident to human life, is the crowning work of the whole system of sewerage. In towns, street drains, main sewers, outlets, and the whole paraphernalia of the system have for their main purpose the furtherance of the ultimate object of the sanitary drainage of the house; and the effect of sewerage on the health and decency of the population must depend very much upon the manner in which each house is provided with the necessary drainage system and is connected with the public sewer.

In the country, whatever the final means of removal, the house drainage, whether partial or complete, must be equally guarded. If there is only a kitchen drain, this should be perfectly well made and arranged.

When we consider its immediate proximity to the windows of the room in which the family of the average farmer passes most of its time, the kitchen drain probably heads the list of all the agents by which our ingenious people violate the universal sanitary law; and it doubtless carries more victims to the grave than do all other sources of defilement combined; for with an enormous majority of our population this one pipe still represents the whole drainage of the house.

Receiving daily supplies of organic matter ready to pass into dangerous decomposition, drenched with sufficient water to soak far into the ground, and

kept warm enough for putrefaction to proceed rapidly throughout a large part of the year; sending its exhalations into the kitchen and living-room windows, and with a favorable summer breeze throughout the whole house; and leaking, too often, through a light surface soil, or through a porous stratum in a clay soil, into the adjacent well; it attacks the family through the lungs and through the stomach with an almost unremitted assault, soon achieving, in the case of those who live mainly in close, stove-heated rooms and sleep on the ground floor with a window opening over the back-yard, its various measures of debility, disease, or death.

No house drain can be made which may not be carelessly obstructed by the admission of substances for which it is not intended. Shedd enumerates, among the articles that have been found in such drains, "sand, shavings, sticks, coal, bones, garbage, bottles, spoons, knives, forks, apples, potatoes, hay, shirts, towels, stockings, floor-cloths, broken crockery," etc.

House drains in towns should of course be laid at the expense of the owner; but, as they are a part of the system by which the health of the community is to be protected, and as the obstruction of a single house drain may establish a centre of infection for a large district, the work should be done in accordance with an established rule and under the immediate supervision of the engineer having charge of the sewerage work.

Latham gives a velocity of three feet per second as the least that should be allowed for the outlet drain of a house. A four-inch drain to secure this flow should have a minimum inclination of one in ninety-two; a six-inch drain, one in one hundred and thirty-seven; a nine-inch drain, one in two hundred and six; and to attain a velocity of three feet per second at these inclinations *they must run at least half full*; that is, the four-inch drain must discharge 7.85 cubic feet per minute; six-inch, 17.66 cubic feet per minute; and nine-inch, 39.76 cubic feet per minute. It is very seldom indeed that even a large boarding-

house discharges a flow equal to 7.85 cubic feet per minute, and in practice, while too large outlets should always be avoided for house drains, any such drain should have considerably more than the minimum rate of fall indicated above.

The main outlet drain from a house may be small, and even for the largest private dwelling need not be more than four inches in diameter, if proper precaution is taken to prevent its being choked by the accumulation of kitchen grease; while, without such precaution, were it even a foot in diameter, this same influence would cause it to be ultimately obstructed by gradual accumulation. In other words, with a proper grease trap, a four-inch drain will furnish an ample outlet, while without such grease trap no drain can be relied upon to remain permanently effective.

There are various forms of grease trap, some with open gullies for ventilation at the surface of the ground, and all of them depending upon the congealing of the grease and its accumulation at the surface of water which has its outlet at a point below the surface. The best form that has come to my notice is that shown in the accompanying diagram.

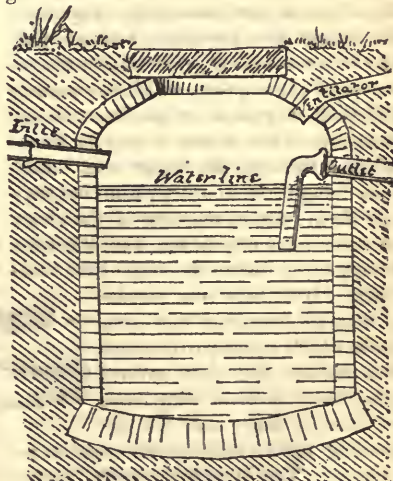


Figure 1.

The removal of organic wastes is the chief purpose of all house drains, whether a wooden pipe from the kitchen sink

or the soil pipe of a house fitted with all the modern plumbing appliances. It is this part of the work that first suggests itself when the question of house drainage arises, and it is too often to this only that attention is given.

The accompanying diagram shows the simplest form in which the plumbing and draining of a house can be arranged to render it absolutely safe. An important feature of the plan here shown is that of providing a separate reservoir of water for the supply of each water-closet; this, though not unusual, is far from universal, and it is the only efficient means for preventing the tainting of the main water-supply pipe of the house with the gases formed in the basins, and the sucking into the main of the foul air above the trap when the water falls away in the pipes.

The water-closet, owing to its convenience and seeming cleanliness, has made its way to almost universal adoption, in spite of a very serious defect which is still generally disregarded, and, indeed, unrecognized. This defect consists in the use of an unventilated chamber between the sealing-pan and the water trap of the soil pipe, — a chamber that is always more or less foul, and where faecal gases are constantly generated. No means are provided, and no perfect means could be provided, for the removal of these gases, which are sure to find their way more or less into the atmosphere of the house, if only by transmission through the water seal. Persons living in the country claim that they can always detect the odor of the closet on entering a city house, and this odor is very often due to the cause here indicated. It is only very recently that an invention has been made which entirely overcomes this defect; although several other forms of closet using large volumes of water and not depending upon a sealing-pan seem to escape it. The Jennings closet, shown herewith, has the peculiarity that it contains directly under the seat the whole charge of water to be used for the flushing at each operation of the closet.

Faecal matters are immediately immersed and so at once somewhat disinfected, and on the lifting of the valve the whole volume is rapidly carried away through the water trap into the soil pipe. The whole apparatus, from

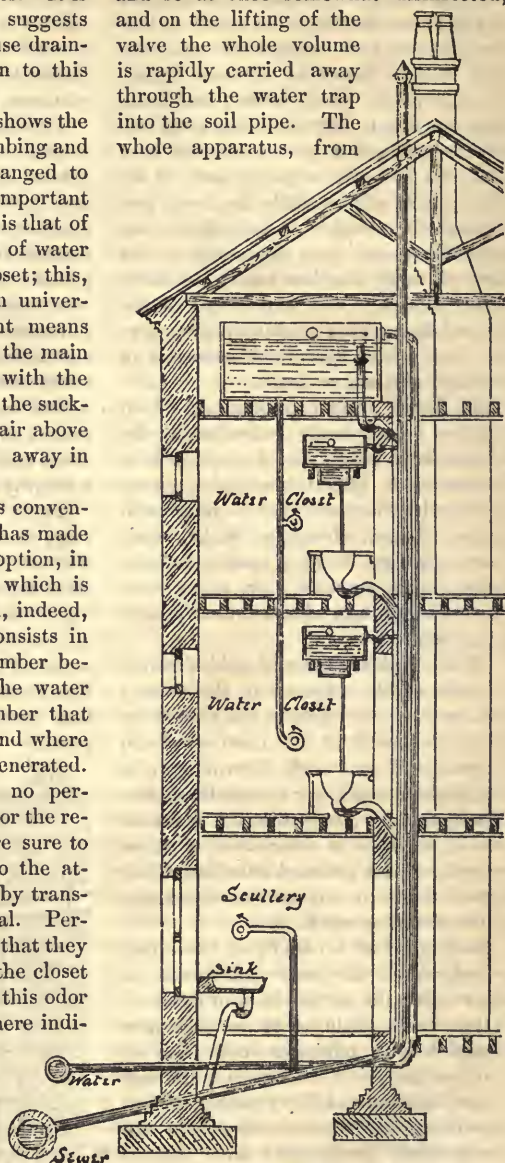


Figure 2.

the seat to the soil pipe, is a single piece of earthenware, and the valve is held so firmly in its place by its own weight and by that of the water bearing upon it, that if proper vent is given to the soil pipe itself, so that the pressure of

sewer air cannot be brought to bear upon it, there is no probability of the least escape into the room.

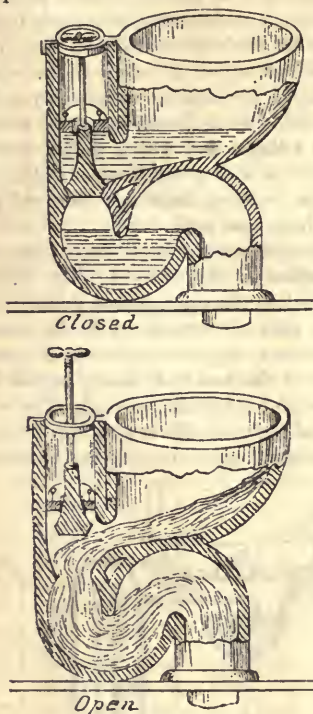


Figure 3.

Referring to the diagram which shows the general arrangement of plumbing, etc., it is to be said that from a sanitary point of view the most important feature there shown is a complete ventilation of the drain leading to the sewer, so that by no possibility can there be a forcing back into the house of gases formed in the sewer or in the main drain. As already stated, a small water trap, no matter how deep, does not suffice to secure this. A water trap having a bend of even two feet would resist a pressure of only about one pound to the square inch, while the sudden filling of the sewer, by rising tide or falling rain, to such an extent as to reduce its air space one half, would bring to bear a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch; and whether the filling be sudden or gradual, the degree to which the increased pressure would affect any given

outlet would depend on the facilities offered elsewhere for the air to find vent. In our ordinary town sewage works, it is never safe for the householder to depend on other vents than his own connecting drain being available; he must in self-defense assume that his own drain is the only channel of escape, and make it impossible that air escaping there should find its way into the house.

Where severe frosts are not to be guarded against, this may be accomplished by discharging the water of the house into a receptacle that is open at its surface, and from which a drain passes to the sewer with some form of trap; into this surface opening, for greater cleanliness, a rain-water pipe from the roof should discharge. Under this arrangement, if sewer gas is forced from the drain it will escape into the outer air. The chief objection to the plan lies in the fact that such escape would too often take place where it would be offensive, and sometimes too near an important window. A much better plan is to have the drainage discharged into some form of covered grease trap, similar to the one shown in Figure 1, and to carry a ventilator not less than four inches in diameter, and by the straightest available course, from the grease trap to a point well above the highest dormer windows. If in addition to this there is an opening for fresh air in the cover of the grease trap, so that there shall ordinarily be an upward current through the ventilating pipe, the arrangement will be quite complete.

Some of the minor devices of modern plumbing seem as objectionable as they are convenient: for example, the ordinary fixed wash-basin having a plug at its bottom effects a complete separation between the water in the basin and the foul, soap-slimed escape pipe below it; but the more convenient shut-off cock placed some distance below the basin is a most ingenious arrangement for tainting the water in the basin, which is in free communication with the water in the unclean escape pipe. How readily impurities are diffused through still water is shown by the rapid clouding of

the contents of a tumbler to which a used tooth-brush has been returned; the invisible solution from an unclean waste pipe spreads with equal ease.

It is now quite usual, also, to ventilate the lower chamber of the ordinary water-closet, and this is to a certain extent effective for the purpose intended; but it does not accomplish a proper ventilation of the soil pipe, and it alone should by no means be depended on. Indeed, this lower chamber is always objectionable, sending forth such a whiff of fetid air, whenever the water pan is emptied, as could come only from a confined, dark, and wet vessel where the most offensive matters are undergoing decomposition. The cheap and simple siphon-closet, with a copious flow of water, or, better, the Jennings closet previously described, are types of the only satisfactory forms. It would be beyond the scope of this article to describe and illustrate the minor points of complete house drainage, but it is believed that enough has been said to set forth the general principles which should govern the construction and arrangement of each of these. So far, therefore, as the town house is concerned, nothing further need here be said.

In the country and in villages, where each house has to be provided not only with the ordinary interior arrangements, but also with means for the disposal of its drainage after this has passed beyond its own walls, a serious further difficulty arises. The usual practice, where plumbing is introduced, and very often where only the water of the kitchen drain is to be provided for, is to discharge the whole mass into a cess-pool not very far away, and often very near to the well, trusting to the permeability of the earth to afford an outlet through the uncemented wall. The objections to this have been sufficiently stated, and the remedy is not in all cases an easy one.

There is no royal road of escape from the responsibility that the production of effete matters entails upon us. If they can be run by a cemented drain into a water-course, or elsewhere, far enough

away from human habitations to be unobjectionable, this course may be allowed; but in the great majority of instances it is absolutely necessary to provide for their defecation in some inoffensive manner or for their inoffensive removal by carts to the country. The one thing that should never be allowed in a village, and which should even be regarded with great caution in the case of an isolated house, is the ordinary leaching cess-pool.

English engineers who have paid much attention to this subject seem to have settled on the intermittent action of the soil, with the accessory, in the warmer and more dangerous seasons, of the action of the roots of plants, as the best means for defecating sewage. The methods of applying this system will be better understood by a description of specific

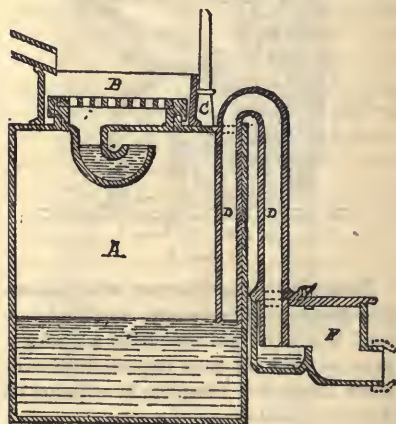


Figure 4.

processes. The accompanying illustration, Figure 4, shows the construction of Field's patent self-acting flush-tank, which is intended to be placed immediately outside of the walls of the house and to receive all of its liquid wastes. It is made entirely of earthenware or cast iron. The liquids pass through the grating of the pan B, and are discharged through a trap that prevents the contained air of the vessel from escaping at the surface. C is a ventilating pipe to carry this contained air to the top of the house. A is a vessel holding a certain amount of water which

has no escape save through the siphon *D*. When the chamber is entirely filled, the pouring in of a few extra quarts of water, which is sure to occur sometime during the day, brings the siphon into action, and it flows copiously until the chamber is empty to the depth below which solid matters are permitted to accumulate, to be occasionally cleared out on raising the pan *B*.

The purpose of this apparatus is to prevent the constant trickling away of the small stream usually flowing from the house with too little movement to carry forward obstructing matters, such as are sure sooner or later to clog any ordinary house drain. It also furnishes a sufficiently strong flow to secure a wide distribution of the liquid instead of allowing it to soak slowly into a small area of soil. From its intermittent action, also, it fills the ground for a short time, and then as the liquid subsides fresh atmospheric air enters the soil and assists, by its oxidizing action, in the work of purification. Whether the irrigation be on the surface or by means of underground pipes, this copious intermittent discharge is in every way preferable to the steady small flow.

This flush-tank would be a great improvement on the system which I have had in successful operation at my own place during the past five years, and which has been more satisfactory than any other plan that I have seen applied.

The house drainage is discharged into a tightly cemented tank four feet deep and four feet in diameter, entering near its top, which is arched over and closed by a tightly fitting stone cap, and thoroughly ventilated. This tank is similar to that shown in Figure 1. Its outlet pipe, starting from a point one foot below the surface of the water and about two feet below the capstone, passes out near the surface of the ground and is continued by a cemented vitrified pipe to a point about twenty-five feet farther away. Here it connects with a system of open-jointed drain tiles, consisting of one main fifty feet long, and eight lateral drains six feet apart and each about twenty feet long. These drains under-

lie a part of the lawn and are only about ten inches below the surface. During the whole growing season their course is very distinctly marked by the rank growth of grass over and near to them, the difference of growth in their immediate vicinity being so great that were the work to be done over again I should place the lines but three feet apart. The slope of the ground is very slight, probably not more than fifteen inches between the extreme ends of the systems, yet, judging by the growth, the distribution is very uniform through all the pipes, — main and laterals.

I supposed, when I first adopted Mr. Moule's suggestion to make this disposition of the house sewage, that some other arrangement would be necessary for the winter season, but even during the winter of 1874-75, — the coldest for many a long year, — the liquid has been perfectly disposed of, and has apparently found its outlets equally in all parts of the drainage.

Successful though this experiment has been, I am now arranging to adopt a small Field's flush-tank, in the belief that the system will be improved by having the discharge made intermittent, so that the flow of water being more copious will saturate the ground for a greater distance, and that, with considerable intervals during which there is no flow, there will be a complete aeration of the ground.

Field's apparatus is intended only for the use of private establishments. For mills, hotels, and even villages, a modified and much larger apparatus (being the adaptation of the well-known engineer, Mr. J. Bailey Denton) is capitally suited to the intermittent surface irrigation of large fields, enabling the agricultural use and purification of considerable quantities of sewage which are yet too small in their regular flow to be properly applied without such device.

The importance of a close attention to these details of household drainage cannot be overestimated. In a paper on *The Health of the Farmers of Massachusetts*, Dr. Adams, of Pittsfield, says, "There is no dwelling in the State, of

any class, which possesses an absolute immunity from these causes" (the vicinity of putrescent animal and vegetable matter); "for they are often so hidden and subtle as to elude the search not only of the landlord, but also of the most vigilant health officer."

The securing of pure drinking-water for the household can hardly claim full attention here, except so far as drinking-water wells are concerned; although the extent to which water coming from public works is contaminated by an injudicious arrangement of supply pipes and soil pipes is often alarming, as was suggested in the preceding article.

Quite generally, country houses and houses in villages and towns depend entirely upon drinking-water wells for their supply, and the degree to which these wells are rendered dangerous by what is called "surface water" — that is, rain-water passing over or through a surface soil made foul by house slops, kitchen refuse, etc. — is more than alarming. The purity of the water in any well depends almost entirely on the ability of the earth through which it descends to deprive it, by filtration, of its organic impurities. It is always a question between the amount and character of the filtering material, and the amount and character of the impurity. In a deep, porous soil, where the water-table lies at a great depth, and where the rain-water descends vertically to the line of saturation below, there is little danger, unless the grossest fouling of the surface in the immediate vicinity is constant and long-continued; but where the water level is near the surface of the ground, where the soil has an impervious stratum a few feet below the surface, or where the well is supplied through rock fissures or gravel seams which open near to the surface of the earth, the most scrupulous cleanliness is needed to prevent contamination.

Fresh earth is a capital purifying filter, and the rapidity with which its filtering power is renewed depends upon the freedom with which air circulates within it, the purification being in nearly all cases a process of oxidation. In

a deep and porous soil, as the water of a rain-storm settles away, it is immediately followed by the entrance of air from the surface, and the oxidation may be complete; but in clay and in other impervious soils, the entrance of air being much more slow and difficult, the impurities accumulate and the foulness increases and too often becomes permanent. In soil of this character the curbing of the well should be laid in cement for some distance below the surface, and wet clay should be closely puddled round the curbing, to prevent the trickling down of water between this and the solid earth. The greater the distance between the surface of the ground and the point at which water first oozes from the earth into the well, the greater the safety.

The above refers only to the fouling of wells by the leaching down of impurities thrown upon or accumulating in the surface soil. A much more frequent and much more serious source of mischief is their contamination by foul water leaking from badly made house drains or flowing laterally from cess-pools or vaults, — our own or our near or distant neighbors', — or the trickling down through gravel seams in heavy soils or porous fissures in rock of the surface liquid of adjacent or remote barn-yards. When porous strata in rock or earth bring the site of the cess-pool into communication with the site of the well, the danger is immediate and constant until the cess-pool is made absolutely tight.

The more insidious process is that of the gradual fouling of the semi-porous earth lying between the source of the impurity and the drinking-water well. In such cases the exudation is usually quite or nearly constant; there is no opportunity for the air to restore the filtering power of the soil, and it becomes saturated with impurity inch by inch, until, perhaps after a month or perhaps after several years, the saturation reaches the well; then every drop oozing in from this source carries with it its atom of filth. While the supply of water in the ground is copious, and while there is more or less circulation through the

water veins, the foulness may be too much diluted to do harm; but in dry seasons, when the supply recedes to a depth of only a few feet at the bottom of the well, the contribution of drain water continuing the same, the dose becomes sufficient to produce its poisonous effect.

The dangerous character of the water of such wells is often manifested by no odor or taste of organic matter; the chemical changes in this matter seem to have been carried so far as to yield little more than vivifying nitrates to the water, their organic character having entirely disappeared. Indeed, some of the most dangerous well-waters are especially sparkling and refreshing to the taste. But the chemical processes which have effected this change appear to have had no effect on the germs of disease, — if germs they be, — which retain their injurious character to such a degree that the worst results have often come of the use of water that was especially sparkling and pleasant as a beverage.

The bad effects of organic decomposition are nowhere more manifest than when it takes place in an unventilated cellar.

That large part of the American people who were born and bred in the country will appreciate the following quotation from Judge French, describing childhood's experiences with New England cellars: "You creep part way down the cellar-stairs, with only the light of a single tallow candle, and behold by its dim glimmer an expanse of dark water boundless as the sea. On its surface, in dire confusion, float barrels and boxes, butter firkins, wash-tubs, boards, planks, hoops and staves, without number, interspersed with apples, turnips, and cabbages, while half-drowned rats and mice, scrambling up the stairway for dear life, drive you affrighted back to the kitchen." This will seem to many like exaggeration, but probably throughout all America one half of the population which lives over cellars at all, lives over cellars which, at some time during the year, approach the condition described.

All this nastiness and wet and confined moldiness and stagnation must inevitably foul the air of the whole house, rendering it impure to a degree that makes us wonder how human beings, if they can live at all, can live in even tolerable health in such abodes.

A medical correspondent of the Massachusetts Board of Health gives an account of the cellar of a house in Hadley, built by a clergyman, which had an uncovered well within it, and into which a sink drain with its deposit-box had full opportunity to discharge its gases, there being no proper ventilation to the drain or box. The cellar was also used for the storage of vegetables, and its windows were never taken out. There was no escape for the damp and foul air of the cellar save through the crevices of the floors into the rooms above.

"After a few months' residence in the house, the minister's wife died, of fever, so far as I can learn. He soon married again, and within one year of the death of the first wife the second died, from, as I understand, the same disease. His children were also sick. He lived in the house about two years. The next occupant was a man named B—. His wife was desperately sick. A physician then took the house. He married, and his wife died of the fever. Another physician was the next occupant, and he, within a few months, came near dying of erysipelas. All this time matters had remained as before described with reference to ventilation." After this a school-teacher took the house, and made some unimportant changes. "The sickness and the fatality of the property became so marked that the property became unsalable. When last sold every sort of prediction was made as to the risk of occupancy, but by a thorough attention to sanitary conditions no such risks have been encountered."

It is hardly necessary to recur to extreme instances of cellar foulness, such as those above described, to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that in a confined and dimly-lighted atmosphere, like that of an ordinary cellar, all

decomposition of organic matter must result in the production of gases unfit for human breathing.

We especially need a condition of air that can be maintained only under the influence of light and free ventilation. The great difficulty with our cellars is that as they have a more or less complete communication with the house through open doors, imperfectly laid floors, etc., and as the law of the transference of gases is constantly operating even though the means of communication may be imperfect, their unceasing tendency day and night is to communicate their impurities to the air of the house. Where floors are deafened and where the ceiling of the cellar is lath-and-plastered, the danger is much less than where there is only a single thickness of boards with imperfect joints to check the communication; but no matter how perfect the separation may be, everything like the decomposition of vegetable or animal matter should be studiously avoided, and there should be at all times a free (though slight) circulation of air in the cellar.

To live in a house standing amid offensive and dangerous surroundings is under no circumstances either necessary or excusable. It has been well said that no man is so poor that he need have his pig-trough at his front-door, or that he need throw his slops under his dining-room window. No place is so small that it need contain a fermenting manure heap within dangerous proximity to the house; either the fermentation must be arrested or the accumulation must be entirely avoided. No yard is so flat that the slops of the house may not be drained away to a sufficient distance for safety. In short, there are in this world no circumstances unfit for wholesome living which may not be either overcome or run away from.

To live wrongly is a danger and a disgrace to the individual. To permit such wrong living is more than a danger and a disgrace to the community; it is a criminal menace to its own health and life. No special rules and regulations need be given here for the avoidance of

palpable sources of danger; all that is necessary is studiously to avoid the retention of accumulations of organic filth of whatever description.

In the living of every family there is a certain necessary production of waste organic matter. In the economy of nature all such waste is destined to return to its elementary condition and to become a part of the air or soil or sea, awaiting its renewed use in feeding plant life. Man has learned how to avail himself of nature's organic products to supply his demand for food and clothing. He seems not yet to have learned how to hand back to the realm of nature the refuse that is not useful to him, in such a way as to avoid the injury with which its neglect threatens him. Were each man dependent only on the conditions in and about his own house, it would be safer than it now is to leave the needed reformation to individual action; but unfortunately all in the community are dependent for life and health more completely than they realize on the condition and surroundings of their poorest and most ignorant neighbor.

The public has long asserted and exercised its right to abate nuisances, but its definition of the term "nuisance" begins at a point far removed from the stricter sanitary limit. Our communities seem not yet to realize that they have a clear right to the health and strength of their individual members, and especially to insist that no man shall, by incurring the risk of disease in his own family, endanger others to whom his disease may be communicated. The stamping-out process must extend to the very bottom of society, and if we apply ourselves to the stamping out of causes, the effect (infectious disease) will not demand our attention.

If slops thrown out at the kitchen door of the poorest house in the town threaten the health of those living in that house, all who may eventually suffer from the sickness beginning in that family have as clear a right to prevent the cause as they would have to put the family in quarantine were they suffering from small-pox.

The art of purveying has been brought very near to perfection, and it may well be left to the commercial instincts of those whose business it is; but the hardly less important art of scavenging has received from the outset nothing but the sheerest neglect. It is as yet hardly in its infancy; if we can hide our filth away underground, shove it down the gutter to our neighbors' premises, or secrete it in one of those fermenting retorts, a public sewer (as usually constructed), we think we have done all that our own safety requires of us, and the safety of others we have not yet learned to regard. But our own safety is by no means secured; we are always in danger from our neglected wastes, and in proportion as we and others use the common sewer do they endanger us and we them.

That precursor of the sewer, the receptacle in our own yards, is certainly less dangerous than its modern substitute, but it is usually very far from being a safe neighbor to even an isolated house. As houses accumulate, the risk from it increases.

I was recently conversing with an intelligent builder about the construction of a contemplated cess-pool.

"It is useless to suppose that in such heavy ground a filtering cess-pool can very long answer a good purpose."

"I don't know how that is, but my own cess-pool in similar ground has been in constant use for eight years without being cleaned out, and it works all right yet."

"How do you know that it is not leaching into your well?"

"Because I put my well a good distance away from it, on the up-hill side."

"How about your neighbor's wells, down the hill below you?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about them; that's their lookout."

The fact is that the whole hill-side near the top of which this man lives is supplied with alternate cess-pools and wells, and there is every reason to suppose that the porous strata through which the cess-pools are emptied are the very strata from which the wells are filled.

It is not to be understood that the or-

dinary outhouse vault is necessarily a source of danger; there is enough to be said against this arrangement on the score of convenience and of decency to serve as an argument for its abolition; but if it be cemented perfectly tight, and if its contents be daily disinfected with carbolic acid, sulphate of iron, or other suitable chemical addition, there is no fear of either the poisoning or the dangerous fouling of the air.

So, too, if it be used only for its legitimate purposes, if no liquid matter of any sort be poured into it, and if it have a copious daily sprinkling of ashes or dry earth, it will be equally free from sanitary objection.

But if these precautions are not adopted and carried into effect under a rigid supervision, there is certainly no single appurtenance of the life of an ordinary household so fraught with danger and annoyance to all who live within reach of its influence.

In all towns and villages where this expedient is allowed to remain in use, the strongest and most persistent effort of the board of health, reinforced with full power for the infliction of penalties, should be devoted to the regular, frequent, and efficient supervision and inspection of every out-of-door closet of whatever description. The removal of contents should never be left to the uncontrolled action of the proprietor, but should be carried on by well-directed workmen in the employment of the board, or at least under its direct inspection.

However perfect the ventilation of sewers or cess-pools, the safety of individual families and of all to whom they may communicate disease demands a careful attention to the ventilation of the house drain. It is chiefly through this drain that cess-pool and sewer gas finds its way into the house, and the house drain itself will be relatively more foul than will the public sewer which takes the wash of streets. Dust and foul matters of various sorts are very apt to accumulate with the congealed grease that so frequently coats the sides of the drain. Therefore, so far as the house itself is concerned, its greatest source of danger

lies in the return to its rooms of the emanations from its own offscourings, entering through the water traps or through leaks in the pipes, whether such return be caused by their own expansive force or by the pressure of the sewer air behind them.

It is by no means enough to establish even the most perfect water trap in the line of a house drain. It is of at least equal importance that there should be a free vent for the escape of all air from the sewer and all gases generated within the house drain or in the soil pipe, not into the attic of the house nor at its eaves, near sleeping-room windows, but well up through and above the highest point of the roof.

House-drain ventilators are often introduced into chimneys, but they are nearly as often removed after a short trial. So long as there is a constant upward draft in the chimney, this disposition of the gases is good enough, but when no fires are used the chimney frequently becomes a down-cast shaft, or when gusts of wind drive the smoke or the soot-smelling air into rooms, the ventilator gas is sure to accompany it.

House drains are even more liable to changes of temperature, and therefore more subject to a varying pressure of the air within them, than are sewers themselves.

Ventilating pipes should be made of some permanent material. Earthenware is the best, but lead and cast-iron are good and reasonably durable. Zinc—and consequently the zinc coating of galvanized iron—is very subject to decay under the action of the corrosive gases issuing from soil pipes.

What is known under the general term "sewer gas" is the emanation from waste matters undergoing decomposition in the absence of free air and light, and in the presence of water, whether in a sewer, a house drain, a cess-pool, a vault, or a foul, wet, and unventilated cellar. It frequently exists in the case of a detached country house, and is never absent from a town sewer, though it is possible in the case of these, by perfect ventilation, greatly to lessen its pro-

duction, and so to dilute it as to prevent its doing serious harm.

Poisonous sewer gas cannot be clearly defined. It is known chiefly by its effect; even its odor is rarely a marked one, and danger is believed to lurk not so much in those foul stenches which appeal to our senses, as in the odorless, mawkish exhalations which announce themselves first by headache and debility. This gas, in its most dangerous form, is believed to be some product of organic matter undergoing decomposition in the presence of superabundant water, and in the absence of light and free ventilation.

It may be present without detection; and, in addition to its frequent passing of the usual water traps, it is largely drawn into our living-rooms by the draught of heated chimneys when their demand for air is not abundantly supplied through other and easier channels of ingress.

Furthermore, soil pipes, as frequently constructed, crack or open their joints, by the frequent expansion and contraction that alternate floods of hot and cold water occasion, and thus give vent to their gases.

It is well known that leaden waste pipes decay and frequently become so perforated as to allow the escape of gas into the house. This decay always takes place from the inside, and generally at the upper sides of a pipe running in a horizontal or oblique direction; that is, in the horizontal pipe leading from a closet to the descending soil pipe more often than in the descending soil pipe itself. If there is a bend in the pipe the perforation occurs in its upper part. It usually occurs first in the highest pipes in the house. The perforation is very much the most rapid in the entire absence of ventilation. If the ventilation is by means of free and clear openings above and below, the corrosion amounts to very little.

The fact that the point of attack lies in that part of the pipe which is not covered with water, and more especially in the higher portions,—to which heated sewer gas at once rises, and where

it accumulates, — indicates clearly that the corrosive action is due to the resultant gases of fæcal decomposition and not to the liquid contents of the pipe. As the corrosion begins on the inside of the pipe, and at a point where perforation would not ordinarily cause leakage, it is very likely to be overlooked, even when sought for by a plumber applying the usual tests for leakage.

The diseases resulting to the inmates of the house from this condition of the pipes, and from other means for the admission of sewer gas, are those usually caused by excrementitious poisoning: namely, typhoid fever, diphtheria, diarrhœa, cerebro-spinal meningitis, scarlet fever, etc.; and it is always safe to advise any one in whose house such diseases appear, to uncover his soil pipes and have them thoroughly examined. Dr. Furgus says, "For some years back I have insisted on the careful examination of the soil pipes wherever I have had cases of diphtheria or typhoid, and in every case where I could get this carefully carried out I have detected sewer gas getting into the house through perforated pipes or in some other way."

One of the other ways he believes to be by the transfusion of the gas through the water of the trap, which he seems clearly to have detected. In experiments with glass pipes having bends or water traps it was found that the light gases passed through by the top of the bend, and the heavy gases by the bottom. "The action of the gas was curious. It was found, first, to saturate the surface of the water next to it in the trap; then to sink down in a fine stream, and then gradually travel through to the other or house side of the trap, when it again spread out and began to diffuse itself both into the atmosphere above it and downward through the water also."

Dr. Carpenter, of Croydon, England, says: "The demands of air for fires and for respiration must be supplied from some source, and as the easiest means of access is often the communication between the house and the sewer, the poisonous gases which are lightest, and therefore in the highest parts of the

drains nearest at hand, are first drawn in."

He gives the following means by which its admission is obtained: through the water-closet trap when the soil pipe itself is unventilated; through defective joints or fissures in the soil pipe, resulting from bad workmanship, accident, or decay; through the waste pipes of house-maids' sinks, butlers' sinks, kitchen sinks, and untrapped bath outlets; through the overflow pipe from wash-basins, etc. He especially emphasizes the emptying of the traps by siphon-like suction, or, where the trap is not constantly used, by the evaporation of the sealing water. He thinks that not one trap in ten thousand is properly protected, and that without protection they are worse than useless.

The healthful arrangement of the water supply and drainage of the house in its minutest details should be a chief care of the architect, whereas, in practice, it is almost invariably left to a plumber, doing the work too often by contract, and having no conception of what is needed, — only of what has hitherto been done.

Evils resulting from the admission of sewer gas into living-rooms are popularly called "accidents," but they are accidents which may always be foreknown and the prevention of which is perfectly understood; they are no longer accidents, but gross faults of commission.

Until lately, in applying the water system, it has been considered sufficient to interpose what is called a water trap — usually an inverted siphon, in which water is supposed to be always standing — between the house and the waste pipe leading to the sewer. These traps, as commonly constructed, are in every way defective: even a light wind blowing into the mouth of the sewer often increases the pressure sufficiently to send the sewer gas bubbling through them into the house; a great rush of water into the sewer during heavy rains, by lessening the air-space, often similarly forces the traps. The same effect is produced in a marked degree by the rise

of the tides into the mouths of outlet sewers in sea-side towns, the air being compressed into a smaller space and forced to find a vent. Even did these difficulties not exist, the fact that water transmits aeriform matter would always remain as an objection; sewer gas is absorbed by the water of the end of the trap which is toward the sewer, and is given off to contaminate the air at the end which has a communication with the interior of the house.

The ordinary soil pipe has a trap at its lower part, and, if unventilated, its air stagnates often for hours together. When the pipe is used, every gallon of water poured down causes a displacement of some of the contained gas, which will seek its easiest means of escape, probably into the house. When a current is set up in the siphon-shaped trap below, its contents necessarily vibrate back and forth for a certain time, giving an impulsion to the confined air above that will tend to force it through fissures or feeble traps.

Instances of fatal disease arising from imperfect plumbing have been and still are numberless, many of them as glaring as the following, described by Hakerman, who says that in the prisons at Brest the apartments which were supplied with water-closets were filled with sewer gas when the southwest wind drove the air through the sewers and forced the traps. In these apartments the cholera raged with great intensity, while those parts of the prison not supplied with closets remained free from it.

Dr. Furgus asserts that diarrhoea, cholera, diphtheria, and dysentery have increased fourfold since the introduction of the water-closet system with its numerous inlets for sewer gas into houses and water-supply cisterns.

In 1872 the Medical Officer for Edinburgh reported that wherever water-closets were introduced, "in the course of one year there were double the number of deaths from typhoid and scarlet fever, and any epidemic fever occurring in these houses assumed a character of malignant mortality." In our own cities it is known that the fatal prevalence

of typhoid, and it is believed that frequent epidemics of diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis, are due to faulty drainage alone.

In doing away with cess-pools and substituting sewers, unless proper precautions are taken, we simply make an elongated cess-pool, rarely sufficiently cleansed, and often grossly foul, and communicating with the interior of every dwelling-house. If typhoid excreta are thrown into a sewer a mile away from us, we have no security against the danger that its poisonous organisms will float in the gas of the sewer and enter our own living-rooms. Grave as this difficulty is, it may be almost entirely removed by a proper arrangement of the drainage works of the house itself.

How slight a change in temperature in a sewer or cess-pool suffices to force a water trap may be seen by experimenting with the simple apparatus illustrated herewith.

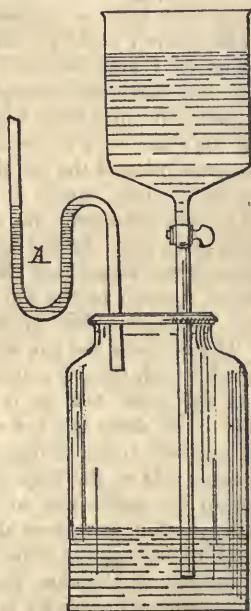


Figure 5.

The bend in the pipe A, filled with water, represents the common trap of house plumbing; the flask is filled with air. If the hand be simply placed upon the flask, the bodily heat will expand

the air sufficiently to throw the water quite out of the pipe, although its upper arm may be several inches long. In like manner, on opening the cock in the pipe leading from the vessel above, containing water, the contents of this vessel will flow into the jar and bring to bear upon its contained air such a pressure as will force the water out of the bent tube. This represents precisely the condition of things when the quantity of water in the sewer is materially increased by sudden rains or by the rise of the tide into the outlet.

Another cause of changing pressure upon the air of the sewer is the frequent ebb and flow of the volume of sewage, now only a thread of water along the floor, and now an amount sufficient to fill it to half its height.

The ventilation of soil pipes is not only needful to carry away sewer gas which would otherwise be forced through the traps or transmitted by their water, but also to prevent the formation of a vacuum when large volumes of water are poured down them. The vacuum thus formed is quite sure to suck open one or more of the water traps, — which, until it is filled at its next use, will remain free for the passage of the gas from the pipe into the house.

A soil pipe in untrapped communication with a sewer has been described by Dr. Carpenter as an elongated bell-glass, affording a certain depot for the lighter products of decomposition and putrefaction; if the soil pipe has a free ventilation by a direct channel to the outer air above, these gases will escape harmlessly, but unless such outlet is provided, they will themselves seek out (or create) defective spots through which to find their way to the interior of the house.

Unused water-closets are especially dangerous, as the water in the trap, which was their only feeble barrier to the communication between the inside of the sewer and the inside of the house, is soon removed by evaporation; and as ordinarily arranged, the overflow pipes of little used bath-tubs and stationary wash-basins have their traps empty and open during a large part of the time.

In the very complete sewerage work of Croydon, Dr. Carpenter early insisted upon the compulsory ventilation of soil pipes, but his opinion and advice had to be reinforced by a long list of deaths traceable to the lack of ventilation before the authorities adopted the rule. The work was systematically carried out by Mr. Latham, who was then a director of the Croydon board, and who has since become a leading authority in matters of sanitary engineering. Although he had himself given full credence to Dr. Carpenter's belief, he was astonished at the result. "Typhoid was sprinkled here and there before him; but as the work progressed it entirely disappeared from behind him and has not returned."

It is especially important that soil-pipe ventilators should be as nearly straight and vertical as possible; a crooked ventilator pipe will not "draw" any more than will a badly built chimney flue, nor even so well, as it lacks the heat of a fire to set up a current.

Incidentally to the seclusion of sewer air from our houses, we have to consider the subject of general ventilation, — a subject that has been more bemuddled and befogged by *quasi* scientific treatment than any other connected with domestic life, unless it be the much vexed and generally misunderstood subject of sewerage itself.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: "Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it." All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided.

It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, al-

lowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one half or two thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems from its daily draft on the wood-pile or the coal-bin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments.

The admission of fresh air to supply the place of that which is withdrawn is an imperative necessity, and in tightly built modern houses cracks and cran- nies for this purpose are wanting. It is not unusual in modern houses supplied with furnaces, especially where there is no public sewerage, to find such an arrangement of closet and kitchen drains as permits the escape of some of their dangerous gases immediately into, or in the vicinity of, the cold-air box which supplies the furnace, and the flues which furnish the interior of the house with its heated air.

In a house warmed by a furnace the supply from the registers is usually sufficient to feed the chimney, and if the furnace chamber draws its air from the outer atmosphere, from an unfouled locality, and by all means *not* from a cellar, the only objection lies in the character of ordinary furnace heating. Concerning this it need be said here only that iron heated by hot water is better than iron heated by the direct action of fire, and that, if water-pipes be not used,

wrought iron is a much safer material than cast-iron for the transmission of the heat.

In all houses which are connected with public sewers or cess-pools, especial pains should be taken to supply enough fresh air for the fires through some efficient means of communication with the outer atmosphere. Otherwise, there is danger that they will feed themselves from badly trapped communications with the drain.

Sunlight is the handmaiden of ventilation and fresh air. Indeed, ample sunlight and the avoidance of a damp soil may be taken as the very fundamental conditions of healthy living.

In the lying-in hospital in Dublin the mortality of new-born infants during twenty-five years preceding its ventilation was one in six. In the twenty-five years following the supply of pure air by better ventilation, it was one in one hundred and four.

It seems almost incredible that such striking changes should have taken place so recently, but it is to be remembered that it is only about one hundred years since oxygen was discovered, and hardly fifty years since the physiology of respiration was made known; while the fact of injury from breathing foul air is indeed a very recent discovery.

Popular attention is now being resolutely drawn to these important sanitary considerations, and we may reasonably hope that we have fairly entered on an era in which the improvement of sanitary conditions will be an important attendant of advancing civilization.

George E. Waring, Jr.

A STRAGGLER.

I LEFT the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

Along a dark, moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy, tranquil, glade-like place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of gray,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue, delicious glimpse of day!

In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly, as I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell.

In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seemed to mark,
While dames and gallants roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,
And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

And then (most beauteous change of all!)
Strewn o'er its mottled slab lay low
A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
A vellum-bound Boccaccio!

Edgar Fawcett.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

III.

A QUITE unpremeditated inspiration which occurred to me upon being again offended — to run away — probably alarmed my parents more than my soror-icidal projects, and I think determined them upon carrying out a plan which had been talked of for some time, of my being sent again to school; which plan ran a narrow risk of being defeated by my own attempted escape from home. One day, when my father and mother were both in London, I had started for a walk with my aunt and sister; when only a few yards from home I made an impertinent reply to some reproof I received, and my aunt bade me turn back and go home, declining my company for the rest of the walk. She proceeded at a brisk pace on her way with my sister, nothing doubting that, when left alone, I would retrace my steps to our house; but I stood still and watched her out of sight, and then revolved in my own mind the proper course to pursue.

At first it appeared to me that it would be judicious, under such smarting injuries as mine, to throw myself into a certain pond which was in the meadow where I stood (my remedies had always rather an extreme tendency); but it was thickly coated with green slime studded with frogs' heads, and looked uninviting. After contemplating it for a moment, I changed my opinion as to the expediency of getting under that surface, and walked resolutely off towards London; not with any idea of seeking my father and mother, but simply with that goal in view, as the end of my walk.

Half-way thither, however, I became tired and hot and hungry, and perhaps a little daunted by my own undertaking. I have said that between Craven Hill and Tyburn turnpike there then was only a stretch of open fields with a few cottages scattered over them. In one of

these lived a poor woman who was sometimes employed to do needle-work for us, and who, I was sure, would give me a bit of bread and butter, and let me rest; so I applied to her for this assistance. Great was the worthy woman's amazement when I told her that I was alone, on my way to London; greater still, probably, when I informed her that my intention was to apply for an engagement at one of the theatres, assuring her that nobody with talent need ever want for bread. She very wisely refrained from discussing my projects, but, seeing that I was tired, persuaded me to lie down in her little bedroom and rest before pursuing my way to town. The weather was oppressively hot, and having lain down on her bed I fell fast asleep. I know not for how long, but I was awakened by the sudden raising of the latch of the house door, and the voice of my aunt Dall inquiring of my friendly hostess if she had seen or heard anything of me.

I sat up breathless on the bed, listening, and looking round the room perceived another door than the one by which I had entered it, which would probably have given me egress to the open fields again, and secured my escape; but before I could slip down from the bed and resume my shoes, and take advantage of this exit, my aunt and poor Mrs. Taylor entered the room, and I was ignominiously captured and taken home; I expiated my offense by a week of bread and water, and daily solitary confinement in a sort of tool house in the garden, where my only occupation was meditation, the clare-obscure that reigned in my prison admitting of none other.

This was not cheerful, but I endeavored to make it appear as little the reverse as possible by invariably singing at the top of my voice whenever I heard footsteps on the gravel walk near my place of confinement.

Finally I was released, and was guilty of no further outrage before my departure for Paris, whither I went with my mother and Mrs. Charles Matthews at the end of the summer.

We traveled in the *malle poste*, and I remember but one incident connected with our journey. Some great nobleman in Paris was about to give a grand banquet, and the *conducteur* of our vehicle had been prevailed upon to bring up the fish for the occasion in great hampers on our carriage, which was then the most rapid public conveyance on the road between the coast and the capital. The heat was intense, and the smell of our "luggage" intolerable. My mother complained and remonstrated in vain; the name of the important personage who was to entertain his guests with this delectable fish was considered an all-sufficient reply. At length the contents of the baskets began literally to ooze out of them and stream down the sides of the carriage; my mother threatened an appeal to the authorities at the *bureau de poste*, and finally we got rid of our pestiferous load. Whether M. le Duc's *chef* suicided himself, *à la Vatel*, for the non-arrival of the precious *marée* I know not, but we must have died of it, if not for it, if we had persevered in conveying it a league farther.

I was now placed at a school in the Rue d'Angoulême, Champs Élysées; a handsome house, formerly somebody's private hotel, with *porte cochère*, *cour d'honneur*, a small garden beyond, and large, lofty ground-floor apartments opening with glass doors upon them. The name of the lady at the head of this establishment was Rowden; she had kept a school for several years in Hans Place, London, and among her former pupils had had the charge of Miss Mary Russell Mitford, and that clever but most eccentric personage, Lady Caroline Lamb. The former I knew slightly, years after, when she came to London and was often in friendly communication with my father, then manager of Covent Garden, upon the subject of the production on the stage of her tragedy of the *Foscari*. Of the merits of this drama I have but

a faint recollection. I remember much better a volume of *Dramatic Scenes* by Miss Mitford, which made a very powerful and striking impression upon me. One in particular I was greatly fascinated by, on the subject of the German legend of the lady who compelled her lovers to ride round the top of her castle wall above a deep precipice, as the qualification for pretending to her hand, and is scornfully rejected by the only knight who succeeds in captivating her affections, and achieves the perilous ordeal of the ride, in attempting which his younger brother has been dashed to pieces before him. This story was also made the subject of a pretty ballad by M. Planché, called the *Lady of Kienast*, and set to a popular melody from Weigl's *Schweitzer Familie*. Miss Mitford's gallant hero, caressing and praising and thanking his horse for having borne him successfully round the terrible summit, while the humbled lady, trembling with love and agony at his feet, in vain implores a look or word from him, was a very spirited and striking picture that remains vividly in my mind, though it must be upwards of forty years since I read the poem. The play of *Rienzi*, in which Miss Mitford achieved the manly triumph of a really successful historical tragedy, is of course her principal and most important claim to fame, though the pretty collection of rural sketches, redolent of country freshness and fragrance, called *Our Village*, precursor, in some sort, of Mrs. Gaskell's incomparable *Cranford*, is, I think, the most popular of Miss Mitford's works.

She herself has always a peculiar honor in my mind, from the exemplary devotion of her whole life to her father, for whom her dutiful and tender affection always seemed to me to fulfill the almost religious idea conveyed by the old-fashioned, half-heathen phrase of filial piety.

Lady Caroline Lamb I never saw, but from friends of mine who were well acquainted with her I have heard manifold instances of her extraordinary character and conduct. I remember my friend Mr. Harness telling me that,

dancing with him one night at a great ball, she had suddenly amazed him by the challenge: "Gueth how many pairth of thtockingth I have on." (Her ladyship lisped, and her particular graciousness to Mr. Harness was the result of Lord Byron's school intimacy with and regard for him.) Finding her partner quite unequal to the piece of divination proposed to him, she put forth a very pretty little foot, from which she lifted the petticoat ankle high, lisping out, "Thixth."

I believe it was on the occasion of that same ball that she asked Lord Byron to waltz with her, when, probably irritated by her impertinent disregard of the infirmity which was always so bitter a mortification to him, he not only refused, saying, "You know I cannot," but added, "and you or any other woman ought not." (His poetical vituperation of the dance, then first coming into vogue, will be remembered.) Upon this rebuff the lady went to a dressing-room, and throwing open a window rushed out upon the balcony, and exclaiming in the words of St. Preux under the rocks of La Meilleraie: "*La roche est escarpée! l'eau est profonde!*" prepared to precipitate herself, not into the blue waters of Lake Lemman, but on to the hard-hearted pavement of a London street, which travesty of Rousseau's tragedy being timely averted by a friendly and firm clutch at her ladyship's skirts behind, she desired to have a glass of water, which being brought to her, she set her teeth in the glass and broke it, and proceeded to cut her throat with the jagged edge; but this being also interfered with, as injudicious, she was finally persuaded to postpone her despair to a more convenient season, and go home to bed. I have heard another version of the above attempted suicide, which made a pair of scissors snatched from the dressing-table and about to be plunged into her bosom the remedy of the lady for her outraged feelings. She might have equally illustrated her self-murder by a French quotation from Scribe's funny little piece of *Les premières Amours*: "*L'arme fa-*

tale était déjà levée sur son sein! c'était une paire de ciseaux." I remember my mother telling me of my father and herself meeting Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb at a dinner at Lord Holland's, in Paris, when accidentally the expected arrival of Lord Byron was mentioned. Mr. Lamb had just named the next day as the one fixed for their departure; but Lady Caroline immediately announced her intention of prolonging her stay, which created what would be called in the French chambers "sensation."

When the party broke up, my father and mother, who occupied apartments in the same hotel as the Lambs, — Meurice's, — were driven into the court-yard just as Lady Caroline's carriage had drawn up before the staircase leading to her rooms, which were immediately opposite those of my father and mother. A *ruisseau* or gutter ran round the court-yard, and intervened between the carriage step and the door of the vestibule, and Mr. Lamb, taking Lady Caroline, as she alighted, in his arms (she had a very pretty, slight, graceful figure), gallantly lifted her over the wet stones; which act of conjugal courtesy elicited admiring approval from my mother, and from my father a growl to the effect, "If you were *my* wife I'd put your ladyship in the gutter," justified perhaps by their observation of what followed. My mother's sitting-room faced that of Lady Caroline, and before lights were brought into it she and my father had the full benefit of a curious scene in the room of their opposite neighbors, who seemed quite unmindful that their apartment being lighted and the curtains not drawn they were, as regarded the opposite wing of the building, a spectacle for gods and men.

Mr. Lamb on entering the room sat down on the sofa, and his wife perched herself upon the elbow of it with her arm round his neck, which engaging attitude she presently exchanged for a still more persuasive one, by kneeling at his feet; but upon his getting up the lively lady did so also, and in a moment began flying round the room, seizing

and flinging on the floor cups, saucers, plates, — the whole *cabaret*, — vases, candlesticks, her poor husband pursuing and attempting to restrain his mad moiety, in the midst of which extraordinary scene the curtains were abruptly closed and the domestic drama finished behind them, leaving no doubt, however, in my father's and mother's minds, that the question of Lady Caroline's prolonged stay till Lord Byron's arrival in Paris had caused the disturbance they had witnessed. Poor Lady Caroline's worship seems to have been of as little avail with her spoilt poet as her husband's patient forbearance was with her. Indeed, Mr. Lamb's entire subjugation to her influence very long survived the period at which society judged that he ought to have withstood it in the interest of his dignity and her decorum, of which fact his very affectionate and admiring old friend, Lord Dacre, gave me a comical illustration in the following anecdote.

Her flighty and eccentric conduct with regard to Lord Byron, and the many unaccountable vagaries in which she indulged, at length brought her husband's family and friends to the unanimous resolution of using all possible influence to induce him to part from her. Much urgent persuasion was brought to bear upon the kindly, amiable gentleman, and a promise at length extorted from him by his irritated relations to separate himself from his crazy consort.

His firmness, however, was not supposed of a nature to be intrusted with the management of the parting, and he went off to Bocket Hall, leaving his sister to break his determination to Lady Caroline, and afterwards to follow him with the news of how she had received the expression of his resolution never to see her again. The interview between the wife and sister-in-law took place, and the offending lady was emphatically apprised of her husband's stern determination with regard to her; after which several members of Mr. Lamb's family left town for Hertfordshire, to tell him how the matter had gone, to strengthen him in his resolution, and

comfort him in his desolation. Arrived at Bocket, they sought the disconsolate husband in vain in the house and grounds till in a remote summer-house in the park he was discovered with Lady Caroline, *en Amazone*, sitting in his lap and feeding him with dainty slices of bread and butter, which she was literally putting into his mouth: the countenances of the relations must have been curious to see.

Among Lady Caroline's accomplishments was that of being a first-rate horsewoman. On parting from her sister-in-law she had mounted her horse and ridden as hard as she could ride straight to Bocket, to tell her husband herself how she had taken his sentence against her. I never read Glenarvon, in which I believe Lady Caroline is supposed to have intended to represent her idol, Lord Byron, and the only composition of hers with which I am acquainted is the pretty song of Waters of Elle, of which I think she also wrote the air. She was undoubtedly very clever in spite of her silliness, and possessed that sort of attraction, often as powerful as unaccountable, which belongs sometimes to women so little distinguished by great personal beauty that they have suggested the French observation that "*ce sont les femmes laides qui font les grandes passions.*" The European women fascinating *par excellence* are the Poles; and a celebrated enchantress of that charming and fantastic race of sirens, Mademoiselle Delphine Potocka, always reminded me of Lady Caroline Lamb, in the descriptions given of her by her adorers.

With Mr. Lamb I never was acquainted till long after Lady Caroline's death; after I came out on the stage, when he was Lord Melbourne and Prime Minister of England. I was a very young person, and though I often met him in society, and he took amiable and kindly notice of me, our intercourse was, of course, a mere occasional condescension on his part.

He was exceedingly handsome, with a fine person, verging towards the portly and a sweet countenance, more express-

ive of refined, easy, careless good-humor than almost any face I ever saw. His beauty was of too well born and well bred a type to be unpleasantly sensual; but his whole face, person, expression, and manner conveyed the idea of a pleasure-loving nature, habitually self-indulgent, and indulgent to others. He was my *beau idéal* of an Epicurean philosopher, supposing it possible that an Epicurean philosopher could have consented to be Prime Minister of England; and I confess to having read with unbounded astonishment the statement in the Greville Memoirs, that this apparent prince of *poco curantes* had taken the pains to make himself a profound Hebrew scholar. My dear old friend, Lord Dacre, often enlarged upon Lord Melbourne's amiable qualities; he was much attached to him, and spoke enthusiastically of his fine temper towards his political antagonists. Of this I recollect Charles Greville giving me an instance. When the Tories under Sir Robert Peel succeeded to the Melbourne ministry, Lord Melbourne ended a conversation upon the subject of his being "turned out," by saying, "Well, Charles, if those fellows [the ones new in office] want any help or information about business, you know you may come to me for it, for them." Mr. Greville was clerk of the council and an intimate friend of Lord Melbourne's.

He told me the queen was personally much attached to the pleasant premier under whose ministry she began her reign. He was always agreeable to her in his business relations with her, and she exhibited decided pleasure in his society; he used to amuse and make her laugh, and I believe his great successor, Sir Robert Peel, was at an immense disadvantage in his intercourse with his royal mistress, from the contrast between the easy, high-bred grace of Lord Melbourne's manner, and the rather awkward stiffness of his own.

Charles Greville thought Lord Melbourne's feeling for his young girl queen was a mixture of fatherly and lover-like tenderness and interest; and she may well have felt severely the change from his affectionate and chivalrous devotion

and solicitude, to the formal service, however dutiful, of his successor. She is said to have shed tears when Lord Melbourne went out of office, and certainly delayed by the mere exercise of her will Sir Robert's full assumption of his position, as long as it was possible to do so.

I retain one very vivid impression of that most charming of debonair noblemen, Lord Melbourne. I had the honor of dining at his house once, with the beautiful, highly-gifted, and unfortunate woman with whom his relations afterwards became subject of such cruel public scandal; and after dinner I sat for some time opposite a large, crimson-covered ottoman, on which Lord Melbourne reclined, surrounded by those three enchanting Sheridan sisters, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Blackwood (afterwards Lady Dufferin), and Lady St. Maur (afterwards Duchess of Somerset, and always queen of beauty). A more remarkable collection of comely creatures I think could hardly be seen, and taking into consideration the high rank, eminent position, and intellectual distinctions of the four persons who formed that beautiful group, it certainly was a picture to remain impressed upon one's memory.

To return to my school-mistress, Mrs. Rowden: she was herself an authoress, and had published a poem dedicated to Lady Bessborough (Lady Caroline Lamb's mother), the title of which was *The Pleasures of Friendship* (hope, memory, and imagination were all bespoken), of which I remember only the two opening lines:—

"Visions of early youth, ere yet ye fade,
Let my light pen arrest your fleeting shade;"

and a pathetic, though rather prosaic episode about two young Scotch girls, a certain Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, who, retiring together from some town infected with small-pox or other contagious disease, less fortunate than the fair Decameronians of Boccaccio, were followed to the rural retreat where they had taken refuge, by a young man, the lover of one of them, who brought the infection to them, of which they both died.

Mrs. Rowden during the period of her school-keeping in London was an ardent admirer of the stage in general and of my uncle John in particular, of whom the mezzotint engraving as Coriolanus, from Lawrence's picture, adorned her drawing-room in the Rue d'Angoulême, where, however, the nature and objects of her enthusiasm had undergone a considerable change: for when I was placed under her charge, theatres and things theatrical had given place in her esteem to churches and things clerical; her excitements and entertainments were Bible-meetings, prayer-meetings, and private preachings and teachings of religion. She was what was then termed Methodistical, what would now be designated as very Low Church. We were taken every Sunday either to the chapel of the embassy or to the Église de l'Oratoire (French Protestant worship), to two and sometimes to three services; and certainly Sunday was no day of rest to us, as we were required to write down from memory the sermons we had heard in the course of the day, and read them aloud at our evening devotional gathering. Some of us had a robust power of attention and retention, and managed these reproductions with tolerable fidelity. Others contrived to bring forth such a version of what they had heard as closely resembled the last edition of the subject matter of a prolonged game of Russian scandal. Sometimes upon an appeal to mercy and a solemn protest that we had paid the utmost attention and *could n't* remember a single sentence of the Christian exhortation we had heard, we were allowed to choose a text and compose an original sermon of our own; and I think a good-sized volume might have been made of homilies of my composition, indited under these circumstances for myself and my companions. I have always had rather an inclination for preaching, of which these exercises were perhaps the origin, and it is but a few years ago that I received at Saint Leonard's a visit from a tottering, feeble old lady of near seventy, whose name, unheard since, carried me back to my Paris school-days, and who, among other

memories evoked to recall herself to my recollection, said, "Oh, don't you remember how good-natured you were in writing such nice sermons for me when I never could write down what I had heard at church?" Her particular share in these intellectual benefits conferred by me I did not remember, but I remembered well and gratefully the sweet, silver-toned voice of her sister, refreshing the arid atmosphere of our dreary Sunday evenings with Händel's holy music. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and He shall feed his Flock, which I heard for the first time from that gentle school-mate of mine, recall her meek, tranquil face and liquid thread of delicate soprano voice, even through the glorious associations of Jenny Lind's inspired utterance of those divine songs. These ladies were daughters of a high dignitary of the English Church, which made my sermon-writing for their succor rather comical. Besides these Sunday exercises, we were frequently taken to week-day services at the Oratoire to hear some special preacher of celebrity, on which occasions of devout dissipation Mrs. Rowden always appeared in the highest state of elation, and generally received distinguished notice from the clerical hero of the evening.

I remember accompanying her to hear Mr. Lewis Wade, a celebrated missionary preacher, who had been to Syria and the Holy Land, and brought thence observations on subjects sacred and profane that made his discourses peculiarly interesting and edifying.

I was also taken to hear a much more impressive preacher, Mr. César Malan, of Geneva, who addressed a small and select audience of very distinguished persons, in a magnificent *salon* in some great private house, where everybody sat on satin and gilded *fauteuils* to receive his admonitions, all which produced a great effect on my mind, not however, I think, altogether religious; but the sermon I heard, and the striking aspect of the eloquent person who delivered it, left a strong and long impression on my memory. It was the first fine preaching I ever heard, and though I

was undoubtedly too young to appreciate it duly, I was, nevertheless, deeply affected by it, and it gave me my earliest experience of that dangerous thing, emotional religion, or, to speak more properly, religious excitement.

The Unitarians of the United States have in my time possessed a number of preachers of most remarkable excellence; Dr. Channing, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Bellows, my own venerable and dear pastor, Dr. Furness, Dr. Follen, William and Henry Ware, being all men of extraordinary powers of eloquence. At home I have heard Frederick Maurice and Dean Stanley, but the most impressive preaching I ever heard in England was still from a Unitarian pulpit; James Martineau, I think, surpassed all the very remarkable men I have named in the wonderful beauty and power, spirituality and solemnity, of his sacred teaching. Frederick Robertson, to my infinite loss and sorrow, I never heard, having been deterred from going to hear him by his reputation of a "fashionable preacher;" he, better than any one, would have understood my repugnance to that species of religious instructor.

Better, in my judgment, than these occasional appeals to our feelings and imaginations under Mrs. Rowden's influence, was the constant use of the Bible among us. I cannot call the reading and committing to memory of the Scriptures, as we performed those duties, by the serious name of study. But the Bible was learnt by heart in certain portions and recited before breakfast every morning, and read aloud before bedtime every evening by us; and though the practice may be open to some objections, I think they hardly outweigh the benefit bestowed upon young minds by early familiar acquaintance with the highest themes, the holiest thoughts, and the noblest words the world possesses or ever will possess. To me my intimate knowledge of the Bible has always seemed the greatest benefit I derived from my school training. Of the secular portion of the education we received, the French lady who was Mrs. Rowden's partner directed the principal part. Our lessons of

geography, grammar, history, arithmetic, and mythology (of which latter subject I suspect we had a much more thorough knowledge than is at all usual with young English girls) were conducted by her.

These studies were all pursued in French, already familiar to me as the vehicle of my elementary acquirements at Boulogne; and this soon became the language in which I habitually wrote, spoke, and thought, to the almost entire neglect of my native tongue, of which I never thoroughly studied the grammar till I was between fifteen and sixteen, when, on my presenting, in a glow of vanity, some verses of mine to my father, he said with his blandest smile, after reading them, "Very well, very pretty indeed! My dear, don't you think before you write poetry, you had better learn grammar?" a suggestion which sent me crestfallen to a diligent study of Lindley Murray. But grammar is perfectly uncongenial matter to me, which my mind absolutely refuses to assimilate. I have learned Latin, English, French, Italian, and German grammar, and do not know a single rule of the construction of any language whatever. Moreover, to the present day, my early familiar use of French produces uncertainty in my mind as to the spelling of all words that take a double consonant in French and only one in English, as apartment, enemy, etc.

The men of my family, that is, my uncle John, my father, and my eldest brother, were all philologists, and extremely fond of the study of language. Grammar was favorite light reading, and the philosophy which lies at the root of human speech a frequent subject of discussion and research with them; but they none of them spoke foreign languages with ease or fluency. My uncle was a good Latin scholar, and read French, Italian, and Spanish, but spoke none of them; not even the first, in spite of his long residence in French Switzerland. The same was the case with my father, whose delight in the dry bones of language was such that at near seventy he took the greatest pleas-

ure in assiduously studying the Greek grammar. My brother John, who was a learned linguist and familiar with the modern European languages, spoke none of them well, not even German, though he resided for many years at Hanover, where he was curator of the royal museum and had married a German wife, and had among his most intimate friends and correspondents both the Grimms, Gervinus, and many of the principal literary men of Germany. My sister and myself, on the contrary, had remarkable facility in speaking foreign languages with the accent and tune (if I may use the expression) peculiar to each; a faculty which seems to me less the result of early training and habit, than of some particular construction of ear and throat favorable for receiving and repeating mere sounds; a musical organization and mimetic faculty; a sort of mocking-bird specialty, which I have known possessed in great perfection by persons with whom it was in no way connected with the study, but only with the use of the languages they spoke with such idiomatic ease and grace. Moreover, in my own case, both in Italian and German, though I understand for the most part what I read and what is said in these languages, I have had but little exercise in speaking them, and have been amused to find myself, while traveling, taken for an Italian as well as for a German, simply by dint of the facility with which I imitated the accent of the people I was among, while intrepidly confounding my moods, tenses, genders, and cases in the determination to speak and make myself understood in the language of whatever country I was passing through.

Mademoiselle Descuillès, Mrs. Rowden's partner, was a handsome woman of about thirty, with a full, graceful figure, a pleasant countenance, a great deal of playful vivacity of manner, and very determined and strict notions of discipline. Active, energetic, intelligent, and good-tempered, she was of a capital composition for a governess, the sort of person to manage successfully all her pupils and become an object of enthusiastic devo-

tion to the elder ones whom she admitted to her companionship.

She almost always accompanied us when we walked, invariably presided in the school-room, and very generally her easy figure and pleasant, bright eyes were to be discovered in some corner of the play-ground, where from a semi-retirement, seated in her fauteuil with book or needle-work in hand, she exercised a quiet but effectual surveillance over her young subjects.

She was the active and efficient partner in the concern, Mrs. Rowden the dignified and representative one. The whole of our course of study and mode of life, with the exception of our religious training, of which I have spoken before, was followed under her direction, and according to the routine of most French schools.

The monastic rule of loud-reading during meals was observed, and L'Abbé Millot's Universal History, of blessed boring memory, was the dry daily sance to our diet. On Saturday we always had a half-holiday in the afternoon, and the morning occupations were feminine rather than academic.

Every girl brought into the school-room whatever useful needle-work mending or making her clothes required; and while one read aloud, the others repaired or replenished their wardrobes.

Great was our satisfaction if we could prevail upon Mademoiselle Descuillès herself to take the book in hand and become the "lectrice" of the morning; greater still when we could persuade her, while intent upon her own stitching, to sing to us, which she sometimes did, old-fashioned French songs and ballads, of which I learnt from her and still remember some that I have never since heard. That must have long ago died out of the musical world and left no echo but in my memory. Of two of these I think the words pretty enough to be worth preserving, the one for its naïve simplicity, and the other for the covert irony of its reflection upon female constancy, to which Mademoiselle Descuillès' delivery, with her final melancholy shrug of the shoulders, gave great effect.

LE TROUBADOUR.

Un gentil Troubadour
Qui chante et fait la guerre,
Revenait chez son père,
Rêvant à son amour.

Gages de sa valeur,
Suspendus à son écharpe,
Son épée, et sa harpe,
Se croisaient sur son cœur.

Il rencontre en chemin
Pelerine jolie,
Qui voyage, et qui prie,
Un rosaire à la main,

Colerette, à long plis,
Cachait sa fine taille,
Un grand chapeau de paille,
Ombrail son teint de lys.

"O gentil Troubadour,
Si tu reviens fidèle,
Chante un couplet pour celle
Qui bénit ton retour."

"Pardonne à mon refus,
Pelerine jolie!
Sans avoir vu ma mie,
Je ne chanterai plus."

"Et ne la vois-tu pas?
O Troubadour fidèle!
Regarde moi — c'est elle!
Ouvre lui donc tes bras!"

"Craignant pour notre amour,
J'allais en pelerine,
À la Vierge divine
Prier pour ton retour!"

Près des tendres amans
S'élève une chapelle,
L'Ermite qu'on appelle,
Bénit leurs doux sermens.

Venez en ce saint lieu,
Amans du voisinage,
Faire un pèlerinage
À la Mère de Dieu!

The other ballad, though equally an illustration of the days of chivalry, was written in a spirit of caustic contempt for the fair sex which suggests the bitterness of the bard's personal experience:—

LE CHEVALIER ERRANT.

Dans un vieux château de l'Andalousie,
Au temps où l'amour se montrait constant,
Où Beauté, Valeur, et Galanterie
Guidait aux combats un fidèle amant,
Un beau chevalier un soir se présente,
Visière baissée, et la lance en main;
Il vient demander si sa douce amante
N'est pas (par hasard) chez le châtelain.

"Noble chevalier! quelle est votre amie?"

Demande à son tour le vieux châtelain.

"Ah! de fleurs d'amour c'est la plus jolie"

Elle a teint de rose, et peau de satin,

Elle a de beaux yeux, dont le doux langage

Porte en votre cœur vif enchantement,

Elle a tout enfin — elle est belle, — et sage!"

"Pauvre chevalier! cherchez longtemps!"

"Poursuivez, pourtant, votre long voyage,

Et si vous trouvez un pareil trésor —

Ne le perdez plus! Adieu, bon voyage!"

L'amant repartit — mais, il cherche encore

The air of the first of these songs was a very simple and charming little melody, which my sister, having learnt it from me, adapted to some English words. The other was an extremely favorite *vaudeville* air, repeated constantly in the half singing dialogue of some of those popular pieces.

Our Saturday sewing class was a capital institution, which made most of us expert needle-women, developed in some the peculiarly lady-like accomplishment of working exquisitely, and gave to all the useful knowledge of how to make and mend our own clothes. When I left school I could make my own dresses and was a proficient in marking and darning.

My school-fellows were almost all English and, I suppose, with one exception, were young girls of average character and capacity. Elizabeth P——, a young person from the west of England, was the only remarkable one among them. She was strikingly handsome, both in face and figure, and endowed with very uncommon abilities. She was several years older than myself, and an object of my unbounded school-girl heroine worship. A daughter of Kiallmark, the musical composer, was also eminent among us for her great beauty, and always seemed to my girlish fancy what Mary Queen of Scots must have looked like in her youth. Among the rest none were in any way peculiar except a Scotch girl, of the name of Sybilla M——, a perfect typical ugly she Scot — tall, thin, raw-boned, whey-faced, sandy-haired, gooseberry-eyed, shambling, angular, awkward, speaking with the broadest Scotch twang, and sleeping with eyes and mouth wide open.

This curious image is made more ludicrous in my memory by an incident of school discipline, which illustrated her imperturbable Scotch phlegm and peculiar, rigid Scotch conscientiousness. For some offense, I know not what, Mademoiselle Descuillès desired her to kneel down in the middle of the school-room—a favorite foreign punishment for recalcitrant subjects, borrowed undoubtedly, like the loud-reading at meal-times, from monastic discipline. The mandate having been repeated with increasing sternness several times without effect, received at last the deliberate reply in the broadest North British: “*Nong, madame, jè nè pouee—paw.*” (Sybilla certainly never bowed her knees except to Heaven, and then, I imagine, not without their creaking.) The irate French lady then rejoining, “*Eh bien, allez mettre votre bonnet de nuit, si vous pouvez,*” was as deliberately obeyed, with a “*Wee, madame, jè pou-ee,*” and out shambled the Sybilla, to return with her head and face arrayed in such a hideous night-gear as produced an uproar among the class, and constrained Mademoiselle Descuillès to stoop very suddenly and very low over her desk, while the unperturbed performer of this grotesque penance resumed her place among us, and, with as perfect unconcern as if she had been in one of her wide-eyed slumbers, went through a lesson with one of the masters, whose galvanized start on entering was followed by repeated apparent fascinations, during which he remained for several seconds absorbed in the contemplation of the “*bonnet de nuit* of Mees Sibillena.” She was a girl of fifteen or sixteen, and certainly had a supernatural contempt for personal appearance. That *bonnet de nuit* penance would hardly serve, nowadays, any serious purpose of humiliation, what with the dandy night-caps, all ribbon and Valenciennes, and the still prettier white nets, with the bright braids glistening through them, of the American and English girls of the present day; but Sybilla M——’s night-cap was a grim skull-cap of thick linen, tied under her chin with tape,

and hideous was the only word appropriate to it.

Besides pupils Mrs. Rowden received a small number of parlor boarders, who joined only in some of the lessons; indeed, some of them appeared to fulfill no purpose of education whatever by their residence with her. There were a Madame and Mademoiselle de L——, the latter of whom was supposed, I believe, to imbibe English in our atmosphere. She bore a well-known noble French name, and was once visited, to the immense excitement of all “*ces demoiselles,*” by a brother in the uniform of the royal Gardes du Corps, whose looks were reported (I think rather mythologically) to be as superb as his attire. In which case he must have been strikingly unlike his sister, who was one of the ugliest women I ever saw; with a disproportionately large and ill-shaped nose and mouth, and a terrible eruption all over her face. She had, however, an extremely beautiful figure, exquisite hands and feet, skin as white as snow, and magnificent hair and eyes; in spite of which numerous advantages she was almost repulsively plain; it really seemed as if she had been the victim of a spell, to have so beautiful a body, and so all but hideous a face. Besides these French ladies there was a Miss McC——, a very delicate, elegant looking Irishwoman, and a Miss H——, who in spite of her noble name was a coarse and inelegant but very handsome Englishwoman. In general, these ladies had nothing to do with us; they had privileged places at table, formed Mrs. Rowden’s evening circle in the drawing-room, and led (except at meals) a life of dignified separation from the scholars.

I remember but two French girls in our whole company: the one was a Mademoiselle Adèle de G——, whose father, a fanatical Anglomane, wrote a ridiculous book about England. His daughter was, I think, a little cracked, and left her education in a state of deplorable incompleteness behind her, when she quitted the Rue d’Angoulême to contract a marriage of the very usual

French construction then, and still, I believe: it surely can hardly have been one of inclination or have begun very auspiciously, to judge by her own mode of speaking of it.

The other French pupil I ought not to have called a companion, or said that I remembered, for in truth I remember nothing but her funeral. She died soon after I joined the school, and was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, near the tomb of Abelard and Eloise, with rather a theatrical sort of ceremony that made a very lugubrious impression upon me. She was followed to her grave by the whole school, dressed in white and wearing long white veils fastened round our heads with white fillets. On each side of the bier walked three young girls, pall-bearers, in the same modern mourning, holding in one hand long streamers of broad white ribbon attached to the bier, and in the other several white narcissus blossoms.

The ghostly train and the picturesque mediæval monument, close to which we paused and clustered to deposit the dead girl in her early resting-place, formed a striking picture that haunted me for a long time, and which the smell and sight of the chalk-white narcissus blossom invariably recalls to me.

Meantime the poetical studies, or rather indulgences of home had ceased. No sonorous sounds of Milton's mighty music ever delighted my ears, and for my almost daily bread of Scott's romantic epics I hungered and thirsted in vain, with such intense desire that I at length undertook to write out *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* from memory, so as not absolutely to lose my possession of them. This task I achieved to a very considerable extent, and found the stirring, chivalrous stories and spirited, picturesque verse a treasure of refreshment when all my poetical diet consisted of *L'Anthologie française à l'Usage des Demoiselles*, and *Voltaire's Henriade*, which I was compelled to learn by heart and with the opening lines of which I more than once startled the whole dormitory at midnight, sitting suddenly up in my bed and from the

midst of perturbed slumbers loudly proclaiming, —

"Je chante ces héros qui regnes sur la France,
Et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance."

Familiarity breeds contempt. I went on committing to memory the tiresome rhymed history of *Le Béarnais*, and by and by slept sound in spite of *Henri Quatre* and *Voltaire*.

More exciting reading was *Madame Cottin's Mathilde*, of which I now go hold for the first time, and devoured with delight, finishing it one evening just before we were called to prayers, so that I wept bitterly during my devotions, partly for the Norman princess and her Saracen lover, and partly from remorse at my own sinfulness in not being able to banish them from my thoughts while on my knees and saying my prayers.

But, to be sure, that baptism in the desert, with the only drop of water they had to drink, seemed to me the very acme of religious fervor and sacred self-sacrifice. I wonder what I should think of the book were I to read it now, which Heaven forefend! The really powerful impression made upon my imagination and feelings at this period, however, was by my first reading of *Lord Byron's* poetry. The day on which I received that revelation of the power of thought and language remained memorable to me for many a day after.

I had occasionally received invitations from *Mrs. Rowden* to take tea in the drawing-room with the lady parlor boarders, when my week's report for "*bonne conduite*" had been tolerably satisfactory. One evening, when I had received this honorable distinction and was sitting in sleepy solemnity on the sofa opposite my uncle John's black figure in *Coriolanus*, which seemed to grow alternately smaller and larger as my eyelids slowly drew themselves together and suddenly opened wide, with a startled consciousness of unworthy drowsiness, *Miss H—*, who was sitting beside me, reading, leaned back and put her book before my face, pointing with her finger to the lines, —

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard."

It would be impossible to describe the emotion I experienced. I was instantly wide awake, and, quivering with excitement, fastened a grip like steel upon the book, imploring to be allowed to read on. The fear, probably, of some altercation loud enough to excite attention to the subject of her studies (which I rather think would not have been approved of, even for a "parlor boarder") prevented Miss H—— from making the resistance she should have made to my entreaties, and I was allowed to leave the room, carrying with me the dangerous prize, which, however, I did not profit by.

It was bedtime, and the dormitory light burned but while we performed our night toilet, under supervision. The under teacher and the lamp departed together, and I confided to the companion whose bed was next to mine that I had a volume of Lord Byron under my pillow. The emphatic whispered warnings of terror and dismay with which she received this information, her horror at the wickedness of the book (of which of course she knew nothing), her dread of the result of detection for me, and her entreaties, enforced with tears, that I would not keep the terrible volume where it was, at length, combined with my own nervous excitement about it, affected me with such a sympathy of fear that I jumped out of bed and thrust the fatal poems into the bowels of a straw *pailleasse* on an empty bed, and returned to my own to remain awake nearly all night. My study of Byron went no further then; the next morning I found it impossible to rescue the book unobserved from its hiding-place, and Miss H——, to whom I confided the secret of it, I suppose took her own time for withdrawing it, and so I then read no more of that wonderful poetry which, in my after days of familiar acquaintance with it, always affected me like an evil potion taken into my blood. The small, sweet draught which I sipped in that sleepy school-salon atmosphere remained indelibly impressed upon my memory, inasmuch that when, during the last year of my stay in Paris, the news of my

uncle John's death at Lausanne, and that of Lord Byron at Missolonghi, was communicated to me, my passionate regret was for the great poet of whose writings I knew but twenty lines, and not for my own celebrated relation, of whom, indeed, I knew but little.

It was undoubtedly well that this dangerous source of excitement should be sealed to me as long as possible; but I do not think that the works of imagination to which I was allowed free access were of a specially wholesome or even harmless tendency. The false morality and attitudinizing sentiment of such books as *Les Contes à ma Fille* and *Madame de Genlis' Veillées du Château* and *Adèle et Théodore* were rubbish, if not poison. The novels of Florian were genuine and simple romances, less mischievous, I incline to think, upon the whole, than the educational countess's mock moral sentimentality; but Chateaubriand's *Atala et Chactas*, with its picturesque pathos, and his powerful classical novel of *Les Martyrs*, were certainly unfit reading for young girls of excitable feelings and wild imaginations, in spite of the religious element which I suppose was considered their recommendation.

One great intellectual good fortune befell me at this time, and that was reading Guy Mannering; the first of Walter Scott's novels that I ever read, the *dearest*, therefore. I use the word advisedly, for I know no other than one of affection to apply to those enchanting and admirable works, that deserve nothing less than love in return for the healthful delight they have bestowed. To all who ever read them, the first must surely be the best; the beginning of what a series of pure enjoyments, what a prolonged, various, exquisite succession of intellectual surprises and pleasures, amounting for the time almost to happiness. Excellent genius! second but to one in England, fortunate above all other countries in having given to the world Shakespeare and Scott: kindred in kind though not in degree of gift, alike sweet of heart and sound of head, in whose conceptions beauty was never divided from truth;

the fabric of whose soaring, wide-spread fancy rose from the firmest, broadest base of moral integrity and sober judgment, genuine human sympathy and robust common-sense; like the great marble minster of Lombardy, whose foundations strike their roots deep down among the homes of the fair city, clustering at its feet, whose wide portals stand forever open to the busy populace that throngs its streets, and whose splendid roof, soaring into the air, with its countless spires and pinnacles of matchless workmanship, commands at once the Alps and the great Italian plain, and carries into the neighborhood of the stars a whole world of saints and martyrs, heroes, kings, and winged angelic presences, the glorified types of the human nature flowing in ceaseless currents around its base.

Scott, like Shakespeare, has given us, for intimate acquaintance, companions, and friends, men and women of such peculiar individual nobleness, grace, wit, wisdom, and humor, that they people our minds and recur to our thoughts with a vividness which makes them seem rather to belong to the past realities of the memory, than to the shadowy visions of the imagination.

It was not long before all this imaginative stimulus bore its legitimate fruit in a premature harvest of crude compositions which I dignified with the name of poetry. Rhymes I wrote without stint or stopping, — a perfect deluge of doggerel; what became of it all I know not, but I have an idea that a manuscript volume was sent to my poor parents as a sample of the poetical promise supposed to be contained in these unripe productions.

Besides the studies pursued by the whole school under the tuition of Made-moiselle Descuillès, we had special masters from whom we took lessons in special branches of knowledge.

Of these, by far the most interesting to me, both in himself and in the subject of his teachings, was my Italian master, Biagioli.

He was a political exile of about the same date as his remarkable contempo-

rary, Ugo Foscolo; his high forehead, from which his hair fell back in a long grizzled curtain, his wild, melancholy eyes, and the severe and sad expression of his face impressed me with some awe and much pity. He was at the same time one of the latest of the long tribe of commentators on Dante's *Divina Commedia*. I do not believe his commentary ranks high among the innumerable similar works on the great Italian poem; but in violence of abuse and scornful contempt of all but his own glosses he yields to none of his fellow-laborers in that vast and tangled poetical, historical, biographical, philosophical, theological, and metaphysical jungle.

I have said that I thought my brother John's early predilection for grammatical study had probably been the result of his master's kindred pursuit in the compilation of his dictionary. And I have no doubt that Biagioli's own passionate devotion to the great work of Dante induced him to abridge with very little ceremony my preparatory exercises in Goldoni, Metastasio, and Tasso, and place (perhaps prematurely) the weird opening of the *Divina Commedia* in my hands.

Dante was his spiritual consolation, his intellectual delight, and indeed his daily bread; for out of that tremendous horn-book he taught me to stammer the divine Italian language, and illustrated every lesson, from the simplest rule of its syntax to its exceedingly complex and artificially constructed prosody, out of the pages of that sublime, grotesque, and altogether wonderful poem. My mother has told me that she attributed her incapacity for relishing Milton to the fact of *Paradise Lost* having been used as a lesson-book out of which she was made to learn English, a circumstance which had made it forever *Paradise Lost* to her. I do not know why or how I escaped a similar misfortune in my school-girl study of Dante, but luckily I did so, probably being carried over the steep and stony way with comparative ease by the help of my teacher's vivid enthusiasm. I have forgotten my Italian grammar, rules of syntax and

rules of prosody alike, but I read and re-read the *Divina Commedia* with ever-increasing amazement and admiration. Setting aside all its weightier claims to the high place it holds among the finest achievements of human genius, I know of no poem in any language in which so many single lines and detached passages can be found of equal descriptive force, picturesque beauty, and delightful melody of sound; the latter virtue may lie perhaps as much in the instrument itself as in the master hand that touched it,—the Italian tongue, the resonance and vibrating power of which is quite as peculiar as its liquid softness.

While the stern face and forlorn figure of poor Biagioli seemed an appropriate accompaniment to my Dantesque studies, nothing could exceed the contrast he presented to another Italian who visited us on alternate days and gave us singing lessons. Blangini, whose extreme popularity as a composer and teacher led him to the dignity of *maestro di capella* to some royal personage, survives only in the recollection of certain elderly drawing-room nightingales who warbled fifty summers ago, and who will still hum bits of his pretty Canzoni and Notturmi, Care pupille, Per valli per boschi, etc., with pleasant recollection of their agreeable melody and easy accompaniment: how different from the amateur struggles of the present day, with the perilous modulations of Mendelssohn and Schubert!

Blangini was a *petit maître* as well as a singing master; always attired in the height of the fashion, and in manner and appearance much more of a Frenchman than an Italian. He was mercilessly satirical on the failure of his pupils, to whom (having reduced them, by the most ridiculous imitation of their unfortunate vocal attempts, to an almost inaudible utterance of *pianissimo* pipings) he would exclaim, “Ma per carità! aprite la bocca! che cantate come uccelli che dormono!” Besides his many graceful Italian songs and charming French romances for one or two voices, he published some more ambitious works: an Italian opera or two, out of which I

learnt some scenes of no particular musical merit; and a French one called *Le jeune Oncle* (a musical version of the pretty piece of that name), which contained some pleasant and cleverly constructed concerted pieces.

My music master, as distinguished from my singing master, was a worthy old Englishman of the name of Shaw, who played on the violin, and had been at one time leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre. Indeed, it was to him that John Kemble addressed the joke (famous because in his mouth unique) upon the subject of a song in the piece of Richard Cœur de Lion—I presume an English version of Grätzy's popular romance: “O Richard, O mon Roi!” This Mr. Shaw was painfully endeavoring to teach my uncle, who was entirely without musical ear, and whose all but insuperable difficulty consisted in repeating a few bars of the melody supposed to be sung under his prison window by his faithful minstrel, Blondel. “Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kemble, you are murdering the time, sir!” cried the exasperated musician; to which my uncle replied, “Very well, sir, and you are forever beating it!” I do not know whether Mrs. Rowden knew this anecdote and engaged Mr. Shaw because he had elicited this solitary sally from her quondam idol, John Kemble. The choice, whatever its motive, was not a happy one. The old leader of the theatrical orchestra was himself no piano-forte player, could no longer see very well or hear very well, and his principal attention was directed to his own share of the double performance, which he led much after the careless slap-bang style in which overtures that nobody listened to were performed in his day. It is a very great mistake to let learners play with violin accompaniment until they have thoroughly mastered the piano-forte without it. Fingering, the first of fundamental acquirements, is almost sure to be overlooked by the master whose attention is not on the hands of his pupil but on his own bow; and the pupil, anxious to keep up with the violin, slurs over rapid passages, scrambles

through difficult ones, and acquires a general habit of merely following the violin in time and tune, to the utter disregard of steady, accurate execution. A person who has mastered so thoroughly the mechanical difficulties of piano-forte playing as to be able to go through Bach's exercises quite correctly by heart, may be trusted with a violin accompaniment to lighter compositions. The lights and shades of expression, the effects of execution, the precision of time and general spirit of style may be improved by playing with the violin, or better still by taking a part in quartette and concerto playing with good performers. As for me, I derived but one benefit from my old violin accompanier, that of becoming a good timeist; in every other respect I received nothing but injury from our joint performances, getting into incorrigible habits of bad fingering, and of making up my bass with unscrupulous simplifications of the harmony, quite content if I came in with my final chords well thumped in time and tune with the emphatic scrape of the violin that ended our lesson. The music my master gave me, too, was more in accordance with his previous practice as leader of a theatrical orchestra than calculated to make me a steady and scrupulous executant. I made acquaintance with all the overtures that ever were composed — Mozart's, Cimarosa's, Paesello's, Rossini's, Boieldieu's, Méhul's, Kreutzner's, the whole theatrical *répertoire* of the day; only occasionally varied with one of Cramer's or Herz's showy arrangements or variations on popular airs, a symphony or two of Haydn's, some pretty rondos by Dussek, and Steibelt's Storm, the *ne plus ultra* of brilliant and difficult piano-forte amateurship, in Mr. Shaw's estimation.

We had another master for French and Latin, — a clever, ugly, impudent, snuffy, dirty little man, who wrote vaudevilles for the minor theatres and made love to his pupils. Both these gentlemen were superseded in their offices by other professors before I left school: poor old Pshaw Pshaw, as we used to

call him, by the French composer, Adam, unluckily too near the time of my departure for me to profit by his strict and excellent method of instruction; and our vaudevilleist was replaced by a gentleman of irreproachable manners, and I should think morals, who always came to our lessons *en toilette*, — black frock-coat and immaculate white waistcoat, unexceptionable boots and gloves, — by dint of all which he ended by marrying our dear Mademoiselle Descuillès (who, poor thing, was but a woman after all, liable to charming by such methods), and turning her into Madame Champy, under which name she continued to preside over the school after I left it; and Mrs. Rowden relinquished her share in the concern, — herself marrying and becoming Mrs. St. Quintin.

I have spoken of my learning Latin. Elizabeth P——, the object in all things of my emulous admiration, studied it, and I forthwith begged permission to do so likewise; and while this dead-language ambition possessed me I went so far as to acquire the Greek alphabet; which, however, I used only as a cipher for "my secrets," and abandoned my Latin lore, just as I had exchanged my Phædrus for Cornelius Nepos, not even attaining to the "*Arma virumque cano.*"

Nobody but Miss P—— and myself dabbled in these classical depths, but nearly the whole school took dancing lessons, which were given us by two masters, an old and young Mr. Guillet, father and son: the former, a little dapper, dried-up, wizen-faced, beak-nosed old man, with a brown wig that fitted his head and face like a Welsh night-cap; who played the violin and stamped in time, and scolded and made faces at us when we were clumsy and awkward; the latter a highly-colored, beak-nosed young gentleman who squinted fearfully with magnificent black eyes, and had one shining, oily wave of blue-black hair, which, departing from above one ear, traversed his forehead in a smooth sweep, and ended in a frizzly breaker above the other. This gen-

tleman showed us our steps and gave us the examples of graceful agility of which his father was no longer capable. I remember a very comical scene at one of our dancing lessons, occasioned by the first appearance of a certain Miss L——, who entered the room, to the general amazement, in full evening costume, a practice common, I believe, in some English schools where “dressing for dancing” prevails. We only put on light prunella slippers instead of our

heavier morning shoes or boots, and a pair of gloves, as adequate preparation. Moreover, the French fashion for full dress, of that day, did not sanction the uncovering of the person usual in English evening attire, and which under the auspices of the female potentate who has given the laws of dress to Paris, and therefore to the world, in these latter days has amounted as nearly as possible to the absolute nudity of the whole bust.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE JUDGMENT.

I DREAMED that I saw the Judgment set:

Ah, the old world's tale's untrue!

There was no throne in the clouds of heaven,

No armies in all the blue;

But a lonely man, with sad sweet face,

Slow walking from soul to soul —

Of all the pomp of the last dread day

This one sad man was the whole.

My soul stood naked before the man;

To my naked soul he spake,

And pointed up to a tall, pearl gate

Where the skies began to break.

“I am the Lord of that house,” he said,

“My supper up there is spread;

I invite your soul, I ask each soul

Among all the quick and dead:

“Come sup with me, I will sup with you,

We'll drink of the sweet new wine.

You are the branch, and I ask you in

Unto Christ, the living vine.”

I bowed my head, and I said, “My Lord,

I cannot go in with thee,

For I am one of the world whose sins

Once nailed thy hands to a tree.

“I am worse than much of the world besides,

And mine is the greater blame,

For I have owned and disowned thee, both,
And put thee to open shame.

“Go sup with thee? Ah, my Lord, not so;
Let my soul go out into night,
Where I ne’er shall hear an angel sing,
Nor see one star of thy light.

“Let me be forgot by thee, my Lord,
Unknown to the holy throng,
Unknowing myself the happy place
Where they sing the Lamb’s new song.

“I could not breathe in that high, pure air,
I should falter at every star,
I should discord make if I tried to sing;
Thy glory would kill me afar.

“So let me go to the night of space,
Where never thy love can be;
It is heaven enough to have ceased to sin;
There, silent, I’ll worship thee.”

He waved his hand, I lifted my head,
I looked for the gulfs of night,
But the crowns of heaven were gilding space
And heaven alone was in sight.

“Unworthy thou,” the sweet voice said,
“I grant it, but look on me:
I have been worthy for all the world,
And my righteousness give to thee.”

Then he led me in to his right hand,
Above, where the stars do shine;
He placed me among the wedding guests,
And himself poured out the wine,

And said, “There is now no night in space,
I am the sun, it is day.”
And I dared to kneel and to kiss his feet,
For my sins had passed away.

Henry Whitney Cleveland.

THE CURIOUS REPUBLIC OF GONDOUR.

As soon as I had learned to speak the language a little, I became greatly interested in the people and the system of government.

I found that the nation had at first tried universal suffrage pure and simple, but had thrown that form aside because the result was not satisfactory. It had seemed to deliver all power into the hands of the ignorant and non-tax-paying classes; and of a necessity the responsible offices were filled from these classes also.

A remedy was sought. The people believed they had found it; not in the destruction of universal suffrage, but in the enlargement of it. It was an odd idea, and ingenious. You must understand, the constitution gave every man a vote; therefore that vote was a vested right, and could not be taken away. But the constitution did not say that certain individuals might not be given two votes, or ten! So an amendatory clause was inserted in a quiet way; a clause which authorized the enlargement of the suffrage in certain cases to be specified by statute. To offer to "limit" the suffrage might have made instant trouble; the offer to "enlarge" it had a pleasant aspect. But of course the newspapers soon began to suspect; and then out they came! It was found, however, that for once,—and for the first time in the history of the republic,—property, character, and intellect were able to wield a political influence; for once, money, virtue, and intelligence took a vital and a united interest in a political question. For once these powers went to the "primaries" in strong force; for once the best men in the nation were put forward as candidates for that parliament whose business it should be to enlarge the suffrage. The weightiest half of the press quickly joined forces with the new movement, and left the other half to rail about the proposed "destruction of the liberties" of the

bottom layer of society, the hitherto governing class of the community.

The victory was complete. The new law was framed and passed. Under it every citizen, howsoever poor or ignorant, possessed one vote, so universal suffrage still reigned; but if a man possessed a good common-school education and no money, he had two votes; a high-school education gave him four; if he had property likewise, to the value of three thousand *sacos*, he wielded one more vote; for every fifty thousand *sacos* a man added to his property, he was entitled to another vote; a university education entitled a man to nine votes, even though he owned no property. Therefore, learning being more prevalent and more easily acquired than riches, educated men became a wholesome check upon wealthy men, since they could outvote them. Learning goes usually with uprightness, broad views, and humanity; so the learned voters, possessing the balance of power, became the vigilant and efficient protectors of the great lower rank of society.

And now a curious thing developed itself—a sort of emulation, whose object was voting-power! Whereas formerly a man was honored only according to the amount of money he possessed, his grandeur was measured now by the number of votes he wielded. A man with only one vote was conspicuously respectful to his neighbor who possessed three. And if he was a man above the commonplace, he was as conspicuously energetic in his determination to acquire three for himself. This spirit of emulation invaded all ranks. Votes based upon capital were commonly called "mortal" votes, because they could be lost; those based upon learning were called "immortal," because they were permanent, and because of their customarily imperishable character they were naturally more valued than the other sort. I say "customarily" for the rea-

son that these votes were not absolutely imperishable, since insanity could suspend them.

Under this system, gambling and speculation almost ceased in the republic. A man honored as the possessor of great voting-power could not afford to risk the loss of it upon a doubtful chance.

It was curious to observe the manners and customs which the enlargement plan produced. Walking the street with a friend one day, he delivered a careless bow to a passer-by, and then remarked that that person possessed only one vote and would probably never earn another; he was more respectful to the next acquaintance he met; he explained that this salute was a four-vote bow. I tried to "average" the importance of the people he accosted after that, by the nature of his bows, but my success was only partial, because of the somewhat greater homage paid to the immortals than to the mortals. My friend explained. He said there was no law to regulate this thing, except that most powerful of all laws, custom. Custom had created these varying bows, and in time they had become easy and natural. At this moment he delivered himself of a very profound salute, and then said, "Now there's a man who began life as a shoemaker's apprentice, and without education; now he swings twenty-two mortal votes and two immortal ones; he expects to pass a high-school examination this year and climb a couple of votes higher among the immortals; mighty valuable citizen."

By and by my friend met a venerable personage, and not only made him a most elaborate bow, but also took off his hat. I took off mine, too, with a mysterious awe. I was beginning to be infected.

"What grandee is that?"

"That is our most illustrious astronomer. He has n't any money, but is fearfully learned. Nine immortals is *his* political weight! He would swing a hundred and fifty votes if our system were perfect."

"Is there any altitude of mere moneyed grandeur that you take off your hat to?"

"No. Nine immortal votes is the only power we uncover for — that is, in civil life. Very great officials receive that mark of homage, of course."

It was common to hear people admiringly mention men who had begun life on the lower levels and in time achieved great voting-power. It was also common to hear youths planning a future of ever so many votes for themselves. I heard shrewd mammas speak of certain young men as good "catches," because they possessed such-and-such a number of votes. I knew of more than one case where an heiress was married to a youngster who had but one vote; the argument being that he was gifted with such excellent parts that in time he would acquire a good voting strength, and perhaps in the long run be able to outvote his wife, if he had luck.

Competitive examinations were the rule in all official grades. I remarked that the questions asked the candidates were wild, intricate, and often required a sort of knowledge not needed in the office sought.

"Can a fool or an ignoramus answer them?" asked the person I was talking with.

"Certainly not."

"Well, you will not find any fools or ignoramuses among our officials."

I felt rather cornered, but made shift to say, —

"But these questions cover a good deal more ground than is necessary."

"No matter; if candidates can answer these it is tolerably fair evidence that they can answer nearly any other question you choose to ask them."

There were some things in Gondour which one could not shut his eyes to. One was, that ignorance and incompetence had no place in the government. Brains and property managed the state. A candidate for office must have marked ability, education, and high character, or he stood no sort of chance of election. If a hod-carrier possessed these, he could succeed; but the mere fact that he was a hod-carrier could not elect him, as in previous times.

It was now a very great honor to be in

the parliament or in office; under the old system such distinction had only brought suspicion upon a man and made him a helpless mark for newspaper contempt and scurrility. Officials did not need to steal now, their salaries being vast in comparison with the pittance paid in the days when parliaments were created by hod-carriers, who viewed official salaries from a hod-carrying point of view and compelled that view to be respected by their obsequious servants. Justice was wisely and rigidly administered; for a judge, after once reaching his place through the specified line of promotions, was a permanency during good behavior. He was not obliged to modify his judgments according to the effect they might have upon the temper of a reigning political party.

The country was mainly governed by a ministry which went out with the administration that created it. This was also the case with the chiefs of the great departments. Minor officials ascended to their several positions through well-earned promotions, and not by a jump from gin-mills or the needy families and friends of members of parliament. Good behavior measured their terms of office.

The head of the government, the Grand Caliph, was elected for a term of twenty years. I questioned the wisdom of this. I was answered that he could do no harm, since the ministry and the par-

liament governed the land, and he was liable to impeachment for misconduct. This great office had twice been ably filled by women, women as aptly fitted for it as some of the sceptred queens of history. Members of the cabinet, under many administrations, had been women.

I found that the pardoning power was lodged in a court of pardons, consisting of several great judges. Under the old *régime*, this important power was vested in a single official, and he usually took care to have a general jail delivery in time for the next election.

I inquired about public schools. There were plenty of them, and of free colleges too. I inquired about compulsory education. This was received with a smile, and the remark, —

“When a man’s child is able to make himself powerful and honored according to the amount of education he acquires, don’t you suppose that that parent will apply the compulsion himself? Our free schools and free colleges require no law to fill them.”

There was a loving pride of country about this person’s way of speaking which annoyed me. I had long been unused to the sound of it in my own. The Gondour national airs were forever dinning in my ears; therefore I was glad to leave that country and come back to my dear native land, where one never hears that sort of music.

OCTOBER DAYS.

THE maples in the forest glow;
On the lawn the fall flowers blaze;
The landscape has a purple haze:
My heart is filled with warmth and glow.

Like living coals the red leaves burn;
They fall—then turns the red to rust;
They crumble, like the coals, to dust:
Warm heart, must thou to ashes turn?

Sylvester Baxter.

SOUTHERN HOME-POLITICS.

THREE years ago the most natural question that a stay-at-home Southerner could ask was, "Why do you Northern people hate us so?" using the word "hate" in all its worst significance. On the other hand, the most natural observation that a stay-at-home Northerner could make was, "I suppose they hate us down there as much as ever," and he used the word "hate" as if it were coined by the very devil for the special purpose of expressing this particular sentiment.

A Northerner was fain to believe that the hate of a Southerner had more sides to it than the hate of any other people, and he was very apt to speak of it with a certain amount of respect; while the Southerner was inclined to look upon Northern hate as a frigid iceberg of contempt, never to be melted, always to remain just so high.

It has only begun to appear that there has been no hate worthy the name for at least five years. But it is the most common of all suspicions among Northerners that this present good-will of the South is an impulse that is in constant danger of being displaced by another impulse from the other side of the house; that were Massachusetts to scowl upon Louisiana, or Grant to criticise Lee's good qualities, the whole cotton country would fire up and begin to hate once more. This is about the estimate that is made of the stability of Southern convictions. Never was one more mischievous or with less foundation. The Southern desire for deep and thorough amity with all other sections of the country rests upon grounds as enduring as any social and political grounds can be, and one comprehends this when he is enabled to walk in and out of Southern homes, a friend permitted to hear all and to see all without restraint. The editorials that the papers print and the speeches that men make upon platforms fall flat before the spoken evidence of

the men and women of any settlement, and it is just this that Northern people rarely, if ever, hear of. And *per contra*, for that matter.

The writer spent a good part of last spring in a town of South Carolina that would, in all likelihood, be one of half a dozen selected to represent Southern characteristics in towns. It was Southern in every possible respect, and Southern people lived in it in their old houses. The population consisted of a thousand whites and a thousand blacks. Everybody had felt the blast of the war straight upon their backs and in their hearts, and when Lee surrendered "some had five dollars (or what five dollars would buy now) and some had fifty cents." One lady was fortunate in the possession of some flour, bacon, and coffee that her shrewd old grandmother, who had been in wars before, had begged her to buy in flush times and hide in the wainscoting of the drawing-room. This made her a millionaire. There was not a man in the place who was thirty years of age who had not fought in some capacity, and there was not a woman who had not gone hungry for weeks and badly clad for years.

Convinced, by the evidence of such telling trifles as these, that one's friends have known the bitterness of strife, it is profoundly interesting to hear what they think of the sweetness of peace.

Upon a shady, lane-like street, with his porches covered with roses and his pathway guarded with Spanish bayonet, dwells a tall, bent gentleman who is a little shaken with the palsy. He said, "I think that even had I twice the strength and spirit that God once gave me, I should say, Come, forgetfulness! I am of the old guard. They are now very apt to take my kindness for all my countrymen as senility, even though they think with me. I can never forget the wild dream of those six or seven years, and I can never turn my back

upon the emblems of that dream—the flags of the Confederacy, the portraits of its great men, and the names of its battles; and yet it is my greatest comfort, the greatest of all, to feel that I may again love the flag of my fathers." A dull negro servant had brought some linty glasses and a quaint decanter of sherry, and the venerable man drank a sort of *pousse-mot*, and nothing could have been graver than his gravity.

One day a fine figure on a fine horse came around a bend at a lope, and reined straight up to the relator through some oak bushes that intervened. The man had a flushed face, and he wore a brown felt sombrero. He sat his horse like a Mameluke, and he held his reins after the manner that they teach at West Point. He was a little the worse for liquor, and his eyes were bloodshot; yet what he said was coherent.

"You're a Yankee, sir! Yes? I knew it. I can tell a Yankee as far as I can see him. I am *not* a Yankee. I fought you, and I fought you like the devil. And"—he dropped his voice and reached out his hand—"and you fought us like the devil. I was a general, sir. My name is —, and I'm right glad to see you. D'ye see that clump of trees over yonder in the field? Well, my father and mother and brother are buried there, and they all died, God bless 'em, while I was fighting you like the devil." Tears rolled down his cheeks in streams, and he straightened himself up and looked hard at his confabulator through the mist in his eyes. "Take a drink, sir, if you can get the cork out," and he drew a flask of some sort of tippie from a rear pocket in his pantaloons. "If Buchanan and Davis and Scott and Beauregard had been allowed to take a few hours together in the first place, there would n't have been any war. No war at all! Whisky is a pacificator, sir! You can go home and say that General —, of the late Confederate army, believes in peace, in trading, in travel, and that he's down on war between brothers. You're a brother, I'm a brother; we're all brothers, and d——n the politicians. We're all the United

States. United, by George, sir, forever and a day, and down with the politicians! Hang 'em, sir. Hang 'em high. Your hand, sir, once more. Sorry about the cork, but I'll see you again, sir. Good by. God bless you." He backed his horse through the bushes, making a few military salutes at the same time, and then turned and went down the road, raising a cloud of red dust, looking every inch the soldier.

There was a charming girl, moderately tall, slender, dark, and sweetly-spoken, who lived in a small cottage with her father and her brother. She had a slow, deliberate method of enunciating, and a few peculiarities of pronunciation that made her speech very delightful. Her burden was, "Oh how you Northerners have *trampled* upon us!" When pressed to define her charges she would plunge into the very middle of the monstrous tangle, and wind herself up like a poor fly in a web. When this was done she would ask with contracted brows, "How can you expect women to know the ins and outs of all these things?" Then she would go indignantly to her "pet" (pit, a small hot-bed that all gardens in that region contain) and make a bouquet for her visitor, and would say finally, "After all, what I said about being trampled upon is only a sort of slogan that we girls keep up for pride's sake. The gentlemen have their cries, too, but when they meet Northern people they always ask them to dine. One cannot be expected to give up all appearances of being faithful to old interests. You must allow a little for vainglory. At heart we all love what is now our country. You may believe that."

A certain Southern general, at the surrender of Lee, made his way through the Federal lines and with a few followers escaped to his home without having surrendered his sword. He is a man of great energy, quick to act, and impetuous and headstrong to the last degree.

Seated in a porch after tea one evening, he said, "I do not believe there is any sentiment in the South that can be called a public sentiment that does not

demand reunion and concord. I am a violent man, and I fought violently. I hate the administration violently, but I accept the results of the war without reservation. Another thing. I have come to look upon John C. Calhoun in a different light than that in which I once regarded him. I now place him lower as a statesman and a far-seeing man than I had been taught to place him. The war was a subsoil plow that overturned everything, and fresh earth came to the surface. What has grown up since then is of different color, and there are mighty few eyes that can't see it." He struck his broad hand on his knee and cast his small gray eyes around the circle, impatient for contradiction. Six other Southerners who were present acquiesced by silence. "The cloud of the war still hangs over us," continued the general, "and will for twenty years more, in the shape of a low morality; but I hope, gentlemen, before I die to see the sun again. I shall do my best to help my country to be prosperous."

In a retired by-way of the town there lives a lady of fifty years who dresses in deep mourning, but whose attire is simple and inexpensive. She was formerly wealthy, having owned many slaves and several large plantations. She is a widow, and childless. Her house, with one or two acres of sandy land, is all that remains to her of her once vast estates. She gave all she had to the cause of the Confederacy, and she has two large bundles of its worthless bonds and demand notes as a recompense for her noble folly. Her house is surrounded with clouds of beautiful but nearly odorless roses, and is shaded by enormous pines, whose glittering plumes far above her roof murmur a melancholy lay, month in and month out, always in tune with her spirit. Upon the darkened walls hang portraits of Lee and Jackson, and toward these the sad lady lifts a calm devotion. "They tell me," said she, "that it was all a great mistake, that they had not reckoned properly, and that there were seeds of destruction in the very conception of the idea. Ah well, after all, I think, now

that I am old, that I am glad they failed. They prove to me that one division would have only led to subdivisions, and those to others, and that we should have been wondering in a few years if it were safe to keep our idols, lest they turn to dust in our hands. I am glad that the North and the South begin to intermingle. Do you not see how eagerly our people respond to advances from your people? Do you know the reason of that? It is nothing less than the outcropping of the instinct to love, to adore some great thing, that is in every human breast. Since the sad conviction was forced upon us that we could have nothing new whereon to spend our patriotism, we have been shut out, ostracized; we have been people without a country. That was hard. The passion to love our land grew and grew, and within the last few years you have seen it leap up like a fire whenever they who had held the flag said or wrote, 'It is yours, as well as ours.' "

This was the language of one who chose to environ herself, not with things that might serve to turn aside her sorrow, but with relics of the ruined enterprise. What she said was the mournful outcome of a later intelligence and a bitter discipline combined, and it was not possible to listen to it and not feel one's own loyalty grow a little stronger.

In a shaded and dusty law-office opening directly upon the main street of the town, there commonly sat in the latter part of the afternoons a small and aged man who was regarded by all who knew him with love and veneration. He represented, to the fullest extent, the old party of the South; its slave-holding element, its State-sovereignty element, and its secession element. He was a Southerner in all respects, and a gentleman in all. People referred to him as the best exponent of their political and social status of past times, and they invariably attached to the recommendation, "You will find him very courteous and very hospitable." He was thoughtful and somewhat melancholy, and his method of speaking was deliberate. One respected him sincerely upon seeing him.

One day he said this, impressively: "My old system of theories and my old beliefs are bored and riddled through and through, and they totter with myself. There is a number of us who should be silent till we are silenced, for the future belongs to others and our voices are very discordant. It is hard to pretend to be blind when we fancy that we still see clearly; yet it is a duty that I feel that I, for my part, must perform. Therefore I listen and watch, but keep a lock upon my lips."

A little while after, he read a patriotic speech made at Augusta, Georgia, by an ex-Confederate officer, on Decoration Day. The speech was warmly welcomed by the North. The gentleman said, "I could not have spoken in that manner. Yet, believe me, I am glad that some one has. And the ladies strewed flowers upon the graves of the Federal dead! I am glad, I am *very* glad of that!"

Later still, he read General Bartlett's speech at the Lexington Centennial. It was printed beside a reprint of General Evans's speech, in the same column of the paper.

Those two noble and vigorous utterances could have had but one effect upon that generous spirit. They stirred it to its very depths. The agitated man arose from his chair, and with his eyes streaming with tears read in a faltering voice many of the most striking passages in both the speeches. At length, overcome, he buried his face in his hands and surrendered himself to his emotion.

He said finally, "I must confess it. I wish that I were young again and that I could take a part in this renewal of confidence. But, as I told you, I am outside the pale; I must be content to gaze and do nothing more. You should feel happy. Your generation has now but one task. That is to make your

judges all over the country punish your evil-doers; it is all comprised in that. Give me your hand; say at home that the people here are amazingly like the people there; that they can respect and reason, and can love honorable things."

The seemingly sketchy character of this paper will doubtless cause many to disregard its matter and to class the testimony that it contains as trivial. They who do this will make a mistake. Instead of being poor evidence, it is, on the contrary, the very best. There is none that is to be had that is more clear or more honest. It comes at first hand. The sayings that have been repeated are those of representative people.

Only one class has been slighted; that is the class of shop-keepers; and as they are mainly Germans of the lower order, their principles are subordinated to the chances of making money. Inasmuch as the United States are now strong, they believe in the national government, with a reservation that inflation would be a capital thing.

But the people who have been quoted came to their newer beliefs by thought, and by the softer urgings of their native kindness and love of country. Forced by actual poverty to live modestly and to remain at home, they have been permitted to see little more than the general drift of public sentiment, and it has here been shown how it has affected them. Their views are of generalities, not of particulars. Ask them their opinion of the record of any man, or of the platform of any convention, or of the resolutions of any legislature, and they will give you in return either their impressions or nothing.

They think that all is going well for unity and reconciliation. They are sure of that, and we should be devoutly glad of it.

Albert F. Webster.

OLD-TIME ORIENTAL TRADE.

THE "Orient" of the ancients comprised but a very small portion of the great continent of Asia now commonly included under that name. The Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and even the Persians, though themselves so much farther east than the three first-mentioned peoples, knew almost nothing of the vast and populous regions east of the Oxus and Indus. It is true, they had vague notions of a Cathay beyond the tremendous mountain-chains of Central Asia, and a map by Ptolemy the geographer, in the first century of our era, even gives some few outlines of the coasts to the east of the Bay of Bengal. But the fact that from this map the whole of the southern half of India is omitted, and the great peninsula appears to be cut off at an east-and-west line running from the Gulf of Cutch to the mouths of the Ganges, shows that even these outlines of "India extra Gangem" were drawn mainly upon conjecture. The successive waves of Tartar invasion which had poured through the mountain passes from Central Asia to overflow Iran and Assyria, and finally to sweep around southward and eastward again into India, had brought nothing with them but terror and devastation. Even the conquering hordes themselves seemed transformed by their advent into the new countries, and, forgetting those from whence they came, seemed impressed with the feeling that they had been forced by some mysterious influence, crowded out by the ever-increasing swarms of humanity generated in that "cradle of the human race." Imagination invested the remote regions beyond the Indus, and particularly beyond the mountains of Tartary, with monstrosities and supernatural dangers. Even the soldiers of the Macedonian conqueror were appalled and became mutinous at the proposal to proceed to the Ganges. None of the conquerors known to history ever even proposed to penetrate eastward from Turkistan into

Central Asia until the attempts made by Ghengis Khan in the beginning, and by Timour at the close, of the thirteenth century. The dim legend of a great expedition into India by the Egyptian king, Sesostris, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, lacks even circumstantial evidence. By some of the ancient writers, notably Strabo, it is pronounced a myth, and as far as history is concerned, Alexander was the discoverer of India.

The countries known to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans as the Orient extended only from the Levant and the Red Sea to the Himalayas, and from the Arabian Sea to the southern shores of the Black and the Caspian; a tolerably well-defined region, between three and four hundred miles broad from south to north, but nearly three thousand miles long from the Ægean Sea to the Indus. The expedition of Alexander resulted in adding the northwestern quarter of India to the territory of the known Orient.

From its topography and position relative to the adjoining continents, this small part of the habitable world (about equal in area to the States of the American Union lying east of the Mississippi) seemed destined by nature to be the theatre of the most important events in the history of mankind. Separated from the rest of Asia by great mountain-walls through which there were only a few lofty and dangerous passes, from Europe and Africa by the chain of seas that surround it on three sides, and from even the greater portion of Arabia by impassable deserts, communication between all these continents was confined to a few distinct gateways: the tremendous gorges which lead up to the table-land of Pamir, and over the "roof of the world" into Central Asia; the isthmus of the Caucasus, furnishing a mountain pathway into northern Europe; the Dardanelles, which afforded a short ferriage into South-

ern Europe; and the Isthmus of Suez, a sandy dike between the seas, leading to Africa. Through these gateways the tides of conquest have ebbed and flowed ever since the records of human events began. In the same mountain defiles and along the same sea-shore passes have been heard the trappings and the trumpet-calls of hundreds of conquering armies. During the historic era—which, however, only runs back in an unbroken chain of definite dates about twenty-five hundred years—Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, Mithridates, the captains of the Mahometan caliphs, the Ottoman sultans, Ghengis Khan, Timour, and Nadir Shah, each successively overran this Orient with their hosts, and consolidated the greater portion of it into as many successive empires. But these are only a few of the greatest; history gives misty outlines of a dozen more, not only intermediate of these, but long prior to the era of definite chronology, that have arisen and disappeared. From the recently resurrected Ilium to Nicæa and Bucephala, built by Alexander on the Hydaspes, the land is strewn with the ruins of cities, some of which were almost equal in magnitude to Babylon and Persepolis, and yet have vanished like dreams, having not even a place in history. Kings, caliphs, khans, and sultans have fought over its plains until the soil seems made of the dust of their slaughtered armies. Prophets of Israel and Islam uttered their grandest vaticinations there, and over all that part of the world there hovers an atmosphere of mingled mystery and historic interest beside which the more explicit histories of Greece and Rome seem literal and tame.

The vagueness of the information, in ancient and even in comparatively modern times, about the countries east of Persia may be estimated from the fact that Strabo, the great geographic authority of the first century, believed the Caspian Sea to be only a bay of a "great northern ocean." This impression was prevalent even in the sixth century, and indeed was not completely dispelled until an Englishman, Anthony Jenkinson,

traveled far enough around it in 1558 to determine its actual dimensions.

The general belief in the existence of monstrosities and wonders of all kinds to the eastward of the Indus and the Oxus is shown in the account of India given by Megasthenes,—sent thither as ambassador by Seleucus, King of Syria,—who tells of giants, dwarfs, men without noses, ants as large as foxes, and men with ears so large that they could wrap themselves up in them. In fact, Megasthenes' stories were so prodigious that if they were not matched by those of other travelers in the Orient, it would almost seem that the shrewd Hindoos had been indulging in an American style of humor in stuffing his own extensive ears with their inventions. Arrian, the Greek historian of the second century, in his *Circumnavigation of the Red Sea*, gives an account of the Island of the Rising Sun, near the mouths of the Ganges, which he says was the last region toward the east that was inhabited, being peopled with cannibals and beings monstrous in form. Nor did these beliefs disappear after a thousand years. William de Rubruquis, a monk sent by Pope Innocent IV., in 1247, as ambassador to the Great Khan of Mongolia, had no sooner entered the dominions of the Tartars than he imagined he had fallen among a race of demons. The strange aspect of the country and the savage countenances of the people made him feel as though, to use his own forcible expression, he had "passed through the gates of hell." Marco Polo also, at the close of the thirteenth century, though in all respects the most trustworthy narrator of adventure in the Middle Ages, tells of demons that decoy and mislead the traveler in the Desert of Lop, of the city of Kinsai, a hundred miles in circumference, and of the roof of the prince's palace in Zipangri (Japan) being made of solid gold.

Ibn-Battuta, a celebrated Mahometan traveler, tells of a mysterious marine monster in the shape of a ship filled with candles and torches, which he saw (1325) off the Maldivé Islands—a sort of Oriental Flying Dutchman, which ap-

peared in that locality every year, and would not depart until one of the most beautiful virgins of the islands was sent out to him to be devoured; of the sacred cypress-tree in Ceylon, of which if a person finds and eats one of the fallen leaves, his youth will be restored; and of seeing off the coast of Sumatra the famous Roc of the Arabian Nights' tales. But even more skeptical travelers, who saw none of these supernatural marvels, clothed their descriptions in words of Oriental extravagance: Masoudi, a Mahometan historian who published an account of his travels in India in the tenth century, which exhibits an extensive knowledge of the population, industries, and wealth of the country, gives his book the fanciful title of *Meadows of Gold and Mines of Jewels*. Thus in all ages, even until very recent times, imagination still invested the farther Orient with a matchless dower of gold, gems, spices, and all beautiful and valuable things, but at the same time with all conceivable dangers and monstrosities.

Yet even in the remotest antiquity of which history gives any information, however vague, there seems to have been considerable trade between what were then the eastern and western "worlds:" that is, Asia Minor, Persia, and India on the one hand, and the Mediterranean coasts of Europe and Africa on the other. This traffic was carried on mainly by caravans on the land, and by boats and rafts that floated down the rivers.

But there must have been a time when the art of navigating the seas had a beginning, or at least there was an era when it experienced such a development as to deserve the title of a new art. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of historic outlines in this respect, there is reason to believe that this era embraced the Greeks who besieged Troy and the Phœnicians who founded Sidon and Tyre; and concurrent with this development in the art of navigation, there must have been a similar development of commerce. Where history begins, it finds commerce almost exclusively in the hands of the Phœnicians, a peculiar,

thrifty, calculating people, — disposed to grow rich by trading rather than by conquest of arms, having scarcely even a definite territory of their own, but at home on the coasts of all the known seas, untrammelled by the daily religious duties that prevented the Persians and Hindoos from embarking in maritime trade, and superior to all other nations in their knowledge of navigation, — who had established commercial relations not only with all the Mediterranean coasts but also with those of Persia and India. They seem to have had the same fear of interiors that other nations had of the seas. The Tyrian traders who sailed down the Red Sea and along the coasts of Iran to the mouths of the Indus long before Alexander sent Nearchus back on his notable voyage from the Indus to Ormuz, probably helped to exaggerate the wonders and mysterious dangers of the land routes to the countries with which they held communication. There may even have been the shrewd purpose, in these exaggerations, of deterring other nations from becoming competitors for the trade. As the Tyrians kept secret their arts of dyeing purple and of the manufacture of gems and glass, they would be likely also to conceal or misrepresent their knowledge of the mysterious East; from which they drew such large profits of trade that the merchants of Tyre, a city almost without a territory, were "princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth."

The growth and prosperity of Tyre, more than any other feature of ancient history, indicates the progress of mankind, the enlargement of ideas, the increase of wants, the desire to be acquainted with each other, and to live on amicable terms for mutual benefit. The little colony of fugitives from Sidon, — which had been captured by the Assyrians, — who about 1690 B. C. established themselves on the rocky coast forty or fifty leagues farther south, founded the most remarkable city of antiquity.

But it was not until nearly two hundred and fifty years afterwards that Tyre attained her greatest prosperity.

Then the Tyrians had formed an alliance with the Hebrews under Solomon, whose assistance enabled them to secure the ports of Elath and Ezion-Geber, at the northeast extremity of the Red Sea, and to seize Rhinoculura, the port nearest to these on the Mediterranean. With these advantages the Tyrians made a revolution in the transportation question of that day. Instead of bringing the spices, gems, ivory, and other products of Persia and India up the Euphrates Valley and thence through Tadmor in the Desert to the Mediterranean coast by caravans, and sending the gold, tin, silver, and wines of Italy and Spain back to the Orient by the same route, they now turned the great bulk of their commerce through the Red Sea, making a short transportation by caravan, between Elath and Rhinoculura. During this era, it is believed, the Tyrian ships traded along the entire coast from Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, to the mouths of the Indus. So complete was the commercial supremacy of Tyre and so exclusive her knowledge of the remote Orient, that when by the death of Solomon she lost her Red Sea ports and abandoned her navigation of the Arabian Sea, there was none to take advantage of her loss. She simply diverted the trade with Persia and India to the old caravan routes, and the knowledge of the Arabian Sea seems to have been in a great measure lost, for when Nearchus made his long voyage to Ormuz, it was over an unknown sea; yet such might well be the case, for eleven hundred years had elapsed from the time that Tyre lost her Red Sea ports until Nearchus set out to rediscover the route by sea.

The commerce of Tyre probably culminated about 650 to 500 B. C. At that time the Tyrian traders were the factors of the whole known world. Carthage had been founded nearly three hundred years, and was carrying on an extensive trade between Europe and Egypt, but Tyre was still the great emporium. Her commercial supremacy in the world extends over a period of about thirteen hundred years. So long did it take in

those slow-moving ages to build up and break down.

The reduction of Tyre cost Alexander more time, more labor, and the lives of more soldiers, than the subjugation of all the rest of Asia Minor, and her unexampled opulence and power inspired him and his successors with the idea of acquiring her secrets by bold exploration and force. Having at last nearly destroyed her, he went into Egypt to found the great city that perpetuates his name, and from thence made his expedition into India, which, notwithstanding his premature death, did result in giving Alexandria the commercial supremacy of the world for a longer period than any other city that has ever existed, except Tyre.

The objective point of all the great conquerors who ravaged Asia Minor and Persia for more than two thousand years was, with one exception, India. Genghis Khan alone delayed the invasion of India until he should conquer China. It is also a remarkable fact that all the invasions of India, whether by Tartar hordes from the north, or by Persian Mussulmans or Greeks from the west, have been made at one point, namely, that where stands the town of Attock, on the Indus, at the extreme northwestern corner of the Punjab. Here, where the width of the river is much contracted, every conqueror since Alexander has made his entrance into India. Mahmood, the Tartar prince, who erected a new empire in the East on the ruins of the Caliphate of Bagdad, invaded India at this point twelve times in the first twenty-four years of the eleventh century. After him came Timour, in 1395; Babur, in 1518, in 1523, and again in 1525; Nadir Shah, in 1737; and Ahmed Abdalli, six times between 1747 and 1760. The great incentive which drew all these into India was its wealth; and this also has been the magnet which in all ages seems to have drawn to the Indus the traders of the far western cities on the Mediterranean.

In ancient times there were three great routes for this traffic: one from the Punjab, the cities of Cabul and Chanda-

har, to the river Oxus, thence downstream by its ancient but now forsaken channel into the Caspian, across this and up the river Kur, which still recalls the name of Cyrus, and thence by a short portage into the Black Sea, along its southern shores and through the Bosphorus into the *Ægean*. It is presumed that this was the route used by the earliest Greeks, even before the historic era, in their traffic with the Orient. Long afterwards, when the rise of the Mahometan and Ottoman empires debarred the Greeks from any communication with India and Iran by way of the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf, this became again the route of a large trade between those countries and the Greek empire; and still later, also, when in the fourteenth century the city of Genoa attached itself to the Greek Church as a means of competing with Venice, which was an ally of the Pope.

Of the two other routes, one was followed by the Tyrian and Egyptian caravans to Palmyra in the desert, and thence down the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf; the other by the ships of the same people, down the Red Sea and along the coasts of Arabia and Persia to the mouths of the Indus. All these routes, though between three and four thousand miles long, and from five hundred to two thousand miles apart, brought the Mediterranean traders to the same countries, and indeed to many of the same Oriental cities. Pearls from the fisheries of Fars; gold from the ancient mines of Sejestan; ivory, diamonds, dyes, and textile fabrics of India; the silks of China, which came through India—though the luxurious Romans who used them so extensively did not know where silk was produced or what it was made of, but only that it came from that prolific India which seemed the treasure-place of the world; the gums, spices, and gems, particularly the turquoises, of Iran, were important articles of trade in all the ancient cities near the Indus. Chandahar was, and is to some extent yet, a centre of trade between India and Iran; as Cabul was the emporium of that between India and

Tartary. Even down to the beginning of the present century, the annual fairs at the latter city were so largely attended by traders from India and the coasts of Iran that the average sale of horses on these occasions was estimated at about sixty thousand head.

For nearly eighteen hundred years after the reduction of Tyre by Alexander, the trade with the East was still small enough to be monopolized by first one and then another of the Mediterranean cities. Alexandria held it without a rival of any considerable importance for about six hundred years, until A. D. 330, when Byzantium became the capital of the new Eastern Empire, and the policy of the Greek emperors to foster trade with the Orient by way of the Black and Caspian seas and the river Oxus diverted a large share of the traffic to that route. Under the Ptolemies and the Romans, Alexandria was the great commercial mart of the known world. Its population was estimated at three hundred thousand, it was full of magnificent buildings, and the fire of its Pharos lighted all the merchant ships of the Mediterranean into its port. Its trade with Iran and India was by ships, on the Red Sea from the ports of Myos-Hormos and Berenice, coasting along the shores of Arabia until they struck the route discovered by Nearchus at the Gulf of Ormuz, and thence still along the coast to the mouths of the Indus. This was the only route of ships to India for more than a hundred years, until Hippalus, an Egyptian trader, with boldness equal to that of Columbus fifteen hundred years later, ventured to sail with the western monsoon directly out into the Indian Ocean, and thus discovered a new route to India and gave his name to the periodic wind that carried him thither. From the Red Sea ports the goods of India were carried by caravans to Coptos, — the modern Keneh, — on the Nile, and thence by boats down the river to a landing-place at the modern Calro. This trade lasted in some degree until the ascendancy of the Saracens diverted part of it through Bassorah and Bagdad to Aleppo. The subsequent oppressions of the Turks grad-

ually destroyed the trade of Alexandria. In the early part of the eighteenth century its population had dwindled to a hundred thousand, and it became merely a prison for slaves and a port for Cairo.

The Abbasside caliphs, under whom the Mussulman empire attained its greatest glory, built Bassorah solely as an *entrepôt* for the East India trade. This indeed was the chief consideration in establishing their capital at Bagdad, the splendors of which under Haroun Al Raschid rivaled those of Constantinople. But the long struggle, from the early part of the fourteenth century to the close of the fifteenth, between the Turks — whose empire began to rise on the ruins of that of the Abbasside caliphs — and the decaying power of the Greek emperors, turned the attention of both Greeks and Turks temporarily away from the Oriental trade, and furnished the opportunity which was taken advantage of by the Venetians to make their city another Tyre. In many of the most important particulars, the parallelism between Tyre and Venice is remarkable. Both were built upon islands which they completely covered, and therefore both appeared to be rising out of the waves. The people of both possessed a greater degree of intelligence than the surrounding nations; the same enterprising mercantile spirit, the same secret, shrewd policy, and pliable, accommodative religious sentiment belonged to both. As the Tyrians excelled in making glass and artificial gems, and were famous for their purple dye, so Venice excelled all the rest of the world in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the manufacture of glass, cloth of gold, leather, and silks. As Tyre kept secret the arts of manufacturing glass and gems, and of dyeing purple, so Venice forbade by law any workman to carry his art to any foreign country, on pain of the imprisonment of all his relatives left in Venice; and if he had none of these, an emissary of the republic was sent after him to secretly kill him in whatever foreign land he might have found shelter. As the Greeks and many other ancient peoples were indebted to Tyre for the art of letters, so the Venetians carried

the art of printing to a higher degree of perfection than any other contemporary people of the world. As Tyre possessed the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, the ports of Rhinoculura, Elath, and Ezion-Geber, and the colonized parts of Carthage and Gades (Cadiz), so Venice possessed Cyprus, Crete, the greater part of the Morea, and the most of the isles of the Ægean Sea, and had a chain of coast forts from the Morea to Dalmatia. Both were cities of the sea, and they encroached upon the land only far enough to make a landing place for their ships, and room for trading with the inhabitants of the interiors.

The prosperity of the Venetians was at its maximum about the beginning of the fifteenth century. At that time the value of goods exported from Venice, exclusive of those sent to the adjacent Lombardian provinces, was ten million ducats annually. The Venetian merchant fleet comprised three thousand vessels, of from one hundred to two hundred tons burden each, employing seventeen thousand sailors, besides forty-five war galleys, on which were eleven thousand men. The maritime commerce of Venice was equal to that of all the rest of Christendom; the Venetian ships visited every port of Europe, and as late as 1518 an argosy of five Venetian ships arrived at Antwerp laden with spices, drugs, silks, gems, leather, etc., for the great annual fair held in that city.

The loss of Candia, captured from the Venetians by the Turks in 1670, was the beginning of the decline of Venetian power. The ensuing war, which lasted twenty-five years, cost the Turks two hundred thousand men, but it also left Venice prostrate. In 1797 she submitted to the Austrians, and since that time, like a worn-out, rotting ship anchored in some deserted harbor, has been slowly sinking into the waves from which she so proudly arose.

In the height of her commercial supremacy, Venice had but one competitor of any importance — Genoa, which had allied herself with the Greek emperors, and the Greek Church against the Pope, as already explained. The Genoese were

granted every possible facility by the emperors, the suburb of Pera at Constantinople was devoted exclusively to the Genoese merchants as a centre for their trade, and even yet the commercial usages of the Genoese are remembered by the people of the shores of the Caspian. The fall of the Greek empire, however, in 1453, completely destroyed the Oriental trade of Genoa, and left Venice mistress of the field until the Portuguese began to divert it by their newly-discovered route around the Cape of Good Hope to Lisbon.

The struggle between the Mediterranean cities to monopolize the Oriental trade turned the world upside down for more than a thousand years. It leagued Venice with the Turks in their purpose of overthrowing the Greek empire, and, strangely enough, at the same time with the Pope in his purpose of crushing the schismatic Greek Church. When the Mamelukes got possession of Egypt they gave the monopoly of the European trade in Oriental commodities to Venice, and barred the way to India against all other Mediterranean cities. But the Portuguese, ambitious of a share in the traffic with India, sent Vasco Da Gama in 1498 to discover a new route by way of that "ultimate dim Thule" the Cape of Good Hope. The Pope now became the *deus ex machina* of Oriental trade, and by a bull gave to the Portuguese not only the monopoly of Oriental trade as far as he could control it, but also the right to enter and take possession of all countries not Christian, on the route between Portugal and the Indies. The Soldan of Egypt, seeing his monopoly about to slip away, warned Pope Julius and King Emmanuel of Portugal that he would put to death all the Christians in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, would burn their churches, and destroy the Holy Sepulchre itself, if the Portuguese did not cease their encroachments upon his exclusive right to control the trade with India. The dispute was ended by a war between the Turks and the Portuguese, in which the latter were victorious. But in the mean time, Spain also was stirred with hopes of participating in the wealth

that seemed to flow from exhaustless fountains in the East, and Columbus, sent in 1492 to find a new way to India that would not come in conflict with the monopoly granted to the Portuguese by the Pope, discovered America. England, too, seeking an independent route to the same land of golden dreams, but avoiding the route *via* the Cape of Good Hope for fear of offending the Pope, began her search for the northwest passage, and sent out a long succession of exploring expeditions, beginning with that of Sebastian Cabot in 1498, and continued by those of Davis, Baffin, and Sir John Franklin, until the problem of the passage, together with that of the mysterious fate of Franklin, invested Arctic discovery with a fascination which is even yet drawing venturesome navigators from America to those realms of silence and death. Spain, not content even with the vast empire opened to her by the discovery of America, seeking still the strange golden Orient that now loomed up in the imaginations of all the European powers in more magnificent proportions than ever, sent Magellan in 1519 in search of the westward route thither, only to discover the southern extremity of the New World at the straits which bear his name. The English war with Spain and Portugal, and the sea fights of Drake, Cavendish, and Sir John Burroughs with the Spanish and Portuguese ships, from 1582 to 1588; the war between England and France, ending in 1765; the invasion of Egypt and Syria by Napoleon I., in 1798; the fear which made England tremble, in 1808, lest Russia should join Napoleon, and the combined armies, marching in the ancient footsteps of Alexander, should conquer England on the banks of the Ganges; the Crimean war, in which England was at last allied with the mediæval monopolists of Oriental trade, the Turks — these are only a few of the prominent events in the history of the last thousand years, directly resulting from the struggle for the monopoly of the trade with the Orient. To tell what have been the secondary consequences of the contest, and their effects upon the progress of man-

kind, would require a history as comprehensive as that of civilization itself.

Commerce with the East has experienced two great eras of development. The first of which we have any account began with Alexander's invasion of India, and embraced the whole period of the supremacy of the Seleucidæ in Syria and of the Ptolemies in Egypt. During this time a steadily increasing knowledge of the "far East" spread as far as the Bosphorus and the Nile, but to all the people west of these the Orient was still a region of mystery for more than a thousand years after the time of Alexander. The second era of development began in the fifteenth century. The discovery of the route to India via the Cape of Good Hope was the beginning of a succession of events which extended the knowledge of the globe on which we live more rapidly than ever before or since. In the fifty-four years after Bartholomew Diaz first turned the Cape of Good Hope in 1487, Da Gama had found the new route to India, Columbus had found the western limit of the Atlantic, Cabot had visited Labrador and Brazil, Magellan had seen the southern extremity of South America, De Soto had penetrated nearly to the centre of North America, and Balboa had looked upon the Pacific, which still interposed its vast expanse between these explorers and the primal object of their search, the fleeting, golden Orient, which first seemed to be in India and then in Cathay.

But, as during the first half of the Christian era direct commercial intercourse with the East did not extend farther west than the cities of the Levant, so the westward search for means of commerce with the East by circumnavigation of the globe paused on the western shores of America. The Pacific was an obstacle too vast—both its shores being so remote from the progressive nations of Eastern and Western Europe—to be overcome by the explorers of the fifteenth century; and for two hundred years after its discovery no

European ship had yet crossed it. The world had become acquainted with Persia and India, but China and Japan were still sealed books, and though the Portuguese, extending their voyages along the coasts from India, had begun to trade in some of the Japanese ports as early as 1540, the seclusion of these countries has only been penetrated within the memory of the present generation. Another era of development in intercourse with the East began to dawn with the completion of the American transcontinental railway and the opening of the Suez Canal. The commercial world is stirred, as it was in the fifteenth century, with projects for more intimate commercial relations with the East.

Russia has a design for a railway through Central Asia to India, and another through Siberia to China. England has a scheme for a railway traversing the entire length of Asia Minor, from the Bosphorus to the Indus, and for another from near the site of ancient Tyre, across the desert and down the Valley of the Euphrates, to the Gulf of Ormuz. Some months ago, a project was started in London for a railway from Rangoon, in Burmah, to Momiën, in Western China. The Russian government has within the past two years authorized surveys for a canal four hundred miles long, to connect the Manitch, a tributary of the Don, with the Kooma, and thus make a channel for steamers from the Black Sea into the Caspian. English enterprise recently brought the Shah of Persia out of the seclusion of the East, to give prestige to Baron De Reuter's scheme of anglicizing Persia, and thus protecting British trade with India. Even the government of the United States has felt the general stir among commercial nations for closer relations with the Orient, and Congress is asked to subsidize steamship lines to China and Japan, and to lend its authority to American traders in those countries by chartering one or more Asiatic commercial companies.

W. L. Fawcette.

GENERAL JOHN DE KALB.¹

ON the 29th of June, 1721, John Kalb, the child of Hans Kalb and Margaret, his wife, peasants, was born in the German town of Hüttendorf. On the 19th of August, 1780, Major-General Baron De Kalb died prisoner of war in the American town of Camden, of wounds received three days before, in the defeat of the American General Gates by the English General Cornwallis. How and when did this peasant become a baron, and mingle his name with great historic names and great historic events? We find him at school at Kriegenbronn, a peasant boy still. We see him leave his native place at sixteen to earn his living as a butler. We lose sight of him for six years, and suddenly find ourselves face to face with him again towards the end of 1743, with the distinctive *de* between the Jean and Kalb of his half gallicized name, and the rank of lieutenant in the regiment of Löwenthal, a body of German infantry in the service of France. How did he, in six short years, succeed in transforming the obsequious butler into the haughty baron? That he did thus pass from a peasant to a noble, and put on, as though they had been his birth-right, the air and bearing of nobility, is a fact which Mr. Kapp has fully established, although he has not been able to explain it, and, accepting it as one of the secrets of history, we pass directly with him from the peasant's cottage to the camp in Flanders.

Frederick of Prussia, the greatest general of his own day, was the teacher of Steuben, the subject of Mr. Kapp's first contribution to American history. Kalb's teacher was Marshal Saxe, "the professor," according to Frederick himself, "of all the European generals of his age." And thus the lessons of the two greatest soldiers of their time passed

through two brilliant adventurers to the camp of Washington. Both lives belong in part to the American historian. Toward the latter part of 1743, when Washington was going to Mr. Williams's school at Brydger Creek and Greene was a babe in arms, Kalb comes into the light of history as a lieutenant in one of the most brilliant German regiments in the service of France. In a single year he took part in three sieges and one hotly contested battle; and still following the history of his regiment, through which only we can trace his own, we find him at Fontenoy and every decisive action of the war except the battles of Lafeld and Raucoup. In 1747 he was made captain and adjutant, and was entrusted with the important duties of "officer of detail," duties of great responsibility, comprehending the internal administration of the regiment and an active correspondence with the ministers of war. In his brief intervals of leisure he found time for study, devoting himself chiefly to modern languages and those branches of the higher mathematics which were essential to the scientific departments of his profession.

The eighteenth century was still an age of mercenary soldiers. Men of hereditary rank let themselves out for military rank and the chances of military distinction. The German regiments in the French service were especially favored, and commissions in them were eagerly sought after. "There is not a general officer in Germany," said Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick to Boisgelin, "whatever his nobility, who would not consider himself as very fortunate in being able to enter the service of France. What a happiness to fight by the side of Frenchmen, and live with them in Paris during peace."

The foreign regiments in the French

¹ *Leben des Amerikanischen Generals Johann Kalb. Von FRIEDRICH KAPP. Mit Kalb's Portrait. In deiner Brust sind deines Schicksals Sterne.*—Schiller. Stuttgart: Cotta'scher Verlag. 1862.

The Life of John Kalb, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By FRIEDRICH KAPP. New York: privately printed. MDCCCLXX.

service were not all upon the same footing. Each had its own contract, and its own articles of war. Questions of discipline were decided differently in different regiments, one capitulation approving what another condemned. It was the duty of the officer of detail to make himself familiar with all these distinctions, and be prepared to defend the rights of his own regiment before the minister of war.

De Kalb was in the garrisons of Pfalzburgh and Cambrai, during the peace which preceded the Seven Years' War. The records of his regiment bear witness to his intelligence and zeal. But war was approaching. While deciding the European question, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle had left the American question undecided; and the American question was the question of the age, carrying with it the transformation of dependent colonies into the greatest of republics. War with England was inevitable. De Kalb looked to it for honor and fortune. As a first step toward them he addressed a memorial to the minister of marine, containing a detailed plan for the formation of a foreign regiment of marine infantry. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, and above all, Ireland, were to furnish the men, who were to be thoroughly trained to service in different parts of the world, and especially to sudden landing on a foreign coast. De Kalb aimed high, but he aimed justly. He would have made Irish discontent a source of weakness to England and of strength to France. But he lacked court patronage, and failed.

A minute history of the Seven Years' War would hardly bring the name of De Kalb into prominence, owing to his subordinate position. He took part in nearly all its great battles, however, and won the favor of De Broglie, the best of the French generals. The peace of 1763 found him a lieutenant-colonel in rank, though in fact only a captain by purchase in the regiment of Anhalt. It gave him, however, an opportunity of adding largely to his private fortune, by his successful advocacy of the claims of several princely and noble families

of Wetterau, for supplies furnished the French army during the war.

The war was over; what was to become of those for whom war was a profession? Assistant quartermaster-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, De Kalb had strong claims to promotion; but none of his hopes in this direction were realized. During the administration of the provident Colbert, a Hollander named Robin, skilled in the manufacture of cloth, had been allured to France, where his services were rewarded by a patent of nobility. The occupation was handed down from father to son, and at the time of De Kalb's visit to Paris, a grandson of the original immigrant was living with his wife upon the fruits of his own and his ancestors' industry, in pleasant retirement at Courbevoie, near Paris. A younger daughter, "accomplished, sprightly, and beautiful," lived with them. She was betrothed to De Kalb in the first winter after the peace, and married on the 10th of April, 1764. They were both Protestants.

De Kalb was very happy. He had never fallen into the dissolute habits of his times and profession. Temperate in all things but the thirst of glory, he sought happiness at his own fireside. An adventurer hitherto, he was now the head of an honorable family and the master of an independent fortune. Money, like other gifts of fortune, came flowing in upon him from many sources. He threw up his captain's commission, and retired from service, with a pension as lieutenant-colonel.

But he had not read his own heart aright. The memory of his old life, of its adventures, its vicissitudes, its brilliant rewards, began to stir within him. Before a year of that domestic life which promised such happiness was over, he was once more knocking at the doors of men in power. His letters to his wife show how warmly he loved her and how readily she entered into his feelings.

It was now that his attention was called for the first time to the dispute between England and her colonies.

French indignation at the ignomin-

ious treaty of Paris of 1763, which stripped France of her colonies in North America, had found full utterance in the ministry of the Duke of Choiseul. France had reached the lowest depths of humiliation. Her troops had lost their moral strength by a succession of defeats. Her ships of war had been annihilated. Her ships of commerce had been driven from the seas. Even in the Mediterranean, which she had learnt to look upon as her own, they crept stealthily from port to port. Had Pitt remained at the head of the ministry, the house of Bourbon, which he hated so bitterly, would have become a third-class power both in France and in Spain. But the fall of Pitt opened the way, if not for the recovery of all that had been lost, at least for revenge.

Choiseul availed himself skillfully of the opportunity. He resolved to renew the struggle for the mastery of the ocean, and in a few years had sixty-four ships of the line and thirty-six frigates afloat. In 1764 M. de Fontleroy, an agent of the active minister, was sent to North America to study on the spot, and see whether the report that a question of taxation was fast alienating the affections of the British colonists from the mother country was true. In 1766 the answer came. Fontleroy, entering fully into the views of his employer, traveled over the land in its length and breadth, taking careful note of its rich soil, its abundance of grain, its vast stores of iron, its boundless forests of timber, its capacious harbors and mighty rivers. The inhabitants, he said, were a hardy, bold, and enterprising race, growing daily in wealth and power, fully conscious of their strength. Choiseul smiled at the flattering report so favorable to his own wishes, and continued his inquiries. How well they were conducted, the extracts from New England sermons still preserved in the French archives attest.

It was evident that there was a general fermentation in the colonies, but how extensive, and how like to prove lasting, it was difficult to say. The minister resolved to send a new agent,

and fixed upon De Kalb for the delicate and difficult office. "M. de Kalb," say his instructions, "will repair to Amsterdam and there direct his particular attention to the rumors in circulation about the English colonies. Should they appear to be well founded, he will immediately make preparations for a journey to America.

"On his arrival he will inquire into the intentions of the inhabitants, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are in want of good engineers and artillery officers, or other individuals, and whether they should be supplied with them.

"He will acquaint himself with the greater or lesser strength of their purpose to withdraw from the English government.

"He will examine their resources in troops, fortified places, and forts, and will seek to discover their plan of revolt and the leaders who are expected to direct and control it."

On the 2d of May he received his passports, letters, letters of introduction to the French ambassadors at Brussels and the Hague, and twelve hundred francs for his traveling expenses. On the 15th of July he addressed his first dispatch to Choiseul from the Hague.

He had done his duty thoroughly, visiting all the sea-ports of Holland, and conversing with men who had lived in the colonies. A German who had passed fifteen years there, and was actually collecting new colonists to carry back with him, assured him that, in spite of appearances, the breach between the colonies and the mother country was as wide as ever. The English troops were but twenty thousand in number, and those twenty thousand were so widely scattered that they would find it hard to cope with the four hundred thousand militia of the colonists. The Germans of Pennsylvania could raise sixty thousand men. The Irish population was numerous, and ready for revolt. The provincial assembly were resolved to maintain their rights by the sword. The English, on the contrary, asserted that the spirit of resistance had been laid by the repeal of the Stamp Act. De Kalb

listened attentively to both statements, and suspected exaggeration in both. He had early learned the art of judicious doubt. Choiseul, with his hot Celtic blood, was more sanguine than his Teutonic agent.

Meanwhile the work of raising emigrants for the colonies went briskly on. At Rotterdam De Kalb saw twelve hundred of them, traveling from Cologne. They were all crowded into four of the small and inconvenient ships of those days.

De Kalb's first dispatch had hardly reached the minister, when tidings of the temporary lull in the tempest which followed the repeal of the Stamp Act came to Europe. He asked for new instructions. "As it is possible and even probable," answered Choiseul, with the sure perception of a true statesman, "that this quiet will not be of long duration, it is the will of his Majesty that you should make immediate preparations for a speedy tour to America, in order to satisfy yourself by personal inspection as to the condition of the country, its harbors, ships, land forces, resources, weapons, munitions of war, and provisions, — in short, as to the means at our command if disposed, in case of a war with England, to make a diversion in that direction. You will adopt the greatest precautions in sending me your report."

The instructions of Choiseul were promptly obeyed. On the 12th of January, 1768, De Kalb landed at Philadelphia.

An expression in his first report, written three days after his arrival, shows how promptly he had fathomed the real nature of the relations of the mother country to the colonies. He calls them an "invaluable magazine of raw productions, and a most profitable market for English manufactures." Looking at them from this point of view he cannot conceive that the British government will spare any efforts to secure such a mine of wealth. He quickly sees, also, that the dispute is far from being adjusted. In Holland the English party had assured him that the repeal of the Stamp Act had been vol-

untary. In Philadelphia he learns that it had been wrung from the ministers by organized resistance. He was struck by the substantial union of the provincial assemblies. He attaches great importance to the renunciation by Boston of British commerce. He sees the full significance of the part borne by women in the dispute, a part of sacrifice and self-denial. "They deny themselves tea, they deny themselves foreign sugar. They will have no more fine linens from England, but sedulously ply their spinning-wheels to prepare them linens of their own. Silks, which they cannot yet make for themselves, they will do without." He detects also signs of temporizing on the part of the Parliament. The troops treat the colonists with greater forbearance. The commanding general, instead of prosecuting libels and pasquinades, pretends to ignore them, and the authors, though well known, go unpunished. He has not had time to study the military question, but foresees many obstacles to carrying on war with militia, and obstacles equally great to the formation of an army in a country so extensive and so divided. In one thing he saw that the temper of the colonists had been misjudged. The remoteness of the centre of government inspired them with a spirit of freedom and enterprise, and their taxes were really very light; but they had no desire to "shake off the English supremacy with the aid of foreign powers." The immediate object of popular hatred was the House of Commons; of popular admiration, William Pitt.

On the 20th of January he writes again. He has had time to look about him, and to sift and verify his observations. It is very interesting to study the impressions of an intelligent foreigner at this critical moment, and compare them with those of our own public men. America was so little known that the wildest stories were repeated without exciting a doubt, and it required no common sagacity to form a calm and deliberate opinion in the midst of so many contradictions. A circumstance which caused him no little alarm was to find

that his letters had been opened in their passage through the post-office. Would they not all be opened and the information which he had so laboriously collected be read in Downing Street before it reached Versailles? What, too, would become of his mission if the letters of the minister should be intercepted? He resolved to forestall the danger by hastening his tour of observation and returning home in April. The few days that had passed between his first and second dispatches were sufficient to convince him that the indignation excited by the Stamp Act had not been appeased by its repeal. The declaratory act, by which Parliament claimed the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever, was equally unacceptable, and the tax on tea, paper, and glass which followed was interpreted as an indirect method of enforcing the principle of the Stamp Act. Neither did it escape De Kalb's attention that a bitter feeling had been awakened by the restraints with which the Parliament had hampered American industry. No sooner had the manufacture of iron become almost equal to that of England than it was prohibited by law. The same repression of manufacturing enterprise had been extended to other branches of industry. And he esteemed the restrictions imposed upon American commerce equally unwise and unjust.

On the 25th of January, 1768, he started for New York. It was a long, tedious, and disastrous journey. The land carriage was cold and slow. The passage of the Delaware was difficult and dangerous. It took three days to reach Princeton. A fresh wind was blowing when he reached the Kill, but it was fair, and the landlord of the Ferry Inn and the ferryman himself said that the passage was safe. There were five men to cross and four horses, and although it was already between eight and nine in the evening, they set sail. But no sooner had they reached the middle of the stream than the wind chopped round, and drove the helpless little craft upon a small island half-way between the ferry and the mouth of

Fish-Kill Creek, where she sank. The horses were drowned, and the baggage lost; but the passengers, partly by wading and partly by swimming, reached the shore. It was but half a mile from the ferry, but they could not make themselves heard. There was neither tree nor shrub to shelter them from the bleak wind. They huddled close together to get what warmth they might from the contact of their bodies. They stamped with their feet and threshed with their arms, and walked up and down to keep off the sleep which leads to death. The heavy hours wore slowly on. At eleven a ferry boy died; at three, Mr. George, a passenger. Day came at last, but it was not till nine that the survivors were seen from the shore, and a boat was sent for them. Benumbed, unconscious, hardly able to move their limbs, they were placed in a sleigh and conveyed to the house of Mr. Mercerau, whose name reappears a few years later in a useful though not a brilliant position in the war of independence. The first instinct of the half-frozen men was to crowd around the fire, and they paid for the imprudence by the loss of fingers or toes, and in one instance of a leg. The wiser De Kalb bathed his feet and legs in ice-water, and then ate and went to bed. His baggage was lost; and with it "several hundred louis d'or, the badge of his order, and the key to his cipher." It was not till the end of February that he was able to renew his correspondence with the minister.

"The colonies," he writes on the 25th of February, "seem to intrench themselves more and more in their system of opposition and of economy. It is said that the merchants of London are already beginning to feel the effects of this policy; that in consequence of it the wages of labor are fallen off; that a number of the trades, by combining among themselves, have destroyed the business of those who worked for less than the established prices." Then passing to the subject of taxation, which he has evidently studied with great intelligence and care, he says, "The assembly at Boston have just resolved to

remonstrate with the court against the tea tax, as will appear from the accompanying English documents, which I inclose in the original in order to excite less suspicion in case this letter should be intercepted. The dissatisfaction with the impost grows out of their aversion to being taxed by the Parliament instead of by the representatives of their own provinces. It would seem to me that the court of St. James mistakes its own interest. If the king would ask the colonies for sums much larger than the proceeds of the imposts in dispute, they would be granted without any objection, provided the colonists were left at liberty to tax themselves, and, as free subjects, to give their money with their own consent. During the late war they have paid enormous sums, larger ones than the king demanded, because he approached their assemblies with the same formalities as he observed in calling upon Parliament for subsidies. It is a matter of surprise that the court has discarded this advantageous method, and that the people of Great Britain are ready to subvert the fundamental polity of the kingdom by taxing their fellow-citizens without their consent, when they submit to the same proceeding only at the hands of their representatives in the House of Commons. The colonies have the same right; they can only be taxed by their own assemblies. The king would therefore have to make an application for that purpose to every single colony. But the colonies themselves would not favor the last alternative, partly on account of the expense involved and partly on account of the certainty of finding themselves in a minority on all occasions, which would unavoidably constrain them to participate in every war waged in Europe by England or by the Elector of Hanover. They would prefer a parliament or a continental assembly, a power which, however, would soon become dangerous to the crown. All classes of people here are imbued with such a spirit of independence and freedom from control, that if all the provinces can be united under a common representation, an independ-

ent state will soon be formed. At all events it will certainly come forth in time. Whatever may be done in London, this country is growing too powerful to be much longer governed at such a distance. The population is now estimated at three millions, and is expected to double itself in less than thirty years. It is not to be denied that children swarm everywhere like ants. The people are strong and robust, and even the English officers admit that the militia are equal to the line in every respect."

His observations at Boston confirm those at Philadelphia and New York. "I meet," he writes, "with the same opinions as in the provinces already visited, only expressed with greater violence and acrimony. The four provinces composing New England — Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire — appear to be more firmly united among themselves, on account of the community of interests, than the remaining colonies. Massachusetts in particular, the most wealthy and populous, gives the impulse and the signal of independence to the rest. In spite of this restive spirit, however, they all, from the leaders down to the humblest citizen, seem to be imbued with a heart-felt love of the mother country. The inhabitants of this province are almost exclusively Englishmen or of English stock, and the liberties so long enjoyed by them have only swelled the pride and presumption peculiar to that people. All these circumstances go to show but too clearly that there will be no means of inducing them to accept of assistance from abroad. In fact, they are so well convinced of the justice of their cause, the clemency of the king, and of their own importance to the mother country, that they have never contemplated the possibility of extreme measures." Nothing struck him with such surprise as the commercial spirit of the colonists. "I am more and more astonished," he writes, "at the number of merchantmen to be seen in the ports, rivers, and bays, from the Potomac and Chesapeake to Boston harbor. And in addition to these, numberless ships are in

course of construction. What must have been the trade of these colonies before the disturbances began? Nor am I less struck with the flourishing appearance of the interior.'"

From Boston, De Kalb went to Halifax, making everywhere the same inquiries and obtaining the same answers. The ultimate separation of the colonies from the mother country he looked upon as inevitable, but it was to the steady increase of their population and prosperity, and not to foreign bayonets, that he looked for it. He had done a great deal of work in a very short time, and developed civil talents of a very high order. His reports contain views of the colonies which throw a clear but sober light upon the aims and character of the colonists and the resources of the country. He saw from the first what our own statesmen were several years in seeing, that the Canadians could not be counted by the French government as allies.

But, meanwhile, a grave difficulty arose. In spite of all the pains he had been at to secure the transmission of his letters, they had reached his wife with the seals broken. It was evident that he was an object of suspicion, and should his communications with the minister be interrupted it would be impossible for him to continue his work. He resolved, therefore, to return to France, make new arrangements for his correspondence, and hold himself at the minister's orders if a new mission should be thought necessary.

It is evident that De Kalb had been strongly impressed with the resources and rapid growth of the colonies, but what was the part of France to be in the impending contest? Evidently that of an interested state, seeking for an opportunity to avenge itself on an enemy. And how could that revenge be made sure? De Kalb believed that France could obtain her end only by watching. The day of separation would surely come. To endeavor to hasten it would be risking all on a single throw when the game was already in her hands.

There is another value in these re-

ports. They bear directly on the question of the motives of France in the treaty of 1778. De Kalb's mission affords the strongest evidence that whatever may have been the aims of Vergennes, Choiseul was seeking the humiliation of England.

In April, De Kalb sailed for England, and on the 12th of June was in Paris. Of all his reports five only had reached the minister. But he had the materials of other reports in his portfolio, which he arranged and sent to the duke. Through the rest of the summer and early fall Choiseul's interest in the colonies was unchanged. But another question had risen, which now absorbed his attention. He had long been trying to strengthen France in the Mediterranean by the subjugation of Corsica. And here first comes to view the Garibaldi of the eighteenth century, the Italian Paoli. To seize upon Corsica was to weaken England. Still more deadly was the blow which he meditated through the colonies. By a system common to all, the commerce of each was confined to the mother country. Could this restriction be removed, and the productions of North America be admitted into the colonies of France and Spain, what a blow would be given to the commercial prosperity of England. So thought Choiseul. So thought Count Châtelet, the French ambassador at the court of St. James. But the Spanish ambassador, Grimaldi, saw in it the building of the English colonies into a powerful republic, an evil example to the French and Spanish colonies, and his reasoning prevailed. Had he gone a little further, he would have foreseen that the colonies were making rapid strides towards independence by virtue of a law more powerful than the decrees of parliaments or kings. Absorbed by these questions the French minister felt that he had no more need of De Kalb and his reports, and coolly threw him off. Choiseul was a great minister, but, like most of his class, regarded men as tools to be taken up and laid down at will. A few months later he found that in spite of all his services, and while his brain was still teeming with

designs for the glory of France, he too was but a tool to be cast aside at the caprice of a vile woman and still viler king. Had Choiseul remained in power, it is difficult not to believe that the war of independence would have begun under different auspices and led to speedier results. Still, De Kalb's mission was not lost.

The next two years were years of deep humiliation for those who loved France. The downward impulse which society had received from the licentious administration of the Duke of Orleans reached the lowest point of degradation during the last years of Louis XV. The position which the bold bearing and broad statesmanship of Choiseul had won for France was lost by the incompetence and corruption of his successor. It was not till Vergennes was firmly seated in the chair of foreign affairs that America became once more a subject of interest to the French cabinet.

For De Kalb, these years were not without their pleasures, although tranquil beyond any others of his restless career. They were years of domestic happiness and that pleasant provision for the future which so naturally follows the appearance of children at the fire-side. Still the ambitious and active nature would out. No chance of promotion escaped his watchful eye. But while Louis XV. lived, all his efforts to obtain active service failed. The accession of Louis XVI. opened brighter prospects. His friends and early patrons, the two brothers De Broglie, returned to court, and soon we find De Kalb in active life. When in 1775 the Count de Broglie went to Metz as military commander-in-chief, he took De Kalb with him. America, too, was again looming up on the political horizon, and Vergennes, like Choiseul, hated England. The minister of war gave him a private audience, and he asked for a brigadiership. In November the commission of brigadier-general for the islands was given him. It was in the colonies that he was to win his grade. This period of his career deserves a careful study for its connection with the history of the French alliance. But the

full story of the wiles and craft by which the way was prepared for the treaty of 1778 would carry us too far beyond the circle of De Kalb's individual action.

Assistance was to be given to the colonies as far as it could be done without compromising France. War was to be avoided as long as possible, and accepted only when the Americans had given unequivocal proofs of their strength and perseverance. With this view, arms and money were to be supplied secretly, and for this purpose Colonel du Courdray, an artillery officer of distinction, was sent on an apparent tour of inspection to the forts and arsenals, but with secret instructions to select an ample supply of arms for the use of the insurgents. It is in this connection that we first meet the name of Beaumarchais in American history. De Kalb was to go as a volunteer, on leave, and without imperiling his position in the French army. Too cautious to hazard himself without a positive agreement with some trustworthy agent, he resolved to wait the arrival of Silas Deane, the secret agent of the Americans, who was daily expected at Paris. Deane eagerly grasped at the opportunity of securing the services of so experienced an officer, and assured him of the grade of major-general with rank from the 7th of November, 1776. De Kalb and Vergennes would have smiled could they have seen the closing sentence of the dispatch in which the unskilled agent announced the negotiation to Congress. "This gentleman," he writes, "has an independent fortune, and a certain prospect of advancement here; but being a zealous friend to liberty, civil and religious, he is actuated by the most independent and generous principles in the offer he makes of his services to the states of America." On the 1st of December a formal contract was signed, De Kalb affixing his name to it for himself and fifteen others. On the 7th of December a new contract was signed, and on this we find the name of Lafayette, the first time that we meet this beloved name in American history. This important transaction did not escape the watchful eye

of the English ambassador, who immediately reported it to his government. But England did not want a war with France, and delayed her revenge.

Meanwhile the arms and military stores destined for the insurgents reached the different ports at which they were to be embarked. A large number of officers also appeared in the streets of Havre and other sea-port towns. Love of adventure, thirst for distinction, an ill-defined zeal for the rights of man, had kindled the enthusiasm of the young nobility. Some of them of large fortune and high rank resolved to take an active part in the contest. But instead of following the course which the relations between France and England required, they talked loud in the streets, discussed their plans in coffee-houses, and went further than Lord Stormont's spies in supplying him with materials for remonstrance.

On the 14th of December the *Amphitrite* sailed with Du Coudray and his suite. Like De Kalb, Du Coudray, on reaching Philadelphia, was to rank as major-general, thus outranking native officers of the highest merit. When the tidings reached the colonies it excited a menacing dissatisfaction. But for the moment the danger was averted. The accommodations of the *Amphitrite* and the storage of her cargo were found unsuitable for a long voyage, and she returned to L'Orient. With such evidence in his hands Lord Stormont addressed an energetic remonstrance to the French minister, who, not yet prepared for war, forbade the expedition. At this critical moment came the tidings of the disheartening campaign of 1776. Vergennes felt that the hour was not yet come, and ordered the stores which had already been put on shipboard to be detained. Du Coudray sailed alone on the 14th of February, 1777. De Kalb resolved to wait a more favorable opportunity. Meantime, De Broglie had written him an extraordinary letter.

It is hard to say how far De Kalb shared in the delusion of his patron. His knowledge of the colonies was the result of personal intercourse, and it

seems impossible that he could have fallen into so great an error upon so important a point as their willingness to put a foreigner at the head of the government. Yet Silas Deane, fresh from Congress, believed that the young nation, distrustful of its actual leaders, would gladly put a general of approved skill at its head. The affair of Du Coudray soon taught him better, and when De Kalb reached Philadelphia, he shut up in his portfolio the record of his patron's ignorance and presumption, and no attempt was made to carry out the foolish scheme.

It was during the interval of waiting, that De Kalb became intimately associated with Lafayette. The union was a profitable one for both. De Kalb had age, experience, and practical knowledge; Lafayette, wealth, high rank, and the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. They encouraged each other in the resolve that the temporary delay should not prevent them from carrying out their plan. Lafayette had serious obstacles to apprehend from the opposition of his family, especially from that of his father-in-law, the Duke d'Ayen. At his request, in fact, the ardent young nobleman was ordered to renounce his project and travel in Italy with his family. A consultation with the Comte de Broglie was at once held, and it was resolved that Lafayette should buy and freight a ship, and sail without delay for the colonies, De Kalb and eleven officers accompanying him. De Kalb's letters to his wife contain a minute history of the embarrassments, both small and great, which delayed their embarkation. At length, on the 20th of April they sailed, and on the 15th of June made land on the coast of South Carolina.

Thus it happened that Lafayette, one of the earliest abolitionists, was brought for the first time into contact with slavery on his landing in the country in which he first fought the battles of freedom. The ship-captain was out in his reckoning and did not know where he was. Lafayette and De Kalb, with one of their companions and seven sailors, took to the boat and rowed toward

the shore to look for a pilot. The first persons they met were three negro oystermen, who could only tell that they belonged to a major in the American army, and that the coast was infested by hostile cruisers. But they guided the strangers to their master's house, which they reached about ten in the evening, being received there with characteristic hospitality. There was much to ask and tell. Huger, for that was the major's name, told the progress of the war. De Kalb and Lafayette could speak of the public sentiment in France, to which American eyes were turned with deep anxiety. It was an auspicious beginning.

From Huger's hospitable mansion they proceeded to Charleston, where their ship had already arrived, and, disposing profitably of the cargo, hastened toward Philadelphia with as much speed as the heat of July would permit. The day after their arrival they presented themselves at the door of Congress; and now for the first time they saw what trouble Deane had caused by his unauthorized promises of rank and high pay to foreigners. They had come at an unfortunate moment. Du Coudray's arrogant claims had raised a general ferment of indignation. Congress was fast losing the confidence of the army. Greene, Knox, and Sullivan had offered their resignations. Would it be just or even safe to accept them, and fill their places with foreigners? Congress determined to make the best of its awkward position. It was resolved that the officers for whom no provision could be made should have their expenses paid, and return home. Lafayette asked to be allowed to serve as a volunteer without pay. He had brought private letters from Franklin as well as Deane, which called attention to the moral strength his name would give to the American cause in France. His prayer was granted, and he received the commission of major-general. But his generous nature did not allow him to stop here. He resolved to use all his influence to secure De Kalb, and assured his friend that he would not accept his own com-

mission unless a similar one should be given to him. With equal generosity De Kalb refused the offer, and advised the young general to join the army without delay.

How the discarded officers felt may be learnt from a very acrimonious letter which De Kalb addressed to the President of Congress on the 1st of August, 1777. But bitterly as he wrote on this occasion, he had seen too much of the world not to feel that Congress was substantially in the right, and that an army commanded by foreigners would be a dangerous foundation to build upon in a civil war. In this dilemma Congress took the wisest course, disavowed Deane, and assumed the expenses of the rejected officers. De Kalb was employed to arrange and present their accounts, which were accepted and promptly paid.

Meanwhile the shrewd diplomatist had not passed so many weeks in Philadelphia in vain. Part of the time, it is true, he was confined to a sick-bed, but even that was a means of bringing him into personal contact with some of the leading members of government. No one could converse with him often without being convinced of his fine parts, extensive observation, and sound judgment. As these gentlemen compared their observations they became convinced that De Kalb was too valuable a man to be rejected. Accordingly, Congress resolved to appoint another major-general, and offered the commission to him, with the same date as that of Lafayette. The offer found him at Bethlehem, where he was making a visit to his Moravian brethren. His first impulse was to reject it, for he did not know in what light his acceptance would be looked upon by his patrons, the De Broglies, and the officers who had accompanied him. Further reflection convinced him that there was no good reason for a refusal. On the 13th of October he set out for the army.

He was welcomed by the officers as a brother in arms. Conway alone, who was already engaged in the infamous cabal which bears his name, looked coldly upon him, complaining that De

Kalb had been his inferior in France and could not justly be allowed to outrank him here. But Conway was already too well known in the army to find adherents there, although in Congress he had friends enough to procure him the coveted promotion even in direct opposition to the avowed wishes of Washington. De Kalb's story now becomes closely interwoven with the story of the war. He was sent in November with St. Clair and Knox to examine the fortifications of Red Bank, by which Washington still hoped to starve Howe out of Philadelphia. He was present at the council of war which was called to decide upon the propriety of an attack upon Philadelphia, and voted with the majority against it. Fortunately for the historian he was as fond of his pen as of his sword, and his minute and frequent letters to his wife and the Comte de Broglie are full of history, and valuable as a record not merely of events but also of opinions. It was some time before he was able to form a correct idea of Washington. His personal qualities he was struck with at once; but the campaign of '77 had not been a brilliant one, and mistakes had been made which he laid at the door of the commander-in-chief. "I have not yet told you anything of the character of General Washington," he writes to the Comte de Broglie, on the 24th of September. "He is the most amiable, kind-hearted, and upright of men; but as a general he is too indolent, too slow, and far too weak; besides, he has a tinge of vanity in his composition, and overestimates himself. In my opinion, whatever success he may have will be owing to good luck and to the blunders of his adversaries, rather than to his abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to improve upon the grossest blunders of the enemy. He has not yet overcome his old prejudices against the French." This language sounds strangely as applied to Washington; yet it is historically important to know that it was actually used, though at the time of the Conway cabal, when Washington's enemies were bold and loud. But there is

no reason to suppose that De Kalb was in any way connected with that infamous intrigue.

A few weeks later his opinion is materially modified. "He is the bravest and truest of men," he writes, "has the best intentions and a sound judgment. I am convinced that he would accomplish substantial results if he would only act more upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and has the worst of advisers in the men who enjoy his confidence." He had already written, "It is unfortunate that Washington is so easily led." This is nearly the language of Lee and Reed a year before. They had all mistaken for want of decision the self-distrust which arose from a consciousness of inexperience. It was not long before De Kalb's opinion was still further modified. "He must be a very modest man. . . . He did and does more every day than could be expected from any general in the world in the same circumstances, and . . . I think him the only proper person, . . . by his natural and acquired capacity, his bravery, good sense, uprightness, and honesty, to keep up the spirits of the army and people, and . . . I look upon him as the sole defender of his country's cause. Thus much I thought myself obliged to say on that head. I only could wish in my private opinion he would take more upon himself and trust more to his own excellent judgment than to councils." This language was a decided renunciation of the schemes of De Broglie.

De Kalb was with the army during its last operations before Philadelphia and its bleak winter encampment at Valley Forge. He was restless and dissatisfied. Among his many hard experiences this was the hardest. His judgment as a scientific soldier was offended. His aspirations for military distinction were thwarted. He longed for the well clad and thoroughly disciplined armies with which he had fought under Saxe and against Frederick. He poured out his soul to his wife and his friend, and there was a great deal of bitterness in it. He condemns in unmeasured terms the

choice of encampment, saying that none but an enemy of the commander-in-chief could have advised him to risk his army in such a position. His picture of camp life is almost a satire. He seems hardly to know how to speak of the love for titles which makes every man a colonel, or of the love of display which wearies the troops with unprofitable parades, and leads officers of every grade to strip the ranks in order to secure a full array of unnecessary servants. The expense of living he finds enormous, and believes that many bills are paid which will not bear examination. "I am the only general," he writes, "who practices economy. Nevertheless, at the last camp I had to pay my purveyor of milk and butter two hundred and forty-two francs for the consumption of two weeks." He does not know what his pay is, whether a hundred and fifty dollars a month or two hundred; but whichever it may be it will be paid in paper and be subjected to a discount of four hundred per cent. before he can get silver for it. The contractors make, he has no doubt, fifty per cent. on their contracts; and through the whole department of supplies he finds a dangerous spirit of speculation. Nothing, however, gives him greater pain than the jealousies and bickerings of the French officers. Few as they comparatively were, they were divided into parties, and embittered against each other by an intolerant party spirit. The only exception was Lafayette, who, attaching himself to Washington, seemed to have no other view than the success of the cause to which he had dedicated his fortune and life.

What tried him yet more was that he could not secure at Valley Forge those laurels which had been his chief aim in coming to America. Then came rumors of European wars, and visions of honors won under his old commander, De Broglie, began to float before his dazzled eyes. Then his diplomatic ambition was awakened, and he thought it would be a pleasant thing to be the French envoy to Congress, or to represent France in Protestant Geneva. Sometimes, also, while he wrote to his wife, he longed

for more tranquil scenes and a purer happiness; he would throw up his commission and go home to live with her and their children. Dreams, all of them. The weeks and months passed on, and every day the fetters which his ambition had forged grew firmer.

But the winter was not altogether an inactive one. From the Conway cabal sprang the expedition to Canada, framed solely to detach Lafayette from the commander-in-chief. The snare was avoided by Lafayette's insisting upon De Kalb instead of Conway for second in command. When the two generals reached Albany they found that no preparations had been made for the opening of the campaign; neither men nor stores had been collected. It was too late to begin, and they returned to camp.

Meanwhile came the tidings of the French alliance, which seemed to make the victory of the Americans certain. "But for the late treaty," De Kalb writes to his wife, "I should have returned to you ere this. Now I cannot and will not do it for various reasons, two of which I shall here specify. In the first place, war between England and France having become inevitable, should I fall into the hands of the English while at sea, my treatment would be that of a French prisoner of war. . . . In the second place, the alliance with the United States transforms me from an officer on two years' furlough into a general of the French army, with the same if not a better title to promotion than if I had never quitted France. Henceforward, therefore, I shall only return by express command of the minister."

De Kalb was one of those who thought the contest virtually ended by the alliance with France. But his conjecture was not realized. For four more campaigns De Kalb remained with the army, but by a singular fatality was not present at any of its battles. His patience was sorely tried. "As often as a Frenchman returns home," he writes to his wife, "my heart is ready to burst with homesickness."

"What I am doing here is extremely

disagreeable. Without my excellent constitution it would be impossible to bear up long under this service. Yesterday I made the most wearisome trip of my life, visiting the posts and pickets of the army in the solitudes, woods, and mountains, clambering over the rocks, and picking my way in the most abominable roads. My horse having fallen lame, I had to make the whole distance on foot. I never suffered more from heat. On my return I had not a dry rag on me, and was so tired that I could not sleep. My temperate and simple habits greatly contribute to keep me in good health. My general health is very good, and I hardly notice the annoyances of camp life. Dry bread and water make my breakfast and supper; at dinner I take some meat. I drink nothing but water, never coffee, and rarely chocolate or tea, in order to avoid irritating my eyes. . . . I have now no more earnest wish than soon to see you and the children again, and never to leave you more. If our separation is destined to be of any advantage to us it is dearly paid for."

He bears emphatic testimony to the barbarity with which the war was carried on, on the part of the enemy. The English peace commissioners had threatened it when they saw that their mission had failed, and Sir Henry Clinton did not scruple to put the threat in execution. "General Clinton," De Kalb writes, "having left a garrison in New York, is amusing himself with plundering, burning, and ravaging. Fairfield, Bedford, Norwalk, New Haven, and West Haven have already felt his rage. The mode of warfare here practiced is the most barbarous that could be conceived; whatever the enemy cannot carry off in their forays is destroyed or burned. They cannot possibly triumph in the end. Their cruelty and inhumanity must sooner or later draw down upon their heads the vengeance of Heaven, and blast a government which authorizes these outrages." Such words from an officer who had gone through the Seven Years' War and seen with his own eyes the inhumanity with which it

was carried on, afford a strong confirmation of the charges which the Americans brought against the English.

It is pleasant to find a burst of enthusiasm in so deliberate a man as De Kalb. A letter from Washington announcing the capture of Stony Point came while they were still at table. "I drank no wine," he writes, "as the others did, yet I was carried away by the same enthusiasm."

We meet another trait in these letters, worth remembering. "The taking of Stony Point forms an epoch in the history of the war of American independence, because it was on this occasion that our troops first ventured to attack the intrenchments of the enemy, and because they displayed great valor in doing so. The action lasted only twenty-five minutes. A hundred or a hundred and twenty of the British were killed or wounded, while we had thirty killed and sixty wounded. I mean to tell the truth in spite of what the newspapers will say about our losses, greatly exaggerating, of course, the number of the fallen foe and cutting down our own casualties. But I am unable to appreciate the subtlety of this system of lies told by everybody and believed by no one."

From the French alliance to the spring of 1780 De Kalb, constantly with the army, shared all its hardships, cold, hunger, fatigue, the nights on a camp-stool or on the bare ground, clothes falling about him in rags, and his ink freezing in his pen, as he writes close by the fire. He resolves to go to Philadelphia to buy clothes. He has to pay four hundred dollars for a hat, for a pair of boots the same, and for other things in proportion. He wants a good horse, but is asked a price equivalent to ten years of his pay, and therefore falls back on his old stock. Some details given in his letters are not very creditable to the public spirit of certain officers. His division was composed of one regiment from Delaware and seven from Maryland, in two brigades, the first under Smallwood and all Marylanders, the second under Gist and containing three Maryland regiments and one from Delaware, two thousand and

thirty men in all. From time to time some of the States sent their officers supplies of a kind which could not be found in the market—coffee, cognac, tea, and sugar. As commanding officer, De Kalb would be entitled to a share; but Smallwood, violating both the laws of military subordination and the laws of good breeding, set a watch over them to prevent any of them from going into the hands of De Kalb, who, he said, not being a Marylander, had no right to them.

“My march,” he writes to a German friend from Petersburg, Virginia, when on his way to reinforce the southern army, “costs me enormous sums. I cannot travel with my equipage, and am therefore compelled to resort to inns. My six months’ earnings will scarce defray the most indispensable outlay of a single day. Not long since I was compelled to take a night’s lodging at a private house. For a bed, supper, and grog for myself, my three companions, and three servants, I was charged, on going off without a breakfast next day, the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars. The lady of the house politely added that she had charged nothing for the rooms, and would leave the compensation for them to my discretion, although three or four hundred dollars would not be too much for the inconvenience to which she had been put by myself and my followers.” No wonder that he should add, “And these are the people who talk of sacrificing their all in the cause of liberty.”

I feel myself bound to give these details. Those who look upon the history of our war of independence as an unqualified history of generous sacrifices forget that base and ignoble passions manifested themselves by the side of the noblest. We had but one Arnold, but we had many lesser villains, who played the spy on both sides, sometimes fought on both sides, and grew rich by speculating upon the necessities of their country. Our national history, like the early history of Rome, has suffered greatly from apocryphal heroism.

Meanwhile a change had taken place in the strategy of the British general.

Experience had shown the impossibility of conquering the Americans by the north. He resolved to carry the war into the south. Savannah was taken; siege was laid to Charleston. Lincoln, who was in command in the south, called earnestly for reinforcements; and on the 3d of April, De Kalb was ordered to march with his division to the succor of the besieged city. It was a long and weary march, during which men and officers were exposed to great hardships. It was an occasion also which called out De Kalb’s military and executive talents to the best advantage. Supplies of all kinds were wanted, and he hurried on to Philadelphia to urge upon Congress the necessity of employing all its authority in order to collect them. The means of transportation, in particular, were wanting. Virginia promised them, but he writes to his friend Dr. Phyle, of Philadelphia, “I meet with no support, no integrity, and no virtue in the State of Virginia, and place my sole reliance on the French fleet and army which are coming to our relief.” With every step in advance his embarrassments increased. “What a difference between war in this country and in Europe,” he writes to his wife. “Those who do not know the former know not what it is to contend against obstacles.” At Petersburg he received the tidings of the fall of Charleston, an event which had been foreseen and provided for. The enemy had as yet no firm footing in the Carolinas, and he was to prevent them from gaining one. He pressed on, his difficulties daily increasing, for the farther he advanced, the more difficult he found it to obtain wagons and food. North Carolina had prepared no supplies for the Continental troops, reserving all her stores for her militia, a body utterly untrustworthy for a campaign of marches and counter-marches, and deeply tainted with toryism. As chief in command and consequently brought into frequent contact with dilatory legislatures and ignorant militia, De Kalb had much to endure. He had physical trials also, hardly less annoying, which he describes to his wife in those long and frequent letters which

give so pleasant a picture of his married life. "Here I am at last," he writes from Goshen, on the borders of North Carolina, "considerably south, suffering from intolerable heat and the worst of quarters, and the most voracious insects of every hue and form. The most disagreeable of the latter is what is commonly called the tick, a kind of strong black flea, which makes its way under the skin, and by its bite produces the most painful irritation and inflammation, which lasts a number of days. My whole body is covered with these stings."

One of his worst foes was hunger. Failing to obtain provisions from the State executive, he was compelled to send out foraging parties, a painful and yet an insufficient resource, for the farmers were living on their last year's crop, which was nearly exhausted, while the new crop, though full of promise to the eye, was not yet ripe; and although the commanders of these parties were ordered to treat the inhabitants with the greatest leniency, they could not but add materially to the miseries of the suffering country. When this resource failed, he was compelled to advance towards the richer districts.

It is only by minute details that such pictures can be made faithful, or such services as De Kalb's be placed in their true light, though even in this hasty sketch there is enough to prove that he possessed some of the soldier's highest qualities in the highest degree. But we are near the end. On the 13th of July a letter from General Gates announces to De Kalb that the command of the southern army has been transferred to the successful leader of the northern army of 1777. De Kalb replies on the 16th, from his camp on the Deep River, giving a concise description of his condition and prospects, and expressing his satisfaction at the promise of being relieved from so difficult a command. If anything could have prepared Gates's mind for a true conception of the condition of his army, it would have been an unvarnished tale like this. But his brain had been turned by success, and fancying that the men who had lent a deaf ear to the rep-

resentations of De Kalb would act with energy and promptitude at the call of the favorite of Congress, he pushed on to Wilcox's Mills, on the Deep River, where the famishing army lay encamped. De Kalb received him with a salute of thirteen guns, and all the pomp and circumstance that his scanty means would permit, and then sank with a lightened heart into the subordinate position of a commander of division. Gates paid him the compliment of confirming his standing orders, but startled officers and men by ordering them to hold themselves in readiness to set out the next morning on the direct route to Camden. When reminded in a written memorial, signed by all the leading officers, that the direct route led through a desolate and barren region, and that there was not food enough in camp for a single day, he replied that supplies of provisions and rum were on their way from the north and would reach the army in two days at the furthest. "I have but to stamp my foot," said Pompéy when speaking of his readiness to meet Cæsar, "and armed men will start from the soil of Italy." "I have but to show myself," thought Gates, "and Cornwallis will take refuge in Charleston."

The disastrous march began. Disease, heat, and hunger fought for the enemy. Mutiny was twice at the door. Neither supplies nor reinforcements came. Molasses was used to temper the brackish water. The only meat was the meagre beef of the pine barrens, in small quantities. For bread they ate unripened corn, and peaches still half green. By the 13th of August they were within thirteen miles of the enemy. On the 15th the heavy baggage, camp equipage, the sick, and women and children were sent to the rear, and orders issued for a night march. A council of war was called, not for consultation, but to confirm the general's plan of action. The confidence in his judgment had not been increased by the knowledge that he had estimated his strength at seven thousand men, when he had but three thousand and fifty-two fit for duty. The confidence in his tactics was shaken when it

was seen that against all military laws he had placed at the head of a column in a night march Armand's cavalry, a body of raw and undisciplined foreigners. De Kalb urged that the army should remain at Clermont, a place strong by nature, and capable of being made stronger by art. This too, he argued, was the true course for the American army, the motley composition of which was much better adapted to defense than to attack; but this wise counsel was not heeded. "We may have Cornwallis against us," said an officer. "He will not dare to look me in the face," was Gates's reply. "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow," said another. "Dine, sir!" was the reply, "why, where but in Camden? I would n't give a pinch of snuff for the certainty of eating my breakfast at Camden to-morrow, and seeing Lord Cornwallis my guest at table."

At ten in the evening the tents were struck, and, the troops filing into position, the march began. The sky was clear, the stars shone brightly; but the air was sultry, and night had none of its wonted coolness to repair the strength consumed by the burning heat of the day. Silence was enjoined under penalty of death. The deep sand deadened the rumbling of the artillery and the heavy tread of the men. The air gleamed with myriads of fire-flies. But every now and then men sickened and fell out of the ranks. Meanwhile Cornwallis, little dreaming that his enemy was so near, was advancing at the head of twenty-two hundred and thirty-three men, in the hope of coming upon the Americans by surprise at Clermont. Thus the two armies were fast approaching each other, each ignorant of the proximity of the other. At about two in the morning they met in a glade in the pine forest, which fell off with a gentle declination towards Saunder's Creek, about half a mile distant, and was covered on both flanks by impenetrable marshes, a position not wanting in strength, but too narrow for the easy management of troops. A brisk fire followed the collision, and in the skirmish Armand's cavalry was thrown back

upon the first Maryland brigade, which caught the panic and broke. But Porterfield's light infantry held its ground and drove the English back, though with the loss of their gallant leader. Both sides paused, and drawing back waited with throbbing hearts to see what daylight might reveal.

From some prisoners who had been taken in the skirmish, Williams, the adjutant-general, learned that Cornwallis himself was at the head of the hostile army, and hastened with the intelligence to Gates. The inconsiderate general could not conceal his amazement. "Let a council be called," was his comment upon the unwelcome tidings. Williams hurried to De Kalb. "Well," said he, "did not the commanding general immediately order a retreat?" The council met in the rear of the American line. "You know our situation, gentlemen," said Gates; "what had we better do?" A deep silence followed. De Kalb had already twice offered wise counsel, which had been rejected. It was not in his nature to offer it again. The first to speak was the impetuous Stevens. "We must fight, gentlemen; it is not yet too late; we can do nothing else, we must fight." "We must fight, then," said Gates; "gentlemen, to your posts."

At break of day the battle began. The first scene was soon ended. Unable to stand the fierce onset of Cornwallis's veterans, the Virginia militia broke and fled, carrying the North Carolinians with them in their headlong flight. "I will bring the rascals with me back into line," exclaimed Gates, and pushed after them, not stopping till he reached Charlotte, sixty miles from the field of battle. And now the interest centres in De Kalb. The final hour of the veteran who had fought under Saxe, and taken an honorable part in the Seven Years' War, was come in the last and only honorable hour of the battle of Camden. He had drawn up the army, putting himself at the head of the men of Delaware and Maryland. A dense fog hung over the battle-field, pressing the smoke so low that it was

impossible to distinguish objects even at a small distance, and it was some time before he became aware of the flight of the left wing and centre. Then gathering all his forces around him, conscious of his danger but not despairing of victory, he led them to the charge. It must have been a thrilling sight to see how firmly they held their ground, how they fired volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, how when they had opened their way by their musketry they followed it up with the bayonet. Above them all towered the gallant German at their head. His sword was stained deepest, his battle-cry rang clearest; there was triumph in the keen flash of his eye — if not the victor's triumph, the triumph of duty done. Three times he led his willing men to the charge. Three times they were forced back by superior numbers. For numbers began to tell. His horse was shot under him. His head was laid open by a sabre-stroke. Jaquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, bound up the wound with his scarf and besought him to withdraw from the fight. Without heeding the appeal, De Kalb led the charge on foot. Wound followed wound, but he held his ground desperately. At last, concentrating his strength in a final charge, Cornwallis came on. The Marylanders broke. De Kalb fell, bleeding from eleven wounds, still at this supreme moment strong enough to cut down a soldier who was aiming his bayonet at his breast. "The rebel general, the rebel general!" shouted the enemy, as they caught sight of his epaulettes. "Spare the Baron De Kalb," cried his adjutant, Dubuysson, vainly throwing himself upon his body and trying to shield it with his own from the thirsty bayonets. He spoke to hearts hardened by the

fierce spirit of battle. The furious English raised the helpless warrior from the ground, and leaning him against a wagon began to strip him. At this moment Cornwallis and his suite rode up. They found him already stripped to his shirt, and with the blood streaming from eleven wounds. "I regret to see you so badly wounded, but am glad to have defeated you," said the victorious general, and immediately gave orders that his brave antagonist should be properly cared for. For three days his strong frame struggled with death. Dubuysson watched by his bedside. English officers came to express their sympathy and regret. Soldier to the last, his thoughts were with the brave men who had faced the enemy so gallantly at his command, and just before he expired he charged his faithful adjutant to give them his "thanks for their valor and bid them an affectionate farewell."

On the 19th he died, three days after the battle. The Masons of the British army took part in his funeral, and buried him with Masonic rites. Gates announced his death to Congress in terms of warm admiration; and Congress voted a monument to his memory, which has never been erected. Till 1821 the solitary tree under which he had been buried was the only record of the spot where he lay. Then proposals were made to erect a monument to him at Camden, and after some delay the work was begun. Little progress had been made, when Lafayette's last visit to this country in 1825 reviving for a moment the sense of local rather than of national obligation, the illustrious Frenchman who had been De Kalb's first companion was, with peculiar propriety, asked to lay the corner-stone of this tardy tribute to the memory of his heroic friend.

George Washington Greene.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN one of the warmest, most delightfully personal of his Dramatic Lyrics, Browning represents the singer as anticipating the time when life's November shall find him dumb, sitting by the fire over "a great wise book as besemeth age," when the youngsters, whispering —

"There he is at it, deep in Greek;"

take the chance to slip out on some half-forbidden excursion. "I shall be at it, indeed, my friends," he says: —

"Greek puts already on either side
Such a branch-work forth as soon extends
To a vista opening far and wide
And I pass out where it ends."

This was written — published at least — twenty years ago, and perhaps hints, if we may read any autobiographic confession between the lines, at a foreseen intellectual rest among the enduring forms of Greek art. Browning's mind, with its restlessness, its incessant experimenting and exploring, could scarcely be supposed, if time enough were given, to miss adventures in this direction, but now that we find him within the region of Greek life,¹ we see no signs of anything that looks like the attitude of an old man warming himself by the fire. The same vigorous clinch of life which marks his handling of mediæval subjects is to be found here, and in the person of Balaustion he enters the heart of Athens and essays to lay bare the secrets of that wonderful life, giving it an interpretation as far as possible removed from the conventional mode.

Balaustion, the Rhodian girl who cast in her lot with Athens — as Browning told us in the forerunner of this book, Balaustion's Adventure — at the time when under the disastrous failure of the Sicilian expedition the allies of Athens were deserting her for Sparta, is seen now returning to Rhodes with Euthukles, her husband, seven years later, when the Spartan supremacy had accomplished the disgrace of Athens, and the double walls which Themistokles had caused to be built after the repulse of the Persians were destroyed by the city's rival. Sailing away from this horror Balaustion surveys it in recollection:

"I dare invite, survey the scene my sense
Staggered to apprehend: for, disengaged
From the mere outside anguish and contempt,
Slowly a justice centred in a doom
Reveals itself. Ay, pride succumbed to pride,
Oppression met the oppressor and its match.
Athenai's vaunt braved Spartæ's violence
Till, in the shock, prone fell Peiraios, low
Rampart and bulwark lay, as, — timing stroke
Of hammer, ax, beam hoist and poised and
swung, —

The very flute-girls blew their laughing best,
In dance about the conqueror while he bade
Music and merriment help enginery
Batter down, break to pieces all their trust,
Those citizens once, slaves now. See what walls
Play substitute for the long double range
Themistoklean, heralding a guest
From harbor on to citadel! Each side
The senseless walls demolished stone by stone,
See, — outer wall as stonelike, — heads and
hearts, —

Athenai's terror-stricken populace!
Prattlers, tongue-tied in crouching abjectness, —
Braggarts who wring hands wont to flourish
swords —

Sophist and rhetorician, demagogue
(Argument dumb, authority a jest),
Dikast and heliast, pleader, litigant,
Quack-priest, sham-prophecy-retailer, scout
O' the customs, sycophant, whate'er the style,
Altar-scraper-snatcher, pimp and parasite, —
Rivalities at truce now each with each,
Stupefied mud-banks, — that's the use they serve
While the one order which performs exact
To promise, functions faithful last as first,
What is it but the city's lyric troop,
Chantress and psaltress, flute-girl, dancing girl?
Athenai's harlotry takes laughing care
Their patron miss no pipings, late she loved,
But deathward tread at last the kordax-step."

It is by resolutely facing this scene in recollection that Balaustion hopes to vanquish it in her mind, and not only the special horror of Athens' final shame, but that interior and antecedent crumbling of the city's life which only found outward sign at last in this more patent misery. "What hinders," she exclaims, —

"What hinders that we treat this tragic theme
As the Three taught when either woke some woe,
— How Klutaimnestra hated, what the pride
Of Iokasté, why Medea clove
Nature asunder. Small rebuked by large,
We felt our puny hates refine to air,
Our prides as poor prevent the humbling hand,
Our petty passion purify its tide.
So, Euthukles, permit the tragedy
To reëact itself, this voyage through,
Till sunsets end and sunrise brighten Rhodes:

¹ Aristophanes' *Apology*, including a Transcript from Euripides: being the Last Adventure of Ba-

laustion. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

Majestic on the stage of memory,
 Peplosed and kothorned, let Athenai fall
 Once more, nay, oft again till life conclude,
 Lent for the lesson : Choros, I and thou !
 What else in life seems piteous any more
 After such pity, or proves terrible
 Beside such terror ? ”

So Balaustion rehearses, while Euthukles records, an adventure a year before, when they were still resident in Athens, not yet stripped of its honor. Euthukles had brought home to his wife, sitting alone, the news of the death of Euripides in Macedonia, how the news had been received in Athens, especially by the people returning from the theatre, where they had been to see one of Aristophanes' comedies crowned ; as this discourse between Balaustion and Euthukles goes on, and little by little they leave talk of Aristophanes and the fickle Athenians, to recall their master and friend Euripides, taking up his play, Herakles Mainomenos,¹ which he had given to Balaustion, the shouting and singing of a company is heard without, there is a knock at the door, which is flung open, and in troops the *choros* of the comedy, followed by the chief actors, a gay crowd of girl dancers and flute-boys, Elaphion, the *première danseuse*, and finally Aristophanes himself. Before the pure presence of Balaustion the drunken revelers slink back into the street, Elaphion going last, leaving Aristophanes alone. By the same power of womanhood, Aristophanes, stripped of his followers, owns himself stripped also of all disguises of his soul, and so confronts frankly and ingeniously the clear eyes of the searching Rhodian.

There follows then what is, by distinction, Aristophanes' Apology, a plea for his art in answer to the mute reproach of Euripides, and the plain, straightforward question and charge of Euripides' friend, Balaustion. The Apology is followed by Balaustion's defense of her master against the attack of Aristophanes, and for direct witness of the truth she holds she recites the whole of the play that lay by her side, the Herakles. Some words follow the recital ; then the story of the year following is rapidly told, the political events, the career of Aristophanes, the crash that came in the Spartan victory, and in the midst of that a kind of miniature adventure of Euthukles, whose brief recital of Euripides' words turns the edge of the Spartan vin-

¹ Throughout the poem the Greek forms are used with a studied rigidity, to the confusion of old-fashioned readers.

dictiveness ; and so the ship that bears these two brings them at length to Rhodes.

Such is a brief outline of a poem which seems inexhaustible to the reader. It will be seen at once in how rich a mine the poet digs. Athens at its sudden downfall, Euripides, Aristophanes, tragedy, comedy, politics, art,—here are suggestions enough for a living poet, and Browning has cast himself into the time and scene with an energetic warmth which is kindled partly by the magnificent Greek life, and partly by that impetuous struggle with problems of art and life which has from the beginning marked him as the poetic athlete of English literature. If it be said that poetry can dispense with discussions on art, we may at least put in a caveat for the pictorial form in which this discussion is presented. To analyze the discussion itself would be inexpedient here, but whoever, reading the story once for the discussion, shall turn and re-read it for its wealth of imagination, will surely become somewhat reconciled to a treatment which is no barren rehearsal of principles, but the picture of two very distinct persons engaged in a fence with words that have power to hurt. The reader unfamiliar with Greek history and literature will hardly derive much satisfaction from a single reading, but in spite of the apparently learned look of the pages, the poem demands but an ordinary acquaintance with the historical realities upon which it is based ; still, the more one is at home in Athens, the more thorough enjoyment he will take in this historical picture.

In fact, we cannot help regarding the secondary value of the book as very significant. Its primary value as a rich and abiding poem is for all readers who can get through the hedge that seems to surround it. There remains a worth for the student so potent that we are almost ready to concede that Browning deliberately chose his theme for this ulterior object. It is impossible that one of so sturdy a nature as Browning, so ardently patriotic, so profoundly impressed by the ethical side of life, should fail to protest against the insidious *renaissance* of modern England which has displayed itself in a philosophy and art satisfied, at their best, with an earthly paradise. It has been the habit of the school adopting this return to the antique to represent Greek life under an aspect of fatalism, and to extract from it a creed of æsthetic indulgence which suffers the believer to dwell in a condition of refined

sensualism. The masculine protest is found in this poem and its predecessor. Alike the chilly Greece of conventionalism and the luscious Greece of the renaissance disappear before this picture of Athens with its tempestuous crowd, its solitary figures, and its intense civil and political life. The whole poem is a warning against the attempt to separate literature and art from nationality and righteousness; as such it will brace many minds, and while it doubtless must remain a student's poem, its influence may be counted on over a susceptible class of young Englishmen and Americans.

—In probably a deeper sense than he intended, Mr. Hayne has traced in his title¹ precisely the two forces which most prominently appear in his poems, — "nature and tradition." Of the first element we will speak presently. Of the second we may say, that while retracing the romance-haunted paths of the past, in quest of poetic opportunity, Mr. Hayne is tacitly following another tradition than that which gives him his subject-matter, namely, the tradition of all our Southern songsters, who maintain a devout faith in the saving power of old legends. Not, of course, that he relies on his subject solely; on the contrary, the workmanship of these poems of tradition, *The Mountain of the Lovers*, *The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana*, *Visit of Mahmoud Ben Suleim*, and the rest, is most careful and elaborate. But there is a subtle sympathy between the poet and his material which seems to belong to an older time, and is expressed in the very choice of words and phrases obsolete except in poetry, to an extent greater than that of most modern verse: "natheless," "puissance," and a fondness for the form "what time," may be cited, together with the use of words like "whisperous," and "wailful." A distinctly modern tone, in other places, gives to this trait the exaggerative force of contrast, perhaps; though for our own part we must frankly confess a preference for the poems of nature, in which the author reconciles his verse with the language of our time. We have no space for analysis of these out-of-door lyrics, in which a glad and genial temper so invariably asserts itself, and often with great success; but, as one of Mr. Hayne's happiest strokes, we may quote the lines, once before printed in *The Atlantic*, —

¹ *The Mountain of the Lovers; with Poems of Nature and Tradition.* By PAUL H. HAYNE. New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1875.

"When Twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star."

There is in the volume a third element of sly humor and easy satire which we leave our readers to investigate.

—Mr. Saxe dedicates his new collection² to Frederick Locker, but this were hardly needful to remind us where his goal and his ambition lie. Those who have learned to know and like his neat touch, before now, are not likely to miss the old gifts in the new setting, as witness these lines, from his *Ode to the Legislature*, concerning lobbyists: —

"Who swarm
In secret sessions and perform
'Feats of the Ring'
Unequaled elsewhere; not the sort of thing
Where human features catch defacing blows,
But meaner feats than those,
Degrading legislative *Ayes* and *Noes*!"

In the present volume, we are carried through the entire gamut of certain well-known notes, with a nimble finger; we have *vers de société*, the allegory, the instructive legend, the epigram in abundance. Few writers of merely amusing verse in America have so completely mastered the special order of effects aimed at by them, as Mr. Saxe. Yet his view of the humorous is conventional; he builds no roads of his own, and chooses with cautious skill those which have been successfully laid out by Hood and his school. Naturally, he falls far short of those who went before him in these paths, and least of all should we wish, in mentioning Hood, to suggest that Mr. Saxe in any way reproduces the rich, tremulous emotion of that poet's serious pieces, the glowing fancies of his *Midsummer Fairies*, the simple, dewy freshness of *I Remember*, and *The Death-Bed*. Mr. Saxe is not a poet in the sense that Mr. Locker is, either; where shall we find in his verse tenderness like that of the Englishman's *Sick Man* and *The Swallows*? Still, he is a man of native wit, and, even more, an appreciator of successful versified wit in other languages than his own. One rests comfortably, too, on sensible, clever moralizing like this, from *A Charming Woman*: —

"Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of which she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?"

There is no need for asking Mr. Saxe to do what does not lie within him, in order to

² *Leisure-Day Rhymes.* By JOHN GODFREY SAXE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

value aright what he does so well. Therefore, though we find little feeling, nothing that can be called poetry, in this book, we can still enter into the perfectly sound, upright purpose of entertaining which it shows, and commend it to that wide popularity which surely awaits everything of its author's writing.

—In this, the third volume of his valuable history,¹ Mr. Bancroft presents the reader with the vast amount of information he has been able to collect with regard to the mythology of the westernmost inhabitants of this continent, and in addition with a brief *résumé* of what is known about their languages.

The mythologies of these various races, so different in intelligence and civilization, show the greatest divergences. The Quichés of Guatemala left behind them comparatively the most complete relic of the sort; full, to be sure, of inconsistencies and frivolities, but yet of the greatest interest, and inspired by a genuine belief in a great creative being. One of the episodes describing an attempt of the gods to create man is somewhat amusing; it runs as follows:—

"Again is there counsel in heaven: Let us make an intelligent being who shall adore and invoke us. It was decided that a man should be made of wood and a woman of a kind of pith. They were made; but the result was in no wise satisfactory. They moved about perfectly well, it is true; they increased and multiplied; they peopled the world with sons and daughters, little wooden manikins like themselves; but still the heart and the intelligence were wanting; they held no memory of their Maker and Former; they led a useless existence, they lived as the beasts live; they forgot the Heart of Heaven. They were but an essay, an attempt at men; they had neither blood nor substance, nor moisture nor fat; their cheeks were shriveled, their feet and hands dried up, their flesh languished." Divine vengeance was taken against them. "The bird Xecotcovach came to tear out their eyes; and the Camalotz cut off their head; and the Cotzbalam devoured their flesh; and the Tecumbalam broke and bruised their bones to powder. Thus were they all devoted to chastisement and destruction, save only a few who were preserved as memorials of the wooden men that had been; and those now exist in the woods as little apes." This explanation

of the origin of wooden men and women seems to deserve being better known than it is.

In one of the Aztec myths there is this imposing account of the creation of the sun. There had been no sun for a long time, and the gods assembled their worshippers and told them that the one who should first fling himself into the fire should be turned into the sun. One accordingly threw himself in, and soon arose as the sun in the east, the quarter where he was least expected, so bright that not even the gods could gaze upon him. He did not rise from the horizon, and the gods sent him word to leave, but he answered that he would not until he had killed them all. One of them took his arrows and shot them at the sun; the first the sun dodged, but being hit by the next two, he seized the last and hurled it back at the god, slaying him. The rest of the gods appointed one of their number to kill them all, which he did, and finally killed himself.

Traditions of a deluge existed among the Mexicans, and in one district there was a legend of an attempt to build an artificial mountain against further floods, but it was as much of a failure as the tower of Babel, and the wrath of the gods being roused, the builders were killed by lightning, and work upon it came to an end.

The northern Indians have various traditions about the origin of man; some hold that human beings first existed as birds, beasts, or fish. Most of the Californians claim their descent from the coyote; the Koniagas revere a dog as their original ancestor. The first father of the Aleuts is said to have fallen from heaven in the shape of a dog. Others again consider that beasts, fish, and edible roots are descended from human originals. A dog or bird was frequently the disguise of the god who created the earth and man. The Thlinkets have a very full cosmogony based on this notion: the great Somebody, as Mr. Bancroft calls him, being Yehl, the crow or raven, who created most things, and especially the Thlinkets. This Yehl, among many strange adventures, put the stars and the sun and moon into the sky by tricks which we have not space to narrate here; the light of the sun was so alarmingly bright that people were at first afraid; many hid in the mountains, woods, and water, and were changed into animals frequenting those

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume

III. Myths and Languages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875

places. He also introduced fire to mankind. The interpretation of these myths is very difficult, and is not attempted by Mr. Bancroft, who collects the material for others to make theories about.

The worship of the sun by the Mexicans is clearly proved, and many high authorities unite in considering it the fundamental idea in the religions of civilized America.

Eclipses naturally excited a panic; men with white hair and white faces were sacrificed to the sun by the Mexicans; the Tlascaltecs, on the other hand, chose the ruddiest victims they could find. Comets were held, as they have been in later times by more civilized people, to be foreboders of plagues, famine, or the death of a ruler. With regard to water, Mr. Bancroft says its use "more or less sanctified or set apart or made worthy the distinction 'holy';" the employment of this in a rite of avowed purification from inherent sin at the time of giving a name, — baptism, in one word, — runs back to a period far pre-Christian among the Mexican, Maya, and other American nations, as ancient ceremonies to be hereafter described will show."

As to what comes after life there was the same diversity of belief. The ideas of a heaven and hell were not universally held; some savages are said to be wholly without any notion of the immortality of the soul. The heaven of those who believe in one is a spot of never-ending sensual pleasure; that of the Columbian tribes was a sunlit spot fully supplied with salmon and berries, a very modest resting-place; while the Okanagans find in their hell an evil spirit in human shape, but with tail and ears like a horse, who jumps about from tree to tree, with a stick in his hand, and beats the damned. The Ahts believe that Chayher, their Pluto, is a figure of flesh without bones, the counterpart of our grim skeleton king of death; in his gloomy realm there are no salmon and the deer are very small, and the blankets, like those furnished by the Indian Agency, are miserably thin and insufficient, so that survivors burn blankets at the funeral of their friends to keep them warm. Some of the tribes believe in metempsychosis; the Apaches consider the rattlesnake as the form the wicked will take after death. The Mexicans had a very complicated notion of a future life, and Mr. Bancroft briefly points out in a foot-note the resemblance in some respects between the ideas of the Mexicans and those of the ancient Greeks and Romans with regard to

their future abode: "The trembling soul has to pass over the same dreadful river, ferried by a brute Charon. In Hades, as in Mictlan, the condition of the dead was a shadowy sort of apparent life, in which, mere ghosts of their former selves, they continued dreamily to perform the labors and carry on the occupations to which they had been accustomed on earth. In Greece, as in Mexico, the shades of the dead were occasionally permitted to visit their friends on earth, summoned by a sacrifice and religious rites. Neither Elysion nor the glorious Sun House was the reward of the purely good so much as of the favorites of the gods. Such points of resemblance as these," Mr. Bancroft goes on, "are, however, unnoticed by those who theorize concerning the origin of the Americans; they go farther for analogies, and perhaps fare worse."

The gods worshiped by the Indian tribes were of many sorts. Matlose, the hobgoblin of the Nootkas, is a fair specimen: "His head is like the head of something that might have been a man but is not; his uncouth bulk is horrid with black bristles; his monstrous teeth and nails are like the fangs and claws of a bear. Whoever hears his terrible voice falls like one smitten, and his curved claws rend a prey into morsels with a single stroke." One is reminded of Victor Hugo's *Han d'Islande*.

When we come to the study of the Mexican religion, we find it, as Mr. Bancroft truly calls it, "a confused and clashing chaos of fragments." There were two schools of religious philosophy in Mexico, one held by the multitude, the other by the wiser few, and it is hard for investigators to find common ground between the two. Tezcatlipoca was apparently the principal one of the Mexican gods, and many prayers are given which were addressed to him under his various names; these prayers show traces of Christian padding, so to speak, on the part of the priest who is responsible for them, but in the main they are considered accurate reports. As to Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli, we have a full discussion of the various theories concerning their mythical existence and probable meaning. Much space is devoted to the other deities and the ceremonies of their worship. The number of religious buildings throughout the whole country was very great; Torquemada estimated the whole number at eighty thousand. For the support of these, great tracts of land

were the property of the church, and these were held by people on certain conditions, or worked by slaves; moreover, taxes of wine and grain and voluntary contributions made up the sums needed. The number of priests was immense, and sacred offices were held by women as well as by men; some, indeed, kept forever burning the sacred fire, like the Roman vestal virgins. There were various religious orders, not unlike those of other times and other religions. Fasts were observed in atonement for sin, and penance was done by thrusting sticks through the ears or tongue. The favorite offering was human beings. One authority puts the number of those sacrificed every year as high as twenty thousand; we are told that at the inauguration of a temple between seventy and eighty thousand were sacrificed. In Yucatan this cruel habit existed to a much smaller extent.

The amount of information Mr. Bancroft has amassed is very great, but the whole subject is in the greatest confusion. In time the inconsistencies in the various reports may be unraveled, and it may be possible to get at the real meaning of the intricate mythologies; for this purpose such a volume as this will be a rich mine for the student who has a clew to the explanation of what is now so obscure. It is so recently that anything has been done with the mythology of the Aryan peoples, and indeed there is still so much uncertainty about some of the methods now employed, that the prospect for getting to understand the Mexican is very dark; but that in time it will be made clear one can hardly doubt. What J. G. Müller has done in this way is a model of careful study and intelligent theorizing. It will be found fully repeated in this volume.

The last two hundred and fifty pages of the volume are taken up with an account of the languages of the native races of the Pacific States. Singularly enough, while the languages differ in vocabulary they are wonderfully alike in many of their characteristics, as, for instance, agglutination, the expression of the plural by reduplication, the application of gender to the third person of the verb, etc. If we exclude the Eskimo, which is not properly an American language, there are three great languages, the Tinneh, the Aztec, and the Maya. This last is the tongue of Central America; the Aztec that of Mexico, with traces in California, Utah, Nevada, Idaho,

Montana, and Oregon. The Tinneh extends over the northern part of the Rocky Mountain range, with branches in Alaska, British America, California, New Mexico, Texas, and Mexico. As to the dialects of these three grand divisions, they are numberless; the classification Mr. Bancroft has made of them covers eleven pages of his book. Of very many of them we find given a few examples of the words most commonly used, the paradigm of a verb, and often the version of the Lord's Prayer. Many examples are also to be found of long words; the following must enliven Mixtec spelling-matches; it means to stumble in walking; *kavaundisakandijosauninahasahan*.

A useful page is that in which the foolishness of proving analogies between different languages by the existence of words of similar sound and meaning is shown by a list of singular coincidences; such are "for the Sanscrit *da*, . . . the Cora *ta* (give); for *eké*, the Mixtec *ec* (one); for *mā*, the Tepehuana *mai* (not) and the Maya *ma* (no); for *tschandra*, the Kenai *tschane* (moon); for *pada* (foot), the Sekumne *podo* (leg); for *kamā*, the Shoshone *kamakh* (to love); for *pā*, the Kizh *paa* (to drink)." Enough are given to be the foundation of a very interesting volume to prove that the North American Indians are of Aryan origin.

In conclusion, we have only renewed congratulations and thanks to offer Mr. Bancroft for his faithful work. He has pushed on with the same perseverance and faithfulness, and the result is that we have a book which cannot fail to be the standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

—It is difficult to repress a sense of disappointment and pain at seeing a name which we have been taught to revere attached to a volume so flimsy in its construction, so slipshod in style, and altogether so unworthy of a scholar as these essays of Mr. Carlyle's on the Early Kings of Norway.¹ If written merely for the entertainment of the readers of Fraser's Magazine, in which they were first printed, they might, perhaps, have some excuse for being, but when gathered into a volume they naturally come to us with some pretension of historical accuracy, which, it is safe to say, they utterly fail to justify.

Mr. Carlyle's career as an author, with

¹ *The Early Kings of Norway: Also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

all its intense beliefs and intenser prejudices, seems at last to have culminated in the conviction that the cudgel is the only true instrument of government; and his literary life for nearly half a century, when seen from his present point of view, seems to present a kind of *crescendo* movement toward this loud and strongly defined *finale*. It is in perfect keeping with this theory that he divides the Kings of Norway into two grand classes, the anarchic and the anti-anarchic, the former of whom he paints very black, while he becomes the defender and partisan of the latter. Whether the ideal historian of the future is to be of the Ranke or the Mommsen type — whether he is to be an impartial, dispassionate critic, or a man of ardent convictions and prejudices — is a question which only posterity can settle; but we hardly run much risk in saying that that extreme exaggeration of the Mommsen type which Mr. Carlyle represents will hardly long survive when a new generation shall have ceased to feel that personal fascination with which a powerful individuality like his always invests it. At least, we hope for his own sake that his more lasting contributions to literature will not lend a pernicious immortality to this hasty compilation of ill-digested facts, which, moreover, have long been accessible to the English-speaking public in Laing's translation of Snorro Sturlason's Sagas of the Kings of Norway.

Whatever may be said in defense of Mr. Carlyle's theory of government, it is not to be denied that in its application to the Norwegian kings it is attended with serious disadvantages. Like any other extreme notion, it excludes the possibility of a fair-minded judgment, and in some instances even leads to a positive distortion of facts. On pages 11 and 12, for instance, we read of Harald the Fairhaired, who was one of the anti-anarchic kings, and accordingly great, wise, and prosperous, that "he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it. These were the times of colonization; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes, — to Iceland, to the Farøe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant," etc.

This is Mr. Carlyle's way of stating that the best and noblest families in Norway, rebelling against Harald's tyranny in making them royal vassals and tenants instead of free *bønder*, depriving them of their *Odels-*

ret, as the modern Norwegians call it, fled to Iceland, Greenland, and the Farøe Isles, and established there free, self-governing communities. Whether the king's measures were just or not, which admits of a diversity of opinions, we believe that neither he himself nor any of his biographers has hitherto regarded their results in driving so many staunch freemen into exile as beneficial to the realm, or, as Mr. Carlyle would have us believe, as part of the general prosperity. Again, his portrait of Sverre Sigurdson, whom for some unaccountable reason he classes among the anarchic rulers, is made up of such random tints and touches as his hostile fancy abundantly suggests, but which a conscientious reference to the acknowledged authorities of Norse history would prove to be utterly false and inaccurate. Mr. Carlyle goes even to greater length; he repeatedly emphasizes the doubt which existed concerning Sverre's birth, and in the end asserts that his pretended father's name was King *Harald Wry-Mouth*, instead of Sigurd.

It is quite safe to assert, judging from Mr. Carlyle's capricious spelling of proper names, that he does not understand Icelandic, and has consequently never read the Sagas in the original. The name of the first king of Norway he spells Harald Haarfagr, which is indeed neither Norwegian nor Icelandic; the spelling of the Sagas being Haraldr Hárfagr, and that of modern Norwegian and Danish, Harald Haarfager. Again, if he had been consistent in rendering the Icelandic accented *d* with *aa*, as the Norwegians do, he would have written Haakon and not Hakon. Sveinn Tjuguskegg of Denmark is hardly twice referred to under the same name. Svein Double-Beard, Svein of the Double-Beard, the Double-Bearded, Fork-Beard, Svein of the Forked Beard, are all about equally correct translations of the famous surname, but must be very confusing to the reader whose knowledge of Norse does not enable him to trace these numerous variations to their linguistic source. Lundarsol he translates "sunshine of the grove," instead of "sun of the grove." But these and many other minor inaccuracies would hardly have been worth dwelling on, if Mr. Carlyle had not needlessly emphasized them by either ignoring or sharply criticising both Snorro (whom, observe, he knows only in more or less imperfect translations) and the labors of later scholars who have devoted, not a few hours of leisure in their old age, but a life-time, to this study

of Norse language and history. It is indeed dangerous to move unsteadily on the ground where men like Freeman, Munch, Kaiser, Möbius, and Maurer have left the deep foot-prints of their march.

It is hard to imagine what can have started Mr. Carlyle on these aimless rambles through the Arctic forests of the North, where evidently he expects to find nothing to interest him, where he sees but savage customs and barren shores. His utter lack of sympathy with his subject reveals itself in every line and figure of speech; we seem to see the vivid gesture of disdain with which he greets these picturesquely barbaric kings (perhaps with two or three exceptions) as they pass in file before him. If he quotes their sayings, it is usually done in a random way, and with the addition of "If I remember rightly," "I think," "I believe," or a similar phrase. During a little domestic quarrel which Snorro describes very minutely because it was fraught with grave results, Mr. Carlyle makes Olaf Trygvesson say, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his properties?" which is, to say the least, a very inaccurate rendering of the king's words. But the book abounds in equally absurd versions of passages which in their original garb would have appeared anything but ludicrous. On page 105, where he describes Saint Olaf's attempts to christianize Norway, he tells us that "heathenism got itself smashed dead," which was indeed not the case, as it was Olaf who "smashed it dead."

So soon as our historian comes to speak of one of the heroes of his own land, his tone undergoes a radical change. No more careless phrases, no contemptuous epithets, no random statements or reckless criticisms of half-known authorities. On Scottish ground he waxes warm with holy zeal, and his lively sympathy with the character of John Knox and his eager partisanship occasionally stimulate him into a vehemence of diction which cannot but remind us of the time when Sartor Resartus and the essays on Burns and Goethe and Jean Paul Richter kindled our blood and widened our vision. The many excellences of the dissertation on the Portraits of John Knox make the errors and the defects of the essays on the Kings of Norway even more glaringly conspicuous.

But after all it is the imperious spirit of Carlyle which in two different forms animates both, and to those who like Carlyle *per se*, and are indifferent about the Kings

of Norway, the latter will perhaps yield no less enjoyment than the former.

— Many Americans who have earned the title of Howadji have met in their Egyptian journey a singular personage called Lady Duff Gordon. Few who knew her could have heard without regret of her death, and the volume containing her last letters¹ and a short memoir of her by her daughter, Mrs. Ross, will be welcomed by all who made her acquaintance and a vast many besides. The memoir is the most interesting part of the book, and one cannot help wishing it had been longer, not only for the sake of the subject of the biography herself, but because she was surrounded all her life by people one has heard much of and would like to know more of, beginning with her parents. But it is written with a discreet English pen, severely aware of the limits of good sense and propriety, and leaving us in the pleasanter frame of mind of stimulated but unsatisfied curiosity, instead of sated and sickened with unmeaning detail, unmeasured praise, and undesirable disclosures. The brief account of her childhood and early years, in which her strong and peculiar character already made itself manifest, shows her growing up among a set of people who more than any others in their country made their mark on the last half-century: James and John Stuart Mill, Bentham, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson. When a child, too, she met Heine, and those early recollections together with later ones, — for she repeatedly saw him in his long death-agony, — are a delightful contribution to our eagerly-cherished personal reminiscences of that unhappy genius. At nineteen Lucie Austin, as she then was, married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon after this peculiar courtship: "One day Sir Alexander said to her, 'Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?' She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, 'Shall we make it true?' She replied with characteristic straight-forwardness by the monosyllable, 'Yes,' and so they were engaged." They were evidently created for each other. It was about this time that she made her first literary essay, the translation of Niebuhr's Greek Legends. In the five years following she translated three other books, also from the German: those who have read The

¹ *Last Letters from Egypt.* By LADY DUFF GORDON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

Amber Witch will remember what remarkable knowledge of that language and command of her own it shows, as well as a curious and admirable gift of assuming a quaint style suited to the subject, without effort or affectation. Such a performance is the result of something far beyond mere accomplishments; few young women of twenty-three are so mature in their powers. A year or two later Sir Alexander and his wife translated together Ranke's *History of Prussia*, and wrote *Sketches of German Life*; this and all other particulars which are given of their life, whether in London, in the country, or abroad, suggest a home which must be rare everywhere, — a husband and wife sharing each other's pursuits and interests, with the same friends, the same tastes; the duties and pleasures belonging to their children, society, charity, and the cultivation of their own talents, holding their due proportions in the full and well-ordered existence, — rare everywhere, indeed, but hardly possible except in that well-regulated and balanced social system. It was all to be broken up, however, by Lady Duff Gordon's ill-health. A severe illness in 1851 was the beginning of the trouble in her throat and lungs which sent her first to the Continent, then to the Cape of Good Hope, and finally to Egypt, where she remained from 1863 until 1869, once returning to England to see her family. She died at Cairo in the summer of 1869.

Her *Letters from the Cape* were first published in 1862 (and are reprinted in the present volume); subsequently her *Letters from Egypt* appeared, and finally these last letters. They were written to her family, and have the easy, familiar, chatty style of fireside talk; writing to those who knew all about the people she lived among, and the circumstances of her position, much is taken for granted which the outside reader would fain have made clear; with regard both to her own mode of life and Egyptian manners and customs generally, one often gasps for an explanation. She lived on the Nile, going up and down in a certain boat, which seems to have united the advantages and anxieties of keeping a house and a horse. But she took things easily; everything but expense. She halted frequently on the way, and had a sort of headquarters in a house at Thebes built over a temple; it belonged to the French government and was put at her disposal by the consul; here, with a few divans, a table or so, and

the minimum of pots and pans, she contrived to make herself entirely comfortable by conforming to the habits of the country. She speaks of two or three servants only, all natives, but she lived with a retinue of followers, Arab and Copt, Moslem and Eastern Christian, in a feudal or rather patriarchal combination of dignity and familiarity. Her life appears to have consisted in talking to them, and in nursing and doctoring them, — which she did with inexhaustible kindness and skill, — listening to their stories, sympathizing with their troubles, which are many and heavy, joining in their religious observances (for her own amusement, or the sake of the picturesque, or to gratify them), and eating with them, as they are exceedingly hospitable and fond of giving repasts to their friends and patrons. She says that social distinctions are unknown in Egypt, and it certainly seems as if she were in equally good company whether dining with the donkey-boy, the washerwoman, the Cadi, or the Mufti, and met everywhere about the same variety of guests. No wonder her infrequent English visitors were startled to see her sitting on the floor with a parcel of half-dressed blacks, imperceptibly taking her food from their fingers, which she says she prefers to forks, as the former are washed fifty times a day. Her accounts of it all are exceedingly entertaining; she had the directness of vision and way of looking at the surface by which clever English people so often see the true relations of things when we miss them by trying to look deeper. She tells stories capitally, and tells a great many; some are very touching, too, though she does not lean much to the pathetic. The fate of the lower orders, which constitute nearly the entire population in Egypt, is deplorable, subject to the most arbitrary and despotic power, exercised with the caprice of a child and the cruelty of a Nero, and through the pressure of half a dozen intermediary authorities, each one turning a new screw in the rack: all this she sees, feels, and gives her mite to alleviate, with that humanity unimpeded by sensibility which makes English help often so efficient. She is very full of it all, and tells it in her letters, mixed with the most astonishing and bewildering gossip about Omar, Achmet, Sheyk Gussuf, the Meohn, and the little Darfoor boy, — we suppose her correspondents knew whom she meant, — with a propensity to talk about her neighbors and their smallest affairs which we have observed in the most

cultivated of her countryfolk. The result, however, is a book of incomparable spirit and freshness, and an insight into the existing state of things in Egypt which not even About's delightful Ahmed the Fellah pretends to give. One cannot doubt that the liveliest curiosity regarding other people's mind, body, and estate was at the root of much of her benevolence, but perhaps that is a necessary ingredient in this humanity. She had her reward not only in the consciousness of the good she did, but in the adoration of the poor, gentle, simple people. They called her Noor-al-Noor, Light from the Light, a poetical and reverent adaptation of her own name Lucy, from *lux*; they spread the news of her good deeds as far as Mecca; they came from all directions and distances to consult her, and had faith in her as in a supernatural beneficence; her death was considered a calamity, and one cannot restrain a feeling of sadness that she was not buried among them at Thebes, as she had wished. She has added a notable name to the long list of English eccentricities.

One necessarily compares her with her celebrated country-woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, whose Eastern life offers the only parallel to Lady Duff Gordon's; but the latter makes Chatham's famous niece look like a theatrical personage by contrast with her simplicity, unconsciousness, and true goodness of heart.

—The most ardent lover of Harvard College, as well as the youngest and most enthusiastic of its graduates, will have no cause to be dissatisfied with, at any rate, the outward and visible signs of respect paid to the college in these two massive volumes.¹ To those young gentlemen who are leaving what has been for some years their home, it probably seems as if, whatever troubles—which appear much magnified by their unwise elders—the world may have in store for them, it will only be necessary to run over the well-filled pages of the Harvard Book to forget them entirely; they regard it as much more a *κρημα* *ἐς* *ἀελ* than the works of Thucydides. In time, however, it will assume its own real value, and will be recognized for what it is, a rather confused collection of papers of different merit, all treating of college matters, and generally magnifying their importance. The history of the college by

Mr. Samuel Eliot is full and interesting, and serves as an excellent introduction to the sketches that follow. Some of these, notably those on Harvard Square and Class Day, are entertaining, and redeem the useful but not brilliant statistics which some of the subjects require. A fuller treatment of Harvard College it would be hard to devise. Every building it owns within or without its gates is described, in some cases with legal fullness and accuracy. Antiquarians will not be able to complain of careless treatment of their subjects by those who have written about the past. In almost every case specialists have been chosen to write on the matter they knew best. And, moreover, almost everything concerning the college finds mention. Many pages are devoted to accounts of ball-playing and boating, and both are treated with commendable fair-mindedness. The fullest statistics are given, which, in doubtful cases, can serve as unimpeachable evidence.

It is not necessary to enumerate all that these two large volumes contain; they do more than satisfy the most inquiring curiosity; they entertain as well as instruct. The illustrations—wood-engravings and heliographed photographs—are full and interesting. The honored graduate will find in the text, as well as in the heliotype, a great deal to remind him of the past and to make him familiar with recent changes. How well those who are unfamiliar with the college will be able to form any definite notion of it from even this full collection of facts, it would be hard to say. They, naturally, would find the book of less interest than would the limited public for which it is specially intended. What they might miss is any reference, except some trifling, incidental ones, to the course of study at the college. An interesting chapter, and one of the greatest value, might have been added, made as complete as careful investigation could make it, of the instruction given in the past, and that now given in all the different departments of the university. This, it seems to us, would have raised the book from the position of an album, which it now holds, to one of authority; and, moreover, it would have freed it from the objection of being a book about a college, which omits speaking of the main business of a college. No one person could have taken this task upon himself, but a wise dis-

¹ *The Harvard Book*. A Series of Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive Sketches. By Various Authors. Illustrated with Views and Portraits.

Collected and Published by F. O. Vaille and N. A. Clark, Class of 1874. Two Volumes. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co., University Press. 1875.

tribution of it among different hands was not impossible. Such a chapter, or series of chapters, might well have taken the place of the brief biographies of the professors and the fac-similes of their signatures.

The college graduate's affection for his triennial catalogue is well known; but that will sink into neglect by the side of these larger and more important volumes.

—Unlike some other recent pulpit oratory, sermons like those about King David,¹ with which Dr. Taylor fills four hundred and thirty-three closely printed pages, seem "harmless" if not "necessary." When we try to think what the sensations of the Protestant clergyman must be when first he realizes that he is pledged to produce a hundred sermons a year, more or less, during his natural life, we are ready to forgive him for spinning a long and tenuous thread and studying the art of dilution anxiously. But those who really desire to become acquainted with the greatest of Jewish monarchs and one of the greatest of all, one who stands among men and kings very much indeed like Launcelot among knights, will, perhaps, do as well to go to the Bible itself. There are two narratives of the king's life and reign, both terse, dramatic, and affecting, and singularly confirming one another. There are his matchless works in full, and there are no independent sources of information. Therefore, except for subjective reasons, one does not see the advantage of making so very much longer a story out of one which cannot be told better than at first.

—Doing and Dreaming² is a little story of a decidedly religious character, which may well find its place in a Sunday-school library. Within a very moderate compass we have one young man go blind, one young woman die, another half kill herself by copying to pay her father's debts, and still another neglect her work in order to read and write poetry and indulge in useless reveries. This is not a story that will ever supplant *The Initials* in the common estimation, but it will probably suit the public for which it is designed. At any rate, it has the advantage of conveying religious instruction without at the same time inclining the young reader to adopt bad grammar or

vulgar ways, as some books of excellent moral aim do. But even with this great merit in its favor, the unregenerate reader will find it hard to forgive the writer's bloodthirstiness in regard to her characters. They are created but to die untimely at the most harrowing moments.

—By the will of the late Richard Fletcher, a special fund was left under the care of the trustees of Dartmouth College, from the avails of which they are to offer biennially a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essay on the degree of conformity with what are known as the *customs of the world*, proper for an orthodox Christian. The first award under this bequest was made in September, 1874, to the Rev. D. W. Faunce, and his essay has been reprinted by Roberts Brothers under the title of *The Christian in the World*.³ Mr. Faunce is master of a style which is very nearly perfect for didactic purposes; direct, earnest, cordial, and wholly free from affectation. His spirit is strict and his scheme of life a trifle ascetic, but his is never a sour asceticism, and austerity is at all events better than license.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.⁴

It must have been with some uneasiness that Mérimée's *Unknown* saw the announcement of a volume of his *Letters* to another *Unknown*.⁵ It must have been a consolation to her, however, to notice the large number of pages without a line of print upon them, and the cool, airy spaces between the lines in the printed letters, and when she read the book it must have been with great satisfaction at the harmlessness of this rival book. Without doubt, too, she speaks in terms of very high praise about this little collection of letters, more high perhaps than it deserves. Those readers who seek for such entertainment as they found in the letters to the first *Unknown* will be less pleased. Even Mérimée, with all the adoration he received, was truly frank to but one of his correspondents, apparently, and we learn from this volume only what we knew before, that he was a man whose view of life was far from cheering, that in society he was not imposed upon by

¹ *David, King of Israel. His Life and its Lessons.* By REV. WILLIAM L. TAYLOR, D. D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

² *Doing and Dreaming.* By EDWARD GARRETT, author of *Premiums Paid to Experience*, By Still Waters, etc. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1875.

³ *The Christian in the World.* By REV. D. W. FAUNCE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

⁴ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

⁵ *Lettres à une autre Inconnue.* Par PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Paris. 1875.

nonsense, and that he was an entertaining letter-writer. This, the second Unknown, was a Polish lady, a friend of the late Empress of the French, and by her appointed *présidente* of a court of love of which Mérimée was the secretary. The main importance of this game was the intimacy which produced these letters between the two officers of the society. They are in no way love-letters; far from it; they are amusing, friendly notes, gossiping, and in a way malicious. The first was written March 11, 1865, the last, April 23, 1870; there are forty-nine in all, and for the most part worth reading. But the first Unknown has no need of uneasiness about her correspondence; that still remains by far the most important, and she can now feel satisfactorily indifferent about her rivals.

—Perhaps some of our readers may recall a volume by Mr. Hillebrand, *Frankreich und die Franzosen*, which was noticed in these pages rather more than two years ago. In that interesting book was to be found a capital study of the French people and their ways and actions, made by one who knew them intimately, and who was able to write about them with freedom from prejudice. The volume just published, *Wälsches und Deutsches*,¹ is a sequel to that one. It is composed of a number of articles taken from different journals, and treating of a number of subjects of interest at the present time. Italy, France, and Germany, in the order named, give food for discussion. Those essays which treat of some recent appearances in German literature seem to us the most interesting of the book. Those on French subjects, treating briefly of Mérimée, Jules Michelet, and Flaubert's *Tentation de St. Antoine*, have no marked importance which would have made their suppression a serious loss. On the other hand, the Italian essays are entertaining and instructive. Coming to the last division of the book we find first a demolition of the glory of Gervinus, whose reputation, it may be fair to say, is of an artificial, unguine sort, accepted by every one as a part of his liberal education, — somewhat like the monument on Mount Washington to the young woman who died there, which consists of a heap of stones, deposited not by afflicted relatives and friends, but by travelers as an incident of their journey, in compliance with the custom mentioned

in the guide-book. Mr. Hillebrand's article is not mere contemptuous depreciation, but very rational enumeration of the faults of the imposing historian, with what seems like due credit when praise is deserved. The whole article is very well worth reading; it is thoughtful, intelligent, and suggestive. In a foot-note he calls attention to the good influence of the Jews in German development. He says with truth that this would be an admirable subject for the historian, they having always served to counterbalance too exclusive, narrowing devotion to German theories. They introduced cosmopolitan notions. More than this may well be said of them; a very great share of German success in many different branches is due to them.

Dr. Nietzsche, a modern writer, comes in for laudatory mention. Mr. Hillebrand sees in him one who has struck the note of reaction against those German virtues which have become in time German faults, and praises him accordingly. That Nietzsche is justified in much of his fault-finding cannot be denied. He attacks Strauss for his book, *The Old Faith and the New*, which is reasonable enough, but when he sees the obvious fault of the present day, the disposition on the part of shallow-minded people to varnish themselves with recent information and call it culture, it requires a hasty motion of the mind to decide that this has its origin in the excessive study of history, yet that is what Nietzsche holds. The man of to-day, according to him, knows a great deal about culture, instead of being cultivated, because German scholars pretended that history was a science. While we agree with him heartily in denouncing the flagrant folly of mistaking information for culture, it is hard to put the blame where he puts it, on the scientific study of history. It would seem to belong more fairly to the comfortable study of compendiums, cyclopædias, text-books, etc., which are like "parlor cars" running on the road to learning. Scholars, to secure a speedy fame, find that they have to bring their wares to a more and more fastidious public, and are tempted to try to sugar their pills more lusciously than their neighbors can. The public, finding a life-time can be spent in study of graceful literary and artistic elegancies, devotes itself to them instead of rugged work, and the result is all the second or third hand information flaunted in our faces by people who have got the first look into whatever volume is to be the generally re-

¹ *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen*. Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Zweiter Band. *Wälsches und Deutsches*. Berlin. 1875.

ceived authority for the next six months, not to know and preach which shall be accounted as æsthetic heresy. Mr. Hillebrand praises Nietzsche's style, in our opinion, much more warmly than it deserves, for at times this foe of historical study roars like a common scold.

Mr. Hillebrand also, in making mention of one of Nietzsche's publications, speaks at some length about Schopenhauer, whom he admires as a writer, as a philosopher, and as a thinker. In one passage, not in this chapter however, Mr. Hillebrand seems to us to be in error. He speaks of the contempt which Schopenhauer had to endure in his life-time, when he was almost entirely ignored by all except a faithful few, and then proceeds to excuse some of Wagner's outbursts of self-praise as if he also were despised and neglected by a cold world. The musician of the distant future is held up to our admiration as a buffeted martyr, who cannot get a hearing, who keeps perfect control of his temper until the last minute, and then in despair utters some impatient expression of wrath which we should be ashamed to remember against him. In fact, however, Wagner has every reason to be proud of his success, if of nothing else. It is not every would-be reformer who has money poured out by the public to aid his plans, who has an opera-house built for him to try his experiments in, who by lamenting the scorn with which he is treated gets his operas performed in every large city of Europe and North America, and who in Germany is one of the most popular musicians of all time. This is making martyrdom cheap and giving away its crown to any one who can manage to make himself popular. Beethoven's experience was of a very different kind, and the comparison between the two men, in this respect at least, is well worthy of note. The worship of Schopenhauer goes together with that of Wagner, in the school to which Mr. Hillebrand belongs, and it may be said, adorns. He brings to the discussion of the affairs of Germany a mind full of information, polished by cultivation and ripened by experience, but after all it may well be questioned whether he is not at his best in the discussion of some of the more trifling matters he takes up, such as German literary style, or the peculiarities of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who falls a ready prey to the scornful critic. We see a third volume announced, which is to treat of England; it will be interesting to notice how Mr. Hille-

brand performs this arduous part of the task he has set himself in his career as a literary observer. It is a country about which a great deal is yet left to be said, and it is to be hoped that the volume treating it will be made up with more care than the one before us to-day, which hardly fulfills the promise of its title, although it is an entertaining book.

— A new story of Tourguénieff's that has just appeared in a German dress is Punin and Baburin.¹ It has the form of the reminiscences of an old man, who recalls the time when, a boy of twelve, he was living with his grandmother. She took into her employ a man, Baburin, who became a sort of secretary. He was an ardent republican, but the most singular thing about him was his affection for a companion, Punin, who was one of the strange, half-witted creatures Tourguénieff is so fond of drawing. The boy becomes very much attached to the amiable Punin, and is somewhat repelled by the coldness of his severer companion. In time the two men are dismissed by the boy's grandmother, and nothing is seen of them for several years. The narrator comes across them at different periods of his life, when a student at the university and again when older. There is a melancholy romance in it, and the whole story partakes of the gloom which is so frequently to be observed in what this author writes. Still, in this case it may be questioned whether it is any gloomier than any other biography. The fault with the story is that while it opens well and promises much, it is not carried out consistently to its end. The writer seems to have tired of it, and to have left it in an unfinished state. It is no more than a study, but the opening pages deserve reading, and the whole tale may indeed be recommended, after warning is given that it is not one of Tourguénieff's best. There follows it in the same volume *Die lebendige Mumie*, which finds its true place in the excellent Mitau translation of this author's works, in his *Skizzen aus dem Tagebuche eines Jägers*. More than half the volume is filled with a sensational story, *Spurlos Verschwunden*, by the translator of the Russian Tales. It is a story of murder, and the author has at last recognized the fact so familiar to readers, that in stories of this sort the murdered person always seems to have been justly removed, while all our sympathy, against the au-

¹ *Zwei neue Novellen*. Von IWAN TURGENJEW. Wien. Pest. Leipzig. 1874.

thor's wishes, is given to the murderer, whom every one persecutes. Try as we will we cannot help hoping he will get off. In this case the murderer, a woman, does get off; she is never found out, but she has a bad time, not with her conscience so much as with the unconscious justice of events; and the hangman would have been a relief to her. As may be imagined, this is not a story of the highest art, but it produces at intervals the desired feeling of horripilation.

—Auerbach, in a little volume just issued, entitled *Drei einzige Töchter*,¹ interests his readers by less violent means. The stories he has collected are three in number. The first, *Der Fels der Ehrenlegion*, tells of the love of a young German lady for a painter whom she meets in foreign parts. There is considerable cleverness in the drawing of some of the people, especially of the heroine and her old school-mate. The construction of the story is not its most admirable point; by the time the heroine is out walking near where the artist is painting, the reader feels most marked premonitions of the impending spraining of her ankle a few pages further on. This artist is painting a rock, and calls it the rock of the legion of honor because a picture of his, representing it, had won him that decoration; after the marriage, the father of the heroine is returning home with this picture in his charge, and he holds the following conversation with the station-master:—

"It is a picture painted by my son-in-law. Come and see me, and you shall have a look at it."

"What does it represent? Monte Rosa, the Righi, or the Jungfrau?"

"Nothing of the sort. An unknown cliff on the Lake of Lucerne; no one except us knows it; it used to be called the Rock of

the Legion of Honor; it is now called the Rock of Love."

And with that eloquent remark the story ends. Fortunately no one knows this cliff, so that travelers in Switzerland cannot have the pleasure of a sail on the lake spoiled by having it pointed out; but carving advertisements on rocks seems a noble employment in comparison with labeling them in this way.

The second story, *Auf Wache*, has already been mentioned in these pages in speaking of the new German magazine, the *Rundschau*. Nannchen von Mainz is the title of the third. It is a story of the Rhine country, as its name indeed indicates. This is much like some of the author's earlier work. It tells how a young girl of Mainz fell in love with a Prussian soldier, much to the wrath of her father, and how finally they were married. It is a clever enough little story, and it is amusing to notice that it has, or rather had, its political meaning, in showing how much ill-feeling existed between different sections of Germany. In a brief paragraph at the end, the writer says that although it was written only in 1864, it might have been written a century before, the present condition of things being so unlike what is there represented.

On the whole, the main value of this little volume is that it is essential in order to fill up one's set of Auerbach; the stories are very trifling in themselves. They show, however, the singular mixture of intelligence and simplicity which characterizes all his work, although with but little of the pathos and humor which serve to calm the reader's occasional impatience at his tactlessness. It is to be hoped that we may soon see the volume from him which, it is whispered, contains a number of stories fully equal to his best. Perhaps these now before us are thrown out to serve as a foil.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

John B. Bachelder, Boston: Popular Resorts, and how to reach them. Combining a Brief Description of the Principal Summer Retreats in the United States, and the Routes of Travel leading to them. By John B. Bachelder.

Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Manufactures, Products, and the Arts. Rules and Premium List of the Sixth Exposition. 1875.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 3, 1875. An Account of the Systems of Public Instruction in Belgium, Russia, Turkey,

Servia, and Egypt. No. 4, 1875. Waste of Labor in the Work of Education. By P. A. Chadbourne, D. D., President of Williams College, Mass. No. 5, 1875. Suggestions respecting the Educational Exhibit at the International Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

Congregational Publishing Society, Boston: Conversations of Jesus. As recorded by John, but occasionally supplemented by the reports of the other Evangelists.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Songs of the Year and other Poems. By Charlton.

Dodd and Mead, New York: The French at Home. By Alfred Rhodes. With Numerous Illustrations

¹ *Drei einzige Töchter*. Novellen. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart. 1875.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Woman's Love, or Like and Unlike*. By J. F. Smith.—*Maud or Nina*. By J. G. Whyte Melville.—*Counterparts, or the Cross of Love*. By the Author of *Ramon* and *Charles Auchester*.—*Open! Sesame!* By Florence Marryatt.—*A Woman's Ransom*. By Frederick William Robinson.

Experimentation on Animals, as a Means of Knowledge in Physiology, Pathology, and Practical Medicine. By J. C. Dalton, M. D., Author of *Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons*, New York.

J. B. Ford & Co., New York: *The Abbé Tigrane*, Candidate for the Papal Chair. By Ferdinand Fabre. Translated by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon.—*A Summer Parish: Sabbath Discourses and Morning Service of Prayer, at the Twin Mountain House, White Mountains, New Hampshire, during the Summer of 1874*. By Henry Ward Beecher. Photographically reported by T. J. Ellinwood.

Bradley Garretson & Co., Philadelphia: *Wood's Bible Animals*. A Description of the Habits, Structure, and Uses of every Living Creature mentioned in the Scriptures. Illustrated with over One Hundred New Designs by Keyl, Wood, and E. A. Smith; engraved by G. Pearson. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S. To which are added Articles on Evolution, by Rev. James McCosh, D. D., President of the College of New Jersey; and Research and Travel in Bible Lands, by Rev. Daniel March, D. D.

William F. Gill & Co., Boston: *Life in Paris. Letters on Art, Literature, and Society*. By Arsène Houssaye.—*The Silent Witness*. A Novel. By Edmund Yates.—*The Marriage of Moira Fergus*. A Novel. By William Black.—*The Satchel Series*. Vol. I. Stories, Poems, Essays, and Sketches. By Miss M. E. Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Owen Meredith, M. Quad, and others. Fully Illustrated.

Harper and Brothers, New York: *Miss Angel*. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. With Illustrations.—*Sermons out of Church*. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, etc.—*The Way we Live now*. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations.—*Ward or Wife*. A Romance.—*Playing the Mischief*. A Novel. By J. W. DeForest.—*Eglantine*. A Novel. By Eliza Tabor.—*The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy*. By J. E. Cairnes, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College, London.—*The Lady Superior*. A Novel. By Eliza F. Pollard.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Within an Ace*. By Mrs. C. Jenkin.—*On the Heights*. A Novel. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Simon Adler Stern.—*Whiteladies*. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Childhood: The Text-Book of the Age, for Parents, Pastors, and Teachers, and all Lovers of Childhood*. By Rev. W. F. Crafts.—*In the Kitchen*. By Elizabeth S. Miller.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoölogist*. By Frank Buckland, M. A., late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales, etc. Illustrated.—*Principia, or Basis of Social Science*. Being a Survey of the Subject from the Moral and Theological, yet Liberal and Progressive Stand-

Point. By R. J. Wright.—*English Gipsy Songs*. In Rommany. With Metrical English Translations by Charles G. Leland, Professor E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: *Skull and Brain; Their Indications of Character and Anatomical Relations*. By Nicholas Mergan. Illustrated by Lithographic and Wood Engravings.

Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York: *Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons*.—*Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick, and Recipes for Sick People*. By a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: Illustrated Homes. A Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People. By E. C. Gardner. With Illustrations.—*Little Classics*. Vol. XIV. Poems Lyrical. Edited by Rossiter Johnson.—*A Nine Days' Wonder*. A Novelette. By Hamilton Afde.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *Schiller's Die Piccolomini*. Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, Index of Persons and Places, and Map of Germany, by James Morgan Hart.

Report of the Board of Commissioners Fifth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition. 1874.

John Ross & Co., New York: *Mansions of the Skies*. An Acrostic Poem on the Lord's Prayer. By W. P. Chilton, Jr.

John Ross & Co., Edinburgh: *The Gentle Shepherd*. A Pastoral Comedy. By Allan Ramsay. Edited, with a Life of the Author, and a Reference Glossary, by J. R.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Eric-Brac Series*. Personal Reminiscences by O'Keefe, Kelly, and Taylor. Edited by Richard H. Stoddard.

E. H. Swinney, New York: *Statement of Reasons for embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg*. By the Rev. George Bush, late Professor of Hebrew in the N. Y. University.

John F. Trow, New York: *Trow's New York City Directory*, for the Year ending May 1, 1876.

Twentieth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Schools, for the Year ending August 1, 1874.

D. Van Nostrand, New York: *European Light-House Systems; Being a Report of a Tour of Inspection made in 1873*, by Major George H. Elliot, Corps of Engineers U. S. A., Member and Engineer Secretary of the Light-House Board, under the Authority of Hon. William A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury. Illustrated by fifty-one engravings and thirty-one wood-cuts in the text.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: *The Requisites for a Church School, and the Adaptedness of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Work of Religious Education*. By the Rev. David Greene Haskins.—*Idothea; or the Divine Image*. A Poem. By Joseph Salyards.

Wilson, Hinkle, & Co., New York: *The Graded-School First Reader; The Graded-School Second Reader; The Graded-School Third Reader; The Graded-School Fourth Reader; The Graded-School Fifth Reader; The Graded-School Primary Speller*. By T. W. Harvey, A. M.

Wright and Potter, State Printers, Massachusetts: *Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor*. March, 1875.

ART.

PASSING mention was made, in *The Atlantic* for September, of Mr. David Neal, several of whose paintings (among them the portrait of Mrs. John T. Raymond, shown at the Academy of Design, last spring) have now been for several weeks on exhibition at Messrs. Elliot & Co.'s new gallery in Boston. Mr. Neal is a native of Lowell, but has lived and painted for ten years past in Munich, and now presents himself before us in the character of a well-accredited representative of Piloty. The quarter-length of Mrs. Raymond will undoubtedly commend itself to the popular eye more strongly than either of the others, and we believe it also to be the best of the pieces here. Attired in black silk, a broad, lace-edged ruff around her throat, the lady's face—with its magnificent contours and fair coloring and massive crown of ochre-blended hair—stands forth from the canvas in an extraordinary relief, though without excessive challenge to the eye. It is true, one might easily hold to the superiority of that method which shrinks somewhat more from this bold assertion of art's mimetic faculty, and continually teases and pleasantly excites the imagination by holding back the object represented in a dim, delicious border-world of subdued tones. There is just the least suspicion of the figure-head method about this head of Mr. Neal's; and a certain tendency to *carve* in paint, which we seem to trace in it, may without much injustice be laid to the artist's earlier training as a wood-engraver. But when we have said thus much savoring of dissent (and we think it fair to give voice to the impression), we must proceed to yield Mr. Neal the amplest credit for his precise, strong drawing, his broad, easy modeling, the relation of tints throughout, and the skillful, calculated touch of those gems in the old Venetian setting, which clasps the silk just below the long opening of the dress from the neck. There is more than this in the portrait, however; there is *life* in it—a quality generated not merely by the excellent technical resources of the painter, but impossible without them. The Gentleman of the Sixteenth Century we do not so much care for. He does not seem necessarily to belong to the sixteenth century, except by his costume, and at no epoch

would his personality be a very impressive one, we think. Besides this, he is not especially to be congratulated as being a forcible piece of painting; and his mediæval body and legs might be improved by even modern drawing. Next comes the Head of a Burgomaster; and here we have life again. All the little details are given: every furrow of the forehead, the reddening around the aged eye, the contractions and detractions of fine face-muscles here and there, in dissenting passages which show where the individual tried to differ from his type and became only more typical all the while, the brassy gleam of light on the wrinkled, sloping forehead,—these things are rendered with the methodical, earnest care which it has ever been a delight to the German mind to bestow upon the time-worn surfaces of the human body. But as one contemplates this head, a startling suggestion of Duveneck asserts itself. Here is the Old Professor, from the Art Club, though in a much modified form, peering down from the wall in the guise of a burgomaster. That is stating it too generally; of course, to the connoisseur, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the hands of the two painters. There is something more settled in Mr. Neal's work, something a good deal drier and less inspiring, we fear it must be said, than in the younger artist's productions. But the differences are really only those natural to two distinct persons, both possessed of ability and both trying with all their skill to do the same thing; a thing preconceived and appointed by a leading mind, which has impressed itself on each. Therefore, in this Head of a Burgomaster we seem to come up suddenly against the limitations of the Munich school. Another similarity is noticeable. Mr. Duveneck has a very different finish for the faces of women (and young boys) from that which he employs for men; so has Mr. Neal, and the kinds of finish strongly resemble each other. Turning to Mrs. Raymond's portrait, we have a fine example of the Munich method for presenting the textures of fair feminine faces. This surface is smooth, hard, thick, with a finish like that of fine *bisque*. It is no wonder that with such an immovable "enamel," Mr. Neal should find it hard to give the roundness of the throat,

despite his success in the larger modeling of the face; and in fact the throat has somewhat the look of porcelain, and appears as if cut out flat according to a particular pattern, so as to be fitted into the dress opening.

Those who remember the day of the Düsseldorf school in New York will naturally expect for the Munich painters a period of influence in Boston more powerful even than that, now that they have made so brilliant an entrance. The greater part of what we can hope to accomplish for plastic art in this country, during a considerable time to come, will be effected through these imported influences; and to have a conflict of influences is accordingly an advantage. In this light, the rising of the Munich star on our horizon may be esteemed a fortunate event, as ushering in a power to hold French taste in check. But it is well to be aware of the limitations of this new force, in order to avoid being bound by them. In a school like that of Munich, with certain conditions given and certain aims proposed, you must work after prescriptions that seem to be somewhat too definite. This is not so much felt in the region of simple portraiture; but after the mode of depicting a single head is thoroughly settled upon and acquired, it remains to be seen what can next be done with design or conception of a subject. Here it is that the weakness of Munich appears, although it is probably the last point at which Munich itself would suspect a weakness. Kaulbach in design is radically false and artificial, and may be dismissed as such. The Sündfluth designs in Kaulbach's *Nachlass* show the violent but desperate efforts of a strong mind, fettered by academic conventions, to escape into some sort of redeeming individuality. A certain individuality is indeed secured; but one that is penetrated and spoiled by pernicious traits. Piloty is radically sound, but is certainly very much limited by his realism. There is much grandeur in such results as his *Death of Wallenstein*, but any one who follows him to that height will probably paint history in just the same fashion, and will lack that rarest gift of painter and fictionist, improvisation of some sort. There is no surprise of resources with Piloty and his school; the resources may astonish and impress, but it is evident that they have

been all counted, mustered, and distributed at the proper points for an effect, beforehand. It is not enough that he can draw his figures splendidly, and present human faces stamped and lined with character as definite as the plaster-cast will give. This accomplishment belongs to a secondary order of effect, and becomes wearisome after a certain length of time. We are not quarreling with Piloty, be it understood, but in a brief way trying to determine his precise magnitude.

But Mr. Neal has not followed his master altogether, in the larger effort of composition, if we may judge from his preliminary study for Watt studying the Power of Steam, a picture exhibited last year at the Royal Academy in London, and sold to Sir Benjamin Phillips. His conception is good, and the coloring is much in the old English vein of Mulready, Leslie, and Wilkie, though with a great deal more richness than those names would imply. The attitude of the musing boy — a delicate-visaged dreamer — is extremely well chosen; the large fireplace with utensils fastened above it, the kitten dozing on the rug, are well managed. From the door which the mother is opening comes a gleam of soft golden light, in the midst of which is seen a masculine figure eagerly devouring food at the supper-table. All this is very suggestively set forth, with that fresh air of discovery which gives to first studies their unfading charm. Mr. Neal, as we have said, seems to have found a coloring of his own in this picture, and there is something distinctive in the whole domestic rendering of the scene; if he has only succeeded in transferring to the completed work something of the same air of unconscious but artistic story-telling which we observe here, he has, undoubtedly, made a great success. Meanwhile, we await with much interest a more ambitious subject on which he is now reported to be at work — *Mary Stuart and Rizzio*. The *Chapel of the Kings* is a very good, methodical architectural piece, with neither too final a degree of detail nor too much poetic feeling in it. We have not seen the painter fully in the pieces now displayed, but in him we discern without difficulty a solid, serious nature of marked artistic bent, who has acquired technical qualities demanding very considerable respect.

EDUCATION.

CONTINUING our review of the school reports, we find that our space will permit us but few statistics. The yearly cost of each pupil in Chicago is \$14.93 to \$32.54 in Boston, the average *per capita* in the high schools of the latter city being \$79.51. In some of the primary schools of Chicago there is a half-time system which is said to work perfectly for the children, but which frequently breaks down the teachers, owing to their having two classes daily of sixty pupils each, making one hundred and twenty in all! The superintendent therefore recommends half-time teachers for such schools as well. In compliance with the wishes of their board, the Chicago teachers are making great exertions to do without corporal punishment in their schools, and with "decided success;" but the same difficulties with "persistently disobedient and disorderly pupils" appear here as in New York. The superintendent observes that in the grammar schools the increased amount of written work is injuring the handwriting of the children. We believe ourselves that our schools will yet have to retrace their steps on this whole question, nothing being more wonderful in the history of pedagogy than the persistence with which educational authorities ignore the distinction between childhood and youth so much insisted on by Rousseau, and cling to the belief that what is suitable for the student (as for instance this written work) is suitable also for the child. The number of women to men teachers in the Chicago grammar schools is as thirty to one, a proportion far too large, as it cannot be good for either sex to be exclusively taught by one. Such being their numbers, however, we almost wonder they did not "strike" when the board effected a saving of twenty per cent. in its expenses, by cutting down their (not the men teachers') salaries! It is really moving to see the cheerfulness with which American citizens spend money on costly school-houses, and the equal good faith with which they scrimp the teachers, as if a good school-house without a teacher inside of it could be anything more than a body without a soul. In the grammar schools of Chicago there are seventy-five recitations each of grammar, arithmetic, and spelling, to twelve of United States history; and in the high

school historical examination, out of ten questions, four were on the late civil war. None were on general history!

The twenty-ninth semi-annual report of the superintendent of the Boston schools is peculiarly interesting, as being a history of the educational work carried on in that city for the eighteen years during which he held the office he has just resigned. Of much of this he was evidently both the originator and the promoter, and his city may well say to him in gratitude, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." His aim throughout has been to make and keep the public schools of Boston second to none, and, if possible, the first in the country. Owing to the wealth and liberality of the Boston taxpayer, he has succeeded in the former, and doubtless would have done so in the latter ambition, could he have risen earlier above the pedagogical traditions in which he probably gained his own training. For it is surprising to learn (p. 73 *et seq.*) that the primary schools of the "Athens of America" had no systematized scheme of instruction until 1863, and the grammar schools none until 1868.

In Mr. Philbrick's own candid language, "Boston cannot claim to have taken the initiative" in the matter of programmes, and 'yet, as we have before intimated, it is the matter the most important by far of any within the range of an educator's responsibility. So little was this understood by the Boston school committee, that when, after "a year and a half of discussion and contention," a programme was at last decided upon, "None of us then connected with the schools," says Mr. Philbrick, "fully appreciated the value and importance of that action of the board." Nor was it until *after* the adoption of this new programme that he "studied the most approved courses of study in foreign countries, where the science is vastly more advanced than it is in this country," and was "gratified to find that our course for elementary instruction is so nearly up to the standard of the best existing models. . . . We built better than we knew!"

Since Mr. Philbrick's election to office in 1856, the salaries of school officials in Boston have increased seventy-four per cent., against one hundred and twenty-five per

cent. of other city salaries. The attendance on the schools has risen ten per cent., the number of pupils has doubled, but that of the teachers has trebled, thus reducing the average number of scholars to a teacher from 54.4 to 37.6. In admitting drawing, music, and sewing,¹ and otherwise enlarging the elementary curriculum, Mr. Philbrick wisely contends that the old common-school studies have not been crowded out, as so many persons fancy, but that they have been only curtailed of some of their disproportionate time; and he further denies that the "high pressure" system of excessive tasks and unwholesome competitions exists at present to any great degree in Boston, as great efforts have been made to suppress it. There are no home lessons for the primary schools, and the boys only in the grammar schools are allowed to study at home for one hour a day. No competitive medals or other prizes are awarded, graduating diplomas having been substituted instead. The music in the primary and grammar schools is under the charge of three able masters, they themselves being under a general musical director, who also teaches the girls in the high and normal schools. We have very grave doubts whether the Boston system of changing the Do with the tone is the one which will enable the largest proportion of children to read simple music at sight after leaving school, and it is to be hoped that some other of our large cities will try with equal thoroughness the old way of regarding Do as invariably C, Ré as invariably D, etc., and let experience decide which plan is the better. We believe that in the German public schools the New England system is unknown. In the high schools the boys are drilled in military exercises and the girls in Swedish gymnastics, but "a thorough system of physical training has not as yet been attained for the Boston schools, though there exists a general recognition of gymnastics as a branch of school culture. In Vienna one hundred special teachers of gymnastics are employed in the public schools," which perhaps accounts for some of the personal beauty for which that city is famous. The number of high-school scholars has increased one hundred and seventy per cent. since 1856, that of pupils in the primary schools only fifty per

cent., though the whole number in the high schools is only five per cent. of all the schools taken together. Mr. Philbrick emphasizes what we also in these reviews have endeavored to enforce, namely, that the common school is always feeble and inefficient where high schools are wanting. He says that in Vienna, whose population exceeds that of Philadelphia, but is less than that of New York, there are sixteen high or secondary schools for boys alone, of which the apparatus of a single one cost over twenty thousand dollars. He fears that it will be a late day before America can boast such school-houses as those of that splendid metropolis, where they are built under the direction of the highest official architects and pedagogues, who after many years of experimenting have reached a type of school-room which is supposed to combine the requisites of light, ventilation, and convenience, in the highest degree. If all the grades of schools required by any city locality could be grouped round a quadrangle, and the inclosed space devoted to the play-ground, would not all the interests of beauty, use, and health be better served than by the present isolated buildings?

We are obliged to this report for calling attention to the unpleasant fact that "the great American nation is the only one whose citizens speak through their noses and not through their mouths." It is a fond delusion with our countrymen that because we have no dialect and do not drop our *h*'s, we therefore speak the English language better than the English themselves; whereas, as the report says, "no civilized people at the present day is so deficient in agreeable and finished speech as our own. . . . What we want is the *music of the phrase*, a clear, flowing and decided sound of the whole sentence," etc. But when nearly all the best educated men and women of Massachusetts say "stupid" and "dooty" and "sooperb" for "stupid," "dewty," and "sewperb," and when all Americans say "dawg" and "gawd" and "Bawston" for "dog" and "god" and "Boston," it would seem as if something were wanted more elementary still, and this is, that the *English* pronunciation of English words according to the best authorities be insisted upon, at least in the spelling and reading classes of the public

¹ Mr. Philbrick seems inclined to dispute a statement of ours, in a previous number, to the effect that the sewing at present taught in the Boston schools is due to the quiet efforts for many years of a small knot of Boston ladies. If Mr. Philbrick will

apply to the lady who wrote a letter on the subject to Mr. John Codman, which was printed in the appendix to the Boston School Report for 1849, he will find that we are entirely in the right about the matter.

schools, and in the school and college declamations.

The report complains that the provision for examining teachers in Boston is exceptionally inadequate for a city of its size and prestige, and the manner of their dismissal seems to be as arbitrary and inconsiderate as that of their appointment. The under teachers meet semi-occasionally with the superintendent or with their own principals for "advice and instruction in teaching," and the grammar masters from time immemorial have held a monthly social meeting, at which, over a "modest supper," educational topics are discussed, and "freshness and enthusiasm" gained for the ensuing month; but the women teachers, though six times as many as the men, are not spoken of as holding any common consultations, though, if they did so, any joint decisions and suggestions that they might make to the board could not but be of great value. Mr. Philbrick holds up to the board the strength and thoroughness which the device of a head superintendent with several assistants has imparted to the New York city school system, and recommends a similar arrangement for Boston. He wishes also that "the teachers could be more encouraged by the school authorities in their efforts to inculcate good morals and manners." The latter recommendation comes none too soon, for the manners one often observes in the shops, cars, etc., of Boston, are not such as belong to persons who, in the old-fashioned phrase, have been "well brought up" in childhood. As for morals, how they are to be successfully inculcated without any reference to a moral lawgiver is a problem that has not as yet been solved for the American public-school educator, though, owing to the Roman Catholics, it is rapidly becoming the most formidable one in his path. The sexes were separated in the grammar and high schools of Boston over forty years ago, though they continue together in the primary grades. In all the lately annexed suburbs of the city, however, our indigenous system still prevails. The

evening high school also is attended by both sexes, with strange inconsistency, as it seems to us, for if there are any real objections to the co-education of the sexes, they must exist in such a school in their fullest force. Whether co-education be better for the pupils or not, there is no doubt that it is harder for the teacher, as bringing in another element of care and responsibility, and that rather than procure and pay teachers who are up to the requirements of their position in judgment and dignity, school boards are inclined to abolish it. The programme of studies in the Boston schools is not given in this report, and therefore we cannot much comment upon it. Like the national curriculum generally, however, it probably contains much too large a proportion of the disciplinary studies, *i. e.*, mathematics, physics, and grammar, to the humanitarian ones of history, literature, and the beautiful and good generally. There is too much "rule and compass" work throughout, even in the music and drawing, and memory and intellectual acuteness are developed without a corresponding development of the heart, the judgment, the character, and the taste. Notwithstanding these defects, a remarkable testimony to the public schools of Boston is to be found in the fact that whereas in 1817, with a population of forty thousand, there were but twenty-three hundred and sixty-five pupils in the public schools to forty-one hundred and thirty-two in private schools, in 1873, to a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, there were thirty-five thousand nine hundred and thirty pupils in the public schools to thirty-eight hundred and eighty-seven only in private ones. This verifies the boast of her school superintendent in the beginning of the report, that in no city in the country do all classes more patronize the public schools than in Boston. It is indeed to the glory of Massachusetts that within her borders the day schools are so noble, and that boarding schools form so slight a feature of her educational system.

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVI.—NOVEMBER, 1875.—No. CCXVII.

—◆—
PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

I.

WEST PEKIN is one of those country places which have yielded to changing conditions and have ceased to be the simple farming towns of a past generation. The people are still farmers, but most of them are no longer farmers only. In the summer they give up the habitable rooms of their old square wooden houses to boarders from the cities, and lurk about in the nooks and crannies of their L's and lean-to's; and, whatever their guests may have to complain of, have hardly the best of the bargains they drive with them. But in this way they eke out the living grudged them by their neglected acres, and keep their houses in a repair that contrasts with the decay of their farming. Each place has its grove of maples, fantastically gnarled and misshapen from the wounds of many sugar seasons; and an apple orchard, commonly almost past bearing with age, stretches its knotted boughs over a slope near the house. Every year the men-folk plow up an acre of garden ground, and plant it with those vegetables which, to the boarders still feeding in mid-July on last year's potatoes and tough, new-butchered beef, seem so reluctant in ripening; but a furrow is hardly turned elsewhere on the farm. It yields a crop of hay about the

end of June, in which the boarders' children tumble, and a favorable season may coax from it a few tons of rowen grass. The old stone walls straggle and fall down even along the road-side; in the privacy of the wood-lots and berry-pastures they abandon themselves to reckless dilapidation.

Many houses in the region stand empty, absently glaring on the passer with their cold windows, as if striving in vain to recall the households, long since gone West, to whom they were once homes. By and by they will drop to ruin; or some shrewd Irishman, who has made four or five hundred dollars in a Massachusetts suburb, will buy one of them, and stocking the farm with his stout boys and girls will have the best-looking place about. He thrives where the son of the soil starved; and if the bitter truth must be owned, he seems to deserve his better fortune. He has enterprise and energy and industry, and to the summer boarder, used to the drive and strain of the city, the Yankee farmer often seems to have none of these qualities. It may be that the summer boarder judges him rashly; I dare say he would not be willing himself to take his landlord's farm as a gift, if he must live on those stony hill-sides the year round, and find himself at each year's end a year older but not a day nearer

the competence to which all men look forward as the just reward of long toil. I always fancied a dull discouragement in the native farming race; an effect of the terrible winter, that drowns a good half of the months in drifts of snow, and of the dreary solitude of the country life. Great men have come from the rural stock in our nation before now; and perhaps the people of West Pekin have earned the right to lie fallow; but whether this is so or not, it is certain that they often evince an aptness to open the mouth and stand agape at unusual encounters, which one cannot well dissociate from ideas of a complete mental repose. If they have no thoughts, they have not the irrelevance and superfluity of words. They are a signally silent race. I have seen two of them, old neighbors, meet after an absence, and when they had hornily rattled their callous palms together, stand staring at each other, their dry, serrated lips falling apart, their jaws mutely working up and down, their pale blue eyes vacantly winking, and their weather-beaten faces as wholly discharged of expression as the gable ends of two barns confronting each other from opposite sides of the road; no figure can portray the grotesqueness of their persons, with their feet thrust into their heavy boots, and their clothes — originally misshapen in a slop-shop after some by-gone fashion, and now curiously warped, outgrown, outworn — climbing up their legs and mounting upon their stooping shoulders. But if they are silent they are not surly; give them time and they are amiable enough, and they are first and last honest. They do not ask too much for board, and they show some slow willingness to act upon a boarder's suggestions for his greater comfort. But otherwise they remain unaffected by the contact. They learn no greater glibness of tongue, or liveliness of mind, or grace of manner; if their city guests bring with them the vices of wine or beer at dinner and tobacco after it, the farmers keep themselves uncontaminated. The only pipe you smell is that of the neighboring Irishman as he passes with his ox-team;

the gypsying French Canadians, as they wander southward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, lend the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness no rigor of climate has appalled, whereas our Anglo-Saxon stock in many country neighborhoods of New England seems weather-beaten in mind as in face; and this may account for the greater quick-wittedness of the women, whose in-door life is more protected from the inclemency of our skies. It is certain that they are far readier than the men, more intelligent, gracious, and graceful, and with their able connivance the farmer stays the adversity creeping upon his class, if he does not retrieve its old prosperity. In the winter his daughters teach school, and in the summer they help their mother through her enterprise of taking boarders. The farm feeds them all, but from the women's labor comes thrice the ready money that the land ever yields, and it is they who keep alive the sense of all higher and finer things, Heaven knows with what heroic patience and devoted endeavor. The house shines, through them, with fresh paper and paint; year by year they add to those comforts and meek aspirations towards luxury which the summer guest accepts so lightly when he comes, smiling askance at the parlor organ in the corner, and the black-walnut-framed chromo-lithographs on the walls.

Nehemiah Woodward left West Pekin in his youth, after his preparation in the academy, which still rests its classic pediment upon a pair of fluted pine pillars above the village green, and went to Andover, where he studied divinity and married his landlady's daughter. She was a still, somewhat austere girl, and she had spread no lures for the affections of her lover, who was of tenderer years than herself; he was not her first love; perhaps he was at last rather her duty, or her importuning fate. In any case she did not deny him in the end; they were married after his ordination, and went away to the parish in

New York State over which he was settled, and she left behind her the grave in which the hopes of her youth were buried. The young minister knew about it; she told him everything when he first spoke to her of marriage; they went together to bid farewell to the last resting-place of the dead rival whom he had never seen; and his sublime generosity touched her heart with a life-long gratitude.

It was his only inspiration, poor soul! he was a dreadfully dull man, — too dull even for the inarticulate suffering of country congregations. Parish after parish shifted him from its aching shoulders; they loved him for his goodness, but they could not endure him, they hardly knew why; it was really because his sermons were of lead, and finally none the lighter that they were beaten out so thin. He had thus worn westward, leaving a deeply striated human surface behind him, in the line of the New England emigration, as far as to the farther border of Iowa, and he was an elderly man with a half-grown family, when his father died and left the ancestral farm at West Pekin, to which none of the other sons would return from their prosperity in the neighboring towns or the new countries where they had settled. But it was not a fortune that Nehemiah could refuse; possibly he had always had his own secret yearnings for those barren pastures of his boyhood; at any rate he gladly parted from his last willing parish, and went back to the farm. Once returned, he seemed never to have been away; he looked as much a fixture of the landscape as any out-building of the place. He quickly shed whatever clerical dignity had belonged to his outward man, and slouched into the rusty boots and scarecrow coats and hats that costume our farmers at their work, as easily as if he had only laid them off overnight. The physical shape of the farm was favorable to his luckless gift of going down-hill, but the energy of his wife now stayed his further descent as effectually as if he had been a log propped on the edge of a slope by some jutting

point of granite. She had indeed always done more than her half toward keeping her family's souls and bodies together; now, with a lasting basis to work upon, she took the share on which Nehemiah's lax hold had faltered. The house was built with the substantial handsomeness which a farmer could afford who two generations ago sent his boys to the academy. It was large and square, with ample halls crossing each other from side to side, and dividing it into four spacious rooms below and answering chambers overhead, some of which, after a season or two of summer boarders, Mrs. Woodward was able to cut in two and still leave large enough for single beds. In time a series of very habitable chambers grew out over the one-story wing; a broad new piazza invited the breeze and shade around two sides of the house, from whose hill-top perch you could look out over a sea of rolling fields and woods, steeply shored on the south by the long flank of Scaticong Mountain. The air was a luxury, the water was delicious; the walks and drives through the white-birch groves were lovely beyond compare; and long before the summer of which I write, the fame of Mrs. Woodward's abundant table and educated kitchen had made it a privilege to be her boarders for which people endeavored by engaging her rooms a year beforehand. Whoever abode there reported it a house flowing with unstinted cream and eggs; pease, beans, squash, and sweet corn in their season, of a flavor that the green grocery never knew; blue-berries, raspberries, blackberries, after their kind; and bread with whose just praise one must hesitate to tax the credulity of one's hearer.

Mrs. Woodward not only knew how to serve her guests well, but how to profit by serving them well. She made it her business, and mixed no sentiment of any sort with it. She abolished herself socially, and none of her boarders offered her slight at the point to which she retreated from association with them. She left them perfect freedom in the house, but she kept them rigidly distinct from her own family, whom she

devoted each in his or her way to the enterprise she had undertaken. The family ate at their own table, and never appeared in the guests' quarter except upon some affair connected with their comfort; but they were all willing in serving. Even Nehemiah himself, under the discipline centring in his wife, showed a sort of stiff-jointed readiness in hitching up the horse for the ladies when the boys happened to be out of the way; and he had thus late in life discovered a genius for gardening. It was to his skill and industry that the table owed its luxury of vegetables; and he was wont to walk out at twilight, and stand, bent-kneed and motionless, among the potatoes, and look steadfastly upon the pease, in serene emulation of the simulacrum posted in a like attitude in another part of the patch. He was the most approachable member of the family, and would willingly have talked with one, no doubt, if he could have found anything in the world to say. The others were civil, but invisibly held aloof by the mother's theory of business, or secret pride, which, whatever it was, interfered with no one's rights or pleasures, and so was generally accepted by amiable new-comers after a few good-natured attempts to overcome it. There was only one of them who had succeeded in breaking the circle of this reserve, and her intimacy with the Woodwards seemed rather another of her oddities than anything characteristic of them.

The household of the boarders displayed that disparity between the sexes which is one of the sad problems of the New England civilization, and perhaps enforced it a little more poignantly than was just. They were not all single ladies; a good third of the fifteen were married; of the rest some were yet too young to think or to despair of marrying, and it could not be confidently said of others that they wished to change their state. Nevertheless one's first sense of their condition was vaguely compassionate. It seemed a pity that for six days in the week they should have to talk to each other and dress only for their own sex. Not that their toilettes were elaborate;

they all said that they liked to come to the Woodwards' because you did not have to dress there, but could go about just as you pleased; yet having the taste of all American women in dress they could not forbear making themselves look charming, and were always appearing in some surprising freshness and fragrance of linen, or some gayety of flannel walking costume. The same number of men would have lapsed into unshaven chins and unblacked boots in a single week; but these devoted women had their pretty looks on their consciences, and never failed to honor them. Some of them even wore flowers in their hair at dinner, — Heaven knows why; and the young girls were always coming home from the woods with nodding plumes of bracken in their hats, and walking out in the dusk with coquettish head-gear on, to be seen by no one more important than some barefooted, half-grown, bashful farm-boy driving home his cows. The mothers started their children out every morning in clean, whole clothes, and patiently put aside at night the grass-stained, battered, dusty, dishonored fragments. Even one or two old ladies who were there for the country air were zealous to be neatly capped. The common sentiment seemed to be that as you never knew what might happen, you ought to be prepared for it. What actually happened was the occasional arrival of the stage with an express package for one of the boarders, and a passenger for some farm-house beyond, who at very rare and exciting intervals was a man. Once a day the young ladies went down to the village after the mail, and indulged themselves with the spectacle of gentlemen dismounting from the stage at the hotel, which at such moments poured forth on piazza and gallery a disheartening force of lady boarders. Regularly, also, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, when everybody had gone to bed, this conveyance drove up to the door of the farmhouse, and set down the five husbands of five of the married ladies, for whom it called again on Monday morning, before anybody was up. These husbands

were almost as unfailing as the fish-balls at the Sunday breakfast; and when any one of them was kept in Boston it made a great talk; his wife had got word from him why he could not come; or she had not got word: it was just as exciting in either case. The ladies all made some attractive difference in their dress, which the wives when they went to their rooms asked the husbands if they had noticed, and which the husbands had not noticed, to a man. After breakfast, each husband took by the hand the child or two which his wife had scantily provided him (a family of four children was thought pitifully large, and a marvel of responsibility to the mother), and went off to the woods, whence he returned an hour before dinner, and read the evening papers which he had brought up in his pocket. In the afternoon he was reported asleep, being fatigued by the ride from town the day before, or he sat and smoked, or sometimes went driving with his family. His voice as the household heard it next morning at dawn had a gayer note than at any other time in the last thirty-eight hours, and his wife, coming down to breakfast, met the regulation jest about her renewed widowhood with a cheerfulness that was apparently sincere.

It may not have been so dull a life for the ladies as men would flatter themselves; they all seemed to like it, and not a woman among them was eager to get back to her own house and its cares. Perhaps the remembrance of these cares was the secret of her present content; perhaps women, when remanded to a comparatively natural state, are more easily satisfied than men. It is certain that they are always enduring extremes of ennui that appear intolerable to the other sex. Here at Woodward farm they had their own little world, which I dare say was all the better and kinder for being their own. They were very kind to each other, but preferences and friendships necessarily formed themselves. Certain ladies were habitually visiting, as they called it, in each other's rooms, and one lady on the ground floor was of a hospitable genius that invited

the other boarders to make her room the common lounging and gossiping place. Whoever went in or out stopped there; and the mail, when it was brought from the post-office, was distributed and mostly read and talked over, there.

Till a bed was put into the parlor, one of the young ladies used to play a very little on the organ after breakfast on rainy days. One of the married ladies, who had no children, painted; she painted cat-tail rushes generally; not very like, and yet plainly recognizable. Another embroidered; she sat with her work in the wide doorway, and those passing her used to stop and take up one edge of it as it hung from her fingers, and talk very seriously about it, and tell what they had seen of the kind. Some of them were always writing letters; two or three had a special gift of sleep, both before and after dinner, which distinguished them from several nervous ladies, who *never* could sleep in the day-time. The young girls went up the mountain a good deal, whenever they could join a party; twice when one of their brothers came from the city they camped out on the mountain; it was a great thing to see their camp-fire after dusk; once they came home in a rain, and that was talk for two days, and always a joke afterwards. They had a lot of novels, not very new to our generation, which they read aloud to each other sometimes; they began to write a novel of their own, each contributing a chapter, but I believe they never finished it; the youngest kept a journal, but she did not write in it much. She could also drive; and her timid elders who rode out with her said they felt almost as safe with her as with a man. All the ladies said that the air was doing them a great deal of good, and, if not, that the complete rest was everything; none of them had that worn-out feeling with which she had come; if any did not pick up at once, she was told that she would see the change when she got home in the fall. Two or three, in the mean time, were nearly always sick in bed, or kept from meals by headache. From time to time the well ones had themselves

weighed at the village store, to know whether they had gained or lost. They all talked together a good deal about their complaints, of which, whether they were sick or well, they each had several.

These were the interests and occupations, this the life, at Woodward farm, to the entire simplicity of which I am afraid I have not done justice, when a thing happened that complicated the situation and for the moment robbed it of its characteristic repose. It appears that while Mrs. Stevenson was quietly multiplying cat-tail rushes in her cool, airy, up-stairs room, one of the Woodward girls, who taught school and in vacation waited on the boarders at the table, had also been employed — somewhere in the mysterious L-part, where her family bestowed itself — on a work of art — a head of the Alderney cow, known to the whole household as Blossom. Whether it was ever meant to be seen or not is scarcely certain; that lady who alone had the intimacy of the Woodwards came out with it from the kitchen one morning, as by violence, and showed it to the boarders after breakfast, while they still loitered at the table, none of the artist's kindred appearing. They all recognized Blossom in a moment, but the exhibitor let them suffer and guess a while who did it. Then she exploded the fact upon them, and the excitement began to rise. They said that it was a real Rosa Bonheur; and Mrs. Stevenson, who was indeed in another line of art and need feel no envy, set her head on one side, held the picture at arm's-length in different lights, and pronounced it perfect, simply perfect, for a charcoal sketch. They had looked at it in a group; now they looked at it singly, and from a distance, cautioning each other that the least touch would ruin it. Then they began to ask the exhibitress if she had known of Miss Woodward's gift before; the young girls listening to her replies with something of the zeal and reverence they felt for the artist. At last they said Mrs. Gilbert must see it, and followed it in procession to the room of the public-spirited lady on the first floor. She had been having her breakfast in

bed, and now sat in a be-ruffled, sweet-scented dishabille, which became her pale, middle-aged, invalid good-looks — her French-marquise effect, one young girl called it, Mrs. Gilbert's hair being quite gray, and her thick eyebrows dark, like those of a powdered old-régime beauty. They set the drawing on her chimney-piece, and she considered it a long while with her hands lying in her lap. "Yes," she sighed at last, "it's very fair indeed, poor thing."

"Blossom or Rachel, Mrs. Gilbert?" promptly demanded the lady who had been chaperoning the picture, with a tremor of humorous appreciation at the corners of her mouth, and a quick glance of her very dark-brown eyes.

"Rachel," answered Mrs. Gilbert. "Blossom is a blessed cow. But a woman of genius in a New England farmhouse where they take summer boarders — oh dear me! Yes, it's quite as bad as that, I should say," she added thoughtfully, after another stare at the picture. "Quite."

The company had settled and perched and poised upon the different pieces of furniture, as if they expected Mrs. Gilbert to go on talking; but she seemed to be out of the mood, and chose rather to listen to their applauses of the picture. The sum of their kindly feeling appeared to be that something must be done to encourage Miss Woodward, but they were not certain how she ought to be encouraged, and they began to stray away from the subject before anything was concluded. When the surprise had been drained to the dregs, a natural reaction began, and they left Mrs. Gilbert somewhat sooner than usual and with signs of fatigue. Presently no one remained but the lady who had exhibited the picture; her, as she made a movement to take it from the mantel, Mrs. Gilbert stopped, and began to ask about the artistic history of Miss Woodward.

II.

Mrs. Belle Farrell, one of the summer boarders, stood waiting at the side of the

road for Rachel Woodward, who presently appeared on the threshold of the red school-house, with several books on her arm. It was Saturday afternoon; her school-term had ended the day before, and she had returned now for some property of hers left in the school-house overnight. She laid down the books while she locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and then she gathered them up and moved somewhat languidly towards Mrs. Farrell. This lady was slender enough to seem of greater height than she really was, but not slender enough to look meagre, and she wore a stuff that clung to her shape, and, without defining it too statuesquely, brought out all its stylishness. Her dress was not so well suited to walking along country roads as it was to some pretty effects of pose; caught with the left hand, and drawn tightly across from behind, its plaited folds expanded about Mrs. Farrell's feet, and as she turned her head for a sidelong glance at her skirt, it made her look like a lady on a Japanese fan. The resemblance was heightened by Mrs. Farrell's brunette coloring of dusky red and white, and very dark eyes and hair; but for the rest her features were too regular; she knitted her level brows under a forehead overhung with loose hair like a French painter's fancy of a Roman girl of the decadence, and she was not a Buddhist half the time. This afternoon, for example, she had in the hand with which she swept her skirt forward, a very charming little English copy of Keble's *Christian Year*, in mouse-colored, flexible leather, with red edges. It was a book that she had carried a good deal that summer.

She now looked up and down the road, and seeing no one but Rachel she undid her attitude and pinned her draperies courageously out of the way. "Let us go home through the berry pasture," she said, and at the same time she stepped out towards the bars of the meadow with a stride that showed the elastic beauty of her ankles and the neat fit of her stout walking-shoes; she mounted and was over before the country girl could let

down one of the bars and creep through. In spite of Mrs. Farrell's stylishness, the pasture and she seemed joyously to accept each other as parts of nature; as she now lounged over the tough, springy knolls and leaped from one gray-lichened rock to another, and glided in and out of the sun-shotten clumps of white birches, she suggested a well-millinered wood-nymph not the least afraid of satyrs; she suffered herself to whistle fragments of opera, as she stooped from time to time and examined the low bushes to see if there were any ripe berries yet. Such as she found she ate with a frank, natural, charming greed; but there were not many of them.

"We shall have to stick to custard pie for another week," she said; "I'm glad it's so good. Don't let's go home at once, Rachel. Sit down and have a talk, and I'll help you through afterwards, or get you out of the trouble somehow. Halt!" she commanded.

The girl showed a conscientious hesitation, while Mrs. Farrell sank down at the base of a boulder on which the sunset had been shining. The day was one of that freshness which comes often enough to the New England hills even late in July; Mrs. Farrell leaned back with her hands clasped behind her head, and closed her eyes in luxury. "Oh you nice old rock, you! How warm you are to a person's back!"

Rachel crouched somewhat primly near her, with her books on her knee, and glanced with a slight anxiety at the freedom of Mrs. Farrell's self-disposition, whose signal grace might well have justified its own daring.

"Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, subtly interpreting her expression, "you're almost as modest as a man; I'm always putting you to the blush. There, will that do any better?" she asked, modifying her posture. She gazed into the young girl's face with a caricatured prudery, and Rachel colored faintly and smiled.

"Perhaps I wasn't thinking what you thought," she said.

"Oh yes, you were, you sly thing; don't try to deceive my youth and inex-

perience. I suppose you're glad your school's over for the summer, Rachel."

"I don't know. Yes, I'm glad; it's hard work. I shall have a change at least, helping about home."

"What shall you do?"

"I suppose I shall wait on table."

"Well, then, you shall *not*. I'll arrange *that* with your mother, any way. I'll wait on table myself, first."

"I don't see what difference it makes whether I work for the boarders in the kitchen or wait on them at the table."

"It makes a great difference: you can't be bidden by them if you're not in the way, and I'm not going to have a woman of genius asking common clay if it will take some more of the hash or another help of pie in *my* presence. Yes, I say *genius*, Rachel; and Mrs. Gilbert said so, too," cried Mrs. Farrell, at some signs in the girl, who seemed a little impatient of the subject, as of something already talked over; "and I'm proud of having been in the secret of it. I never *shall* forget how they all looked, when I came dancing out with it and stood it up at the head of the table, where they could see it! They thought I did it, and they had quite a revulsion of feeling when they found it was yours. Where are you going, Rachel? To Florence, or the Cooper Institute, or Doctor Rimmer?"

"I have no idea of going anywhere. I have no money; father could n't afford to send me. I don't expect to leave home."

"Well, then, I'll tell you: you must. Why can't you come and stay with me in Boston, this winter? I've got two rooms, and money enough to keep a couple of mice, — especially if one's a country mouse, — and we'll study art together. I might as well do that as anything — or nothing. Come, is it a bargain?"

"If I could get the money to pay for my boarding, I think I should like it very much. But I could n't," answered Rachel, quietly.

"Why, Rachel, can't you understand that you are to be my guest?"

Even the women of West Pekin are

slow to melt in gratitude, and Rachel replied without effusion.

"Did you mean that? It is very good of you, — but I could never think of it," she added, firmly. "I never could pay you back in any way. It would come to a great deal in a winter, — city-board."

"Do I understand you to refuse this handsome offer, Rachel?"

"I must."

"All right. Then I shall certainly count upon your being with me, for it would be foolish not to come, and whatever you are, Rachel, you're not foolish. I'm going to talk with your mother about it. Why, you little — chipmunk," cried Mrs. Farrell, adding the term of endearment after some hesitation for the precise expression, "I want you to come and do me credit. When your things are on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, and Doll and Richards's, I'm going to gather a few small spears of glory for myself by slyly telling round that I gave you your first instruction, and kept you from blushing unseen in West Pekin. I've felt the want of a *protégée* a good while, and here you are, just made to my hand. I heard before I came away that they were going to get up a life-class next winter. Perhaps we could get a chance to join that."

"Life-class?"

"Yes; to draw from the nude, you know."

"From the" — Rachel hesitated.

"Yes, yes, yes! my wild-wood flower. From the human being, the fellow-creature, with as little *on* as possible," shouted Mrs. Farrell. "How can you learn the figure any other way?"

A puzzled, painful look came into the girl's eyes, and "Do — do — ladies go?" she asked faintly.

"Of course they go!" said Mrs. Farrell. "It's a regular part of art-education. The ladies have separate classes in New York; but they don't abroad."

Rachel seemed at a loss what to answer. She dropped her eyes under Mrs. Farrell's scrutiny, and softly plucked at a tuft of grass. At last she said, without looking up, "It would n't be neces-

sary for me to go. I only want to paint animals."

"Well, and are n't *men* animals?" demanded Mrs. Farrell, leaning forward and trying to turn the girl about so as to look into her averted face.

"Don't!" said the other in a wounded tone.

"Rachel, Rachel!" cried Mrs. Farrell, tenderly, "I've really shocked you, have n't I? Don't be mad at me, my little girl: I did n't invent the life-class, and I never went to one. I don't know whether it's exactly nice or not. I suppose people would n't do it if it was n't. Come, look round at me, Rachel: I'm so glad of your liking me that if you stop it for half a second you'll break my heart!" She spoke in tones of anxious appeal, and then suddenly added, "If you'll visit me this winter we won't go to the life-class; we'll sleep together in the parlor and keep a cow in the back room."

Rachel gave way to a laugh, with her face hidden in her hands, and Mrs. Farrell fell back, satisfied, against her comfortable rock again, and put her hand in her pocket. "Look here, Rachel," she said, drawing it out. "Here's something of yours." She tossed a crisp, rattling ten-dollar note into the girl's lap, and nodded as Rachel turned a face of question upon her. "I sold your Blossom for that this morning; I forgot to tell you before. No, ma'am; I did n't buy it. Mrs. Gilbert bought it. The others praised it, Mrs. Gilbert paid for it: that's Mrs. Gilbert. I told her something about you, and how you owed everything to my instruction, and she offered ten dollars for Blossom. I tried to beat her down to five," she continued, while Rachel stared dumbly at the money, "but it was no use. She would n't fall a cent. She . . . Ugh! What's that?" cried Mrs. Farrell.

She gathered her dispersed picturesqueness hastily up, threw her head alertly round, and confronted a mild-faced cow, placidly pausing twenty paces off under the bough of a tree, through which she had advanced her visage, and softly regarding them with her gentle

brown eyes. "Why, Blossom, Blossom!" complained the lady. "How could you come up in that startling way? I thought it was a man! Though of course," she added less dramatically, "I might have remembered that there is n't a man within a hundred miles."

She was about to lean back again in her lazy posture, when voices made themselves heard from the wood beside the pasture, out of which Blossom had emerged. "Men's voices, Rachel!" she whispered. "An adventure! I suppose we must run away from it!"

Mrs. Farrell struggled up from her sitting posture, and, entangling her foot in her skirt, plunged forward with graceful awkwardness, but did not fall. She caught the pins out of her drapery, and Rachel and she were well on their way to the bars which would let them into the road, when two men emerged from the birch thicket out of which Blossom had appeared. One was tall and dark, with a firm, very dark mustache branching across a full beard. The other was a fair man, with a delicate face; he was slight of frame, and of the middle stature; in his whole bearing there was an expression of tacit resolution, which had also a touch of an indefinable something that one might call fanaticism. Both were city-clad, but very simply and fitly for faring through woods and fields; the dark man wore high boots, he carried a trouting-rod, and at his side was a fish-basket.

They looked after the two women, with eyes that clung charmed to the figure of Mrs. Farrell, as she drifted down the sloping meadow-path.

"Magnificent!" said the dark man, carelessly. "'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair!'"

A flush came over the cheek of the other, but he said nothing, while he absently advanced to the rock beside which the women had been sitting, as if that superb shape had drawn him thus far after her. A little book lay there, which he touched with his foot before he saw it. As he stooped to pick it up, Mrs. Farrell stopped fleetly, as a deer stops, and wheeling round went rapidly back,

towards the two men. When Mrs. Farrell advanced upon you, you had a sense of lustrous brown eyes growing and brightening out of space, and then you knew of the airy looseness of the overhanging hair and of the perfection of the face, and last of the sweeping, undulant grace of the divine figure. So she came onward now, fixing her unfrightened, steadfast eyes upon the young man, out of whose face went everything but worship. He took off his hat, and bent forward with a bow, offering the pretty volume, at which he had hardly glanced.

"Thanks," she breathed, and for an instant she relaxed the severe impersonality of her regard, and flooded him with a look. He stood helpless, while she turned and swiftly rejoined her companion, and so he remained standing till she and Rachel had passed through the meadow-bars and out of sight.

Then the dark man moved and said solemnly, "Don't laugh, Easton; you would n't like to be seen through, yourself."

"Laugh, Gilbert?" retorted Easton, with a start. "What do you mean? What is there to laugh at?" he demanded.

"Nothing. It was superbly done. It was a stroke of genius in its way."

"I don't understand you," cried Easton.

"Why, you don't suppose she left it here on purpose, and meant one of us to pick it up, so that she could come back and get it from him, and see just what manner of men we were; and" —

"No! I don't suppose that."

"Neither do I," said Gilbert, nonchalantly. "I never saw anything more unconscious. Come, let's be going; there's nothing to call her back, now."

He put his hand under the fish-basket, and weighted it mechanically, while he used the mass of his uncoupled rod staff-wise, and moved away. Easton followed with a bewildered air, at which Gilbert, when he happened to glance round at him, broke into a laugh.

W. D. Howells.

SONNET.

I stood and leaned upon a balustrade:

Beneath me lay the gray-roofed city, Rome.

The sun had sunk beneath Saint Peter's dome,

While all the bells their Ave Mary played.

Sweet music filled the air, and the young moon

Trembled in liquid tenderness on high;

But I was looking northward with a sigh,

And said, "Ah, quiet vale, I greet thee soon!"

Now when the daylight fades I stand and gaze

Upon the silent fields and the dark hills

That close around my lonely home, till fills

My heart with longing for the Roman days.

O longing, changing heart! O world too small!

Would all were one, or one dear place were all!

F. S.

AT THE GATES OF THE EAST.

THE Mediterranean still divides the East from the West.

Ages of traffic and intercourse across its waters have not changed this fact; neither the going of armies nor that of embassies, Northmen forays nor Saracenic maraudings, Christian crusades nor Turkish invasions, neither the borrowing from Egypt of its philosophy and science nor the stealing of its precious monuments of antiquity down to its bones, not all the love-making, slave-trading, war-waging, not all the commerce of four thousand years, by oar and sail and steam, have sufficed to make the East like the West.

Half the world was lost at Actium, they like to say, for the sake of a woman; but it was the half that I am convinced we never shall gain; for though the Romans did win it they did not keep it long, and they made no impression on it that is not as stucco to granite compared with its own individuality. And I suppose there is not now and never will be another woman in the East handsome enough to risk a world for.

There, across the most fascinating and fickle sea in the world, — a feminine sea, inconstant as lovely, all sunshine and tears in a moment, reflecting in its quick mirror in rapid succession the skies of gray and of blue, the weather of Europe and of Africa, a sea of romance and nausea, — lies a world in everything unlike our own, a world perfectly known, yet never familiar and never otherwise than strange to the European and American. I had believed it not to be so; I had been led to think that modern civilization had more or less transformed the East to its own likeness; that, for instance, the railway up the Nile had practically done for that historic stream. They say that if you run a red-hot nail through an orange, the fruit will keep its freshness and remain unchanged a long time. The thrusting of the iron into Egypt may

arrest decay, but it does not appear to change the country.

There is still an Orient, and I believe there would be if it were all canaled and railwayed and converted; for I have great faith in habits that have withstood the influence of six or seven thousand years of changing dynasties and religions. Would you like to go a little way with me into this Orient?

The old-fashioned travelers had a formal manner of setting before the reader the reasons that induced them to take the journey they described; and they not unfrequently made poor health an apology for their wanderings, judging that that excuse would be most readily accepted for their eccentric conduct. "Worn out in body and mind we set sail," etc.; and the reader was invited to launch in a sort of funereal bark upon the Mediterranean, and accompany an invalid in search of his last resting-place.

There was in fact no reason why we should go to Egypt, — a remark that the reader will notice is made before he has a chance to make it, — and there is no reason why any one indisposed to do so should accompany us. If information is desired, there are whole libraries of excellent books about the land of the Pharaohs, ancient and modern, historical, archæological, statistical, theoretical, geographical; if amusement is wanted, there are also excellent books, facetious and sentimental. I suppose that volumes enough have been written about Egypt to cover every foot of its arable soil if they were spread out, or to dam the Nile if they were dumped into it, and to cause a drought in either case if they were not all interesting and the reverse of dry. There is therefore no *onus* upon the traveler in the East to-day to write otherwise than suits his humor; he may describe only what he chooses. With this distinct understanding I should like the reader to go with

me through a winter in the Orient. Let us say that we go to escape winter.

It is the last of November, 1874, — the beginning of what proved to be the bitterest winter ever known in America and Europe, and I doubt not it was the first nip of the return of the rotary glacial period, — when we go on board a little Italian steamer in the harbor of Naples, reaching it in a row-boat and in a cold rain. The deck is wet and dismal; Vesuvius is invisible, and the whole sweep of the bay is hid by slanting mist. Italy has been in a shiver for a month; snow on the Alban hills and in the Tusculum theatre; Rome was as chilly as a stone tomb with the door left open. Naples is little better; Boston, at any season, is better than Naples — now.

We steam slowly down the harbor amid dripping ships, losing all sight of villages and the lovely coast; only Capri comes out comely in the haze, an island cut like an antique cameo. Long after dark we see the light on it, and also that of the Punta della Campanella opposite, friendly beams following us down the coast. We are off Pæstum, and I can feel that its noble temple is looming there in the darkness. This ruin is in some sort a door into, an introduction to, the East.

When I looked out of the port-hole of the steamer early in the morning, we were near the volcanic Lipari islands and islets, a group of seventeen altogether, which serve as chimneys and safety-valves to this part of the world. One of the small ones is of recent creation, at least it was heaved up about two thousand years ago, and I fancy that a new one may pop up here, any time. From the epoch of the Trojan war all sorts of races and adventurers have fought for the possession of these coveted islands, and the impartial earthquake has shaken them all off in turn. But for the mist we should have clearly seen Stromboli, the ever active volcano, but now we can only say we saw it. We are near it, however, and catch its outline, and listen for the groans of lost souls which the credulous crusaders used to hear issuing from its depths. It was

at that time the entrance of purgatory; we read in the guide-book that the crusaders implored the monks of Cluny to intercede for the deliverance of those confined there, and that therefore Odilo of Cluny instituted the observance of All Souls' Day.

The climate of Europe still attends us, and our first view of Sicily is through the rain. Clouds hide the coast and obscure the base of Ætna (which is oddly celebrated in America as an insurance against loss by fire); but its wide fields of snow, banked up high above the clouds, gleam like molten silver — treasure laid up in heaven — and give us the light of rosy morning.

Rounding the point of Faro, the *locale* of Charybdis and Scylla, we come into the harbor of Messina and take shelter behind the long, curved horn of its mole. Whoever shunned the beautiful Scylla was liable to be sucked into the strong tide Charybdis; but the rock has lost its terror for moderns, and the current is no longer dangerous. We get our last dash of rain in this strait, and there is sunny weather and blue sky at the south. The situation of Messina is picturesque; the shores of both Calabria and Sicily are mountainous, precipitous, and very rocky; there seems to be no place for vegetation except by terracing. The town is backed by lofty, circling mountains, which form a dark setting for its white houses and the string of outlying villages. Mediæval forts cling to the slopes above it.

No sooner is the anchor down than a fleet of boats surrounds the steamer, and a crowd of noisy men and boys swarms on board, to sell us mussels, oranges, and all sorts of merchandise. from a hair-brush to an under-wrapper. The Sunday is hopelessly broken into fragments in a minute. These lively traders use the English language and its pronouns with great freedom. The boot-black smilingly asks, "You black my boot?"

The vendor of under-garments says: "I gif you four franc for dis one. I gif you for dese two a seven franc No? What you gif?"

Of a bright orange-boy we ask, "How much a dozen?"

"Half franc."

"Too much."

"How much you give? Tast him; he ver good; a sweet orange; you no like, you no buy. Yes, sir. Tak one. This a onc, he sweet no more."

And they were sweet no more. They must have been lemons in oranges' clothing. The flattering tongue of that boy and our greed of tropical color made us owners of a lot of them, most of which went overboard before we reached Alexandria, and made fair lemonade of the streak of water we passed through.

At noon we sail away into the warm south. We have before us the beautiful range of Aspromonte, and the village of Reggio, near which in 1862 Garibaldi received one of his wounds, — a sort of inconvenient love-pat of fame. The coast is rugged and steep. High up is an isolated Gothic rock, pinnacled and jagged. Close by the shore we can trace the railway track which winds round the point of Italy, and some of the passengers look at it longingly; for though there is clear sky overhead, the sea has on an ungenerous swell; and what is blue sky to a stomach that knows its own bitterness and feels the world sinking away from under it?

We are long in sight of Italy, but Sicily still sulks in the clouds, and Mount Ætna will not show itself. The night is bright and the weather has become milder; it is the prelude to a day calm and uninteresting. Nature rallies at night, however, and gives us a sunset in a pale gold sky, with cloud islands on the horizon and palm groves on them. The stars come out in extraordinary profusion with a soft brilliancy unknown in New England, and the sky is of a tender blue, extremely delicate and not to be enlarged upon. A sunset is something that no one will accept second-hand.

On the morning of December 1st we are off Crete; Greece we have left to the north, and we are going at ten knots an hour toward great, hulking Africa. We sail close to the island and see its long,

high, barren coast till late in the afternoon. There is no road visible on this side, nor any sign of human habitation except a couple of shanties perched high up among the rocks. From this point of view Crete is a mass of naked rock lifted out of the waves. Mount Ida crowns it, snow-capped and gigantic. Just below Crete spring up in our geography the little islands of Gozo and Antigozo, merely vast rocks, with scant patches of low vegetation on the cliffs, a sort of vegetable blush, a few stunted trees on the top of the first, and an appearance of grass which has a reddish color. The weather is more and more delightful, a balmy atmosphere brooding on a smooth sea. The chill which we carried in our bones from New York to Naples finally melts away. Life ceases to be a mere struggle, and becomes a mild enjoyment. The blue tint of the sky is beyond all previous comparison delicate, like the shade of a silk, fading at the horizon into an exquisite gray or nearly white. We are on deck all day and till late at night, for once enjoying, by the help of an awning, real winter weather with the thermometer at seventy-two degrees.

Our passengers are not many, but selected. There are a German baron and his sparkling wife, delightful people, who handle the English language as delicately as if it were glass, and make of it the most *naïve* and interesting form of speech. They are going to Cairo for the winter, and the young baroness has the longing and curiosity regarding the land of the sun which is peculiar to the poetical Germans; she has never seen a black man nor a palm-tree. There is an Italian woman, whose husband lives in Alexandria, who, being in the captain's charge, monopolizes the whole of the ladies' cabin by a league with the slatternly stewardess, and behaves in a manner to make a state of war and wrath between her and the rest of the passengers. There is nothing bitterer than the hatred of people for each other on shipboard. When I afterwards saw this woman in the streets of Alexandria I had scarcely any wish to shorten her days upon this

earth. There were also two tough-fibred and strong-brained dissenting ministers from Australia, who had come round by the Sandwich Islands and the United States, and were booked for Palestine, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea. Speaking of Aden, which has the reputation of being as hot as Constantinople is wicked, one of them told the story of an American (the English have a habit of fathering all their dubious anecdotes upon "an American") who said that if he owned two places, one in Aden and the other in H——, he would sell the one in Aden. These ministers are distinguished lecturers at home—a solemn thought, that even the most distant land is subjected to the blessing of the popular lecture.

Our own country is well represented, as it usually is abroad, whether by appointment or by self-selection. It is said that the oddest people in the world go up the Nile and make the pilgrimage of Palestine. I have even heard that one must be a little cracked who will give a whole winter to high Egypt; but this is doubtless said by those who cannot afford to go. Notwithstanding the peculiarities of so many of those one meets drifting around the East (as eccentric as the English who frequent Italian *pensions*), it must be admitted that a great many estimable and apparently sane people go up the Nile, and that such are even found among Cook's "personally conducted."

There is on board an American, or a sort of Irish-American, more or less naturalized, from Nebraska,—a raw-boned, hard-featured farmer, abroad for a two years' tour; a man who has no guide-book nor any literature except his Bible, which he diligently reads. He had spent twenty or thirty years in acquiring and subduing land in the new country, and without any time or taste for reading there had come with his possessions a desire to see that Old World about which he cared nothing before he breathed the vitalizing air of the West. That he knew absolutely nothing of Europe, Asia, or Africa, except the little patch called Palestine, and found a day in Rome too

much for a place so run down, was actually none of our business. He was a good, patriotic American, and the only wonder was that with his qualifications he had not been made consul somewhere.

But a more interesting person, in his way, was a slender, no-blooded, youngish, married man, of the vegetarian and vegetable school, also alone, and bound for the Holy Land, who was sick of the sea and otherwise. He also was without books of travel and knew nothing of what he was going to see or how to see it. What Egypt was he had the dimmest notion, and why we or he or any one else should go there. "What do you go up the Nile for?" we asked. The reply was that the Spirit had called him to go through Egypt to Palestine. He had been a dentist, but now he called himself an evangelist. I made the mistake of supposing that he was one of those persons who have a call to go about and convince people that religion is one part milk (skimmed) and three parts water—harmless, however, unless you see too much of them. Twice is too much. But I gauged him inadequately. He is one of those few who comprehend the future, and, guided wholly by the Spirit and not by any scripture or tradition, his mission is to prepare the world for its impending change. He is *en rapport* with the vast uneasiness, which I do not know how to name, that pervades all lands. He had felt our war in advance. He now feels a great change in the air; he is illuminated by an inner light that makes him clairvoyant. America is riper than it knows for this change. I tried to have him accurately define it, so that I could write home to my friends and the newspapers and the insurance companies; but I could only get a vague notion that there was about to be an end of armies and navies and police, of all forms of religion, of government, of property, and that universal brotherhood was to set in.

The evangelist had come abroad on an important and rather secret mission: to observe the progress of things in Europe, and to publish his observations in a book. Spiritualized as he was, he had no need of any language except the Amer-

ican; he felt the political and religious atmosphere of all the cities he visited, without speaking to any one. When he entered a picture-gallery, although he knew nothing of pictures, he saw more than any one else. I suppose he saw more than Mr. Ruskin sees. He told me, among other valuable information, that he found Europe not so well prepared for the great movement as America, but that I would be surprised at the number who were in sympathy with it, especially those in high places in society and in government. The Roman Catholic church was going to pieces; not that he cared any more for this than for the Presbyterian; he, personally, took what was good in any church, but he had got beyond them all; he was now working only for the establishment of the truth, and it was because he had more of the truth than others that he could see further. He expected that America would be surprised when he published his observations. "I can give you a little idea," he said, "of how things are working." This talk was late at night, and by the dim cabin-lamp. "When I was in Rome I went to see the head man of the Pope. I talked with him over an hour, and I found that he knew all about it!"

"Good gracious! You don't say so!"

"Yes, sir. And he is in full sympathy. But he dare not say anything. He knows that his church is on its last legs. I told him that I did not care to see the Pope, but if he wanted to meet me, and discuss the infallibility question, I was ready for him."

"What did the Pope's head man say to that?"

"He said that he would see the Pope, and see if he could arrange an interview; and would let me know. I waited a week in Rome, but no notice came. I tell you the Pope don't dare discuss it."

"Then he'd did n't see you?"

"No, sir. But I wrote him a letter from Naples."

"Perhaps he won't answer it."

"Well, if he does n't, that is a confession that he can't. He leaves me the field. That will satisfy me."

I said I thought he would be satisfied.

The Mediterranean enlarges on acquaintance. On the fourth day we are still without sight of Africa, though the industrious screw brings us nearer every moment. We talk of Carthage and think we can see the color of the Libyan sand in the yellow clouds at night. It is two o'clock on the morning of December 3d when we make the Pharos of Alexandria, and wait for a pilot.

Eagerness to see Africa brings us on deck at dawn. The low coast is not yet visible. Africa, as we had been taught, lies in heathen darkness. It is the policy of the Egyptian government to make the harbor difficult of access to hostile men-of-war, and we, who are peacefully inclined, cannot come in till daylight, and then with a pilot.

The day breaks beautifully, and the Pharos is set like a star in the bright streak of the east. Before we can distinguish land we see the so-called Pompey's Pillar and the light-house, the palms, the minarets, and the outline of the domes painted on the straw-color of the sky; a dream-like picture. The curtain draws up with Eastern leisure—the sun appears to rise more deliberately in the Orient than elsewhere; the sky grows more brilliant; there are long lines of clouds, golden and crimson, and we seem to be looking miles and miles into an enchanted country. Then ships and boats, a vast number of them, become visible in the harbor, and as the light grows stronger, the city and land lose something of their beauty; but the sky grows more softly fiery till the sun breaks through. The city lies low along the flat coast, and seems at first like a brownish-white streak, with fine lines of masts, palm-trees, and minarets above it.

The excitement of the arrival in Alexandria, and the novelty of everything connected with the landing, can never be repeated. In one moment the Orient flashes upon the bewildered traveler; and though he may travel far and see stranger sights, and penetrate the hollow shell of Eastern mystery, he never will see again, at once, such a complete contrast to all his previous experience. One strange, unfamiliar form takes the place of another

so rapidly that there is no time to fix an impression, and everything is so bizarre that the new-comer has no points of comparison. He is launched into a new world, and has no time to adjust the focus of his observation. For myself, I wished the Orient would stand off a little and stand still, so that I could try to comprehend it. But it would not; a revolving kaleidoscope never presented more bewildering figures and colors to a child than the port of Alexandria to us.

Our first sight of strange dress is that of the pilot and the crew who bring him off; they are Nubians, he is a swarthy Egyptian. "How black they are," says the baroness; "I don't like it." As the pilot steps on deck, in his white turban, loose robe of cotton, and red slippers, he brings the East with him; we pass into the influence of the Moslem spirit. Coming into the harbor we have pointed out to us the batteries, the palace and harem of the Pasha (more curiosity is always felt about a harem than about any other building, except perhaps a lunatic asylum), and the new villas along the curve of the shore. It is difficult to see any ingress on account of the crowd of shipping.

The anchor is not down before we are surrounded by row-boats, six or eight deep on both sides, with a mob of boatmen and guides, all standing up and shouting at us in all the broken languages of three continents. They are soon up the sides and on deck, black, brown, yellow, in turbans, in tarbooshes, in robes of white, blue, brown, in brilliant waist-shawls, slippered and bare-legged, bare-footed, half-naked, with little on except a pair of cotton drawers and a red fez; eager, big-eyed, pushing, yelling, gesticulating, seizing hold of passengers and baggage, and fighting for the possession of the traveler's goods, which seem to him about to be shared among a lot of pirates. I saw a dazed traveler start to land, with some of his traveling bags in one boat, his trunk in a second, and himself in yet a third, and a *commissionaire* at each arm attempting to drag him into two others. He evidently could not make up his mind, or his body, which to take.

We have decided upon our hotel, and ask for the *commissionaire* of it. He appears. In fact there are twenty or thirty of him. The first one is a tall, persuasive, nearly naked Ethiop, who declares that he is the only Simon Pure, and grasps our handbags. Instantly a fluent, business-like Alexandrian pushes him aside: "I am the *commissionaire*!" and is about to take possession of us. But a dozen others are of like mind, and Babel begins. We rescue our property, and for ten minutes a lively and most amusing altercation goes on as to which is the representative of the hotel. They all look like pirates from the Barbary coast, instead of guardians of peaceful travelers. Quartering an orange, I stand in the centre of an interesting group engaged in the most lively discussion, pushing, hauling, and fiery gesticulation. The dispute is finally between two.

"I, hotel Europe!"

"I, hotel Europe; he no hotel."

"He my brother; all same we."

"He! I never see he before," with a shrug of the utmost contempt.

As soon as we select one of them, the tumult subsides; the enemies become friends, and cordially join in loading our luggage. In the first five minutes of his stay in Egypt the traveler learns that he is to trust and be served by people who have not the least idea that lying is not a perfectly legitimate means of attaining any desired end. And he begins to lose any prejudice he may have in favor of a white complexion and of clothes. In a decent climate he sees how little clothing is needed for comfort, and how much artificial nations are accustomed to put on from false modesty.

We begin to thread our way through a maze of shipping, and hundreds of small boats and barges; the scene is gay and exciting beyond expression. The first sight of the colored, pictured, lounging, waiting Orient is enough to drive an impressionable person wild; so much that is novel and picturesque is crowded into a few minutes; so many colors and flying robes, such a display of bare legs and swarthy figures. We meet flat-boats coming down the harbor loaded

with laborers, dark, immobile groups in turbans and gowns, squatting on deck in the attitude which is the most characteristic of the East; no one stands or sits; everybody squats or reposes cross-legged. Soldiers are on the move; smart Turkish officers dart by in light boats with half a dozen rowers; the crew of an English man-of-war pull past; in all directions the swift boats fly, and with their freight of color it is like the thrusting of quick shuttles in the weaving of a brilliant carpet, before our eyes.

We step on shore at the custom-house. I have heard travelers complain of the delay in getting through it. I feel that I want to go slowly; that I would like to be all day in getting through; that I am hurried along like a person who is dragged hastily through a gallery, past striking pictures, of which he gets only glimpses. What a group this is on shore: importunate guides, porters, coolies! They seize hold of us. We want to stay and look at them. Did ever any civilized men dress so gayly, so little, or so much in the wrong place? If that fellow would untwist the folds of his gigantic turban he would have cloth enough to clothe himself perfectly. Look! that's an East Indian, that's a Greek, that's a Turk, that's a Syrian. A Jew? No, he's Egyptian; the crook nose is not uncommon to Egyptians: that tall round hat is Persian; that one is from Abys—there they go, we have n't half seen them! We leave our passports at the entrance, and are whisked through into the baggage-room, where our guide pays a noble official three francs for the pleasure of his chance acquaintance; some nearly naked coolie porters, who bear long cords, carry off our luggage; and before we know it we are in a carriage, and a rascally guide and interpreter—Heaven knows how he fastened himself upon us in the last five minutes—is on the box and apparently owns us. (It cost us half a day and liberal backsheesh to get rid of the evil-eyed fellow.) We have gone only a little distance when a half dozen of the naked coolies rush after us, running by the carriage and laying hold of it,

demanding backsheesh. It appears that either the boatman has cheated them, or they think he will, or they have n't had enough. Nobody trusts anybody else, and nobody is ever satisfied with what he gets, in Egypt. These blacks, in their dirty white gowns, swinging their porter's ropes and howling like madmen, pursue us a long way and look as if they would tear us in pieces. But nothing comes of it. We drive to the Place Mehemet Ali, the European square, having nothing Oriental about it; a square with an equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali, some trees, and a fountain—surrounded by hotels, bankers' offices, and Frank shops.

There is not much in Alexandria to look at except the people and the dirty bazars. We never before had seen so much nakedness, filth, and dirt, so much poverty, and such enjoyment of it, or at least indifference to it. We were forced to adopt a new scale of estimating poverty and wretchedness. People are poor in proportion as their wants are not gratified. And here were thousands who have few of the wants that we have, and perhaps less poverty. It is difficult to estimate the poverty of those fortunate children to whom the generous sun gives a warm color for clothing, who have no occupation but to sit in the sand all day in some noisy and picturesque thoroughfare, and stretch out the hand for the few paras sufficient to buy their food, who drink at the public fountain, wash in the tank of the mosque, sleep in street corners, and feel sure of their salvation if they know the direction of Mecca. And the Mohammedan religion seems to be a sort of soul-compass, by which the most ignorant believer can always Orient himself. The best dressed Christian may feel certain of one thing, that he is the object of the cool contempt of the most naked, half-blind, flea-attended, wretched Moslem he meets. The Oriental conceit is a peg above ours—it is not self-conscious.

In a fifteen minutes' walk in the streets the stranger finds all the pictures that he remembers in his illustrated books of Eastern life. There is turbaned Ali

Baba, seated on the hind-quarters of his sorry donkey, swinging his big feet in a constant effort to urge the beast forward; there is the one-eyed Calender, who may have arrived last night from Bagdad; there is the water-carrier with a cloth about his loins, staggering under a full goat-skin, the skin, legs, head, and all the members of the brute distended, so that the man seems to be carrying a drowned and water-soaked animal; there is the veiled sister of Zobeida riding a gray donkey astride, with her knees drawn up (as all women ride in the East), entirely enveloped in a white garment which covers her head and puffs out about her like a balloon; all that can be seen of the woman are the toes of her pointed yellow slippers, and two black eyes; there is the seller of sherbet, a waterish, feeble, insipid drink, clinking his glasses; and the veiled woman in black, with hungry eyes, is gliding about everywhere. The veil is in two parts, a band about the forehead, and a strip of black which hangs underneath the eyes and terminates in a point at the waist; the two parts are connected by an ornamented cylinder of brass, or silver, if the wearer can afford it, two and a half inches long and an inch in diameter. This ugly cylinder between the restless eyes gives the woman an imprisoned, frightened look. Across the street from the hotel, upon the stone coping of the public square, are squatting, hour after hour, in the sun, a row of these forlorn creatures in black, impassible and patient. We are told that they are washer-women waiting for a job. I never can remove the impression that these women are half stifled behind their veils and the shawls which they draw over the head; when they move their heads, it is like the piteous dumb movement of an uncomplaining animal.

But the impatient reader is waiting for Pompey's Pillar. We drive outside the walls, through a thronged gateway, through streets and among people wretched and picturesque to the last degree. This is the road to the large Moslem cemetery, and to-day is Thursday, the day for visiting the graves. The way is

lined with coffee-shops, where men are smoking and playing at draughts; with stands and booths for the sale of fried cakes and confections; and all along, under foot, so that it is difficult not to tread on them, are private markets for the sale of dates, nuts, raisins, wheat, and doora; the bare-legged owner sits on the ground and spreads his dust-covered, untempting fare on a straw mat before him. It is more wretched and forlorn outside the gate than within. We are amid heaps of rubbish, small mountains of it, perhaps the ruins of old Alexandria, perhaps only the accumulated sweepings of the city for ages, piles of dust and broken pottery. Every Egyptian town of any size is surrounded by these, the refuse of ages of weary civilization. What a number of old men, of blind men, ragged men!—though rags are no disgrace. What a lot of scrawny old women!—lean old hags, some of them without their faces covered; even the veiled ones you can see are only bags of bones. There is a dervish, a naked holy man, seated in the dirt by the wall, reading the Koran. He has no book, but he recites the sacred text in a loud voice, swaying his body backwards and forwards. Now and then we see a shrill-voiced, handsome boy also reading the Koran with all his might, and keeping a longing eye upon the passing world. Here comes a novel turn-out. It is a long truck-wagon drawn by one bony horse. Upon it are a dozen women, squatting about the edges, facing each other, veiled, in black, silent, jolting along like so many bags of meal. A black imp stands in front, driving. They carry baskets of food and flowers, and are going to the cemetery to spend the day.

We pass the cemetery, for the pillar is on a little hillock overlooking it. Nothing can be drearier than this burying-ground, unless it may be some other Moslem cemetery. It is an uneven plain of sand, without a spear of grass or a green thing. It is dotted thickly with ugly stucco, oven-like tombs, the whole inconceivably shabby and dust-covered; the tombs of the men have head-stones

to distinguish them from those of the women. Yet shabby as all the details of this crumbling, cheap place of sepulture are, nothing could be gayer or more festive than the scene before us. Although the women are in the majority, there are enough men and children present, in colored turbans, fezes, and gowns, and shawls of Persian dye, to transform the grave-yard into the semblance of a pasture of flowers. About hundreds of the tombs are seated in a circle groups of women, with their food before them and the flowers laid upon the tomb, wailing and howling in the very excess of dry-eyed grief. Here and there a group has employed a "welee," or holy man, or a boy, to read the Koran for it; and these Koran readers turn an honest paragon by their vocation. The women spend nearly the entire day in this sympathetic visit to their departed friends; it is a custom as old as history, and the Egyptians used to build their tombs with a visiting antechamber for the accommodation of the living. I should think that the knowledge that such a group of women were to eat their luncheon wailing and roosting about one's tomb every week would add a new terror to death.

The pillar, which was no doubt erected by Diocletian to his own honor, after the modest fashion of Romaus as well as Egyptians, is in its present surroundings not an object of enthusiasm, though it is almost a hundred feet high, and the monolith shaft was, before age affected it, a fine piece of polished syenite. It was no doubt a few thousand years older than Diocletian, and a remnant of that oldest civilization; the base and capital he gave it are not worthy of it. Its principal use now is as a surface for the paint-brushes and chisels of distinguished travelers, who have covered it with their precious names. I cannot sufficiently admire the *naïveté* and self-depreciation of those travelers who paint and cut their names on such monuments, knowing as they must that the first sensible person who reads the same will say, "This is an ass."

We drive, still outside the walls, towards the Mahmoodeeah canal, passing amid mounds of rubbish, and getting a

view of the desert-like country beyond. And now heaves in sight the unchanged quintessence of Orientalism; there is our first camel, a camel in use, in his native setting, and not in a menagerie. An entire line of them, loaded with building stones, are wearily shambling along. The long, bended neck apes humility, but the supercilious nose in the air expresses perfect contempt for all modern life. The contrast of this haughty "stuck-up-ative-ness" (it is necessary to coin this word to express the camel's ancient conceit) with the royal ugliness of the brute is both awe-inspiring and amusing. No human royal family dare be uglier than the camel. He is a mass of bones, faded tufts, humps, lumps, splay joints, and callosities. His tail is a ridiculous wisp, and a failure as an ornament or a fly-brush. His feet are simply big sponges. For skin covering he has patches of old buffalo robes, faded and with the hair worn off. His voice is more disagreeable than his appearance. With a reputation for patience, he is snappish and vindictive. His endurance is overrated; that is to say, he dies like a sheep on an expedition of any length, if he is not well fed. His gait racks muscles like an ague. And yet this ungainly creature carries his head in the air, and regards the world out of his great brown eyes with disdain. The Sphinx is not more placid. He reminds me, I don't know why, of a pyramid. He has a resemblance to a palm-tree. It is impossible to make an Egyptian picture without him. What a Hapsburg lip he has! Ancient? royal? The very poise of his head says plainly, "I have come out of the dim past, before history was; the deluge did not touch me; I saw Menes come and go; I helped Shoofoo build the great pyramid; I knew Egypt when it had n't an obelisk nor a temple; I watched the slow building of the old pyramid at Sakkara. Did I not transport the fathers of your race across the desert? There are three of us: the date-palm, the pyramid, and myself. Everything else is modern. Go to!"

Along the canal, where lie dahabeeahs that will by and by make their way up the Nile, are some handsome villas, pal-

aces, and gardens. This is the favorite drive and promenade. In the gardens which are open to the public we find a profusion of tropical trees and flowering shrubs; roses are decaying, but the blossoms of the yellow acacia scent the air; there are Egyptian lilies; the plant, with crimson leaves, not native here, grows as high as the abutilon-tree; the red passion-flower is in bloom, and morning-glories cover with their running vine the tall and slender cypresses. The finest tree is the sycamore, with great gnarled trunk and down-dropping branches. Its fruit, the sycamore fig, grows directly on the branch, without stem. It is an insipid, sawdusty fruit, but the Arabs like it, and have a saying that he who eats one is sure to return to Egypt. After we had tried to eat one, we thought we should not care to return. The interior was filled with lively little flies, and the priest attending a school of boys taking a holiday in the grove assured us that each fig had to be pierced when it was green, to let the flies out, in order to make it eatable. But the Egyptians eat flies and all.

The splendors of Alexandria must be sought in books. The traveler will see scarcely any remains of a magnificence which dazzled the world in the beginning of our era. He may like to see the mosque that covers the site of the church of Saint Mark, and he may care to look into the Coptic convent whence the Venetians stole the body of the saint, about a thousand years ago. Of course we go to see that wonder of our childhood, Cleopatra's Needles. Only one is standing; the other, mutilated, lies prone beneath the soil. The erect one stands near the shore, and in the midst of hovels and incredible filth. The name of the earliest king it bears is that of Thothmes III., the great man of Egypt, whose era of conquest was about fifteen hundred years before Saint Mark came on his mission to Alexandria. The city, which has had as many vicissitudes as most cities, boasting under the Cæsars a population of half a million, that had decreased to six thousand in 1800, and has now again grown to over two hundred thousand,

seems to be at a waiting point; the merchants complain that the Suez canal has killed its trade. Yet its preëminence for noise, dirt, and shabbiness will hardly be disputed; and its bazars and streets are much more interesting, perhaps because it is the meeting place of all races, than travelers usually admit.

We had scarcely set foot in our hotel when we were saluted and waited for by dragomans of all sorts. They knocked at our doors, they waylaid us in the passages; whenever we emerged from our rooms half a dozen rose up, bowing low; it was like being a small king, with obsequious attendants watching every motion. They presented their cards, they begged we would step aside privately for a moment and look at the bundle of recommendations they produced; they would not press themselves, but if we desired a dragoman for the Nile they were at our service. They were of all shades of color, except white, and of all degrees of Oriental splendor in their costume. There were Egyptians, Nubians, Maltese, Greeks, Syrians. They speak well all the languages of the Levant and of Europe, except the one in which you attempt to converse with them. I never made the acquaintance of so many fine fellows in the same space of time. All had the strongest letters of commendation from travelers whom they had served, well-known men of letters and of affairs. Travelers give these indorsements as freely as they sign applications for government appointments at home.

The name of the handsome dragoman who walked with us through the bazars was, naturally enough, Ahmed Abdallah. He wore the red fez (tarboosh), with a gay kuffia bound about it; an embroidered shirt without collar or cravat; a long shawl of checked and bright-colored Beyrout silk girding the loins, in which was carried his watch and heavy chain; a cloth coat, and baggy silk trousers that would be a gown if they were not split enough to gather about each ankle. The costume is rather Syrian than Egyptian, and very elegant when the materials are fine, with a suggestion of effeminacy to Western eyes.

The native bazars, which are better at Cairo, reveal to the traveler, at a glance, the character of the Orient; its cheap tinsel, its squalor and occasional richness and gorgeousness. The shops on each side of the narrow street are little more than good-sized wardrobes, with room for shelves of goods in the rear, and for the merchant to sit cross-legged in front. There is usually space for a customer to sit with him, and indeed two or three can rest on the edge of the platform. Upon cords stretched across the front hang specimens of the wares for sale. Wooden shutters close the front at night. These little cubbies are not places of sale only but of manufacture of goods. Everything goes on in the view of all the world. The tailor is stitching, the goldsmith is blowing the bellows of his tiny forge, the saddler is repairing the old donkey saddles, the shoe-maker is cutting red leather, the brazier is hammering, the weaver sits at his little loom with the treadle in the ground,—every trade goes on, adding its own clatter to the uproar.

What impresses us most is the good-nature of the throng under trying circumstances. The street is so narrow that three or four people abreast make a jam, and it is packed with those moving in two opposing currents. Through this mass comes a donkey with a couple of panniers of soil or of bricks, or bundles of scraggly sticks; or a camel surges in, loaded with building-joists or with lime, or a Turkish officer with a gayly-caparisoned horse impatiently stamping; a porter slams along with a heavy box on his back; the water-carrier with his nasty skin rubs through; the vender of sweetmeats finds room for his broad tray; the orange man pushes his cart into the throng; the Jew auctioneer cries his antique brasses and more antique raiment. Everybody is jostled and pushed and jammed; but everybody is in an imperturbable good-humor, for no one is really in a hurry, and whatever is, is as it always has been and will be. And what a cosmopolitan place it is! We meet Turks, Greeks, Copts, Egyptians, Nubians, Syrians,

Armenians, Italians; tattered dervishes, "welees," or holy Moslems, nearly naked, presenting the appearance of men who have been buried a long time and recently dug up; Greek priests, Jews, Persian Parsees, Algerines, Hindoos, negroes from Darfour, and flat-nosed blacks from beyond Kartoom.

The traveler has come into a country of holiday which is perpetual. Under this sun and in this air there is nothing to do but to enjoy life and attend to religion five times a day. We look into a mosque; in the cool court is a fountain for washing; the mosque is sweet and quiet, and upon its clean matting a row of Arabs are prostrating themselves in prayer toward the niche that indicates the direction of Mecca. We stroll along the open streets, encountering a novelty at every step. Here is a musician, a Nubian, playing upon a sort of tambour on a frame; a picking, feeble noise he produces, but he is accompanied by the oddest character we have seen yet. This is a stalwart, wild-eyed son of the sand, coal black, with a great mass of uncombed, disordered hair hanging about his shoulders. His only clothing is a breech-cloth, and a round shaving-glass bound upon his forehead; but he has hung about his waist heavy strings of goats' hoofs, and these he shakes, in time to the tambour, by a tremulous motion of his big hips as he minces about. He seems so vastly pleased with himself that I covet knowledge of his language in order to tell him that he looks like an idiot.

Near the Fort Napoleon, a hill by the harbor, we encounter another scene peculiar to the East. A yellow-skinned, cunning-eyed conjurer has attracted a ring of idlers about him, who squat in the blowing dust under the blazing sun, and patiently watch his antics. The conjurer himself performs no wonders, but the spectators are a study of color and feature. The costumes are brilliant red, yellow, and white. The complexions exhaust the possibilities of human color. I thought I had seen black people in South Carolina; I saw a boy just now standing in a doorway who would have

been invisible but for his white shirt; but here is a fat negress in a bright yellow gown and kerchief, whose jet face has taken an incredible polish; only the most accomplished boot-black could raise such a shine on a shoe. Tranquil enjoyment oozes out of her. The conjurer is assisted by two mites of children, a girl and a boy (no clothing wasted on them), and between the three a great deal of jabber and whacking with cane sticks is going on, but nothing is performed except the taking of a long snake from a bag and tying it round the little girl's neck. Paras are collected, however, and that is the main object of all performances.

A little farther on another group is gathered around a story-teller, who is reeling off one of the endless tales in which the Arabs delight; love-adventures, not always the most delicate but none the less enjoyed for that, or the story of some poor lad who has had a wonderful career and finally married the Sultan's daughter. He is accompanied in his narrative by two men thumping upon darabooka drums in a monotonous, sleepy fashion, quite in accordance, however, with the everlasting leisure that pervades the air. Walking about are the venders of greasy cakes, who carry tripods on which to rest their brass trays, and who split the air with their cries.

It is color, color, color, that makes all this shifting panorama so fascinating, and hides the nakedness, the squalor, the wretchedness of all this unconcealed poverty; color in flowing garments, color in the shops, color in the sky. We have come to the land of the sun.

At night, when we walk around the square, we stumble over bundles of rags containing men, who are asleep in all the corners, stretched on doorsteps, and laid away on the edge of the sidewalk. Opposite the hotel is a *casino*, which is more Frank than Egyptian. The musicians are all women, — Germans or Bohemians; the waiter-girls are mostly Italian; one of them says she comes from Bohemia, and has been in India, to which she proposes to return. The *habitués* are mostly young Egyptians in Frank dress except the tarboosh, and Italians, all effeminate fellows. All the world of loose living and wandering meets here. Italian is much spoken. There is little that is Oriental though, except it be a complaisance toward anything enervating and languidly wicked that Europe has to offer. This cheap concert is, we are told, the sole amusement at night that can be offered the traveler by the once pleasure-loving city of Cleopatra, in the once brilliant Greek capital wherein Hypatia was a star.

Charles Dudley Warner.

TO A CRITIC.

HOLD this sea-shell to your ear,
And you shall hear
Not the andante of the sea,
Not the wild wind's symphony,
But your own heart's minstrelsy.

You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong,
If your own heart does not bring
To their deep imagining
As much beauty as they sing.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE SANITARY DRAINAGE OF HOUSES AND TOWNS.

DR. BOWDITCH says, "All filth is absolute poison."

It should be the first purpose of town sewerage to remove the unclean refuse of life rapidly beyond the limit of danger; the second, to prevent it from doing harm during its passage; and the third, to regulate its final disposal.

The channel through which the removal is effected — the sewer — whether large or small, must conform to certain conditions, or it had better never have been built: —

a. It must be perfectly tight from one end to the other, so that all matters entering it shall securely be carried to its outlet, not a particle of impurity leaking through into the soil.

b. It must have a continuous fall from the head to the outlet, in order that its contents may "keep moving," so that there shall be no halting to putrefy by the way, and no depositing of silt that would endanger the channel.

c. It must be perfectly ventilated, so that the poisonous gases that necessarily arise from the decomposition of matters carried along in water, or adhering to the sides of the conduit, shall be diluted with fresh air, and shall have such means of escape as will prevent them from forcing their way into houses through the traps of house drains.

d. It must be provided with means for inspection, and, where necessary, for flushing.

e. Its size and form must be so adjusted to its work that the usual dry-weather flow shall keep it free from silt and organic deposits.

A sewer that is deficient in *any one* of these particulars is an unsafe neighbor to any inhabited house, and a fair subject for indictment as a dangerous nuisance. Frequently, when the systematic sewerage of a town is undertaken, there comes up the question of private drains, which have been built by individual enterprise and are really the

property of private owners; but owing to this complication, and to the fact that they are thought to be good enough for temporary purposes, they are often left to the last.

This is entirely wrong. *So far as circumstances will permit, the first action of the authorities should be to stop all connection of house drains with these sewers.* The next should be to stop all connection of house drains with private cess-pools. This may seem to those who have not considered the subject like an extreme statement; but all who have studied the evidence as to the means of propagation of infectious diseases will recognize its justice. The health of the community would really be less endangered if the offensive matters sought to be got rid of were allowed to flow, in the full light of day, in roadside gutters, than it now is by their introduction into the soil from which the water of house wells proceeds, and by the accumulation of putrefying masses in unventilated and leaky caverns, whence the poisonous gases sure to be produced find their way through the drains into our houses, or into their immediate vicinity. In the open air, their offensiveness would make us avoid them, and their poisonous emanations would be dissipated in the atmosphere. In the cess-pool and in a leaky sewer (which is but an elongated cess-pool) they too often find only one means of escape — through the drains into houses.

It is an almost invariable rule, in this country, to hold the question of sewerage in abeyance until after a public water supply has been provided. This is in every way unwise. It is a sufficient tax upon the soil of any ordinary village to receive its household wastes and subject them to a slow process of oxidation, so as to keep them, even under the most favorable circumstances, from doing great harm; but when the volume of these wastes is enormously increased by the

liberal use of water from public works running free in every house, the case becomes at once serious. The soil is oversaturated, not only with water, but with water containing the most threatening elements of danger.

On the other hand, no system of sewerage arranged to accommodate an abundant water supply should be introduced until enough water is provided to secure the thorough cleansing of the drains.

Both branches of the work should be carried out at once, so that the oversaturation of the ground and the danger of sedimentary deposits in the sewer may alike be avoided. Where the introduction of water is not contemplated, the local authorities of towns and villages should regard it as their most important duty to provide and maintain sufficient and absolutely impervious sewers wherever these are needed.

Nor is the simple foul-water sewerage enough, save where the soil is so dry as to be free from such sources of malaria as do not depend on the wastes of human life. Malaria is a poison in the atmosphere which is recognized only by its effects on health. It often accompanies foul-smelling gases, but it is not necessarily heralded by any form of appeal to the senses, unless it be in the way of nervous headaches and a general feeling of debility.

Its presence is often marked by a disturbance of sleep, uneasiness, lassitude, and digestive irregularity. Sir Thomas Watson, who has made one of the best statements of the case, says, —

“For producing malaria it appears to be requisite that there should be a surface capable of absorbing moisture, and that this surface should be flooded or soaked with water and then dried; the higher the temperature and the quicker the drying process, the more plentiful and the more virulent the poison that is evolved.”

If malaria come from cryptogams, then drainage may prevent the germination of these, just as it prevents the germination of the seeds of the cat-tail flag.

The districts soaked by hill-waters about Rome were malarious for many

centuries. Tarquin, by a system of deep subterranean drainage, collected this stagnant water and turned it into the Tiber. The lands became at once healthy, and were occupied by a large population. After the Gothic invasion the drains were neglected, became obstructed, and so they still continue; and for hundreds of years these once fertile and populous districts have remained almost uninhabitable.

In addition to the frequent examples of sanitary drainage in Europe, and conspicuously in England, there are some instances in our own country which are sufficiently striking.

The town of Batavia, in New York, became at one time so malarious that it was almost threatened with destruction. It was decided to drain some saturated lands near the town. The first work was carried on by subscription, but the agricultural profit demonstrated was enough to induce land-owners to continue it at their own expense. The malaria was immediately mitigated, and for the past twenty years the town has been practically free from it.

Shawneetown, in Indiana, was formerly exceedingly unhealthy. One seventh of the men engaged in building the railroad there died of malarious disease. The draining of the surface water by a ditch (which at one point had to be cut to a depth of forty feet) removed the cause of the difficulty, and the town has remained healthy ever since.

Embryo towns and paper cities — their surface being obstructed by partly finished roads, and the land being withdrawn from cultivation and left to the care of no one in particular — are often much more unhealthy than their sites would have been had the same population planted itself in the open fields.

Stagnant pools on which cryptogams grow are frequent sources of disease. Most surface ponds have their areas contracted in summer by evaporation, and their newly-exposed, foul margins are quite sure to poison the atmosphere.

The increase of population in malarious districts always exerts an especially bad influence, because the organic wastes

of human life accumulate in the soil and aggravate its insalubrity.

Closely allied to the malarious influences of saturated soils (especially in densely built districts) are those which attend the escape of sewer gas. The pernicious action of this gas is especially felt in the higher districts of sewered towns. As a rule, sewer air finds its escape in the higher-lying districts, and often conveys the germs of diseases originating in the lower and poorer parts of the town.

The Medical Officer of Glasgow says: "It has been conclusively shown that houses presumed to be beyond suspicion of any possible danger from this cause — houses in which the most skillful engineers and architects have, as they believed, exhausted the resources of modern science — have been exposed in a high degree to the diseases arising from air in contact with the products of decomposition in the sewers. And this for a very obvious reason. Such houses are usually built on high levels, where the drains have a very rapid fall."

Thon says that in Cassel, in the higher part of the town, which one would suppose the healthiest, typhoid fever was brought into houses by sewer gas which rose to them by reason of its lightness. In Oxford, in 1850, cholera, by the same action, appeared in several houses in the higher and healthier parts of the town.

In Berlin, in 1866, in those parts of the city where there were no sewers or water-closets, the deaths amounted to 0.37 per cent. of the population, while in the Luisenstadt, where sewers and water-closets were in general use, the deaths reached 4.85 per cent. Owing to errors in the construction of the sewers of Croydon (England), their early use was followed by a violent outbreak of typhoid fever, which attacked no less than eleven per cent. of the population.

The evidence is almost universal, that wherever sewerage works are badly executed, and where proper precautions against the invasion of houses by sewer gas are not taken, typhoid fever and diseases of the bowels are quite sure to be increased in intensity, and to appear in

parts of the town which, before sewerage was undertaken, were comparatively healthy.

In 1856 there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in Windsor, England. Four hundred and forty persons, or five per cent. of the whole population, were attacked, and thirty-nine died. The disease affected the rich quite as much as the poor, but it confined itself entirely to houses that were in communication with a certain defective town drain. Windsor Castle had its own drain, and its inmates were entirely untouched; in the town, places only a block apart suffered severely or escaped entirely according as they were in communication with the town drain or with the castle drain.

It should be understood that sewage matters, though offensive, are not dangerous until two or three days after their production. The great point sought to be gained in the water system of sewerage, and that which constitutes its chief claim to confidence, is the instant removal of all organic refuse, everything being carried entirely away from the vicinity of the town before decomposition can have begun. Any plan not effecting this is entirely inadequate, and, on sanitary grounds, objectionable.

In many towns where there is no water supply, a rude system of sewerage is adopted, with the precaution of prohibiting water-closet connections. This is really hardly a precaution at all. Investigations made in towns where the earth and ash systems prevail, as in many of the large manufacturing towns of the north of England, show that the ordinary contents of the public sewers are in all respects not less foul and offensive, and probably little less dangerous, than are the contents of those which receive all of the ordure of the town with a copious flow of water. That is to say, the kitchen wastes and house slops when mixed with the wash of the streets constitute so prolific a source of offensive sewer gases that the night-soil is not especially marked, save as a specific vehicle for the spreading of epidemics.

It is not the least benefit of the water supply in towns and villages that it soon-

er or later compels proper attention to the sewerage question; for a liberal supply of water running free of cost in every house soon leads to a great increase in the amount of water used and allowed to run to waste, and the result is that the people are awakened to the only argument by which average communities are at all affected,—the argument of life and death,—and are compelled, often in spite of themselves, to adopt more complete sewerage. It would show a wiser forethought, and lead to ultimate economy, if our towns would at once, on agitating the question of the introduction of water, couple with the scheme a plan of complete sewerage. It is a very ostrich-like blindness which hopes to escape the sure consequence of the beginning of the work. If it is undertaken at all, the double expense is inevitable, and it had better be honestly acknowledged and sufficiently provided for at the outset, especially as it is in every way better that the two operations should proceed simultaneously.

If the supply of water is ten gallons per head per day, the quantity of sewage to be removed will be about one hundred pounds daily for each person, of which the closet flow will constitute about one third. This assumes that the use of the water-closet is universal, that vaults are entirely done away with, and that the water is employed for all domestic requirements.

Nearly the most important item in connection with the arrangement of a plan for sewerage, and one in which professional experience is especially important, is the regulation of the sizes of the different main drains and laterals. This involves a consideration of the amount of sewage proper; the customary rain-fall of the district; the grade or inclination of the surface, as indicating the rapidity with which storm waters will find their way to the entrances of the sewers; and the extent to which, in order to avoid the flooding of cellars and other injury during copious rains, it is advisable to increase the sizes of the conduits beyond what is needed for ordinary use.

It is doubtful whether even large cities can really afford, in arranging their sewerage, to provide for the underground removal of the water of heavy rains, and certainly in smaller towns and villages it would be far cheaper to pay for repairing whatever damage might be caused by occasional heavy floods in the streets, or to provide for the removal of the water of these storms by surface gutters, than to make the size of the whole system of sewerage adequate for such work. Not only this, but sewers large enough to accommodate the water of very heavy storms would usually be too large for perfect cleansing with their daily flow, and would require expensive flushing appliances, which with smaller pipes would not be needed. In country towns it would not generally be wise to provide for removing through the pipes the flow of a heavier storm than one quarter inch per hour. Gutters are much cheaper than sewers, and there is usually no objection to their being depended on to remove the surplus water of sudden showers.

It is not unusual to provide in cities for a rain-fall of one inch per hour, and to assume that one half of this will reach the sewer within the hour. Even this is far more than is necessary, if any other provision can be made for exceptional storms. For example: In Providence, one hundred and eighty-five storms were recorded in twenty-six years. Of these, one hundred and fifty-eight were of one half inch or less, and one hundred and thirty-one were of one fourth inch or less. One half inch per hour equals thirty and one fourth cubic feet per minute per acre.

In Brooklyn, it is estimated that, aside from rain, the sewage equals one and one fourth times the water supply, or fifty million gallons per day, the half of which running off between nine A. M. and five P. M. gives 3,125,000 gallons per hour, escaping during eight hours. This, from twelve hundred acres, gives two hundred and sixty gallons or thirty-three cubic feet per acre per hour, being less than one hundredth of an inch in depth over the whole area.

It is a safe rule to estimate all sewage except rain-fall at eight cubic feet per head of population per day. Of this, one half will be discharged between nine A. M. and five P. M., equal to a flow of five hundred cubic feet per hour for each thousand of the population.

Sewers choke and overflow during heavy storms mainly because they are too large for the work they are ordinarily called on to perform. If a sewer is so small that its usual flow is concentrated to a sufficient depth to carry before it any ordinary obstruction, it will keep itself clean. But if, as is almost always the case where the engineer lacks experience or where he defers to the ignorance of the local authorities, it is so large that its ordinary flow is hardly more than a film, with no power even to remove sand, we may be quite sure that its refuse solid matters will gradually accumulate until they leave, near the crown of the arch, only the space needed for

The shallower and broader the stream, the more the friction against the bottom and sides and the greater the retarding of velocity. A brick will stand unmoved in a shallow stream of water running sluggishly through a fifteen-inch drain, while if the same stream were concentrated into a five-inch drain it would have so much greater depth, force, and velocity, that the brick would be entirely covered and swept away.

The passion for too large pipes seems to be an almost universal one. The feeling is that it is best to make the conduit "big enough anyhow," and as a result, nearly every drain that is laid, in town or country, is so much larger than is needful that the cost of keeping it clean is often the most serious item of cost connected with it.

One principle is very apt to be disregarded in regulating the sizes of sewers: that is, that after water has once fairly entered a smooth conduit having a fall or inclination towards its outlet, the rapidity of the flow is constantly accelerated up to a certain point, and the faster the stream runs the smaller it becomes; consequently, although the sewer may be quite full at its upper end, the increasing velocity soon reduces the size of the stream, and gives room for more water. It is found possible, in practice, to make constant additions to the volume of water flowing through a sewer by means of inlets entering at short intervals, and the aggregate area of the inlets is thus increased to very many times the area of the sewer itself. Where a proper inclination can be obtained, a pipe eighteen inches in diameter makes an ample sewer for a population of ten thousand.

It was formerly the custom with architects and engineers to enlarge the area of any main pipe or sewer in proportion to the sectional area of each subsidiary drain delivering into it. But this is no longer done, since it has become known that additions to the stream increase its velocity, so that there is no increase of its sectional area. For example, the addition of eight junctions, each three inches in diameter to a main

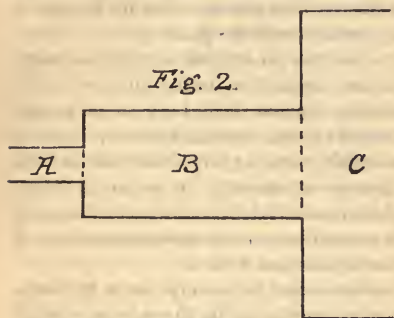
Fig 1



Cross section of a large sewer filled by the gradual accumulation of silt until only sufficient water-way is left for the smallest constant flow.

the smallest constant stream. And, in order to make room for a rain-fall flow, the whole sewer will have to be cleared by the costly and offensive process of removal by manual labor. A smaller sewer would have been kept clear by its own flow.

line of four-inch pipe, did not increase the sectional area of its flow, but made the flow only more rapid and cleansing. Ranger thus illustrates the average architect's method of draining a house and court. The reason for making *B* so large is to *prevent* its choking, an effect that its extra size is quite sure to produce.



A, 3-inch drop or soil-pipe.
B, 9-inch intermediate drain (9 times the area of *A*).
C, 26-inch sewer (8½ times the area of *B*, and 75 times the area of *A*).

The main sewer in Upper George Street, in London, is five and one half feet high and three and one half feet wide. In the bottom of this sewer there was laid a twelve-inch pipe five hundred and sixty feet long. A head-wall or dam was built at the upper end of this, so that all the sewage had to pass through the pipe. The whole area drained was about forty-four acres (built area). The velocity of the water in the pipe was found to be four and one half times greater than on the bed of the old sewer. The pipe contained no deposit, and during rains stones could be heard rattling through it. The force of water issuing from the pipe kept the bottom of the old sewer perfectly clean for about twelve feet below its mouth. From this point bricks and stones began to be deposited, and farther on sand, mud, and other refuse, to the depth of several inches. In one trial a quantity of sand, bricks, stones, mud, etc., was put into the head of the pipe; the whole of this was passed clear through the pipe, and much of it was deposited on the bottom of the old sewer some distance from its end. *The*

pipe was rarely observed to be more than half full at its head. It was found that the sum of the cross sections of the house drains delivering to this half-full twelve-inch pipe was equal to a circle thirty feet in diameter.

Another experiment was made with a sewer in Earl Street, which took the drainage from twelve hundred average-sized London houses, the area occupied being forty-three acres of paved or covered surface. It was three feet wide and had a sectional area of fifteen feet, with an average fall of one in one hundred and eighteen. The solid deposit from the twelve hundred houses accumulated to the amount of six thousand cubic feet per month (two hundred and twenty-two cart-loads). A fifteen-inch pipe placed in this sewer, with an inclination of one in one hundred and fifty-three, kept perfectly clear of deposit. The average flow from each house was about fifty-one gallons per day, and, apart from rain-fall, the twelve hundred houses would have been drained by a five-inch pipe. It was estimated that at that time (about twenty-five years ago) the mere house drainage of the whole of London might be discharged through a sewer three feet in diameter; yet there is probably not a village of five thousand inhabitants in the United States whose magnates would be satisfied with a sewer of much less size for their own purposes; and a single hotel in Saratoga has secured future trouble in the way of the accumulation of raw material for the production of poisonous sewer gas, by laying a drain for its own uses thirty inches in diameter.

Rats and vermin live and breed in large sewers, never in small pipes.

A fifteen-inch sewer was formerly considered the smallest size admissible for the drainage of a "mansion." Such a sewer, with a fall of one in one hundred and twenty, or one inch in ten feet, would drain nearly two hundred of the largest city houses; and a nine-inch drain with the same inclination would remove the house-drainage and storm water from twenty such houses.

A curious example of the capacity of

small pipes was furnished in a case where a six-inch pipe was laid for the drainage of one detached house. One after another, as new houses were built, new drains were connected with this same pipe, until, after a time, it was found to be clean and in perfect action, though carrying all the drainage of one hundred and fifty houses. In a second instance a workman by mistake used for the drainage of a large block of houses a pipe which the architect had intended for a single house, and it was found to work perfectly.

It may be taken as a rule that, with even a slight fall, a well-constructed eighteen-inch pipe sewer is ample for the drainage of an ordinary village area containing seven or eight hundred houses. In one instance a sewer of this size, having a fall of one in one thousand, accumulated but little deposit, and this was always removed by storms. In Tottenham (London) a main sewer of nine-inch pipe, widening to twelve-inch and afterward to eighteen-inch, and having a fall of one in one thousand and sixty-two, drained an area containing sixteen hundred houses. Its ordinary current was two and one half miles per hour, and brickbats introduced into it were carried to the outlet. During ordinary continued rains it was not more than half full half a mile from the outlet, and at the outlet the stream was only two and three fourths inches deep.

During the preparation of these papers the Sewer Commissioners of Saratoga (the writer being employed as their consulting engineer) have completed a main sewer more than two miles long, for the removal of the entire sewage, rain-fall, and spring-water drainage of that village. The experience with this work affords so pertinent an illustration of the principles here advanced that it seems worth while to refer to it. The village is large and scattered; has an abundant water supply, is so inclined that during showers its storm waters concentrate rapidly, and has, aside from its regular population, five or six enormous hotels, entertaining, when full, about as many thousand guests. The village brook itself,

being mainly supplied by spring water flowing from various points over a wide district, is always a considerable stream. As it flowed through its old channel — a conduit with rough, loosely-laid stone side-walls, and with a more or less irregular bottom — its sectional area was about five feet. During heavy rains it was sometimes thrice this.

From the very beginning of the work we encountered the most violent opposition on the part of many citizens, who believed that the sewer contemplated (circular, three feet in diameter) would be entirely inadequate, not only for the removal of the water of heavy rains, but even for the drainage of the hotels alone, or the carrying of the storm waters alone; and throughout its construction this main sewer has been derided as a "cat hole." We were constantly reminded that one hotel had a main drain eighteen inches in diameter, and another a drain two and one half feet in diameter, and that it was madness, with these drains as our guide, to attempt to accomplish the whole work with a three-foot sewer; especially as our fall was said to be slight, one foot in four hundred feet.

On the 9th of July, 1875, the connections were made with all of the hotels; the village brook itself was turned into the sewer at its head, and its insufficiency was to be demonstrated. After every available source of water had been drained, the depth of flow in the upper part of the sewer was six and one half inches. Nearer the outlet, where the water had acquired its maximum velocity, it was only four and one half inches. As this was not sufficient to wash out the few loose boards carelessly left by the workmen who had done the final pointing of the joints, a hydrant was turned on at the upper end of the sewer, with a full head, and it had the effect only of raising the flow one inch at the upper end and less than half an inch at the lower end of the sewer. On the 10th there fell a violent thunder-shower, flooding the street gutters until the water ran to the top of the curb-stones, and when this flood had reached the catch-basins and the open brook that discharged into the head of

the sewer, its only effect was to raise the flow, at the highest point, less than two inches, justifying my original opinion that a two-foot sewer would have been more than adequate for all that was required of it. On the 30th day of August the entire village brook, with its tributaries and its many springs, was turned into the three-foot sewer, near the water-works, about one half mile beyond the outskirts of the village. The effect of this addition was to increase the depth of flow in the sewer from about six inches to nine inches, and to increase the velocity of its stream from one hundred and fifty feet per minute to one hundred and eighty-five feet per minute. I can excuse my course in recommending so large a sewer as one of three feet, only by the fact that in the state of public opinion then it would have been entirely impossible to secure the making of anything smaller. Before the introduction of the brook I examined the outlet of the Grand Union Hotel, which had then about eight hundred and fifty guests and four hundred and fifty servants, or about thirteen hundred inmates in all. There can hardly be fewer than one hundred water-closets in the house, and the use of water in this hotel seems to be in every way as copious as possible. The hour of examination was ten in the morning, at which time, as the landlord supposes, the largest flow is running. By the most careful measurement and estimate that I could make, the amount of sewage then flowing from that hotel measured four and one half inches in sectional area, and might have all been discharged by a two and one half inch pipe.

The pipe sewer has been so long in successful use that there is no further question of its value. Even ten years ago, fifty miles of such pipe were made per week in Great Britain alone.

Accuracy in form and joints, and smoothness of surface, are very important. A perfectly round pipe, accurately laid at the joints, will deliver, under the same circumstances, fifty per cent. more water than one of distorted form or with ill-fitting joints.

Any roughness of surface, as in even the best made cement pipes, tends to catch hair and lint and thus to form nuclei for accumulating obstructions, sometimes so hard that they can be removed only by forcible mechanical means.

With a well-constructed system of pipe sewers, not too large for the work required of them, of good form and surface, with perfect joints, with only curved junctions, and with a well regulated even if slight fall, every particle of the sewage of the town may be delivered at the outlet, far away from the built-up districts, long before any decomposition of the refuse matter has set in; though occasional flushing may be necessary to cleanse the sides of the pipes from slimy matters adhering to them.

In New York, the cost of flushing and cleansing sixty miles of pipe sewers was found to be only fifty dollars per year.

The material of the pipe should be a hard, vitreous substance, not porous, since this would lead to the absorption of the impure contents of the drain, would have less actual strength to resist pressure, would be more affected by frost or by the formation of crystals in connection with certain chemical combinations, or would be more susceptible to the chemical action of the constituents of the sewage. The best pipe known in our market is the Scotch; but some American work is very nearly as good.

Sewer pipes should be salt-glazed, as this requires them to be subjected to a much more intense heat than is needed for slip-glazing, and thus secures a harder material.

Pipes having a socket at one end should be furnished with a gasket before being cemented, in order that no cement may be pressed through into the bore of the sewer, to cause a disturbance of the flow. Where there is danger of the penetration of roots, as near elm-trees, the sewer should be bedded in a sufficient thickness of concrete to prevent the entrance of rootlets, which are sure to find and to penetrate the smallest aperture. An entrance once effected, a mass of fibres soon forms, sufficient to retard or entirely to arrest the flow.

A chief argument in favor of the use of pipes rather than brick sewers lies in their greater essential cleanliness. Brick sewers are always offensive, even though small, because their porous walls are more or less permeated by the filth of their contents. If (as is almost always the case) they are too large, there will be the additional annoyance of accumulations of refuse as foul and dangerous as the contents of any cess-pool, producing poisonous gases which are free to travel through the sewer and all its branches.

The first question to be considered in arranging the plan for the sewerage of a town or village is that of an outlet, at which the foul sewage of the streets and houses may be delivered without danger of polluting water-courses or destroying their fish, or of silting up harbors or navigable streams; and without forming within dangerous proximity to the town a deposit of offensive sewage matters which might constitute a source of annoyance or of insalubrity.

In all cases where this part of the problem presents difficulties, it should be considered whether a separate direction or a shorter outfall may not be given to the storm-water drainage, allowing the sewers to deliver at their main outlet only the ordinary drainage of houses and the street-wash of very slight rains. The cases are frequent where the removal of the sewage proper may be best and most economically secured by artificial pumping; though, in the majority of instances, it will be practicable, by the use of intercepting sewers, to deliver by natural outfall the drainage of all except the very lowest portions of the town. It is in the adjustment of this part of the work that the experience and judgment of the engineer in charge will be the most severely tested; in all matters of construction, ventilation, house connections, etc., certain rules and explicit directions can be applied, but the arrangement of the outlet varies with nearly every new undertaking, and with reference to this branch of the subject it is possible here to give only general indications.

It would often be practicable to take

the small ordinary flow of public sewers to a remote point, when the cost of providing such an outlet for storm water would be so great as to make it impracticable. In such cases there may be carried from the point of outlet to the distant point of discharge the smallest pipe that will accommodate the usual flow, so arranged that whenever, as during storms, the volume is increased beyond the capacity of this pipe, it shall overflow and be carried directly into the stream or harbor at hand. At such times the amount of water in the sewage will so dilute it that no bad effect need be apprehended.

The great danger in nearly all the towns of our Atlantic seaboard lies in the fact that they discharge some of their most important sewers below high-water mark, so that at each rise of tide not only is the flow at these points checked, and foul silt allowed to collect in the stilled water, but the closing of the vent at this end of the sewer and the rise of water within it, whether by the action of the tide or through the accumulation of the flow from above, brings a pressure to bear upon the contained air and forces it to escape at the higher points; so that the state of the tide is often made perceptible by the forcing of water traps a mile or more distant from the outlet.

Outlets, especially of large sewers, exposed to strong winds, are likewise very objectionable, the pressure of the wind forcing the tainted air to find vent too often through badly trapped drains leading into occupied houses.

Where necessary to secure a constant flow of sewage, pumping should always be resorted to. With coal at nine dollars per ton, the cost of lifting thirty thousand gallons ten feet high with a twenty-five horse-power engine would not exceed seventy-five cents, while with a larger engine and a larger flow the relative cost would be much less. It was estimated that to lift the whole sewage and rain-fall from a low-lying district in London, occupying four thousand acres, to a height of thirty-one feet would cost about five cents per annum per head of population. Whatever the cost of pumping, it may

be made in level districts to do away with any outlay for cleansing or flushing sewers, which without pumping must have been laid nearly level.

There are few cases yet in this country where it is necessary to discharge the sewage of a town into a stream from which other towns receive their water supply, though the towns along the Schuylkill River still stand in this relation to the city of Philadelphia. The time is probably not very distant when this question will become here, as it now is in England, a very serious one.

Tidal estuaries and bays receiving the drainage of a town are sure to have those parts of their bottoms and sides which are alternately covered and exposed by the changing tides fouled with organic matter, and to become thereby seriously offensive.

Recent sewage floats in water. After maceration it sinks in still water and in currents having a less velocity than one hundred and seventy feet per minute. Its specific gravity is 1.325.

The condition of Newtown Creek, Wallabout Bay, and the Gowanus Canal and Bay, near Brooklyn, are examples of the subsidence of sewage in eddies and slack water.

Tides may be made extremely useful in the flushing of sewers in level lowlands, but care should be taken to carry the outlet to a point where the inconvenience from subsidence will be reduced to the minimum.

All sewers must at least be *vented*, and for perfect security all ought to be well ventilated. It is of the first importance to provide openings for the escape of the contained air and gases when these are compressed, either by a wind blowing into the outlet or by the increase of the quantity of water in the sewer from the rise of the tide or from heavy rain-fall. Unless such precaution is taken, house traps will surely be forced and sewer gas will surely escape into dwellings. It is, however, hardly less important that there should be such a free circulation of air through the sewer as will prevent the formation of those poisonous, mephitic gases which are especially generated in

the absence of a sufficient supply of oxygen.

Latham says that unventilated sewers are far more dangerous than steam-engines without safety-valves. They contain in their air some quality that is pestilential and dangerous to health, and this can be disposed of or neutralized only by giving the air of the sewer a free communication with the atmosphere. Typhoid fever is said rarely to be absent from towns with unventilated sewers. The constantly changing pressure upon the confined air within these conduits acts in connection with the draughts of chimneys and the force of winds to cause the bubbling of house traps, accompanied with an entrance of more or less of the sewer emanations.

When the sewerage works of Croydon were nearly completed and the town was visited by an epidemic of typhoid fever, the mortality rose from 18.53 per thousand to 28.57 per thousand. Although it is probable that the only matters decomposing in the sewer were such as adhered to the pipes (which were well flushed), there were frequent outbreaks of fever until 1866. Diseases which had formerly made their haunts in the lower parts of the town traveled by means of the sewers and infected the higher districts. In 1866 the sewers were systematically ventilated, and since that time there have been no periodical outbreaks of fever, and, with a doubled population, "the rate of mortality rarely exceeds eighteen in the thousand, which is a standard of health unparalleled in the history of sanitary science for a district having so large a population."

The principle of the ventilation of a sewer is practically the same as that adopted by builders for the prevention of dry-rot. The fungi which cause this rot in timber cannot produce their germs in a current of air, and if a sufficient number of ventilating openings are made, communicating with each other, the action of the wind from one side or the other will cause a sufficient current. So in a sewer, a continuous movement of the air in one direction or the other carries away and dilutes sewer gases,

and if they contain germs of organic disease capable of infecting the human blood, these are believed to be destroyed by oxidation or otherwise.

A safe sewer always has a current of air passing through it, and if it contains sewage matters at all, these also must be in constant motion. On this incessant movement of the air and the liquid must we rely for our only security. A solution of sugar in water, remaining stagnant, and protected from a free circulation of air, will enter into a vinous fermentation. If well ventilated and agitated, no such fermentation takes place. The excrement of a typhoid patient, continually agitated in contact with fresh air and a fair admixture of water, passes through a series of complete chemical changes, with no injurious product; but if allowed to remain stagnant, if not freely exposed to the air, or if it gain access to human circulation before a certain oxidation, it will, like a ferment, reproduce itself, and give rise to the conditions under which it was itself produced. Motion and aeration are therefore needed to prevent infection, which is sure to be generated when typhoid evacuations are confined and stagnant. Unventilated and badly-constructed sewers are sure agents for the propagation of the disease.

The resulting gases of sewer decomposition are the vehicle or medium for the conveyance of infection, and from their lightness they give rise to a rapid diffusion owing to the eagerness with which they seek means of escape at the higher parts of the sewer system, that is, in house drains, soil pipes, etc. It may not be possible entirely to prevent the development of the poison in even the best arranged sewer, but it is possible, by a free admission of air, to supply the oxygen which will take away its sting and render it harmless. Sewers which have large and frequent openings at the street surface, and through which the liquid contents have a constant flow, may give forth offensive smells, but, if they have proper attention, sanitary evils do not often result.

Sewer gas, when largely diluted on its

escape (at frequent intervals) into the air of the street, is probably nearly or quite innoxious, but when it forces its way into the limited atmosphere of a closed living-room, the poison, or the germs of disease accompanying it, may work their fatal effects.

Sulphuretted hydrogen is found in all sewers in which the sewage itself or the mucous matters adhering to the pipe assume a certain degree of putridity. This gas is extremely poisonous; so much so that one part of the gas to two hundred and fifty parts of atmospheric air will kill a horse. At one half this intensity it will kill a dog. A rabbit was killed by having its body immersed in a bag of it, although its head was not inclosed and it could breathe pure air freely.

One of the most frequent sources of pressure upon the air within a sewer is the increase of temperature arising from the hot water escaping from kitchens and baths. The repeated expansions and contractions caused by the admission of hot and cold water produce a constant effect on all water traps connecting with unventilated sewers. With ventilation, the breathing in and out, as the air of the sewer contracts or expands, does not affect the water traps, because an easier passage is found through the ventilators.

The constantly changing volume of water in many sewers, as has been before stated, exerts a powerful influence on the confined air. As the water rises it reduces the air space, and if it reduces this to one half, it brings to bear upon the air a pressure equal to a column of water thirty-four feet in height, and this pressure is relieved by a forcing out of air through the most available channel,—the channel where there is the least resistance; if there is no other vent, a sufficient number of water traps must be forced to allow the pressure to become reduced. It being reduced, and the water falling again to a lower level, a vacuum is created which must be supplied by air forcing the traps in a reverse direction, and in either case the forced trap may remain open for the free pas-

sage of foul air until another use fills it with water. In the ebb and flow, too, a part of the perimeter of the sewer is made alternately wet and dry, with an accompanying production of vapor and gas.

As the chief domestic use of sewers is between morning and noon, and as at this time the most hot water passes into them, the pressure on the air in the sewer is during this period increased both by an elevation of the temperature and by a reduction of the air space. Then, from about noon until the next morning, the quantity of the flow decreases, the air-space increases, the temperature falls, and more air must be admitted to supply the partial vacuum created. Such fluctuations are constantly occurring, accompanied with a drawing in and forcing out of air, for which ample passage *must* be made independently of the water traps of houses, or sewer gas will surely enter them. Where proper air vents are provided, this ebb and flow of the sewer may be increased, with great advantage in the matter of ventilation, by artificial flushing arrangements which will allow the water to be dammed back and released at frequent intervals.

The movement of the air in and out of the sewer is also affected by barometric changes.

Where proper ventilation is furnished there will be an advantage in exposing the outlets of sewers to the direct action of the wind, but where there is not sufficient vent for escape, such outlets should, as has been stated, always be screened against strong currents of air.

Numerous experiments have been made with tall chimneys and fires, having for their purpose the creation of a strong draught from the sewer, but these have never worked satisfactorily, and are in no case to be recommended, being both expensive and troublesome. By reason of the causes constantly at work tending to the increase and decrease of the pressure of the air in the sewer, this variation may safely be depended on to furnish all needed ventilation, if only sufficient openings are provided

from which air can pass in and out at frequent intervals.

Ventilation by rain-water pipes from the eaves of houses has often been recommended, but experience has shown that it is unsatisfactory, not only because it frequently discharges sewer gas near the windows of sleeping-rooms, but because at the time when ventilation is most needed these pipes are not available; either being filled with a rush of water or else having such a rapid downward current as to move the air toward the sewer rather than away from it, or because, from the position at which rain water inlets are often introduced into sewers, these are entirely closed when there is a large amount of sewage flowing, — as during heavy rains, when ventilation is especially demanded.

This system was adopted during the early days of the Croydon work, and was rigorously pursued. In 1860 such ventilation was compulsory in all cases. The mortality was very much increased until a better system was adopted in 1866, when the death-rate fell again to its old standard.

In *Hints on House Drainage*, by Dr. Carpenter, of Croydon, we are told, with reference to fatal epidemics of typhoid fever, that the illness dated from two distinct times, at both of which, with a high temperature and a stifling atmosphere, there was a heavy fall of rain. "I do not mean to assert that each case commenced immediately after the rain-fall, but in upwards of twenty fatal cases into the history of which I examined, the commencement curiously ran up to two distinct dates, and of many slighter cases the patients stated that they had not felt well about the same periods." One case occurred in his own house. The water-pipe ventilators being closed by the rain water, and the air in the sewers being compressed by the increased volume of the flow, the gas forced the water trap of his soil pipe and escaped into his tank room, where the upper end of the ventilator was used as an overflow pipe for the cistern. This air ascended to a room occupied by two persons, both of whom were at-

tacked with typhoid fever. There were no other cases in the house.

After all the experiments that have been tried with shafts, furnaces, mechanical blowers, steam jets, electricity, etc., the most experienced engineers have settled upon more frequent ventilation, by means of man-holes and lamp-holes opening at the centres of streets, as in all respects the best and safest. If these openings are sufficiently frequent, there is such an easy and thorough circulation of air in the sewer that the concentration of poisonous or of offensive gases is prevented, and their escape into the open air takes place at a point where they will be more diluted before reaching the sidewalks or the houses than if withdrawn by any other means yet devised. By the use of the excellent charcoal ventilators described below, so arranged as to give free vent at their openings, all practical danger or objection may be obviated.

The great safety, however, lies in the dilution of the gases by the free admission of air, and by their escape, when they escape at all, into the open air as far as possible from the house line. The effect of dilution is fully shown in fever hospitals: formerly, the mortality among both patients and attendants was frightful to contemplate; but now, although the ventilation is often far from complete, the condition of the patients themselves is much improved, and contagion is almost done away with; so much so that if an attendant contracts the disease it is taken as clear evidence that there has not been a sufficient dilution of the exhalations from the patients, or, in other words, that the ventilation has been imperfect.

The absorbing and disinfecting power of charcoal fully sustains its popular reputation. Latham quotes the following from Professor Musprat: "The absorbing powers of charcoal are so great that some have doubted whether it is really a disinfectant. This opinion has probably arisen from imperfect views of its *modus operandi*, since it not only imbibes and destroys all offensive exhalations and oxidizes many of the products

of decomposition, but there is scarcely a reasonable ground of doubt remaining that it does really possess the property of a true disinfectant, acting by destroying those lethal compounds upon which infection depends."

Strictly speaking, the charcoal is simply an apparatus by which a natural process is carried on in an intensified form. It has the two important qualities of condensing upon the surfaces of its inner particles eight or ten times its volume of oxygen, and of attracting to itself all manner of other gases. It is not necessary that sewer gas be brought into direct contact with it by external pressure. By the operation of the law of the diffusion of gases, the impurities of the air next to the charcoal being absorbed, remoter impurities flow to this space and are in turn taken up, until the contents of a close room may be entirely purified by a small dish of charcoal. The oxygen that consumes or burns up the organic matter is speedily replaced from the atmosphere, and the constant efficiency of the apparatus is thus maintained.

The clogging of the pores of the charcoal with dust, or their saturation with water, prevents this action, and charcoal that has become wet or foul must be dried or burned in a retort before it becomes again perfect in its action. If charcoal ventilators are so situated as to keep dry and free from dust, they will not require changing or reburning more often than once a year.

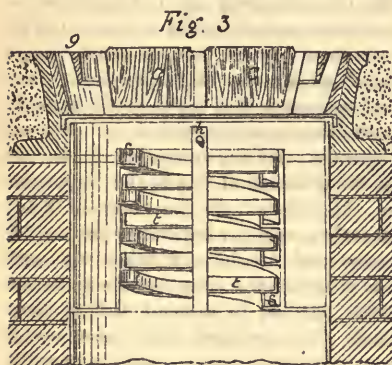
The efficiency of even a small quantity of charcoal will be understood when we remember Liebig's statement, that a cubic inch of beech-wood charcoal contains a surface of interior particles equal to one hundred square feet.

The capital adaptation of charcoal to use in sewer ventilators is further shown by the fact that it absorbs gases contained in or accompanied by the vapor of water (as they always escape from the sewer) much more readily than those which are dry.

All manner of chemicals used for disinfecting sewer gas are objectionable, from their unpleasant odor, their own

injurious character, the constant attention their use demands, and their expense; nothing has yet been discovered that can at all compare with the simple use of wood charcoal.

Several forms of charcoal ventilators have been devised. The best of them seems to be that of Mr. Baldwin Latham, which is a type of the class, all of which work on essentially the same



Latham's charcoal ventilator for sewer and man-holes.

principle. It is illustrated in the accompanying diagrams. The central cover, *C*, which is of wood, protects the charcoal from rain or water used in sprinkling the streets; *g* is a grating outside of the closed part, through which the air escapes from the sewer or is drawn into it.

Under this grating is a dirt-box surrounding the ventilator and intended to catch dirt falling through the grating. There is an overflow (*S*) arranged to carry to the sewer all water reaching the dirt-boxes. The spiral tray *t* is made of galvanized wire-cloth and is filled with charcoal; it is screwed into the ventilator over the spiral trough *S* by means of the handle *h*.

The arrangement of this disinfecter is such that all air escaping from the sewer must pass either through the charcoal or through the spiral passage between layers of charcoal. If the layers

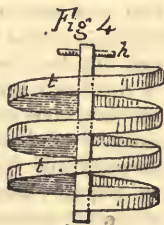
become so obstructed by dust that a free passage through them is not afforded for the air, there is still an easy vent through the spiral open spaces. The charcoal is thoroughly protected against dirt and wet, and will remain effective for a long time, and the arrangement is such that there can be no interruption of the working by the accumulations in the dirt-boxes, nor by the overflow of the water escaping from them. The sewer gas is all brought into close contact with charcoal, and has no possible means for escape except through the protected channels intended for it. The spiral tray should be filled with charcoal broken to about the size of marbles, and if care is taken in screening out its finer dust, it will afford a very permeable passage for gas. The dirt-box can be easily taken out and dumped, and readily replaced.

Ventilators should be closer together in the lower and filthier parts of a town than on higher lands or steeper inclines.

Mr. Latham thinks that they should never be more than two hundred yards apart. He advises renewing the charcoal once a month. Five hundred and sixty-two sets of his apparatus were used in Croydon. Their total cost, including labor, new charcoal, fuel for re-burning, etc., made a charge of less than one dollar and twenty-five cents per annum for each. The charcoal is reburned in iron retorts having small pipes to carry away the escaping gases.

The usefulness of the charcoal ventilators is demonstrated by the fact that in Croydon the written complaints of smells from certain sewers coincided with the absence of the trays (taken out for repairs), and the cause of the complaint was removed by replacing them.

On steep grades, where there would be a tendency for the air of the sewer to be drawn toward the ventilators on the highest land, discharging at this point an amount of gas that should be distributed along the whole street, it is therefore well to place a light hanging valve in front of each outlet into a man-hole. Such a valve will not obstruct the flow of the sewage, while it will pre-



The charcoal tray for Latham's ventilator.

vent the air below from finding its way up the drain, compelling it to escape at its own ventilator.

Where ventilators are used not in connection with man-holes, they should rise, not from the crown of the sewer itself, but from a recess or chamber carried up to the height of a foot or more. Into this recess the sewer air will naturally rise instead of passing on up the line, as it would be likely to do were there only a small ventilator-opening to arrest it.

With a free ventilation through the soil pipes at every house, there is an immense preponderance of area in favor of the vertical escapes, and these are frequently so placed that they become sufficiently heated to create a strong upward current. In a district containing a population of fifty thousand there would probably be ten thousand of these vertical openings, with a combined area equal to from twenty to forty times the area of the sewer at its mouth, so that their action would result more or less generally in the drawing in of air at the street openings; a fact which is sufficiently proved in Croydon, by the accumulation of dust in dry weather in the charcoal-baskets with which the ventilators are furnished. Where the orifice is a continuous exit, — that is, where there is no inward draught of air, — the charcoal remains black in spite of dusty streets.

Concerning the rate of fall necessary for the removal of ordinary road silt from sewers, Adams gives the following table of inclination for pipes of different sizes *running half full*; based on careful calculations and practical trials in connection with the sewerage works of the city of Brooklyn.

For 6-inch pipes a grade of 1 in	60
" 9 " " " " 1 " "	90
" 12 " " " " 1 " "	200
" 15 " " " " 1 " "	250
" 18 " " " " 1 " "	300
" 24 " " " " 1 " "	400
" 30 " " " " 1 " "	500
" 36 " " " " 1 " "	600
" 42 " " " " 1 " "	700
" 48 " " " " 1 " "	800

When the direction changes, the friction is increased, and the fall must be increased to compensate for this.

When the lay of the land permits it, the most rapid fall should be given at the upper end of the sewer, where the quantity of water is least, and where the greatest velocity is consequently needed to secure a cleansing flow.

The object of giving an inclination or fall to the sewer is to secure the velocity necessary for the removal of such solid matters as may exist in the sewage, but *if the amount of water flowing is proportionate to the size of the conduit*, sewers of different sizes give the same velocity at different inclinations: for instance, a ten-foot sewer with a fall of two feet per mile, a five-foot sewer with a fall of four feet per mile, a two-foot sewer with a fall of ten feet per mile, and a one-foot sewer with a fall of twenty feet per mile, will have the same velocity, provided they are filled in proportion to their capacity; but the ten-foot sewer will require one hundred times as much sewage as will the one-foot sewer, *and unless it carries a volume of water proportioned to its capacity, the velocity of its stream will be correspondingly lessened*. It becomes, therefore, especially important that the *size of the conduit* be adjusted to the *volume of the stream*, this being as important as the rate of inclination in securing a cleansing flow, and being so little understood that it cannot be too much emphasized in any attempt to bring the mechanism of sewerage works to the notice of the general public.

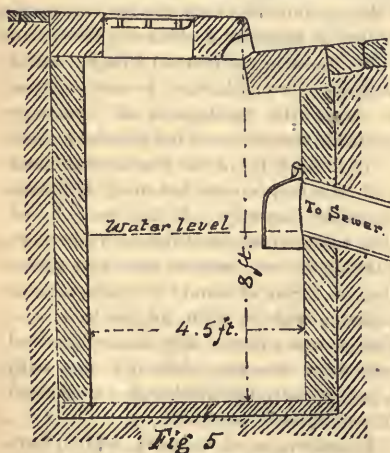
The character of the junctions of main and tributary sewers has much influence on their capacity. It has been found that when equal quantities of water were running in two sewers, each in a direct line, at a rate of ninety seconds, if their junction was at right angles their discharge was effected only in one hundred and forty seconds, while if it met with a gentle curve the discharge was effected in one hundred seconds.

In one recorded instance, a pipe, having been gorged by reason of a right-angled junction, which kept the velocity of its flow down to one hundred and twenty-

two feet per minute, had its flow increased to two hundred and eight feet per minute and the difficulty entirely removed by making the junction on a curve of sixty feet radius. The same objection holds with right-angled junctions falling vertically into the sewer. In this case, as in the other, the inlet should be on a curved line; but vertical junctions are usually objectionable.

Frequent junctions are of great advantage. Experiment has shown that, with a pipe having a fall of one in sixty, its capacity, with junctions at frequent intervals, is more than three times what it would be if flowing only from a full head at the upper end of the pipe. In sewers of larger sizes the capacity is increased more than eight times.

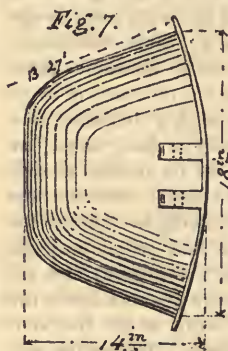
Various devices have been adopted to secure the admission of surface water from street gutters to the sewer without allowing the escape of sewer gas. These are usually arranged with a deep recess below the outlet for the accumulation of sand and silt washed from the roadway, and with some form of water trap. Their construction in our northern climate should have careful reference to a severe action of the frost, and no plan that has come under my notice seems so well adapted for this as one used by Mr. Shedd, the engineer of the sewerage in



Catch-basin for admitting street wash.

the city of Providence, the arrangement of which is shown in the accompanying

diagrams. The trap for sealing the out-



Top view of catch-basin trap.

let is made of cast-iron, hinged with a copper bolt. It is firmly attached to the side of the basin with cement, and, if disturbed by frost, is simply torn loose from the brick-work, and can be easily cemented to its place in the spring.

All sewers should be provided with man-holes for ventilation and for service during examination; and pipe drains should have, between the man-holes, and at every point where the vertical or horizontal direction of the sewer is changed, lamp-holes, at the bottom of which lanterns may be suspended which will enable the line to be examined from the nearest man-hole. The removal of all such obstructions accumulating in pipe drains as cannot be washed out by flushing is effected by various instruments attached to jointed rods, like chimney-sweep tools, which serve as handles, enabling them to be used even at a distance of several hundred feet.

It was formerly supposed that with pipe sewers not too large for the amount of liquid they were to carry, there would be no necessity for flushing, and so far as sedimentary deposits are concerned this is usually true; but a slimy coating often forms on the wall of the pipe and enters into decomposition, generating objectionable sewer gases. For this reason, all pipes used for house-drainage only should be so arranged that they can be occasionally flushed out with a good

flow of fresh water; but where rain-fall is admitted from roadways and from the roofs of houses, additional flushing will not generally be needed, except during epidemics, or in dry, hot seasons. At such times there is always a great advantage in frequent flushing, and occasional disinfection.

It cannot be too often reiterated that the great purpose of modern water sewerage is to remove immediately, entirely beyond the occupied portions of a town, all manner of domestic waste and filth before it has time to enter into decomposition; thus preventing an accumulation of dangerous matter, and obviating the necessity for employing men in the unwholesome work of hand-cleansing of cess-pools and of sewers of deposit, *which all sewers are when materially too large for the work they have to perform.*

The public sewer or drain may properly afford an outlet to the land drainage of private property, but before reaching the public drain this should pass through at least two rods of sub-main drain laid under the direction of the public engineer, and trapped as he may direct for the exclusion of silt or refuse. This sub-main should deliver its water into the public drain as nearly as possible in the direction of the flow of the latter, so that the streams may run together without confusion, and the danger from eddies be obviated. Drains from houses and all private establishments should be connected with the sewer under similar official regulation.

It is a frequent practice with engineers to admit house drains at a very low point in the wall of the sewer, where they will ordinarily be entirely submerged. This renders such connections inoperative as a means for ventilating the sewer, and the ventilation of the soil pipes of houses so connected will consequently be of no avail as a part of the public system of ventilation. If the drain has no ingress for air at its lower end, the ventilation of the soil pipe itself will be much less complete; the pent-up gases arising from the decomposition of the contained organic matters may escape, but there will be

little of the needed circulation of air in the pipe. With a free sweep of air from below, this decomposition would not take place in a pent-up condition, but would be carried on with a full supply of constantly changing atmosphere. Under these circumstances the ventilation of the street sewer would have to depend upon its street openings alone. In a perfect system these should even play a somewhat secondary part, acting more as a means for the inlet of fresh air to supply the higher ventilators than as a means of escape for the air of the sewer itself.

The question of cost should be taken into very early consideration, and it will not be slight; but *pari passu* there should be a due estimate of the benefits to accrue. These are not of such a character that they can be very readily calculated in dollars and cents, but there are few cases, in towns of five thousand inhabitants and over, where their importance will not be very fully appreciated.

The construction of a proper system of sewerage is at best expensive, but it may be much more cheaply done if taken in hand at once and carried on systematically until the whole is complete, than if done piecemeal, here and there, as property-holders may elect, which is the general custom in America. I do not know that the English method of paying for the cost by distributing principal and interest over a period of years has been adopted with us, but it seems the most just and the least oppressive. It is more fair to posterity, without bearing heavily on the present generation, than payment by interest-bearing bonds to be redeemed twenty or thirty years hence.

Latham, in his inaugural address as President of the Society of Engineers, made a calculation of the cost and value of the water-works and sewerage of the town of Croydon, as follows:—

Cost: purchase of land (for sewage utilization), £50,000; water-works, £70,000; sewers, irrigation works, baths, abattoirs, and general improvements, £75,000. Total, £195,000. The money savings during thirteen years since the completion of the work, he estimates to have been:

2439 funerals, which would have cost £12,195; 60,975 cases of sickness prevented, £60,975; value of the labor for six and one half years of 1317 adult persons whose lives were extended, £166,930. Total, £240,100. He says, "Although it has been attempted to put a money value on human life, we individually feel that life is priceless, and we may look to the 2439 persons saved from the jaws of death in this single town as the living testimony of the great value of sanitary works."

It is well known to physicians that their chances of success in the treatment of disease are very much reduced with persons living in unhealthy places.

The cost of sewerage works is often made unnecessarily great with the idea that it is the duty of the public to furnish an outlet for factories, slaughter-houses, and all manner of establishments which are carried on for individual profit, and in which the cost of removing the resultant refuse is fairly chargeable on the business rather than on the public purse.

So far as the community is concerned, it should be compelled to construct sewers only for the removal of such waste matters as are incident to the daily life of all classes of the population. If breweries, chemical works, and other manufacturing establishments producing a large amount of liquid waste, are to be provided with a means of outlet, this should be done entirely at their own charge; their profit and convenience should not be advanced at the cost of every member of the community. And more than this, the wastes of factories being often pernicious, not only on reaching the outlet of the sewer, but by the generation of gases within them which may pervade all their ramifications, it is a serious question whether such establishments should not be compelled to secure independent outlets at their own expense, or at least to render their wastes innocuous before discharging them into the public drain; paying even then an extra sewer-rate proportionate to the extra service they require.

The sanitary authority of every town should have entire control over the sew-

ers, with power to decide what shall be admitted to them and what excluded, and to levy an additional tax in all cases where an undue use is made of the public convenience.

In the limited space of a magazine article it would be out of place to go very largely into the question of the economical use of the organic wastes of the house or town. The utilitarian question, important though it is, is but secondary. At the same time, as an accessory, the matter of economy is very important, and in every *perfect* system of sanitary improvement the arrangements must be such that there shall be a complete utilization of all the valuable constituents of the wastes of domestic life; and practically our arrangements should be so nearly perfect that nothing shall be lost that can be economically saved.

In our climate, sewage irrigation cannot be carried on in winter, but it may be made very useful during the growing (and sickly) season.

In sewage irrigation the amount of land appropriated should not be less than one acre to one hundred and fifty of population, and should lie not more than a mile from the town. The same land should not receive sewage two days in succession, and each area should have occasional periods of rest for a whole growing season.

If the land is of a very retentive character, even if well underdrained, it would be better to allow an acre to one hundred of population.

Bailey Denton objects to the disposal of large volumes of sewage by sub-irrigation, but where the ground is covered with vegetation, and where the flow is evenly and intermittently distributed in that part of the soil occupied by roots, especially if not in too close proximity to wells, it must be, under many circumstances, the best system.

Under favorable conditions, the utilization of the manurial matter contained in sewers is more easy by the system of irrigation than by any other in general use.

Where the earth-closet is used, and

where there is no system of sewers for the removal of liquid wastes, some provision must necessarily be made for disposing of slop water before it can generate dangerous products of decomposition. This may be best effected in many cases by the use of some device like Field's flush tank (described in the preceding paper), in connection with the sub-irrigation of the lawn or garden.

The "general conclusions" of the English Board of Health, after a thorough investigation of the whole subject of sewerage, were as follows:—

1. That no population living amidst aerial impurities arising from putrid emanations from cess-pools, drains, or sewers of deposit, can be healthy or free from attacks of devastating epidemics.

2. That as a primary condition to salubrity no ordure or refuse can be permitted to remain beneath or near habitations, and by no other means can remedial operations be so conveniently, economically, inoffensively, and quickly effected as by the removal of all such refuse dissolved or suspended in water.

3. That the general use of large brick sewers has resulted from ignorance or neglect; such sewers being wasteful in construction and repair, and costly through inefficient efforts to keep them free from deposits.

4. That brick and stone house drains are "false in principle and wasteful in the cleansing, construction, and repair. . . . That house drains and sewers, properly constructed of vitrified pipe, detain and accumulate no deposit, emit no offensive smells, and require no additional supplies of water to keep them clear."

5. That an artificial fall may be cheaply and economically obtained by steam pumping, and that the cost of the whole system to each house is much less than the cost to that house of removing its refuse by hand.

6. All offensive smells proceeding from any works intended for house or town drainage indicate the fact of the detention and decomposition of ordure, and afford decisive evidence of malconstruction or of ignorant or defective arrangement.

George E. Waring, Jr.

RODERICK HUDSON.

XI.

MRS. HUDSON.

OF Roderick, meanwhile, Rowland saw nothing; but he immediately went to Mrs. Hudson and assured her that her son was in even exceptionally good health and spirits. After this he called again on the two ladies from Northampton, but, as Roderick's absence continued, he was able neither to furnish nor to obtain much comfort. Miss Garland's apprehensive face seemed to him an image of his own state of mind. He was profoundly depressed; he felt that there was a storm in the air, and he

wished it would come, without more delay, and perform its ravages. On the afternoon of the third day he went into Saint Peter's, his frequent resort whenever the outer world was disagreeable. From a heart-ache to a Roman rain there were few unfortunate pains the great church did not help him to forget. He had wandered there for half an hour, when he came upon a short figure, lurking in the shadow of one of the great piers. He saw it was that of an artist, hastily transferring to his sketch-book a memento of some fleeting variation in the scenery of the basilica; and in a moment he perceived that the artist was little Sam Singleton.

Singleton pocketed his sketch-book with a guilty air, as if it cost his modesty a pang to be detected in this greedy culture of opportunity. Rowland always enjoyed meeting him; talking with him, in these days, was as good as a wayside gush of clear, cold water, on a long, hot walk. There was, perhaps, no drinking-vessel, and you had to apply your lips to some simple, natural conduit; but the result was always a sense of extreme moral refreshment. On this occasion he mentally blessed the ingenuous little artist, and heard presently with keen regret that he was to leave Rome on the morrow. Singleton had come to bid farewell to Saint Peter's, and he was gathering a few supreme memories. He had earned a purse-full of money, and he was meaning to take a summer's holiday; going to Switzerland, to Germany, to Paris. In the autumn he was to return home; his family—composed, as Rowland knew, of a father who was cashier in a bank and five unmarried sisters, one of whom gave lyceum-lectures on woman's rights, the whole resident at Buffalo, New York—had been writing him peremptory letters and appealing to him as a son, brother, and fellow-citizen. He would have been grateful for another year in Rome, but what must be must be, and he had laid up treasure which, in Buffalo, would seem infinite. They talked some time; Rowland hoped they might meet in Switzerland and take a walk or two together. Singleton seemed to feel that Buffalo had marked him for her own; he was afraid he should not see Rome again for many a year.

"So you expect to live at Buffalo?" Rowland asked, sympathetically.

"Well, it will depend upon the views—upon the attitude—of my family," Singleton replied. "Oh, I think I shall get on; I think it can be done. If I find it can be done, I shall really be quite proud of it; as an artist of course I mean, you know. Do you know I have some nine hundred sketches? I shall live in my portfolio. And so long as one is not in Rome, pray what does it matter where one is? But how I shall envy

all you Romans—you and Mr. Gloriani, and Mr. Hudson, especially!"

"Don't envy Hudson; he has nothing to envy."

Singleton grinned at what he considered a harmless jest. "Yes, he's going to be the great man of our time! And I say, Mr. Mallet, is n't it a mighty comfort that it's *we* who have turned him out?"

"Between ourselves," said Rowland, "he has disappointed me."

Singleton stared, open-mouthed. "Dear me, what did you expect?"

"Truly," said Rowland to himself, "what did I expect?"

"I confess," cried Singleton, "I can't judge him rationally. He fascinates me; he's the sort of man one makes one's hero of."

"Strictly speaking he's not a hero," said Rowland.

Singleton looked intensely grave, and, with almost tearful eyes, "Is there anything amiss—anything out of the way, about him?" he timidly asked. Then, as Rowland hesitated to reply, he quickly added, "Please, if there is, don't tell me! I want to know no evil of him, and I think I should hardly believe it. In my memories of this Roman artist-life, he will be the central figure. He will stand there in radiant relief, as beautiful and unspotted as one of his own statues!"

"Amen!" said Rowland, gravely. He remembered afresh that the sea is inhabited by big fishes and little, and that the latter often find their way down the throats of the former. Singleton was going to spend the afternoon in taking last looks at certain other places, and Rowland offered to join him on his sentimental circuit. But as they were preparing to leave the church, he heard himself suddenly addressed from behind. Turning, he beheld a young woman whom he immediately recognized as Madame Grandoni's maid. Her mistress was present, she said, and begged to confer with him before he departed.

This summons obliged Rowland to separate from Singleton, to whom he bade farewell. He followed the messenger, and presently found Madame

Grandoni occupying a liberal area on the steps of the tribune, behind the great altar, where, spreading a shawl on the polished red marble, she had comfortably seated herself. He expected that she had something especial to impart, and she lost no time in bringing forth her treasure.

"Don't shout very loud," she said, "remember that we are in church; there's a limit to the noise one may make even in Saint Peter's. Christina Light was married this morning to Prince Casamassima."

Rowland did not shout at all; he gave a deep, short murmur: "Married — this morning?"

"Married this morning, at seven o'clock, *le plus tranquillement du monde*, before three or four persons. The young couple left Rome an hour afterwards."

For some moments this seemed to him really terrible; the dark little drama of which he had caught a glimpse had played itself out. He had believed that Christina would resist; that she had succumbed was a proof that the pressure had been cruel. Rowland's imagination followed her forth with an irresistible tremor into the world toward which she was rolling away, with her detested husband and her stifled ideal; but it must be confessed that if the first impulse of his compassion was for Christina, the second was for Prince Casamassima. Madame Grandoni acknowledged an extreme curiosity as to the secret springs of these strange doings: Casamassima's sudden dismissal, his still more sudden recall, the hurried private marriage. "Listen," said Rowland, hereupon, "and I will tell you something." And he related, in detail, his last visit to Mrs. Light and his talk with this lady, with Christina, and with the Cavaliere.

"Good," she said; "it's all very curious. But it's a riddle, and I only half guess it."

"Well," said Rowland, "I desire to harm no one; but certain suppositions have taken shape in my mind which serve as a solvent to several ambiguities."

"It is very true," Madame Grandoni

answered, "that the Cavaliere, as he stands, has always needed to be explained."

"He is explained by the hypothesis that, three-and-twenty years ago, at Ancona, Mrs. Light had a lover."

"I see. Ancona was dull, Mrs. Light was lively, and — three-and-twenty years ago — perhaps, the Cavaliere was fascinating. Doubtless it would be fairer to say that he was fascinated. Poor Giacosa!"

"He has had his compensation," Rowland said. "He has been passionately fond of Christina."

"Naturally. But has Christina never wondered why?"

"If she had been near guessing, her mother's shabby treatment of him would have put her off the scent. Mrs. Light's conscience has apparently told her that she could expiate an hour's too great kindness by twenty years' contempt. So she kept her secret. But what is the profit of having a secret unless you can make some use of it? The day at last came when she could turn hers to account; she could let the skeleton out of the closet and create a panic."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I," said Rowland, "morally. I only conceive that there was a horrible, fabulous scene. The poor Cavaliere stood outside, at the door, white as a corpse and as dumb. The mother and daughter had it out together. Mrs. Light burnt her ships. When she came out she had three lines of writing, in her daughter's hand, which the Cavaliere was dispatched with to the prince. They overtook the young man in time, and, when he reappeared, he was delighted to dispense with further waiting. I don't know what he thought of the look in his bride's face; but that is how I roughly reconstruct history."

"Christina was forced to decide, then, that she could not afford not to be a princess?"

"She was reduced by humiliation. She was assured that it was not for her to make conditions, but to thank her stars that there were none made for her. If she persisted, she might find it com-

ing to pass that there would be conditions, and the formal rupture — the rupture that the world would hear of and pry into — would then proceed from the prince and not from her."

"That's all nonsense!" said Madame Grandoni, energetically.

"To us, yes; but not to the proudest girl in the world, deeply wounded in her pride, and not stopping to calculate probabilities, but muffling her shame, with an almost sensuous relief, in a splendor that stood within her grasp and asked no questions. Is it not possible that the late Mr. Light had made an outbreak before witnesses who are still living?"

"Certainly her marriage now," said Madame Grandoni, less analytically, "has the advantage that it takes her away from her — parents!"

This lady's farther comments upon the event are not immediately pertinent to our history; there were some other comments of which Rowland had a deeply oppressive foreboding. He called, on the evening of the morrow, upon Mrs. Hudson, and found Roderick with the two ladies. Their companion had apparently but lately entered, and Rowland afterwards learned that it was his first appearance since the writing of the note which had so distressed his mother. He had flung himself upon a sofa, where he sat with his chin upon his breast, staring before him with a sinister spark in his eye. He fixed his gaze on Rowland, but gave him no greeting. He had evidently been saying something to startle the women; Mrs. Hudson had gone and seated herself, timidly and imploringly, on the edge of the sofa, trying to take his hand. Miss Garland was applying herself to some needlework with conscious intentness.

Mrs. Hudson gave Rowland, on his entrance, a touching look of gratitude. "Oh, we have such blessed news!" she said. "Roderick is ready to leave Rome."

"It's not blessed news; it's most damnable news!" cried Roderick.

"Oh, but we are very glad, my son, and I am sure you will be when you get

away. You're looking most dreadfully thin; isn't he, Mr. Mallet? It's plain enough you need a change. I'm sure we will go wherever you like. Where would you like to go?"

Roderick turned his head slowly and looked at her. He had let her take his hand, which she pressed tenderly between her own. He gazed at her for some time in silence. "Poor mother!" he said at last, in a portentous tone.

"My own dear son!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, in all the innocence of her trust.

"I don't care a straw where you go! I don't care a straw for anything!"

"Oh, my dear boy, you must not say that before all of us here — before Mary, before Mr. Mallet!"

"Mary — Mr. Mallet?" Roderick repeated, almost savagely. He released himself from the clasp of his mother's hand and turned away, leaning his elbows on his knees and holding his head in his hands. There was a silence; Rowland said nothing, because he was watching Miss Garland. "Why should I stand on ceremony with Mary and Mr. Mallet?" Roderick presently added. "Mary pretends to believe I'm a fine fellow, and if she believes it as she ought to, nothing I can say will alter her opinion. Mallet knows I'm a hopeless humbug; so I need n't mince my words with him."

"Ah, my dear, don't use such dreadful language!" said Mrs. Hudson. "Aren't we all devoted to you, and proud of you, and waiting only to hear what you want, so that we may do it?"

Roderick got up, and began to walk about the room; he was evidently in a restless, reckless, profoundly demoralized condition. Rowland felt that it was literally true that he did not care a straw for anything, but he observed with anxiety that Mrs. Hudson, who did not know on what delicate ground she was treading, was disposed to chide him, caressingly, as a mere expression of tenderness. He foresaw that she would bring down the hovering thunderbolt on her head.

"In God's name," Roderick cried,

"don't remind me of my obligations! It's intolerable to me, and I don't believe it's pleasant to Mallet. I know they're tremendous—I know I shall never repay them. I'm bankrupt! Do you know what that means?"

The poor lady sat staring, dismayed, and Rowland angrily interfered. "Don't talk such stuff to your mother!" he cried. "Don't you see you're frightening her?"

"Frightening her? she may as well be frightened first as last. Do I frighten you, mother?" Roderick demanded.

"Oh, Roderick, what do you mean?" whimpered the poor lady. "Mr. Mallet, what does he mean?"

"I mean that I'm an angry, savage, disappointed, miserable man!" Roderick went on. "I mean that I can't do a stroke of work nor think a profitable thought! I mean that I'm in a state of helpless rage and grief and shame! Helpless, helpless—that's what it is. You can't help me, poor mother—not with kisses, nor tears, nor prayers! Mary can't help me—not for all the honor she does me, nor all the big books on art that she pores over. Mallet can't help me—not with all his money, nor all his good example, nor all his friendship, which I'm so profoundly well aware of: not with it all multiplied a thousand times and repeated to all eternity! I thought you would help me, you and Mary; that's why I sent for you. But you can't, don't think it! The sooner you give up the idea the better for you. Give up being proud of me, too; there's nothing left of me to be proud of! A year ago I was a mighty fine fellow; but do you know what has become of me now? I've gone to the devil!"

There was something in the ring of Roderick's voice, as he uttered these words, which sent them home with convincing force. He was not talking for effect, or the mere sensuous pleasure of extravagant and paradoxical utterance, as had often enough been the case ere this; he was not even talking viciously or ill-humoredly. He was talking passionately, desperately, and from an irresistible need to throw off the oppressive

burden of his mother's confidence. His cruel eloquence brought the poor lady to her feet, and she stood there with elated hands, petrified and voiceless. Mary Garland quickly left her place, came straight to Roderick, and laid her hand on his arm, looking at him with all her tormented heart in her eyes. He made no movement to disengage himself; he simply shook his head several times, in dogged negation of her healing powers. Rowland had been living for the past month in such intolerable expectancy of disaster that now that the ice was broken, and the fatal plunge taken, his foremost feeling was almost elation; but in a moment his orderly instincts and his natural love of superficial smoothness overtook it.

"I really don't see, Roderick," he said, "the profit of your talking in just this way at just this time. Don't you see how you are making your mother suffer?"

"Do I enjoy it myself?" cried Roderick. "Is the suffering all on your side and theirs? Do I look as if I were happy, and were stirring you up with a stick for my amusement? Here we all are in the same boat; we might as well understand each other! These women must know that I'm not to be counted on. That sounds remarkably cool, no doubt, and I certainly don't deny your right to be utterly disgusted with me."

"Will you keep what you have got to say till another time," said Mary, "and let me hear it alone?"

"Oh, I'll let you hear it as often as you please; but what's the use of keeping it? I'm in the humor; it won't keep! It's a very simple matter. I'm a failure, that's all; I'm not a first-rate man. I'm second-rate, tenth-rate, anything you please. After that, it's all one!"

Mary Garland turned away and buried her face in her hands; but Roderick, struck, apparently, in some unwonted fashion with her gesture, drew her towards him again, and went on in a somewhat different tone. "It's hardly worth while we should have any private talk about all this, Mary," he said. "The

thing would be comfortable for neither of us. It's better, after all, that it be said once for all and dismissed. There are things I can't talk to you about. Can I, at least? You are such a queer creature!"

"I can imagine nothing you should n't talk to me about," said Mary.

"You're not afraid?" he demanded, sharply, looking at her.

She turned away abruptly, with lowered eyes, hesitating a moment. "Anything you think I should hear, I will hear," she said. And then she returned to her place at the window and took up her work.

"I've had a great blow," said Roderick. "I was a great ass, but it does n't make the blow any easier to bear."

"Mr. Mallet, tell me what Roderick means!" said Mrs. Hudson, who had found her voice, in a tone more peremptory than Rowland had ever heard her use.

"He ought to have told you before," said Roderick. "Really, Rowland, if you will allow me to say so, you ought! You could have given a much better account of all this than I myself; better, especially, in that it would have been more lenient to me. You ought to have let them down gently; it would have saved them a great deal of pain. But you always want to keep things so smooth! Allow me to say that it's very weak of you."

"I hereby renounce such weakness!" said Rowland.

"Oh, what is it, sir; what is it?" groaned Mrs. Hudson, insistently.

"It's what Roderick says: he's a failure!"

Mary Garland, on hearing this declaration, gave Rowland a single glance and then rose, laid down her work, and walked rapidly out of the room. Mrs. Hudson tossed her head and timidly bristled. "This from *you*, Mr. Mallet!" she said with an injured air which Rowland found harrowing.

But Roderick, most characteristically, did not in the least resent his friend's assertion; he sent him, on the contrary, one of those large, clear looks of his,

which seemed to express a stoical pleasure in Rowland's frankness, and which set his companion, then and there, wondering again, as he had so often done before, at the extraordinary contradictions of his temperament. "My dear mother," Roderick said, "if you had had eyes that were not blinded by this sad maternal vanity, you would have seen all this for yourself; you would have seen that I'm anything but prosperous."

"Is it anything about money?" cried Mrs. Hudson. "Oh, do write to Mr. Striker!"

"Money?" said Roderick. "I have n't a cent of money; I'm bankrupt!"

"Oh, Mr. Mallet, how could you let him?" asked Mrs. Hudson, terribly.

"Everything I have is at his service," said Rowland, feeling ill.

"Of course Mr. Mallet will help you, my son!" cried the poor lady, eagerly.

"Oh, leave Mr. Mallet alone!" said Roderick. "I've squeezed him dry; it's not my fault, at least, if I have n't!"

"Roderick, what have you done with all your money?" his mother demanded.

"Thrown it away! It was no such great amount. I've done nothing this winter."

"You have done nothing?"

"I've done no work! Why in the world did n't you guess it and spare me all this? Could n't you see I was idle, distracted, dissipated?"

"Dissipated, my dear son?" Mrs. Hudson repeated.

"That's over for the present! But could n't you see — could n't Mary see — that I was in a damnably bad way?"

"I have no doubt Miss Garland saw," said Rowland.

"Mary has said nothing!" cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Oh, she's a fine girl!" Rowland said.

"Have you done anything that will hurt poor Mary?" Mrs. Hudson asked.

"I have only been thinking night and day of another woman!"

Mrs. Hudson dropped helplessly into her seat again. "Oh dear, dear, had n't we better go home?"

"Not to get out of *her* way!" Roderick said. "She has started on a career of her own, and she does n't care a straw for me. My head was filled with her; I could think of nothing else; I would have sacrificed everything to her — you, Mary, Mallet, my work, my fortune, my future, my honor! I was in a fine state, eh? I don't pretend to be giving you good news; but I'm telling the simple, literal truth, so that you may know why I've gone to the dogs. She pretended to care greatly for all this, and to be willing to make any sacrifice in return; she had a magnificent chance, for she was being forced into a mercenary marriage with a man she detested. She led me to believe that she would give this up, and break short off, and keep herself free and sacred and pure for me. This was a great honor, and you may believe that I valued it. It turned my head, and I lived only to see my happiness come to pass. She did everything to encourage me to hope it would; everything that her infernal coquetry and falsity could suggest."

"Oh, I say, this is too much!" Rowland broke out.

"Do you defend her?" Roderick cried, with a renewal of his passion. "Do you pretend to say that she gave me no hopes?" He had been speaking with growing bitterness, quite losing sight of his mother's pain and bewilderment in the passionate joy of publishing his wrongs. "Since he was hurt, he must cry out; since he was in pain, he must scatter his pain abroad. Of his never thinking of others, save as they spoke and moved from his cue, as it were, this extraordinary insensibility to the injurious effects of his eloquence was a capital example; the more so as the motive of his eloquence was never an appeal for sympathy or compassion, things to which he seemed perfectly indifferent and of which he could make no use. The great and characteristic point with him was the perfect absoluteness of his own emotions and experience. He never saw himself as part of a whole; only as the clear-cut, sharp-edged, isolated individual, rejoicing or raging, as the case

might be, but needing in any case absolutely to affirm himself. All this, to Rowland, was ancient history, but his perception of it stirred within him afresh, at the sight of Roderick's sense of having been betrayed. That *he*, under the circumstances, should not in fairness be the first to lodge a complaint of betrayal was a point to which, at his leisure, Rowland was of course capable of rendering impartial justice; but Roderick's present desperation was so peremptory that it imposed itself on one's sympathies. "Do you pretend to say," he went on, "that she did n't lead me along to the very edge of fulfillment and stupefy me with all that she suffered me to believe, all that she sacredly promised? It amused her to do it, and she knew perfectly well what she really meant. She never meant to be sincere; she never dreamed she could be. She's a ravenous flirt, and why a flirt is a flirt is more than I can tell you. I can't understand playing with those matters; for me they're serious, whether I take them up or lay them down. I don't see what's in your head, Rowland, to attempt to defend Miss Light; you were the first to cry out against her! You told me she was dangerous, and I pooh-poohed you. You were right; you're always right. She's as cold and false and heartless as she's beautiful, and she has sold her heartless beauty to the highest bidder. I hope he knows what he gets!"

"Oh, my son," cried Mrs. Hudson, plaintively, "how could you ever care for such a dreadful creature?"

"It would take long to tell you, dear mother!"

Rowland's lately-deepened sympathy and compassion for Christina was still throbbing in his mind, and he felt that, in loyalty to it, he must say a word for her. "You believed in her too much at first," he declared, "and you believe in her too little now."

Roderick looked at him with eyes almost lurid, beneath lowering brows. "She is an angel, then, after all? — that's what you want to prove!" he cried. "That's consoling for me, who

have lost her! You're always right, I say; but, dear friend, in mercy, be wrong for once!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Mallet, be merciful!" said Mrs. Hudson, in a tone which, for all its gentleness, made Rowland stare. The poor fellow's stare covered a great deal of concentrated wonder and apprehension — a presentiment of what a small, sweet, feeble, elderly lady might be capable of, in the way of suddenly generated animosity. There was no space in Mrs. Hudson's tiny maternal mind for complications of feeling, and one emotion existed only by turning another over flat and perching on top of it. She was evidently not following Roderick at all in his dusky aberrations. Sitting without, in dismay, she only saw that all was darkness and trouble, and as Roderick's glory had now quite outstripped her powers of imagination and urged him beyond her jurisdiction, so that he had become a thing too precious and sacred for blame, she found it infinitely comfortable to lay the burden of their common affliction upon Rowland's broad shoulders. Had he not promised to make them all rich and happy? And this was the end of it! Rowland felt as if his trials were, in a sense, only beginning. "Had n't you better forget all this, my dear?" Mrs. Hudson said. "Had n't you better just quietly attend to your work?"

"Work, madam?" cried Roderick. "My work's over. I can't work — I have n't worked all winter. If I were fit for anything, this sentimental collapse would have been just the thing to cure me of my apathy and break the spell of my idleness. But there's a perfect vacuum here!" And he tapped his forehead. "It's bigger than ever; it grows bigger every hour!"

"I'm sure you have made a beautiful likeness of your poor little mother," said Mrs. Hudson, coaxingly.

"I had done nothing before, and I have done nothing since! I quarreled with an excellent man, the other day, from mere exasperation of my nerves, and threw away five thousand dollars!"

"Threw away — five thousand dollars!" Roderick had been wandering

among formidable abstractions and allusions too dark to penetrate. But here was a concrete fact, lucidly stated, and poor Mrs. Hudson, for a moment, looked it in the face. She repeated her son's words a third time with a gasping murmur, and then, suddenly, she burst into tears. Roderick went to her, sat down beside her, put his arm round her, fixed his eyes coldly on the floor, and waited for her to weep herself out. She leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed broken-heartedly. She said not a word, she made no attempt to scold; but the desolation of her tears was overwhelming. It lasted some time — too long for Rowland's courage. He had stood silent, wishing simply to appear very respectful; but the elation that was mentioned a while since had utterly ebbed, and he found his situation intolerable. He walked away — not, perhaps, on tiptoe, but with a total absence of bravado in his tread.

The next day, while he was at home, the servant brought him the card of a visitor. He read with surprise the name of Mrs. Hudson, and hurried forward to meet her. He found her in his sitting-room, leaning on the arm of her son and looking very pale, her eyes red with weeping, and her lips tightly compressed. Her advent puzzled him, and it was not for some time that he began to understand the motive of it. Roderick's countenance threw no light upon it; but Roderick's countenance, full of light as it was, in a way, itself, had never thrown light upon anything. He had not been in Rowland's rooms for several weeks, and he immediately began to look at those of his own works which adorned them. He lost himself in silent contemplation. Mrs. Hudson had evidently armed herself with dignity, and, so far as she might, she meant to be impressive. Her success may be measured by the fact that Rowland's whole attention centred in the fear of seeing her begin to weep. She told him that she had come to him for practical advice; she begged to remind him that she was a stranger in the land. Where were they to go, please? what were they to do? Rowland glanced

at Roderick, but Roderick had his back turned and was gazing at his Adam with the intensity with which he might have examined Michael Angelo's Moses.

"Roderick says he does n't know, he does n't care," Mrs. Hudson said; "he leaves it entirely to you."

Many another man, in Rowland's place, would have greeted this information with an irate and sarcastic laugh, and told his visitors that he thanked them infinitely for their confidence, but that, really, as things stood now, they must settle these matters between themselves; many another man might have so demeaned himself, even if, like Rowland, he had been in love with Mary Garland and pressingly conscious that her destiny was also part of the question. But Rowland swallowed all hilarity and all sarcasm, and let himself seriously consider Mrs. Hudson's petition. His wits, however, were but indifferently at his command; they were dulled by his sense of the inexpressible change in Mrs. Hudson's attitude. Her visit was evidently intended as a formal reminder of the responsibilities Rowland had worn so lightly. Mrs. Hudson was doubtless too sincerely humble a person to suppose that if he had been recreant to his vows of vigilance and tenderness, her still, small presence would operate as a chastisement. But by some diminutive logical process of her own she had convinced herself that she had been weakly trustful, and that she had suffered Rowland to think too meanly, not only of her understanding, but of her social consequence. A visit in her best gown would have an admonitory effect as regards both of these attributes; it would cancel some favors received, and show him that she was no such fool! These were the reflections of a very shy woman, who, determining for once in her life to hold up her head, was perhaps carrying it a trifle extravagantly.

"You know we have very little money to spend," she said, as Rowland remained silent. "Roderick tells me that he has debts and nothing at all to pay them with. He says I must write to Mr. Striker to sell my house for what it will bring, and

send me out the money. When the money comes I must give it to him. I'm sure I don't know; I never heard of anything so dreadful! My house is all I have. But that is all Roderick will say. We must be very economical."

Before this speech was finished Mrs. Hudson's voice had begun to quaver softly, and her face, which had no capacity for the expression of superior wisdom, to look as humbly appealing as before. Rowland turned to Roderick and spoke like a school-master. "Come away from those statues, and sit down here and listen to me!"

Roderick started, but obeyed with the most graceful docility.

"What do you propose to your mother to do?" Rowland asked.

"Propose?" said Roderick, absently. "Oh, I propose nothing."

The tone, the glance, the gesture with which this was said were horribly irritating (though obviously without the slightest intention of being so), and for an instant an imprecation rose to Rowland's lips. But he checked it, and he was afterwards glad he had done so. "You must do something," he said. "Choose, select, decide!"

"My dear Rowland, how you talk!" Roderick cried. "The very point of the matter is that I can't do anything. I'll do as I'm told, but I don't call that doing. We must leave Rome, I suppose, though I don't see why. We have got no money, and you have to pay money on the railroads."

Mrs. Hudson surreptitiously wrung her hands. "Listen to him, please!" she cried. "Not leave Rome, when we have stayed here later than any Christians ever did before! It's this dreadful place that has made us so unhappy."

"That's very true," said Roderick, serenely. "If I had not come to Rome, I would n't have risen, and if I had not risen, I should n't have fallen."

"Fallen — fallen!" murmured Mrs. Hudson. "Just hear him!"

"I'll do anything you say, Rowland," Roderick added. "I'll do anything you want. I've not been unkind to my mother — have I, mother? I was

unkind yesterday, without meaning it; for after all, all that had to be said. Murder will out, and my low spirits can't be hidden. But we talked it over and made it up, didn't we? It seemed to me we did. Let Rowland decide it, mother; whatever he suggests will be the right thing." And Roderick, who had hardly removed his eyes from the statues, got up again and went back to look at them.

Mrs. Hudson fixed her eyes upon the floor, in silence. There was not a trace in Roderick's face, or, in his voice, of the bitterness of his emotion of the day before, and not a hint of his having the lightest weight upon his conscience. He looked at Rowland with his frank, luminous eye as if there had never been a difference of opinion between them; as if each had ever been for both, unalterably, and both for each.

Rowland had received a few days before a letter from a lady of his acquaintance, a worthy Scotswoman domiciled in a villa upon one of the olive-covered hills near Florence. She held her apartment in the villa upon a long lease, and she enjoyed for a sum not worth mentioning the possession of an extraordinary number of noble, stone-floored rooms, with ceilings vaulted and frescoed, and barred windows commanding the loveliest view in the world. She was a needy and thrifty spinster, who never hesitated to declare that the lovely view was all very well, but that for her own part, she lived in the villa for cheapness, and that if she had a clear three hundred pounds a year she would go and really enjoy life near her sister, a baronet's lady, at Glasgow. She was now proposing to make a visit to this exhilarating city, and she desired to turn an honest penny by sub-letting for a few weeks her historic Italian chambers. The terms on which she occupied them enabled her to ask a rent almost jocose-ly small, and she begged Rowland to do what she called a little genteel advertising for her. Would he say a good word for her rooms to his numerous friends, as they left Rome? He said a good word for them now to Mrs. Hud-

son, and told her in dollars and cents what a cheap summer's lodging she might secure. He dwelt upon the fact that she would strike a truce with *tables-d'hôte* and have a cook of her own, amenable possibly to instruction in the Northampton mysteries. He had touched a tender chord; Mrs. Hudson became almost cheerful. Her sentiments upon the table-d'hôte system and upon foreign household habits generally were remarkable, and, if we had space for it, would repay analysis; and the idea of reclaiming a lost soul to the Puritanic canons of cookery quite lightened the burden of her depression. While Rowland set forth his case Roderick was slowly walking round the magnificent Adam, with his hands in his pockets. Rowland waited for him to manifest an interest in their discussion, but the statue seemed to fascinate him and he remained calmly heedless. Rowland was a practical man; he possessed conspicuously what is called the sense of detail. He entered into Mrs. Hudson's position minutely, and told her exactly why it seemed good that she should remove immediately to the Florentine villa. She received his advice with great frigidity, looking hard at the floor and sighing, like a person well on her guard against an insidious optimism. But she had nothing better to propose, and Rowland received her permission to write to his friend that he had let the rooms.

Roderick assented to this decision without either sighs or smiles. "A Florentine villa is a good thing!" he said. "I'm at your service."

"I'm sure I hope you'll get better there," moaned his mother, gathering her shawl together.

Roderick laid one hand on her arm and with the other pointed to Rowland's statues. "Better or worse, remember this: I did those things!" he said.

Mrs. Hudson gazed at them vaguely, and Rowland said, "Remember it yourself!"

"They're horribly good!" said Roderick.

Rowland solemnly shrugged his shoulders; it seemed to him that he had noth-

ing more to say. But as the others were going, a last light pulsation of the sense of undischarged duty led him to address to Roderick a few words of parting advice. "You'll find the Villa Pandolfini very delightful, very comfortable," he said. "You ought to be very contented there. Whether you work or whether you loaf, it's a place for an artist to be happy in. I hope you'll work."

"I hope I may!" said Roderick with a magnificent smile.

"When we meet again, have something to show me."

"When we meet again? Where the deuce are *you* going?" Roderick demanded.

"Oh, I hardly know; over the Alps."

"Over the Alps! You're going to leave me?" Roderick cried.

Rowland had most distinctly meant to leave him, but his resolution immediately wavered. He glanced at Mrs. Hudson and saw that her eyebrows were lifted and her lips parted in soft irony. She seemed to accuse him of a craven shirking of trouble, to demand of him to repair his cruel havoc in her life by a solemn renewal of zeal. But Roderick's expectations were the oddest! Such as they were, Rowland asked himself why he should n't make a bargain with them. "You desire me to go with you?" he asked.

"If you don't go, I won't—that's all! How in the world shall I get through the summer without you?"

"How will you get through it with me? That's the question."

"I don't pretend to say; the future is a dead blank. But without you it's not a blank—it's certain damnation!"

"Mercy, mercy!" murmured Mrs. Hudson.

Rowland made an effort to stand firm, and for a moment succeeded. "If I go with you, will you try to work?"

Roderick, up to this moment, had been looking as unperturbed as if the deep agitation of the day before were a thing of the remote past. But at these words his face changed formidably; he flushed and scowled, and all his passion

returned. "Try to work!" he cried. "Try—try! work—work! In God's name don't talk that way, or you'll drive me mad! Do you suppose I'm trying *not* to work? Do you suppose I stand rotting here for the fun of it? Don't you suppose I would try to work for myself before I tried for you?"

"Mr. Mallet," cried Mrs. Hudson, piteously, "will you leave me alone with *this*?"

Rowland turned to her and informed her, gently, that he would go with her to Florence. After he had so pledged himself he thought not at all of the pain of his position as mediator between the mother's resentful grief and the son's incurable weakness; he drank deep, only, of the satisfaction of not separating from Mary Garland. If the future was a blank to Roderick, it was hardly less so to himself. He had at moments a distinct foreboding of impending calamity. He paid it no especial deference, but it made him feel indisposed to take the future into his account. When, on his going to take leave of Madame Grandoni, this lady asked at what time he would come back to Rome, he answered that he was coming back either never or forever. When she asked him what he meant, he said he really could n't tell her, and parted from her with much genuine emotion; the more so, doubtless, that she blessed him in a quite loving, maternal fashion, and told him she honestly believed him to be the best fellow in the world.

The Villa Pandolfini stood directly upon a small grass-grown piazza, on the top of a hill which sloped straight from one of the gates of Florence. It offered to the outer world a long, rather low façade, colored a dull, dark yellow, and pierced with windows of various sizes, no one of which, save those on the ground floor, was on the same level with any other. Within, it had a great, cool, gray cortile, with high, light arches around it, heavily-corniced doors, of majestic altitude, opening out of it, and a beautiful mediæval well on one side of it. Mrs. Hudson's rooms opened into a small garden supported on immense sub-

structions, which were planted on the farther side of the hill, as it sloped steeply away. This garden was a charming place. Its south wall was curtained with a dense orange vine, a dozen fig-trees offered you their large-leaved shade, and over the low parapet the soft, grave Tuscan landscape kept you company. The rooms themselves were as high as chapels and as cool as royal sepulchres. Silence, peace, and security seemed to abide in the ancient house and make it an ideal refuge for aching hearts. Mrs. Hudson had a stunted, brown-faced Maddalena, who wore a crimson handkerchief passed over her coarse, black locks and tied under her sharp, pertinacious chin, and a smile which was as brilliant as a prolonged flash of lightning. She smiled at everything in life, especially the things she did n't like and which kept her talent for mendacity in healthy exercise. A glance, a word, a motion was sufficient to make her show her teeth at you, like a cheerful she-wolf. This inextinguishable smile constituted her whole vocabulary in her dealings with her melancholy mistress, to whom she had been bequeathed by the late occupant of the apartment, and who, to Rowland's satisfaction, promised to be diverted from her maternal sorrows by the still deeper perplexities of Maddalena's theory of roasting, sweeping, and bed-making.

Rowland took rooms at a villa a trifle nearer Florence, whence in the summer mornings he had five minutes' walk in the sharp, black, shadow-strip projected by winding, flower-topped walls, to join his friends. The life at the Villa Pandolfini, when it had fairly defined itself, was tranquil and monotonous, but it might have borrowed from exquisite circumstance an absorbing charm. If a sensible shadow rested upon it, this was because it had an inherent vice; it was feigning a repose which it very scantily felt. Roderick had lost no time in giving the full measure of his uncompromising despair, and as he was the central figure of the little group, as he held its heart-strings all in his own hand, it reflected faithfully the eclipse of his

own genius. No one had ventured upon the cheerful commonplace of saying that the change of air and of scene would restore his spirits; this would have had, under the circumstances, altogether too silly a sound. The change in question had done nothing of the sort, and his companions had, at least, the comfort of their perspicacity. An essential spring had dried up within him, and there was no visible spiritual law for making it flow again. He was rarely violent, he expressed little of the irritation and ennui that he must have constantly felt; it was as if he believed that a spiritual miracle for his redemption was just barely possible, and was therefore worth waiting for. The most that one could do, however, was to wait grimly and doggedly, suppressing an imprecation as, from time to time, one looked at one's watch. An attitude of positive urbanity toward life was not to be expected; it was doing one's duty to hold one's tongue and keep one's hands off one's own windpipe, and other peoples'. Roderick had long silences, fits of profound lethargy, almost of stupefaction. He used to sit in the garden by the hour, with his head thrown back, his legs outstretched, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fastened upon the blinding summer sky. He would gather a dozen books about him, tumble them out on the ground, take one into his lap, and leave it with the pages unturned. These moods would alternate with hours of extreme restlessness, during which he mysteriously absented himself. He bore the heat of the Italian summer like a salamander, and used to start off at high noon for long walks over the hills. He often went down into Florence, rambled through her close, dim streets, and lounged away mornings in the churches and galleries. On many of these occasions Rowland bore him company, for they were the times when he was most like his former self. Before Michael Angelo's statues and the pictures of the early Tuscans, he quite forgot his own infelicities, and picked up the thread of his old æsthetic loquacity. He had a particular fondness for Andrea del Sarto,

and affirmed that if *he* had been a painter he would have taken the author of the *Madonna del Sacco* for his model. He found in Florence some of his Roman friends, and went down on certain evenings to meet them. More than once he asked Mary Garland to go with him into town, and showed her the things he most cared for. He had some modeling clay brought up to the villa and deposited in a room suitable for his work; but when this had been done he turned the key in the door and the clay never was touched. His eye was heavy and his hand cold, and his mother put up a secret prayer that he might be induced to see a doctor. But on a certain occasion, when her prayer became articulate, he had a great outburst of anger and begged her to know, once for all, that his health was better than it had ever been. On the whole, and most of the time, he was a sad spectacle; he looked so hopelessly idle. If he was not querulous and bitter, it was because he had taken an extraordinary vow not to be; a vow heroic, for him, a vow which those who knew him well had the tenderness to appreciate. Talking with him was like skating on thin ice, and his companions had a constant mental vision of spots designated "dangerous."

This was a difficult time for Rowland; he said to himself that he would endure it to the end, but that it must be his last adventure of the kind. Mrs. Hudson divided her time between looking askance at her son, with her hands tightly clasped about her pocket-handkerchief, as if she were wringing it dry of the last hour's tears, and turning her eyes much more directly upon Rowland, in the mutest, the feeblest, the most intolerable reproachfulness. She never phrased her accusations, but he felt that in the unilluminated void of the poor lady's mind they loomed up like vaguely-outlined monsters. Her demeanor caused him the acutest suffering, and if, at the outset of his enterprise, he had seen, how dimly soever, one of those plaintive eyebeams in the opposite scale, the brilliancy of Roderick's promises would have counted for little. They made their

way to the softest spot in his conscience and kept it chronically aching. If Mrs. Hudson had been loquacious and vulgar, he would have borne even a less valid persecution with greater fortitude. But somehow, neat and noiseless and dimly lady-like, as she sat there, keeping her grievance green with her soft-dropping tears, her displeasure conveyed an overwhelming imputation of brutality. He felt like a reckless trustee who has speculated with the widow's mite and is haunted with the reflection of ruin that he sees in her tearful eyes. He did everything conceivable to be polite to Mrs. Hudson, and to treat her with distinguished deference. Perhaps his exasperated nerves made him overshoot the mark and rendered his civilities a trifle peremptory. She seemed capable of believing that he was trying to make a fool of her; she would have thought him cruelly recreant if he had suddenly departed in desperation, and yet she gave him no visible credit for his constancy. Women are said by some authorities to be cruel; I don't know how true this is, but it may at least be pertinent to remark that Mrs. Hudson was very much of a woman. It often seemed to Rowland that he had too decidedly forfeited his freedom, and that there was something positively grotesque in a man of his age and circumstances living in such a moral bondage.

But Mary Garland had helped him before, and she helped him now — helped him not less than he had assured himself she would when he found himself drifting to Florence. Yet her help was rendered in the same unconscious, unacknowledged fashion as before; there was no explicit change in their relations. After that distressing scene in Rome which had immediately preceded their departure, it was of course impossible that there should not be on Miss Garland's part some frankness of allusion to Roderick's sad condition. She had been present, the reader will remember, during only half of his unsparing confession, and Rowland had not seen her confronted with any absolute proof of Roderick's passion for Christina Light. But he knew

that she knew far too much for her happiness; Roderick had told him, shortly after their settlement at the Villa Pandolfini, that he had had a "tremendous talk" with his cousin. Rowland asked no questions about it; he preferred not to know what had passed between them. If their interview had been purely painful, he wished to ignore it for Miss Garland's sake, and if it had sown the seeds of reconciliation, he wished to close his eyes to it for his own—for the sake of that unshaped idea, forever dismissed and yet forever present, which hovered in the background of his consciousness, with a hanging head, as it were, and yet an unshamed glance, and whose lightest motions were an effectual bribe to patience. Was the engagement broken? Rowland wondered, yet without asking. But it hardly mattered, for if, as was more than probable, Miss Garland had peremptorily released her cousin, her own heart had by no means recovered its liberty. It was very certain to Rowland's mind that if she had given him up she had by no means ceased to care for him passionately, and that, to exhaust her charity for his weaknesses, Roderick would have, as the phrase is, a long row to hoe. She spoke of Roderick as she might have done of a person suffering from a serious malady which demanded much tenderness; but if Rowland had found it possible to accuse her of dishonesty he would have said now that she believed appreciably less than she pretended to in her victim's being an involuntary patient. There are women whose love is caretaking and patronizing, and who rather prefer a weak man because he gives them a comfortable sense of strength. It did not in the least please Rowland to believe that Mary Garland was one of these; for he held that such women were only males in petticoats, and he was convinced that Miss Garland's heart was constructed after the most perfect feminine model. That she was a very different woman from Christina Light did not at all prove that she was less a woman, and if the Princess Casamassima had gone up into a high place to publish her disrelish of a man who lacked the virile will, it was

very certain that Mary Garland was not a person to put up, at any point, with what might be called the princess's leaveings. It was Christina's constant practice to remind you of the complexity of her character, of the subtlety of her mind, of her troublous faculty of seeing everything in a dozen different lights. Mary Garland had never pretended not to be simple; but Rowland had a theory that she had really a more multitudinous sense of human things, a more delicate imagination, and a finer instinct of character. She did you the honors of her mind with a grace far less regal, but was not that faculty of quite as remarkable an adjustment? If in poor Christina's strangely commingled nature there was circle within circle, and depth beneath depth, it was to be believed that Mary Garland, though she did not amuse herself with dropping stones into her soul, and waiting to hear them fall, laid quite as many sources of spiritual life under contribution. She had believed Roderick was a fine fellow when she bade him farewell beneath the Northampton elms, and this belief, to her young, strenuous, concentrated imagination, had meant many things. If it was to grow cold, it would be because disenchantment had become total and won the battle at each successive point.

Miss Garland had even in her face and carriage something of the preoccupied and wearied look of a person who is watching at a sick-bed; Roderick's broken fortunes, his dead ambitions, were a cruel burden to the heart of a girl who had believed that he possessed "genius," and supposed that genius was to one's spiritual economy what full pockets were to one's domestic. And yet, with her, Rowland never felt, as with Mrs. Hudson, that undercurrent of reproach and bitterness toward himself, that impertinent implication that he had defrauded her of happiness. Was this justice, in Miss Garland, or was it mercy? The answer would have been difficult, for she had almost let Rowland feel before leaving Rome that she liked him well enough to forgive him an injury. It was partly, Rowland fancied, that there were occasional lapses, deep and sweet, in her

sense of injury. When, on arriving at Florence, she saw the place Rowland had brought them to in their trouble, she had given him a look and said a few words to him that had seemed not only a remission of guilt but a positive reward. This happened in the court of the villa—the large gray quadrangle, overstretched, from edge to edge of the red-tiled roof, by the soft Italian sky. Mary had felt on the spot the sovereign charm of the place; it was reflected in her deeply intelligent glance, and Rowland immediately accused himself of not having done the villa justice. Miss Garland took a mighty fancy to Florence, and used to look down wistfully at the towered city from the windows and garden. Roderick having now no pretext for not being her cicerone, Rowland was no longer at liberty, as he had been in Rome, to propose frequent excursions to her. Roderick's own invitations, however, were not frequent, and Rowland more than once ventured to introduce her to a gallery or a church. These expeditions were not so blissful, to his sense, as the rambles they had taken together in Rome, for his companion only half surrendered herself to her enjoyment, and seemed to have but a divided attention at her command. Often, when she had begun with looking intently at a picture, her silence, after an interval, made him turn and glance at her. He usually found that if she was looking at the picture still, she was not seeing it. Her eyes were fixed, but her thoughts were wandering, and an image more vivid than any that Raphael or Titian had drawn had superposed itself upon the canvas. She asked fewer questions than before, and seemed to have lost heart for consulting guide-books and encyclopædias. From time to time, however, she uttered a deep, full murmur of contentment. Florence in midsummer was perfectly void of travelers, and the dense little city gave forth its æsthetic aroma with a larger frankness, as the nightingale sings when the listeners have departed. The churches were deliciously cool, but the gray streets were stifling, and the great, dove-tailed polygons of

pavement as hot to the tread as molten lava. Rowland, who suffered from intense heat, would have found all this uncomfortable in solitude; but Florence had never charmed him so completely as during these midsummer strolls with his preoccupied companion. One evening they had arranged to go on the morrow to the Academy. Miss Garland kept her appointment, but as soon as she appeared, Rowland saw that something painful had befallen her. She was doing her best to look at her ease, but her face bore the marks of tears. Rowland told her that he was afraid she was ill, and that if she preferred to give up the visit to Florence he would submit with what grace he might. She hesitated a moment and then said she preferred to adhere to their plan. "I am not well," she presently added, "but it's a moral malady, and in such cases I consider your company beneficial."

"But if I am to be your doctor," said Rowland, "you must tell me how your illness began."

"I can tell you very little. It began with Mrs. Hudson being unjust to me, for the first time in her life. And now I'm already better!"

I mention this incident because it confirmed an impression of Rowland's from which he had derived a certain consolation. He knew that Mrs. Hudson considered her son's ill-regulated passion for Christina Light a very regrettable affair, but he suspected that her manifest compassion had been all for Roderick, and not in the least for Mary Garland. She was fond of the young girl, but she had valued her primarily, during the last two years, as a kind of assistant priestess at Roderick's shrine. Roderick had honored her by asking her to become his wife, but that poor Mary had any rights in consequence, Mrs. Hudson was quite incapable of perceiving. Her sentiment on the subject was of course not very vigorously formulated, but she was unprepared to admit that Miss Garland had any ground for complaint. Roderick was very unhappy; that was enough, and Mary's duty was to join her patience and her prayers to those of

his doting mother. Roderick might fall in love with whom he pleased; no doubt that women trained in the mysterious Roman arts were only too proud and too happy to make it easy for him; and it was very presuming in poor, plain Mary to feel any personal resentment. Mrs. Hudson's philosophy was of too narrow a scope to suggest that a mother may forgive where a mistress cannot, and she thought herself greatly aggrieved that Miss Garland was not so disinterested as herself. She was ready to drop dead in Roderick's service, and she was quite capable of seeing her companion falter and grow faint, without a tremor of compunction. Mary, apparently, had given some intimation of her belief that if constancy is the flower of devotion, reciprocity is the guarantee of constancy, and Mrs. Hudson had rebuked her failing faith and called it cruelty. That Miss Garland had found it hard to reason with Mrs. Hudson, that she suffered deeply from the elder lady's softly bitter imputations, and that, in short, he had companionship in misfortune, — all this made Rowland find a certain luxury in his discomfort.

The party at Villa Pandolfini used to sit in the garden in the evenings, which Rowland almost always spent with them. Their entertainment was in the heavily perfumed air, in the dim, far starlight, in the crenelated tower of a neighboring villa, which loomed vaguely above them in the warm darkness, and in such conversation as depressing reflections allowed. Roderick, clad always in white, roamed about like a restless ghost, silent for the most part, but making from time to time a brief observation, characterized by the most fantastic cynicism. Roderick's contributions to the conversation were indeed always so fantastic that, though half the time they wearied him unspeakably, Rowland made an effort to treat them humorously. With Rowland alone Roderick talked a great deal more; often about things related to his own work, or about artistic and æsthetic matters in general. He talked as well as ever, or even better; but his talk always ended in a torrent of groans

and curses. When this current set in, Rowland straightway turned his back or stopped his ears, and Roderick now witnessed these movements with perfect indifference. When the latter was absent from the star-lit circle in the garden, as often happened, Rowland knew nothing of his whereabouts; he supposed him to be in Florence, but he never learned what he did there. All this was not enlivening, but with an even, muffled tread the days followed each other and brought the month of August to a close. One particular evening at this time was most enchanting; there was a perfect moon, looking so extraordinarily large that it made everything its light fell upon seem small; the heat was tempered by a soft west wind, and the wind was laden with the odors of the early harvest. The hills, the vale of the Arno, the shrunken river, the domes of Florence, were vaguely effaced by the dense moonshine; they looked as if they were melting out of sight like an exorcised vision. Rowland had found the two ladies alone at the villa, and he had sat with them for an hour. He felt absolutely hushed by the solemn splendor of the scene, but he had risked the remark that, whatever life might yet have in store for either of them, this was a night that they would never forget.

"It's a night to remember on one's death-bed!" Miss Garland exclaimed.

"Oh, Mary, how can you!" murmured Mrs. Hudson, to whom this savored of profanity, and to whose shrinking sense, indeed, the accumulated loveliness of the night seemed to have something shameless and defiant.

They were silent after this, for some time, but at last Rowland addressed certain idle words to Miss Garland. She made no reply, and he turned to look at her. She was sitting motionless, with her head pressed to Mrs. Hudson's shoulder, and the latter lady was gazing at him through the silvered dusk with a look which gave a sort of spectral solemnity to the sad, weak meaning of her eyes. She had the air, for the moment, of a little, old malevolent fairy. Miss Garland, Rowland perceived in an in-

stant, was not absolutely motionless; a tremor passed through her figure. She was weeping, or on the point of weeping, and she could not trust herself to speak. Rowland left his place and wandered to another part of the garden, wondering at the motive of her sudden tears. Of women's sobs in general he had a sovereign dread, but these, somehow, gave him a certain pleasure. When he returned to his place Miss Rowland had raised her head and banished her tears. She came away from Mrs. Hudson and they stood for a short time leaning against the parapet.

"It seems to you very strange, I suppose," said Rowland, "that there should be any trouble in such a world as this."

"I used to think," she answered, "that if any trouble came to me I would bear it like a stoic. But that was at home, where things don't speak to us of enjoyment as they do here. Here it is such a mixture; one does n't know what to choose, what to believe. Beauty stands there—beauty such as this night and this place, and all this sad, strange summer, have been so full of—and it penetrates to one's soul and lodges there, and keeps saying that man was not made to suffer, but to enjoy. This place has undermined my stoicism, but—shall I tell you? I feel as if I were saying something sinful—I love it!"

"If it is sinful, I absolve you," said Rowland, "in so far as I have power. We are made, I suppose, both to suffer and to enjoy. As you say, it's a mixture. Just now and here, it seems a peculiarly strange one. But we must take things in turn."

His words had a singular aptness, for he had hardly uttered them when Roderick came out from the house, evidently in his darkest mood. He stood for a moment gazing hard at the view.

"It's a very beautiful night, my son," said his mother, going to him timidly, and touching his arm.

He passed his hand through his hair and let it stay there, clasping his thick locks. "Beautiful?" he cried; "of course it's beautiful! Everything is beautiful; everything is insolent, defi-

ant, atrocious with beauty. Nothing is ugly but me—me and my poor dead brain!"

"Oh, my dearest son," pleaded poor Mrs. Hudson, "don't you feel any better?"

Roderick made no immediate answer; but at last he spoke in a different voice. "I came expressly to tell you that you need n't trouble yourselves any longer to wait for something to turn up. Nothing *will* turn up! It's all over! I said when I came here I would give it a chance. I have given it a chance. Have n't I, eh? Have n't I, Rowland? It's no use; the thing's a failure! Do with me now what you please. I recommend you to set me up there at the end of the garden, and shoot me."

"I feel strongly inclined," said Rowland gravely, "to go and get my revolver."

"Oh, mercy on us, what language!" cried Mrs. Hudson.

"Why not?" Roderick went on. "This would be a lovely night for it, and I should be a lucky fellow to be buried in this garden. But bury me alive, if you prefer. Take me back to Northampton."

"Roderick, will you really come?" cried his mother.

"Oh yes, I'll go! I might as well be there as anywhere—reverting to idiocy and living upon alms. I can do nothing with all this; perhaps I should really like Northampton. If I'm to vegetate for the rest of my days, I can do it there better than here."

"Oh, come home, come home," Mrs. Hudson said, "and we shall all be safe and quiet and happy. My dearest son, come home with your poor mother!"

"Let us go, then, and go quickly!"

Mrs. Hudson flung herself upon his neck for gratitude. "We'll go to-morrow," she cried. "The Lord is very good to me."

Mary Garland said nothing to this; but she looked at Rowland, and her eyes seemed to contain a kind of alarmed appeal. Rowland noted it with exultation, but even without it he would have broken into an eager protest.

"Are you serious, Roderick?" he demanded.

"Serious? of course not! How can a man with a crack in his brain be serious? how can a muddle-head reason? But I'm not jesting, either; I can no more make jokes than utter oracles!"

"Are you willing to go home?"

"Willing? God forbid! I'm simply amenable to force; if my mother chooses to take me, I won't resist. I can't! I've come to that!"

"Let me resist, then," said Rowland.

"Go home as you are now? I can't stand by and see it."

It may have been true that Roderick had lost his sense of humor, but he scratched his head with a gesture that was almost comical in its effect. "You are a queer fellow! I should think I would disgust you horribly."

"Stay another year," Rowland simply said.

"Doing nothing?"

"You *shall* do something. I'm responsible for your doing something."

"To whom are you responsible?"

Rowland, before replying, glanced at Miss Garland, and his glance made her speak quickly. "Not to me!"

"I'm responsible to myself," Rowland declared.

"My poor, dear fellow!" said Roderick.

"Oh, Mr. Mallet, are n't you satisfied?" cried Mrs. Hudson, in the tone in which Niobe may have addressed the avenging archers, after she had seen her eldest-born fall. "It's out of all nature keeping him here. When we're in a poor way, surely our own dear native land is the place for us. Do leave us to ourselves, sir!"

This just failed of being a dismissal in form, and Rowland bowed his head to it. Roderick was silent for some moments; then, suddenly, he covered his face with his two hands. "Take me at least out of this terrible Italy," he cried, "where everything mocks and reproaches and torments and eludes me!

Take me out of this land of impossible beauty and put me in the midst of ugliness. Set me down where nature is coarse and flat, and men and manners are vulgar. There must be something awfully ugly in Germany. Pack me off there!"

Rowland answered that if he wished to leave Italy the thing might be arranged; he would think it over and submit a proposal on the morrow. He suggested to Mrs. Hudson in consequence that she should spend the autumn in Switzerland, where she would find a fine tonic climate, plenty of fresh milk, and several *pensions* at three francs and a half a day. Switzerland, of course, was not ugly, but one could not have everything.

Mrs. Hudson neither thanked him nor assented; but she wept and packed her trunks. Rowland had a theory, after the scene which led to these preparations, that Mary Garland was weary of waiting for Roderick to come to his senses, that the faith which had bravely borne his manhood company hitherto, on the tortuous march he was leading it, had begun to believe it had gone far enough. This theory was not vitiated by something she said to him on the day before that on which Mrs. Hudson had arranged to leave Florence.

"Cousin Sarah, the other evening," she said, "asked you to please leave us. I think she hardly knew what she was saying, and I hope you have not taken offense."

"By no means; but I honestly believe that my leaving you would contribute greatly to Mrs. Hudson's comfort. I can be your hidden providence, you know; I can watch you at a distance, and come on the scene at critical moments."

Miss Garland looked for a moment on the ground; and then, with sudden earnestness, "I beg you to come with us!" she said.

It need hardly be added that after this Rowland went with them.

Henry James, Jr.

OF SOME RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

THE assertion has a strange, at first, indeed, almost a harsh and brutal sound, and yet it is unquestionably true, that, so far as the general welfare, the common good of mankind is concerned, few lives are so profitably expended as those of the unfortunate victims of railroad accidents. This, it is true, may not be saying much; for it is a melancholy fact that there are few things of which either nature or man is, as a rule, more lavish than human life; provided always that the methods used in extinguishing it are customary and not unduly obtrusive on the sight and nerves. As a necessary consequence of this wastefulness, it follows also that the results which flow from the extinguishment of the individual life are, as a rule, pitifully small. Any person curious to satisfy himself as to the truth of either or both of these propositions can do so easily enough by visiting those frequent haunts in which poverty and typhoid lurk in company; or yet more easily by a careful study of the weekly bills of mortality as they are issued by the authorities of any great city. Indeed, compared with the massive battalions daily sacrificed in the perpetual conflict which mankind seems forever doomed to wage against intemperance, bad sewerage, and worse ventilation, the victims of regular warfare by sea and land count as but single spies. The worst of it is, too, that if the blood of the martyrs is in these cases at all the seed of the church, it is a seed terribly slow of germination. Each step in the slow progress is a human Golgotha.

It is far otherwise with the victims of railroad disasters; they, at least, do not lose their lives without great and immediate compensating benefits to mankind. After each new railroad "horror," as it is called, the whole world travels with an appreciably increased degree of safety. The causes which led to it are anxiously investigated by ingenious men, new appliances are invented,

new precautions are imposed, a greater and more watchful care is inculcated. And hence it has resulted that each year, and in obvious consequence of each fresh catastrophe, travel by rail has become safer and safer, until it has been said, and with no inconsiderable degree of truth too, that the very safest place into which a man can put himself is the inside of a first-class railroad carriage on a train in full motion.

The study of railroad horrors is, therefore, the furthest possible from being a useless one, and a record of them is hardly less instructive than interesting. If carried too far it is apt, as matter for light reading, to become somewhat monotonous; though, about railroad accidents as about everything else, there is none the less an almost endless variety. Even in the forms of sudden death on the rail, nature seems to take a grim delight in an infinitude of surprises.

With a true dramatic propriety, the ghastly record, which has since grown so long, begins with the opening of the first railroad, literally on the very morning which finally ushered the great system into existence as a successfully accomplished fact, the eventful 15th of September, 1830.

DEATH OF MR. HUSKISSON.

That day had opened upon Liverpool bright and warm; the city was thronged with strangers, while gay and eager crowds lined the new thoroughfare on either side throughout its entire length, from the Mount Olives cut to Manchester. The arrangements were very perfect, and, during its earlier hours, the great gala occasion seemed likely to pass away unmarred by any mishap. A brilliant party, consisting of the directors of the new enterprise and their invited guests, were to pass over the road from Liverpool to Manchester, dine at the latter place, and return to Liverpool in the

afternoon. Their number was large and they filled eight trains of carriages, drawn by as many locomotives. The Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, was the most prominent personage there, and he with his party occupied the state cars, which were drawn by the locomotive *Northumbrian*, upon which George Stephenson himself that day officiated as engineer. In a car of one of the succeeding trains was Mr. William Huskisson, then a member of Parliament for Liverpool and eminent among the more prominent public men of the day as a financier and economist. He had been very active in promoting the construction of the Liverpool & Manchester road, and now that it was completed he had exerted himself greatly to render its opening day a success worthy an enterprise the far-reaching consequences of which he was among the few to appreciate. All the trains had started promptly from Liverpool, and had proceeded gayly along through an ovation of applause until at eleven o'clock they had reached Parkside, seventeen miles upon their journey, where it had been arranged that the locomotives were to replenish their supplies of water. As soon as the trains had stopped, disregarding every caution against their so doing, the excited and joyous passengers left their carriages and mingled together, eagerly congratulating one another upon the unalloyed success of the occasion. Mr. Huskisson, though in poor health and somewhat lame, was one of the most excited of the throng, and among the first to thus expose himself. Presently he caught the eye of the Duke of Wellington, standing at the door of his car. Now it so happened that for some time previous a coolness had existed between the two public men, the duke having as premier, with that military curtness for which he was famed, dismissed Mr. Huskisson from the cabinet of which he had been a member, and that, as was generally considered, without any sufficient cause. There had in fact been a most noticeable absence of courtesy in that ministerial crisis. The two now met face to face for the first time since

the breach between them had taken place, and the duke's manner evinced a disposition to be conciliatory which was by no means usual with that austere soldier. Mr. Huskisson at once responded to the overture, and, going up to the door of the state carriage, he and his former chief shook hands and then entered into conversation. As they were talking, the duke seated in his car and Mr. Huskisson standing between the tracks, the *Rocket* locomotive — the same famous *Rocket* which a year previous had won the five hundred pounds prize, and by so doing established forever the feasibility of rapid steam locomotion — came along upon the other track to take its place at the watering station. It came up slowly and so silently that its approach was hardly noticed; until, suddenly, an alarm was given, and, as every one immediately ran to resume his place, some commotion naturally ensued. In addition to being lame, Mr. Huskisson seemed also under these circumstances to be quite agitated, and, instead of quietly standing against the side of the carriage and allowing the *Rocket* to pass, he nervously tried to get round its open door, which was swinging out across the space between the two tracks in such a way that the approaching locomotive struck it, flinging it back, and at the same time throwing Mr. Huskisson down. He fell on his face in the open space between the tracks, but with his left leg over the inner of the two rails upon which the *Rocket* was moving, so that one of its wheels ran obliquely up the limb of the thigh, crushing it shockingly. As if to render the distressing circumstances of the catastrophe complete, it so happened that the unfortunate man had left his wife's side when he got out of his car, and now he had been flung down before her eyes as he sought to reënter it. He was immediately raised, but he knew that his hurt was mortal, and his first exclamation was, "I have met my death!" He was at once placed on one of the state carriages, to which the *Northumbrian* locomotive was attached, and in twenty-five minutes was carried to *Eccles*, a distance of fifteen

miles, where medical assistance was obtained. He was far beyond its reach, however, and upon the evening of the same day, before his companions of the morning had completed their journey, he was dead.

Necessarily the accident to Mr. Huskisson threw a deep gloom over the remainder of the celebration, and it was, indeed, only with the utmost difficulty that the Duke of Wellington was prevailed upon not at once to return to Liverpool. The party did at last go on, but the day, which in its earlier hours had promised to be so bright and so auspicious, proved in its later hours sad and anxious enough. In the first place, the crowd which thronged along the railroad track was so great as to be wholly beyond control; neither was it a peculiarly good-natured or well-disposed gathering. For just then the public distress and discontent throughout England was greater than it had been within the memory of any man living; and, indeed, even now, it may be fairly questioned whether England ever saw a sadder or more anxious year than that in which the railroad era at last struggled painfully into life. Not unnaturally, in view of his official position and his hard, unyielding character, — set like a flint against any measure of sympathy or reform, — the premier-duke was probably the most unpopular man in the United Kingdom; so now, as the excursionists approached Manchester, the eyes of the prime minister were offended by distasteful mottoes and emblems, while more than once missiles even were thrown at the train. Finally, the directors were very glad to get the ministerial party out of Manchester and back to Liverpool at the cost of a derangement of their entire schedule for the day; nor did the duke subsequently hear Brougham's famous speech, made at the dinner given at Liverpool in honor of the event, in which with such infinite oratorical skill he referred at once to the wonders of the system that day inaugurated and to the catastrophe which had saddened its opening observances.

"When," he said, "I saw the diffi-

culties of space, as it were, overcome; when I beheld a kind of miracle exhibited before my astonished eyes; when I saw the rocks excavated and the gigantic power of man penetrating through miles of the solid mass, and gaining a great, a lasting, an almost perennial conquest over the powers of nature by his skill and industry; when I contemplated all this, was it possible for me to avoid the reflections which crowded into my mind, not in praise of man's great success, not in admiration of the genius and perseverance he had displayed, or even of the courage he had shown in setting himself against the obstacles that matter afforded to his course — no! but the melancholy reflection, that these prodigious efforts of the human race, so fruitful of praise but so much more fruitful of lasting blessings to mankind, have forced a tear from my eye by that unhappy casualty which deprived me of a friend and you of a representative!"

Though wholly attributable to his own carelessness, the death of so prominent a character as Mr. Huskisson, on such an occasion, could not but make a deep impression on the public mind. The fact that the dying man was carried seventeen miles in twenty-five minutes, in search of rest and medical aid, served rather to stimulate the vague apprehension of danger which thereafter associated itself with the new means of transportation, and converted it into a dangerous method of carriage which called for no inconsiderable display of nerve on the part of those using it. Indeed, as respects the safety of travel by rail there is an edifying similarity between the impressions which prevailed in England forty-five years ago and those which prevail in China now; for, when only last year it was proposed to introduce railroads into the Celestial Empire, a vigorous native protest was fulminated against them, in which, among other things scarcely less astounding, it was alleged that "in all countries where railroads exist they are considered a very dangerous mode of locomotion, and, beyond those who have very urgent busi-

ness to transact, no one thinks of using them."

On this subject, however, of the dangers incident to journeys by rail, a writer of nearly half a century back, who has left us one of the earliest descriptions of the Liverpool & Manchester road, thus reassured the public of those days, with a fresh quaintness of style which lends a present value to his words: "The occurrence of accidents is not so frequent as might be imagined, as the great weight of the carriages" (they weighed about one tenth part as much as those now in use in America) "prevents them from easily starting off the rails; and so great is the momentum acquired by these heavy loads moving with such rapidity, that they easily pass over considerable obstacles. Even in those melancholy accidents where loss of life has been sustained, the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, though run over by the wheels, have caused little irregularity in the motion, and the passengers in the carriages have not been sensible that any impediment has been encountered on the road."

Indeed, from the time of Mr. Huskisson's death, during a period of over eleven years, railroads enjoyed a remarkable and most fortunate exemption from accidents. During all that time there did not occur a single disaster resulting in any considerable loss of life. This happy exemption was probably due to a variety of causes. Those early roads were, in the first place, remarkably well and thoroughly built, and were very cautiously operated under a light volume of traffic. The precautions then taken and the appliances in use would, it is true, strike the modern railroad superintendent as both primitive and comical; for instance, they involved the running of independent pilot locomotives in advance of all night passenger trains, and it was, by the way, on a pioneer locomotive of this description, on the return trip of the excursion party from Manchester after the accident to Mr. Huskisson, that the first recorded attempt was made in the direction of our present elaborate system of night sig-

nals. On that occasion obstacles were signaled to those in charge of the succeeding trains by a man on the pioneer locomotive, who used for that purpose a bit of lighted tarred rope. Through all the years between 1830 and 1841, nevertheless, not a single serious railroad disaster had to be recorded. Not that the corporations did not owe the exemption, among other things, to very fortunate and narrow escapes; and, curiously enough, the first accident which was at all serious in its character, which occurred after the death of Mr. Huskisson, was in its circumstances — except as respected loss of life — almost an exact parallel to the famous Revere disaster which happened in Massachusetts in August, 1871. It chanced on the Liverpool & Manchester Railway on the 23d of December, 1832.

THE RAINHILL COLLISION OF 1832.

The second-class morning train had stopped at the Rainhill station to take in passengers, when those upon it heard through the dense fog another train, which had left Manchester forty-five minutes later, coming towards them at a high rate of speed. When it first became visible it was but one hundred and fifty yards off, and a collision was inevitable. Those in charge of the stationary train, however, succeeded in getting it under a slight headway, and in so much diminished the shock of the collision; but the last five carriages were notwithstanding injured, the one at the end being totally demolished. Though quite a number of the passengers were cut and bruised, and several were severely hurt, one only, strange to say, was killed. This result was very different from that experienced by the Massachusetts corporation at Revere nearly forty years later, and, as the circumstances were much the same, it is necessary to conclude that luck varied.

Indeed, the luck — for it was nothing else — of those earlier times was truly amazing. Thus on this same Liverpool & Manchester road, as a first-class train on the morning of April 17, 1836, was

moving at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, an axle broke under the first passenger coach, causing the whole train to leave the track and throwing it down the embankment, which at that point was twenty feet high. The cars were rolled over, and the passengers in them tumbled about topsy-turvy; nor, as they were securely locked in, could they even extricate themselves when at last the wreck of the train reached firm bearings. And yet no one was killed. Here the corporation was saved by one chance in a thousand, and its almost miraculous good fortune received terrible illustration in a disaster which recently occurred on the Great Western Railway under almost precisely similar conditions, — that at Shipton-on-Cherwell, on December 24, 1874.

THE SHIPTON-ON-CHERWELL ACCIDENT.

It was the day immediately preceding Christmas, and every train which at that holiday season leaves London is densely packed, for all England seems then to gather away from its cities to the country hearths. Accordingly, the ten o'clock London express on the Great Western Railway, when it left Oxford that morning, was made up of no less than fifteen passenger carriages and baggage vans, drawn by two powerful locomotives and containing nearly three hundred passengers. About seven miles north of Oxford, as the train, moving at a speed of some thirty to forty miles an hour, was rounding a gentle curve in the approach to the bridge over the little river Cherwell, the tire of one of the wheels of the passenger coach next behind the locomotive broke, throwing it off the track. For a short distance it was dragged along in its place; but almost immediately those in charge of the locomotives noticed that something was wrong, and most naturally, and with the very best of intentions, they instantly did the very worst thing which under the circumstances it was in their power to do: they applied their brakes and reversed their engines; their single thought was

to stop the train. Had locomotives and cars been equipped with the continuous train-brakes now so generally in use in America, this action of the engine drivers would have checked at the same instant the speed of each particular car, and probably any serious catastrophe would have been averted. With the train equipped as it was, however, had these men, instead of crowding on their brakes and reversing their engines, simply shut off their steam, and by a gentle application of the brakes checked the speed gradually, and so as to avoid any strain on the couplings, the cars would probably have held together and remained upon the road-bed. Instead of this, however, the sudden checking of the two ponderous locomotives converted them into an anvil, as it were, upon which the unfortunate leading car, already off the rails, was crushed under the weight and impetus of the succeeding cars. The train instantly zig-zagged in every direction under the pressure, the couplings which connected it together snapping; and the cars, after leaving the rails to the right and left and running down the embankment of about thirteen feet in height, came to a stand-still at last, several of them in the reverse order from that which they had held while in the train. The first carriage was run over and completely destroyed; the five rear ones were alone left upon the road-bed, and of these two only were on the rails; of the ten which went down the embankment, two were demolished. In this disaster thirty-four passengers lost their lives, and sixty-five others, besides four employés of the company, were injured.

These two disasters, divided from each other by the lapse of more than a third of a century, were similar in every respect except loss of life; for, while a surprising immunity in this respect marked the first, the last ranks among the most fatal railroad catastrophes on record. Yet, upon the other hand, it may well be questioned whether the first was not wholly barren of results in so far as any increased safety in travel by rail was concerned; for, like other mortals, railroad officers are apt after some hair-breadth

escape to bless their fortunate stars for the present good, rather than to take anxious heed for future dangers. The English, also, are especially prone to conservatism. In this respect there is, indeed, something almost ludicrously characteristic in the manner with which those interested in the railway management of that country strain at their gnats while they swallow their camels. They have grappled with the great question of city travel with a superb financial and engineering audacity which has left all other communities hopelessly distanced; but, while carrying their passengers under and over the ebb and flow of the Thames and among the chimney-pots of densest London, to leave them on the very steps of the Royal Exchange, they have never been able to devise any satisfactory means for putting the traveler, in case of disaster, in communication with the engineer of his train. It is, indeed, a fact which would be wholly curious were it not partly comical, that, after the ingenuity of all England had for a third of a century exhausted itself in vain efforts at the solution of this tremendous problem, it appeared at the Shipton-on-Cherwell investigation that the associated general managers of the leading railways "did not think that any [such] means of communication was at all required, or likely to be useful or successful." So also as respects the application of the train-brake, which places the speed of each car under the direct and instantaneous control of him who is in charge of the locomotive; for years the success of these brakes has been conceded even by the least progressive of American railroad managers, and the want of them had directly and obviously contributed to the Shipton-on-Cherwell disaster, even if it had not wholly caused its murderous destructiveness; and yet in the investigation which ensued from it, it appeared that the authorities of the Great Western Railway, being eminently "practical men," still entertained "very great doubts of the wisdom of adopting continuous brakes at all." Such conservatism as this is open to but one description of argument, the *ultima*

ratio of railroad logic. So long as luck averts the loss of life in railroad disasters, no occasion is seen for disturbing time-honored precautions or antiquated appliances. While, however, a disaster like that of December 24, 1874, may not convince, it does compel: incredulity and conservatism vanish, silenced, at least, in presence of so frightful a row of corpses as on that morning made ghastly the banks of the Cherwell. The general introduction of train-brakes upon the railways of Great Britain will date from that event.

THE DEODAND.

To return, however, to those earlier years during which wholesale railroad slaughters were as yet unknown. One curious illustration of this fact appeared in the quaint penalty which was, in case of disasters on railways resulting in a loss of human life, imposed upon the corporations. It was a principle of English common law, derived from the feudal period, that anything through the instrumentality of which death occurred was forfeited to the crown as a deodand; accordingly, down to the year 1840, and even later, we find, in all cases where persons were killed, records of deodands levied by the coroner's juries upon the locomotives. These appear to have been arbitrarily imposed and graduated in amount accordingly as circumstances seemed to excite in greater or less degree the sympathies or the indignation of the jury. In November, 1838, for instance, a locomotive exploded upon the Liverpool & Manchester road, killing its engineer and fireman; and for this escapade a deodand of twenty pounds was assessed upon it by the coroner's jury; while upon another occasion, in 1839, where the locomotive struck and killed a man and horse at a street crossing, the deodand was fixed at no less a sum than fourteen hundred pounds, the full value of the engine. Yet in this last case there did not appear to be any circumstances rendering the corporation liable in civil damages. The deodand seems to have been looked upon as a species of rude penalty im-

posed on the use of dangerous appliances, a sharp reminder to the corporations to look closely after their locomotives and employés. As, however, accidents increased in frequency, it became painfully apparent that "crown-er's 'quest law'" was not in any appreciable degree better calculated to command the public respect in the days of Victoria than in those of Elizabeth, and the ancient usage was accordingly at last abolished. Certainly the position of railroad corporations would now be even more hazardous than it is, if, after every catastrophe resulting in death, the coroner's jury of the vicinage enjoyed the power of arbitrarily imposing on them such additional penalty, in addition to all other liabilities, as might seem to it proper under the circumstances of the case.

The period of exemption lasted eleven years, and, curiously enough, the record of great catastrophes opened on the Great Western Railway and upon the 24th of December, a day which seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the annals of that company, seeing that it was likewise the date of the Shipton-on-Cherwell disaster. Upon that day in 1841, a train, while moving through a thick fog at a high rate of speed, came suddenly in contact with a mass of earth which had slid from the embankment at the side on to the track. Instantly the whole rear of the train was piled up on top of the first carriage, which happened to be crowded with passengers, eight of whom were killed on the spot, while seventeen others were more or less injured. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and at the same time, as if to give the corporation a forcible hint to look closer to the condition of its embankments, a deodand of one hundred pounds was levied on the locomotive and tender.

TELESCOPING.

The disaster in this case was due to the telescoping, as it is termed, of cars. That is, the cars are closed up in each other like the slides of a telescope, under

the immense pressure of the instantaneous stopping of a train in rapid motion. This is, upon the whole, the most frightful danger to which travel by rail is liable, and there are but two ways in which provision can be made to meet it. The occurrence of accident may be guarded against through an unsleeping and all-pervading vigilance; or, where it must occur, an equipment may be provided so strong as to be capable of meeting and resisting it. Now, so long as trains go at great speed and depend for their safety on human precaution, it is inevitable that they will occasionally run upon some unexpected obstacle. The simple wonder is that they do this so infrequently. Were it not an accomplished fact, the security in this respect which has been attained would be deemed simply impossible. Though sometimes inevitable, the occurrence of accidents of this description may, however, in the vastly larger proportion of the few instances in which they must occur, be rendered harmless just in proportion as those in charge of a train can reduce its speed, or as the train itself, through its more perfect construction, can resist the pressure of a sudden shock. Improved brakes and stronger and heavier car construction are the great safeguards against telescoping, and the advance made in these respects of late years on the American railroads has been little short of wonderful. This has been due to two inventions, both of which have only recently been brought into general use: the atmospheric train-brake, and what is, from the name of its inventor, known as the Miller platform and buffer. By the first the velocity of the whole train in its every part is placed directly and immediately under the control of its engineer; and by the last the cars of a train are practically converted into one continuous body, in which there are no separate or loosely connected parts to be crushed into each other, or piled on top of each other. Had the train upon the Great Western Railway at Shipton-on-Cherwell, in 1874, been equipped with the continuous train-brake, the worst features of that catastrophe would

certainly have been averted, and it would have been passed over unnoticed as a simple, ordinary case of derailment. Had the cars of which that train was composed, or those of the other train on the same road just thirty-three years before, been built with the Miller platform and buffer, their strength, converting them into substances too hard to be crushed, would in both cases have resisted the shock caused by the sudden stopping of the locomotives.

THE FOXBOROUGH ACCIDENT.

A very apt illustration of what might have been the result in these cases was furnished in an accident, not dissimilar to that at Shipton-on-Cherwell in character, which happened in Massachusetts on the Boston & Providence Railroad upon July 15, 1872. As an express train was running up to Boston about noon of that day, and at a rate of speed of some forty miles an hour, it came in contact with a horse and wagon at a grade crossing in the town of Foxborough. The train was made up of thoroughly well-built cars, equipped with both the Miller platform and the Westinghouse train-brake. There was no time in which to check the speed, and it thus became a simple question of strength of construction, to be tested in an unavoidable collision. The engine struck the wagon, and instantly destroyed it. The horse had already cleared the rails when the wagon was struck, but, a portion of his harness getting caught on the locomotive, he was thrown down and dragged a short distance until his body came in contact with the platform of a station close to the spot of collision. The body was then forced under the cars, having been almost instantaneously rolled and pounded up into a hard, unyielding mass. The results which ensued were certainly very singular. Next to the locomotive was an ordinary baggage and mail car, and it was under this car, and between its forward and its hind truck, that the body of the horse was forced; coming then directly in contact with the truck of the rear wheels, it tore it from its fastenings and

thus let the rear end of the car drop upon the track. In falling, this end snapped the coupling by its weight, and so disconnected the train, the locomotive going off towards Boston dragging this single car, with one end of it bumping along the track. Meanwhile the succeeding car of the train had swept over the body of the horse and the disconnected truck, which were thus brought in contact with its own wheels, which in their turn were also torn off; and so great was the impetus that in this way all of the four passenger cars which composed that part of the train were successively driven clean off their rolling gear, and not only did they then slide off the track, but they crossed a railroad siding which happened to be at that point, went down an embankment some three or four feet in height, demolished a fence, passed into an adjoining field, and then at last, after glancing from the stump of a large oak-tree, they finally came to a stand-still some two hundred feet from the point at which they had left the track. There was not in this case even an approach to telescoping; on the contrary, each car rested perfectly firmly in its place as regarded all the others, not a person was injured, and when the wheelless train at last became stationary the astonished passengers got up and hurried through the doors, the very glass in which as well as that in the windows was unbroken. Here was an indisputable victory of skill and science over accident, showing most vividly to what an infinitesimal extreme the dangers incident to telescoping may be reduced.

THE DIFFERENCE. 1854 AND 1874.

The vast progress in this direction made within twenty years was again even more forcibly illustrated by the results of two accidents almost precisely similar in character, which occurred, the one on the Great Western Railroad of Canada, in October, 1854, the other on the Boston & Albany, in Massachusetts, in October, 1874. In the first case a regular train made up of a locomotive and seven cars, while approach-

ing Detroit at a speed of some twenty miles an hour, ran into a gravel train of fifteen cars which was backing towards it at a speed of some ten miles an hour. The locomotive of the passenger train was thrown completely off the track and down the embankment, dragging after it a baggage car. At the head of the passenger portion of the train were two second-class cars filled with emigrants; both of these were telescoped and demolished, and all their unfortunate occupants either killed or injured. The front of the succeeding first-class car was then crushed in, and a number of those in it were hurt. In all, no less than forty-seven persons lost their lives, while sixty others were maimed or severely bruised. So much for a collision in October, 1854. In October, 1874, on the Boston & Albany road, the regular New York express train, consisting of a locomotive and seven cars, while going during the night at a speed of forty miles an hour, was suddenly, near the Brimfield station, thrown by a misplaced switch into a siding upon which a number of platform freight cars were standing. The train was thoroughly equipped, having both Miller platform and Westinghouse brake. The six seconds which intervened, in the darkness, between notice of displacement and the collision, did not enable the engineer to check perceptibly the speed of his train, and when the blow came it was a simple question of strength to resist. The shock must have been tremendous, for the locomotive and tender were flung off the track to the right and the baggage car to the left, the last being thrown across the interval between the siding and the main track and resting obliquely over the latter. The forward end of the first passenger car was thrown beyond the baggage car up over the tender, and its rear end, as well as the forward end of the succeeding car, was injured. As in the Foxborough case, several of the trucks were jerked out from under the cars to which they belonged, but not a person on the train was more than slightly bruised, the cars were not disconnected, nor was there a suggestion even of telescoping.

Such contrasts are their own best comment.

THE VERSAILLES ACCIDENT IN 1842.

Going back once more to the early days, a third of a century since, before yet the periodical recurrence of slaughters had caused either train-brake or Miller platform to be imagined as possibilities, before, indeed, there was yet any record of what we would now consider a regular railroad field-day, with its long train of accompanying horrors, including in the grisly array death by crushing, scalding, drowning, burning, and impalement, — going back to the year 1840, or thereabouts, we find that the railroad companies experienced a notable illustration of the truth of the ancient adage that it never rains but it pours; for it was then that the long immunity was rudely broken in upon. After that time disasters on the rail seemed to tread upon one another's heels in quick and frightful succession. Within a few months of the English catastrophe of December 24, 1841, there happened in France one of the most famous and most horrible railroad slaughters ever recorded. It took place on the 8th of May, 1842. It was the birthday of the king, Louis Philippe, and, in accordance with the usual practice, the occasion had been celebrated at Versailles by a great display of the fountains. At half past five o'clock these had stopped playing, and a general rush ensued for the trains then about to leave for Paris. That which went by the road along the left bank of the Seine was densely crowded, and was so long that it required two locomotives to draw it. As it was moving at a high rate of speed between Bellevue and Meudon, the axle of the foremost of these two locomotives broke, letting the body of the engine drop to the ground. It instantly stopped, and the second locomotive was then driven by its impetus on top of the first, crushing its engineer and fireman, while the contents of both the fire-boxes were scattered over the roadway and among the *débris*. Three carriages crowded with passengers were then piled on top of this burning mass,

and there crushed together into each other. The doors of the train were all locked, as was then and indeed is still the custom in Europe, and it so chanced that the carriages had all been newly painted. They blazed up like pine kindlings. Some of the carriages were so shattered that a portion of those in them were enabled to extricate themselves, but no less than forty were held fast; and of these such as were not so fortunate as to be crushed to death in the first shock perished hopelessly in the flames before the eyes of a throng of impotent lookers-on. Some fifty-two or fifty-three persons were supposed to have lost their lives in this disaster, and more than forty others were injured; the exact number of the killed, however, could never be ascertained, as the telescoping of the cars on top of the two locomotives had made of the destroyed portion of the train a veritable holocaust of the most hideous description. Not only did whole families perish together, — in one case no less than eleven members of the same family sharing a common fate, — but the remains of such as were destroyed could neither be identified nor separated. In one case a female foot was alone recognizable, while in others the bodies were calcined and fused into an indistinguishable mass. The Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to inquire whether Admiral D'Urville, a distinguished French navigator, was among the victims. His body was thought to be found, but it was so terribly mutilated that it could be recognized only by a sculptor, who chanced some time before to have taken a phrenological cast of his skull. His wife and only son had perished with him.

It is not easy now to conceive the excitement and dismay which this catastrophe caused throughout France. The new invention was at once associated in the minds of an excitable people with novel forms of imminent death. France had at best been laggard enough in its adoption of the new appliance, and now it seemed for a time as if the Versailles disaster was to operate as a barrier in the way of all further railroad develop-

ment. Persons availed themselves of the steam roads already constructed as rarely as possible, and then in fear and trembling, while steps were taken to substitute horse for steam power on other roads then in process of construction.

The disaster was, indeed, one well calculated to make a deep impression on the popular mind, for it lacked almost no attribute of the dramatic and terrible. There were circumstances connected with it, too, which gave it a sort of moral significance, — contrasting so suddenly the joyous return from the country *fête* in the pleasant afternoon of May, with what De Quincey has called the terror of sudden death. It contained a whole homily on the familiar text. As respects the number of those killed and injured, also, the Versailles accident has not often been surpassed; perhaps never in Europe. In this country it was surpassed on one occasion at least, and then under circumstances very similar to it. This was the accident at Camphill station, about twelve miles from Philadelphia, on the 17th of July, 1856, which befell an excursion train carrying some eleven hundred children, who had gone out on a Sunday-school picnic in charge of their teachers and friends.

THE CAMPHILL ACCIDENT.

It was the usual story. The road had but a single track, and the train, both long and heavy, had been delayed and was running behind its schedule time. The conductor thought, however, that the next station could yet be reached in time to meet and there pass a regular train coming towards him. It may have been a miscalculation of seconds, it may have been a difference of watches, or perhaps the regular train was slightly before its time; but, however it happened, as the excursion train, while running at speed, was rounding a reverse curve, it came full upon the regular train, which had just left the station. In those days, as compared with the present, the cars were but egg-shells, and the shock was terrific. The loco-

motives struck each other, and, after rearing themselves up for an instant, it is said, like living animals, fell to the ground, mere masses of rubbish. In any case the force of the shock was sufficient to hurl both engines from the track and lay them side by side at right angles and some distance from it. As only the excursion train happened to be running at speed, it alone had all the impetus necessary for telescoping; three of its cars accordingly closed in upon each other, and the children in them were crushed; as in the Versailles accident, two succeeding cars were driven on to this mass, and then fire was set to the whole from the ruins of the locomotives. It would be hard to imagine anything more thoroughly heart-rending, for the holocaust was of little children on a party of pleasure. Five cars in all were burned, and sixty-six persons perished; the injured numbered more than a hundred.

Of this disaster nothing could be said either in excuse or in extenuation; it was not only one of the worst description, but it was one of that description the occurrence of which is most frequent. An excursion train, while running against time on a single-track road, came in collision with a regular train. The record is full of similar disasters, closing with that at Far Rockaway on the South Side Railroad of Long Island, upon the 5th of July, 1875, with its ten killed and thirty injured. Primarily, of course, the conductors of the excursion trains were at fault in all these cases; nor should it be forgotten that the unfortunate man who had charge of the Camphill train destroyed himself the next day by swallowing arsenic. But in reality, in these and in all similar cases, — both those which have happened and those hereafter surely destined to happen, — the final responsibility does not rest upon the unfortunate or careless subordinate; nor should the weight of punishment be visited upon him. It belongs elsewhere. At this late day no board of directors, nor president, nor superintendent has any right to operate a single-track road without the constant use of the telegraph; and, if they persist in so doing, it should be

under a constant and well understood liability to the penalties for manslaughter. That the telegraph can be used to block, as it is termed, double-track roads, by dividing them into sections, upon no one of which two trains can be running at the same time, is matter of long and daily experience. There is nothing new or experimental about it. It is a system which has been forced on the more crowded lines of the world as an alternative to perennial killings. That in the year 1875, excursion trains should rush along single-track roads and hurl themselves against regular trains is sufficiently incredible; but that such roads should be operated without the constant aid of the telegraph as a means of blocking their tracks for every irregular train indicates a degree of wanton carelessness, or an excess of incompetence, for which adequate provision should be made in the criminal law.

COLLISIONS CAUSED BY THE TELEGRAPH.

And yet, even with the wires in active use, collisions like those at Far Rockaway and at Camphill will occasionally take place. They have sometimes, indeed, even been caused by the telegraph, so that railroad officials at two adjoining stations on the same road, having launched trains at each other beyond recall, have busied themselves while waiting for tidings of the inevitable collision in summoning medical assistance for those sure soon to be injured. In such cases, however, the mishap can almost invariably be traced to some defect in the system under which the telegraph is used; such as a neglect to exact return messages to insure accuracy, or the delegating to inexperienced subordinates the work which can be properly performed only by a principal. This was singularly illustrated in a terrible collision which took place at Thorpe, between Norwich and Great Yarmouth, on the Great Eastern Railway in England, on the 10th of September, 1874. The line had in this place but a single track, and the mail train to Norwich, under the rule,

had to wait at a station called Brundell until the arrival there of the evening express from Yarmouth, or until it received permission by the telegraph to proceed. On the evening of the disaster the express train was somewhat behind its time, and the inspector wrote a dispatch directing the mail to come forward without waiting for it. This dispatch he left in the telegraph office unsigned, while he went to attend to other matters. Just then the express train came along, and he at once allowed it to proceed. Hardly was it under way when the unsigned dispatch occurred to him, and the unfortunate man dashed to the telegraph office only to learn that the operator had forwarded it. Under the rules of the company no return message was required. A second dispatch was instantly sent to Brundell to stop the mail; the reply came back that the mail was gone. A collision was inevitable.

The two trains were of very equal weight, the one consisting of fourteen and the other of thirteen carriages. They were both drawn by powerful locomotives, the drivers of which had reason for putting on an increased speed, believing, as each had cause to believe, that the other was waiting for him. The night was intensely dark and it was raining heavily, so that, even if the brakes were applied, the wheels would slide along the slippery track. Under these circumstances the two trains rushed upon each other round a slight curve which sufficed to obscure their headlights. The combined momentum must have amounted to little less than sixty miles an hour, and the shock was heard through all the neighboring village. The funnel of the locomotive drawing the

mail train was swept away, and the other locomotive seemed to rush on top of it, while the carriages of both trains followed until a mound of locomotives and shattered cars was formed which the descending torrents alone hindered from becoming a funeral pyre. So sudden was the collision that the driver of one of the engines did not apparently have an opportunity to shut off the steam, and his locomotive, though forced from the track and disabled, yet remained some time in operation in the midst of the wreck. In both trains, very fortunately, there were a number of empty cars between the locomotives and the carriages in which the passengers were seated, and they were utterly demolished; but for this fortunate circumstance, the Thorpe collision might well have proved the most disastrous of all railroad accidents. As it was, the men on both the locomotives were instantly killed, together with seventeen passengers, and four other passengers subsequently died of their injuries; making a total of twenty-five deaths, besides fifty cases of injury.

No more violent collision than this at Thorpe probably ever took place; and yet, as curiously illustrating how rapidly the most severe shock expends its force, it is said that two gentlemen in the last carriage of one of the trains, finding themselves suddenly stopped close to their destination, supposed it was for some unimportant cause, and concluded at once to take advantage of such a happy chance by getting out and walking to their homes, which they did, and learned only the next morning of the catastrophe in which they had been unconscious participants.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

GREAT was the general surprise of the dancing class when this large, tall, handsome English girl, of about eighteen, entered the room in a rose-colored silk dress, with very low neck and very short sleeves, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves; her long auburn ringlets and ivory shoulders glancing in the ten o'clock morning sunlight with a sort of incongruous splendor, and her whole demeanor that of the most innocent and modest tranquillity.

Mademoiselle Descuillès shut her book to with a snap, and sat bolt upright and immovable, with eyes and mouth wide open. Young Mr. Guillet blushed purple, and old Mr. Guillet scraped a few interjections on his fiddle and then, putting it down, took a resonant pinch of snuff, by way of restoring his scattered senses.

No observation was made, however, and the lesson proceeded, young Mr. Guillet turning scarlet each time either of his divergent orbs of vision encountered his serenely unconscious full-dressed pupil; which certainly, considering that he was a member of the Grand Opera *corps de ballet*, was a curious instance of the purely conventional ideas of decency which custom makes one accept. The stripping of the bosom and careful covering of the back of the neck and shoulders in the days of our great-grandmothers, who were bare-faced before and shame-faced behind, was a ludicrous exemplification of the same partial sense of decency. It was reserved for the Empress Eugénie to countenance a fashion which, for the first time in historical France, uncovered alike back and bosom and the arms, up to the shoulders and armpits.

This lady, whose strangely checkered fortunes are now part of European history, joined to a peculiarly devout sentiment of religion, such as she conceived and believed it, a passion for dress, which, combined with her "piety,"

must have produced a singularly incongruous medley of influences on the female France over whose modes and morals she held for some eventful years imperial sway. In one of her dressing-rooms she had a set of lay figures or dolls of life-size, upon which she used to study for hours the different effects of different fashions. In her château of Biarritz, whither she retired for summer ease and relaxation, and the grander influences of the rocks and waves of the Atlantic shore, her dressing-room contained a sort of cupola, in which the dress she was about to wear was suspended, so that it might descend upon her person standing beneath, without the *crumpling* intervention of the hands of even the best trained *dame d'atours*. In the Middle Ages such a piece of machinery would have suggested the terrible insecurity of royal life, and a device to escape the chances of assassination which the throwing of a mass of drapery over the head and shoulders might favor; in the nineteenth century, it testified to the desire of a great princess that her gown should be put upon her "*sans faire un pli*." The princes of the house of Orleans preserved at Claremont, in the sketch-books they brought back from some early tours in Spain, spirited portraits, from nature, of the *séduisante* Eugénie de Teba, in every variety of Spanish national costume. After their expulsion and exile from France, and the confiscation of their property by Louis Napoleon, these sketches of his wife, then Empress of the French, continued to adorn their portfolios, with curious reminiscences of gay riding parties, in which she, in her picturesque costume, was always the principal figure. After Louis Napoleon's marriage, Lady C— (then still *la grande Mademoiselle*) stayed at the Tuileries during one of her visits to Paris, and among other things my curiosity elicited from her was the confirmation of the general im-

pression that even then, when the empress was young, and undoubtedly beautiful, her face was painted like a mask, not only white and red, but darkened under the eyes, and with the veins on her temples traced in blue on the white enamel with which they were plastered. I remember, when the emperor and empress made their first triumphal visit to England, I asked another friend, who had been present at a royal night at the opera, how the two ladies of France and England looked: "The Empress Eugénie? Oh, *such* a pretty woman! and so beautifully dressed!" "And the queen?" "Very plain, very dowdy; but she looked like a queen." Writing to an English lady, her friend, during her husband's absence with the French army in Italy (it was the campaign of Magenta and Solferino), the empress thus described her anxiety for his fate and fortunes, and her own principal occupation during his danger: "Ah, ma chère, quelle existence! Je ne fais que trembler, et essayer des robes!"

Whatever want of assiduity I may have betrayed in my other studies, there was no lack of zeal for my dancing lessons. I had a perfect passion for dancing, which long survived my school-days, and I am persuaded that my natural vocation was that of an opera dancer. Far into middle life I never saw beautiful dancing without a rapture of enthusiasm, and used to repeat from memory whole dances after seeing Duvernay or Ellsler, as persons with a good musical ear can repeat the airs of the opera first heard the night before. And I remember during Ellsler's visit to America, when I had long left off dancing in society, being so transported with her execution of a Spanish dance called *El Jaleo de Xeres*, that I was detected by my cook, who came suddenly upon me in my store-room, in the midst of sugar, rice, tea, coffee, flour, etc., standing on the tips of my toes, with my arms above my head, in one of the attitudes I had most admired in that striking and picturesque performance. The woman withdrew in speechless amazement, and I alighted on my heels, feeling wonderfully foolish.

How I thought I never should be able to leave off dancing! and so I thought of riding! and so I thought of singing! and could not imagine what life would be like, when I could no more do these things. I was not wrong, perhaps, in thinking it would be difficult to leave them off: I had no conception how easily they would leave me off.

Vastly different from the wild rambles in the flowery valley of the Liane and on the sandy dunes of the sea-shore at Boulogne was the melancholy monotony of our Paris school promenades,—the two-and-two prim procession in the Champs Élysées, then more like the dismal Stygian fields than fields Elysian, in their shabby, untidy, comparative loneliness. For then no fine streets and avenues opened upon them, no smart hotels bordered them. There was no gleaming fountain and blooming shrubbery at the Rond Point to break the long line of road from the Place Louis Quinze to the Barrière de l'Étoile. All the gay and grand pageant of architecture and horticulture that the reign of Louis Napoleon has seen appear and disappear along that broad thoroughfare, lately glittering and glancing with flashing Parisian existence, and still more lately swept bare with a hurricane of ruin by Parisian frenzy, had not begun to diversify the vast space that I remember as stretching from the Élysée Bourbon and the Avenue Marbœuf up to the Arc de Triomphe, a wide solitude of mangy trees and moldy benches. Close to the Barrière de l'Étoile, in those days, still existed a place of public resort called Beaujon, where the famous Montagnes Russes afforded the Parisian cockneys, five-and-forty years ago, an epitome of the experience of the traveler of the present day descending the course of the Fell railway on the southern slope of Mont Cenis.

Varying our processions in the Champs Élysées were less formal excursions in the Jardin du Luxembourg, and as the picture-gallery in the palace was opened gratuitously on certain days of the week, we were allowed to wander through it and form our taste for art among the

samples of the modern French school of painting there collected: the pictures of David, Gérard, Girodet, etc., the Dido and Æneas, the Romulus and Tatius with the Sabine women interposing between them, Hippolytus before Theseus and Phædra, Atala being laid in her grave by her lover, — compositions with which innumerable engravings have made England familiar, — the theatrical conception and hard coloring and execution of which (compensated by masterly grouping and incomparable drawing) did not prevent their striking our uncritical eyes with delighted admiration, and making this expedition to the Luxembourg one of my favorite afternoon recreations. These pictures are now all in the gallery of the Louvre, illustrating the school of art of the consulate and early empire of Bonaparte.

Another favorite promenade of ours, and the one that I preferred even to the hero-worship of the Luxembourg, was the Parc Monceaux. This estate, the private property of the Orleans family, confiscated by Louis Napoleon and converted into a whole new *quartier* of his new Paris, with splendid streets and houses, and an exquisite public flower-garden in the midst of them, was then a solitary and rather neglected *Jardin Anglais* (so called), or park, surrounded by high walls and entered by a small wicket, the porter of which required a permit of admission before allowing ingress to the domain. I remember never seeing a single creature but ourselves in the complete seclusion of this deserted pleasure. It had grass and fine trees and winding walks, and little brooks fed by springs that glimmered in cradles of moss-grown, antiquated rock-work; no flowers or semblance of cultivation, but a general air of solitude and wildness that recommended it especially to me and recalled as little as possible the great, gay city which surrounded it.

My real holidays, however (for I did not go home during the three years I spent in Paris), were the rare and short visits my father paid me while I was at school. At all other seasons Paris might have been Patagonia for anything I saw

or heard or knew of its brilliant gayety and splendid variety. But during those holidays of his and mine, my enjoyment and his were equal, I verily believe, though probably not (as I then imagined) perfect. Pleasant days of joyous *camaraderie* and *flânerie*! — in which everything, from being new to me, was almost as good as new to my indulgent companion: the Rue de Rivoli, the Tuileries, the Boulevard, the Palais Royal, the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the Café Riche, the dinner in the small *cabinet* at the Trois Frères, or the Cadran Bleu, and the evening climax of the theatre on the Boulevard, where Philippe, or Léontine Fay, or Poitier and Brunet, made a school of dramatic art of the small stages of the Porte St. Martin, the Variétés, and the Vaudeville.

My father's days in Paris, in which he escaped from the hard labor and heavy anxiety of his theatrical life of actor, manager, and proprietor, and I from the dull routine of school-room studies and school-ground recreations, were pleasant days to him, and golden ones in my girlish calendar. I remember seeing, with him, a piece called *Les deux Sergens*, a sort of modern *Damon and Pythias*, in which the heroic friends are two French soldiers, and in which a celebrated actor of the name of Philippe performed the principal part. He was the predecessor and model of Frédéric Lemaitre, who, himself infinitely superior to his pupil and copyist, Mr. Fechter (who has achieved so much reputation by a very feeble imitation of Lemaitre's most remarkable parts), was not to be compared with Philippe in the sort of sentimental melodrama of which *Les deux Sergens* was a specimen.

This M. Philippe was a remarkable man, not only immensely popular for his great professional merit, but so much respected for an order of merit not apt to be enthusiastically admired by Parisians, — that of a moral character and decent life, — that at his funeral a very serious riot occurred in consequence of the received opinion and custom of the day, refusing to allow him to be buried in

consecrated ground; the profane player's calling, in the year of grace 1823, or thereabouts, being still one which disqualified its followers for receiving the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore, of course, for claiming Christian burial. The general feeling of the Parisian public, however, was in this case too strong for the ancient anathema of the church. The Archbishop of Paris was obliged to give way, and the dead body of the worthy actor was laid in the sacred soil of Père la Chaise. I believe that since that time the question has never again been debated, nor am I aware that there is any one more peculiarly theatrical cemetery than another in Paris.

In a letter of Talma's to Charles Young upon my uncle John's death, he begs to be numbered among the subscribers to the monument about to be erected to Mr. Kemble in Westminster Abbey; adding the touching remark, "Pour moi, je serai heureux si les prêtres me laissent enterrer dans un coin de mon jardin."

The excellent moral effect of this species of class prejudice is admirably illustrated by an anecdote I have heard my mother tell. One evening when she had gone to the Grand Opera with M. Jouy, the wise and witty *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, talking with him of the career and circumstances of the young ballet women (she had herself, when very young, been a dancer on the English stage), she wound up her various questions with this: "Et y en a-t-il qui sont filles de bonne conduite? qui sont sages?" "Ma foi!" replied the *Hermite*, shrugging his shoulders, "elles auraient grand tort; personne n'y croirait."

A charming vaudeville called *Michel et Christine*, with that charming actress, Madame Alan Dorval, for its heroine, was another extremely popular piece at that time, which I went to see with my father. The time of year at which he was able to come to Paris was unluckily the season at which all the large theatres were closed. Nevertheless by some happy chance I saw one performance at

the Grand Opera of that great dancer and actress, Bigottini, in the ballet of the *Folle par Amour*; and I shall never forget the wonderful pathos of her acting and the grace and dignity of her dancing. Several years after, I saw Madame Pasta in Paisiello's pretty opera of the *Nina Pazza*, on the same subject, and hardly know to which of the two great artists to assign the palm in their different expression of the love-crazed girl's despair.

I also saw several times, at this period of his celebrity, the inimitable comic actor, Poitier, in a farce called *Les Danaïdes* that was making a furor; a burlesque upon a magnificent mythological ballet produced with extraordinary splendor of decoration at the Académie Royale de Musique, and of which this travesty drew all Paris in crowds; and certainly anything more ludicrous than Poitier as the wicked old King Danaus, with his fifty daughters, it is impossible to imagine.

The piece was the broadest and most grotesque quiz of the "grand genre classique et héroïque," and was almost the first of an order of entertainments which have gone on increasing in favor up to the present day of universally triumphant parody and burlesque, by no means as laughable and by no means as unobjectionable. Indeed, farcical to the broadest point as was that mythological travesty of *The Danaïdes*, it was the essence of decency and propriety compared with *La grande Duchesse*, *La belle Hélène*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Biche au Bois*, *Le petit Faust*, and all the vile succession of indecencies and immoralities that the female good society of England in these latter years has delighted in witnessing, without the help of the mask which enabled their great-grandmothers to sit out the plays of Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar, chaste and decorous in their crude coarseness, compared with the French operatic burlesques of the present day.

But by far the most amusing piece in which I recollect seeing Poitier was one in which he acted with the equally celebrated Brunet, and in which they both

represented English women, — Les Anglaises pour Rire.

The Continent was then just beginning to make acquaintance with the traveling English, to whom the downfall of Bonaparte had opened the gates of Europe, and who then began, as they have since continued, in ever-increasing numbers, to carry amazement and amusement from the shores of the Channel to those of the Mediterranean, by their wealth, insolence, ignorance, and cleanliness.

Within the last twenty years, indeed, the lustre of their peculiarities has been somewhat dimmed by some of the same and even more astonishing ones of their worthy descendants and successors, the traveling Americans. The merits of both sets of visitors have been amiably summed up by our epigrammatic friends: "Otez du gentilhomme tout ce qui le rend aimable, vous avez l'Anglais: otez de l'Anglais tout ce qui le rend supportable, vous avez l'Américain." In spite of which severe sentence l'Anglais and l'Américain, especially of the feminine gender, continue to rush abroad and revel in Paris.

Les Anglaises pour Rire was a caricature (if such a thing were possible) of the English female traveler of that period. Coal-scuttle, poke bonnets, short and scanty skirts, huge splay feet arrayed in indescribable shoes and boots, short-waisted, tight-fitting spencers, colors which not only swore at each other, but caused all beholders to swear at them, — these were the outward and visible signs of the British fair of that day. To these were added, in this representation of them by these French appreciators of their attractions, a mode of speech in which the most ludicrous French in the most barbarous accent was uttered in alternate bursts of loud abruptness and languishing drawl. Suddenly, grotesque playfulness was succeeded by equally sudden and grotesque bashfulness; now an eager intrepidity of wild enthusiasm defying all decorum, and then a sour, severe reserve, full of angry and terrified suspicion of imaginary improprieties. Tittering shyness, all giggle-gaggle and blush;

stony and stolid stupidity impenetrable to a ray of perception; awkward, angular postures and gestures, and jerking saltatory motions; Brobdingnag strides and straddles, and kittenish frolics and friskings; sharp, shrill little whinnying squeals and squeaks followed by lengthened, sepulchral "O-h's," all formed together such an irresistibly ludicrous picture as made Les Anglaises pour Rire of Poitier and Brunet one of the most comical pieces of acting I have seen in all my life.

Mrs. Rowden's establishment in Hans Place had been famous for occasional dramatic representations by the pupils; and though she had become in her Paris days what in the religious jargon of that day was called serious, or even methodistical, she winked at, if she did not absolutely encourage, sundry attempts of a similar sort which her Paris pupils got up.

Once it was a vaudeville composed expressly in honor of her birthday by the French master, in which I had to sing, with reference to her, the following touching tribute, to a well-known vaudeville tune: —

"C'est une mère!
Qui a les premiers droits sur nos cœurs?
Qui partage, d'une ardeur sincère,
Et nos plaisirs et nos douleurs?
C'est une mère!"

I suppose this trumpery was stamped upon my brain by the infinite difficulty I had in delivering it gracefully, with all the point and all the pathos the author assured me it contained, at Mrs. Rowden, surrounded by her friends and guests, and not suggesting to me the remotest idea of *my* mother or anybody else's mother.

After this we got up Madame de Genlis' little piece of L'Isle Heureuse, in which I acted the accomplished and conceited princess who is so judiciously rejected by the wise and ancient men of the island, in spite of the several foreign tongues she speaks fluently, in favor of the tender-hearted young lady who, in defiance of all sound systems of political and social economy, always walks about attended by the poor of the island in a body, to whom she distrib-

utes food and clothes in a perpetual stream of charity, and whose prayers and blessings lift her very properly to the throne, while the other young woman is left talking to all the ambassadors in all their different languages at once.

Our next dramatic attempt came to a disastrous and premature end. I do not know who suggested to us the witty and clever little play of Roxelane; the versification of the piece is extremely easy and graceful, and the preponderance of female characters and convenient Turkish costume, of turbans and caftans and loose, voluminous trousers, had appeared to us to combine various advantages for our purpose. Mademoiselle Descuillès had consented to fill the part of Solymán, the magnificent and charming Sultan, and I was to be the saucy French heroine, "*dont le nez en l'air semble narguer l'amour,*" the *sémillante* Roxelane. We had already made good progress in the only difficulty our simple appreciation of matters dramatic presented to our imagination, the committing the words of our parts to memory, when Mrs. Rowden, from whom all our preparations on such occasions were kept sacredly secret, lighted upon the copy of the play, with all the MS. marks and directions for our better guidance in the performance; and great were our consternation, dismay, and disappointment when, with the offending pamphlet in her hand, she appeared in our midst and indignantly forbade the representation of any such piece, after the following ejaculatory fashion, and with an accent difficult to express by written signs: "*May, commang! maydemosels, je suis atonnay! May! commang! Mademosel Descuillès, je suis surprise! Kesse ke say! vous permattay maydemosels être lay filles d'ung seraglió! je ne vou pau! je vous defang! je suis biang atonnay!*" And so she departed, with our prompter's copy, leaving us rather surprised, ourselves, at the unsuspected horror we had been about to perpetrate, and Mademoiselle Descuillès shrugging her shoulders and smiling, and not probably quite convinced of the criminality of a piece of which the heroine, a pretty Frenchwoman, revolutionizes the Otto-

man Empire by inducing her Mahometan lover to dismiss his harem and confine his affections to her, whom he is supposed to marry after the most orthodox fashion possible in those parts.

Rossini has partly embodied the same story in his opera *L'Italiana in Algeri*, of which, however, the heroine is naturally his own countrywoman.

Our dramatic ardor was considerably damped by this event, and when next it revived, our choice could not be accused of levity. Our aim was infinitely more ambitious, and our task more arduous. Racine's *Andromaque* was selected for our next essay in acting, and was, I suppose, pronounced unobjectionable by the higher authorities. Here, however, our main stay and support, Mademoiselle Descuillès, interposed a very peculiar difficulty. She had very good-naturedly learned the part of Solymán, in the other piece, for us, and whether she resented the useless trouble she had had on that occasion, or disliked that of committing several hundred of Racine's majestic verses to memory, I know not; but she declared that she would only act the part of Pyrrhus, which we wished her to fill, if we would read it aloud to her till she knew it, while she worked at her needle. Of course we had to accept any condition she chose to impose upon us, and so we all took it by turns, whenever we saw her industrious fingers flying through their never-ending task, to seize up Racine and begin pouring her part into her ears. She actually learned it so, and our principal difficulty after so teaching her was to avoid mixing up the part of Pyrrhus, which we had acquired by the same process, with every other part in the play.

The dressing of this classical play was even more convenient than our contemplated Turkish costume could have been. A long white skirt drawn round the waist, a shorter one, with slits in it for arm-holes, drawn round the neck by way of tunic, with dark blue or scarlet Greek pattern border, and ribbon of the same color for girdle, and sandals, formed a costume that might have made Rachel or Ristori smile, but which satisfied all

our conceptions of antique simplicity and grace; and so we played our play.

Mademoiselle Descuillès was Pyrrhus; a tall blonde, with an insipid face and good figure, Andromaque; Elizabeth P——, my admired and emulated superior in all things, Oreste (not superior, however, in acting; she had not the questionable advantage of dramatic blood in her veins); and myself, Hermione (in the performance of which I very presently gave token of mine). We had an imposing audience, and were all duly terrified, became hoarse with nervousness, swallowed raw eggs to clear our throats, and only made ourselves sick with them as well as with fright. But at length it was all over; the tragedy was ended, and I had electrified the audience, my companions, and, still more, myself; and so, to avert any ill effects from this general electrification, Mrs. Rowden thought it wise and well to say to me, as she bade me good night, "Ah, my dear, I don't think your parents need ever anticipate your going on the stage; you would make but a poor actress." And she was right enough. I did make but a poor actress, certainly, though that was not for want of natural talent for the purpose, but for want of cultivating it with due care and industry. At the time she made that comment upon my acting I felt very well convinced, and have since had good reason to know, that my school-mistress thought my performance a threat, or promise (I know not which to call it), of decided dramatic power, as I believe it was.

That was the last of our school plays, the excitement produced by which may have suggested to our worthy teacher an anecdote with which she not long after enlivened our evening religious exercises at bed-time. She generally read us some book of devotion before prayers, and on this occasion she selected the following story: A fashionable lady, extremely fond of the theatre, was one day expatiating with great vivacity, to the Rev. Dr. Somebody, upon all the delights she derived from going to the play. "First, you know, doctor," said the lively lady, "there is the pleasure of anticipation,

then the delight of the performance, and then the enjoyment of the recollection!" "Add to which, madam," said the amiable divine, "the pleasure you will derive from all these pleasures on your death-bed." This was rather a powerful piece of sensational religionism for a lady the solitary ornament of whose drawing-room was John Kemble as Coriolanus; and I remember feeling not *shocked*, English, but *choquée*, French, at this implied condemnation of the vocation of my whole family. I believe Mrs. Rowden had taken fright at my performance of Hermione, and judged it expedient to extinguish, by as much cold water as she could throw upon it, any incipient taste I might entertain for the stage. With this performance of Andromaque, however, all such taste, if it ever existed, evaporated, and though a few years afterward the stage became my profession, it was the very reverse of my inclination. I adopted the career of an actress with as strong a dislike to it as was compatible with my exercising it at all.

I now became acquainted with all Racine's and Corneille's plays, from which we were made to commit to memory the most remarkable passages; and I have always congratulated myself upon having become familiar with all these fine compositions before I had any knowledge whatever of Shakespeare. Acquaintance with his works might, and I suppose certainly would, have impaired my relish for the great French dramatists, whose tragedies, noble and pathetic in spite of the stiff formality of their construction, the bald rigidity of their adherence to the classic unities, and the artificial monotony of the French heroic rhymed verse, would have failed to receive their due appreciation from a taste and imagination already familiar with the glorious freedom of Shakespeare's genius. As it was, I learned to delight extremely in the dignified pathos and stately tragic power of Racine and Corneille, in the tenderness, refinement, and majestic vigorous simplicity of their fine creations, and possessed a treasure of intellectual enjoyment in their plays, before opening the first page of that wonderful volume

which contains at once the history of human nature and human existence.

After I had been about a year and a half at school, Mrs. Rowden left her house in the Rue d'Angoulême and moved to a much finer one at the very top of the Champs Élysées, a large, substantial stone mansion within lofty iron gates and high walls of inclosure. It was the last house on the left-hand side within the Barrière de l'Étoile, and stood on a slight eminence and back from the Avenue des Champs Élysées by some hundred yards. For many years after I had left school, on my repeated visits to Paris, the old stone house bore on its gray front the large "Institution de jeunes Demoiselles" which betokened the unchanged tenor of its existence. But the rising tide of improvement has at length swept it away, and modern Paris has rolled over it and its place remembers it no more. It was a fine old house, roomy, airy, bright, sunny, cheerful, with large apartments and a capital play-ground, formed by that old-fashioned device, a quincunx of linden-trees, under whose shade we carried on very Amazonian exercises, fighting having become one of our favorite recreations.

This house was said to have belonged to Robespierre at one time, and a very large and deep well in one corner of the play-ground was invested with a horrid interest in our imaginations by tales of *noyades* on a small scale, supposed to have been perpetrated in its depths by his orders. This charm of terror was, I think, rather a gratuitous addition to the attractions of this uncommonly fine well; but undoubtedly it added much to the fascination of one of our favorite amusements, which was throwing into it the heaviest stones we could lift and rushing to the farthest end of the play-ground, which we sometimes reached before the resounding *bumps* from side to side ended in a sullen splash into the water at the bottom. With our removal to the Barrière de l'Étoile the direction of our walks altered, and our visits to the Luxembourg Gardens and the Parc Monceaux were exchanged for expeditions to the Bois de Boulogne; then how different from the

charming pleasure-ground of Paris which it became under the reforming taste and judgment of Louis Napoleon!

Between the back of our play-ground and the village suburb of Chaillot scarcely a decent street or even house then existed; there was no splendid Avenue de l'Impératrice, with bright villas standing on vivid carpets of flowers and turf. Our way to the "wood" was along the dreariest of dusty high-roads, bordered with mean houses and disreputable-looking *estaminets*; and the Bois de Boulogne itself, then undivided from Paris by the fortifications which subsequently encircled the city, was a dismal network of sandy avenues and *carrefours*, traversed in every direction by straight, narrow, gloomy paths, a dreary wilderness of low thickets and tangled copsewood.

There were no bright sparkling basins with gay kiosks and *châlets* on their shores, and fleets of pretty boats with fluttering pennons disputing the smooth surface with the graceful swans; no vast, brilliant concourse of flashing equipages, vying with each other in the splendor of their horses, their harness, and servants' liveries; no throngs of exquisitely dressed women sauntering or sitting in the shade; no scene of magical enchantment, when with the approach of twilight the water reflected the flying images of hundreds of carriages pursuing each other in glittering procession along the banks. None of the wonderful pageant of gay magnificence enlivened it, which the last years of the late empire displayed there, and the recollection of which, rising like a splendid vision from the rather melancholy solitude of my still earlier impressions, adds so inexpressibly to the horror of the desolation which has within the past few years torn and defaced that beautiful pleasure-ground, and turned its bright avenues and inviting shades into the field of carnage of Frenchmen slaughtering Frenchmen under the contemptuous gaze of foreign soldiers, their more merciful enemies.

I have said that I never returned home during my three years' school life in Paris;

but portions of my holidays were spent with a French family, kind friends of my parents, who received me as an *enfant de la maison* among them. They belonged to the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paris. Mr. A—— had been in some business, I believe, but when I visited him he was living as a small *rentier* in a pretty little house on the main road from Paris to Versailles.

It was just such a residence as Balzac describes with such minute finish in his scenes of Parisian and provincial life: a sunny little *maisonnette*, with green *jalousies*, a row of fine linden-trees clipped into arches in front of it, and behind, the trim garden with its wonderfully productive dwarf *espaliers*, full of delicious pears and Renée Claudes (that queen of amber-tinted, crimson-freckled greengages), its apricots, as fragrant as flowers, and its glorious, spice-breathing carnations.

The mode of life and manners of these worthy people were not refined or elegant, but essentially hospitable and kind; and I enjoyed the sunny freedom of my holiday visits to them extremely. The marriage of their daughter opened to me a second Parisian home of the same class, but with greater pretensions to social advantages, derived from the great city in the centre of which it stood.

I was present at the celebration of Caroline A——'s marriage to one of the head masters of a first-class boarding-school for boys, of which he subsequently became the principal director. It was in the Rue de Clichy, and thither the bride departed after a jolly, rollicking, noisy wedding, beginning with the religious solemnization at church and procession to the *mairie*, for due sanction of the civil authorities, and ending with a bountiful, merry, early afternoon dinner, and the not over-refined ancient custom of the distribution of the *jarretière de la mariée*. The jarretière was a white satin ribbon tied at a discreet height above the bride's ankle, and removed thence by the best man and cut into pieces, for which an animated scramble took place among the male

guests, each one who obtained a piece of the white favor immediately fastening it in his button-hole. Doubtless, in earlier and coarser times, it was the bride's real garter that was thus distributed, and our elegant white and silver rosettes are the modern representatives of this primitive wedding "favor," which is a relic of ages when both in England and in France usages obtained at the noblest marriages which would be tolerated by no class in either country now;

"When bluff King Hal the stocking threw,
And Katharine's hand the curtain drew."

I have a distinct recollection of the merry uproar caused by this ceremony, and of the sad silence that fell upon the little, sunny dwelling when the new-married pair and all the guests had returned to Paris, and I helped poor Madame A—— and her old *cuisinière* and *femme de charge*, both with tearful eyes, to replace the yellow *velours d'Utrecht* furniture in its accustomed position on the shiny *parquet* of the best *salon*, with the slippery little bits of foot-rugs before the empty *bergères* and *canapés*.

My holidays after this time were spent with M. and Madame R——, in whose society I remember frequently seeing a literary man of the name of Pélassier, a clever writer, a most amusing talker, and an admirable singer of Béranger's songs.

Another visitor at their house was M. Rio, the eminent member of the French ultramontane party, the friend of Lammenais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, the La Ferronays, the hero of the Jeune Vendée, the learned and devout historian of Christian art. I think my friend M. R—— was a Breton by birth, and that was probably the tie between himself and his remarkable Vendéan friend, whose tall, commanding figure, dark complexion, and powerful black eyes gave him more the appearance of a Neapolitan or Spaniard, than of a native of the coast of ancient Armorica. M. Rio was then a young man, and probably in Paris for the first time, at the beginning of the literary career of which he has furnished so interesting a sketch

in the autobiographical volumes which form the conclusion of his *Histoire de l'Art Chrétien*. Five-and-twenty years later, while, passing my second winter in Rome, I heard of M. Rio's arrival there, and of the unbounded satisfaction he expressed at finding himself in the one place where no restless wheels beat time to, and no panting chimneys breathed forth the smoke of the vast, multiform industry of the nineteenth century; where the sacred stillness of unprogressive conservatism yet prevailed undisturbed. Gas had, indeed, been introduced in the English quarter; but M. Rio could shut his eyes when he drove through that, and there still remained darkness enough elsewhere for those who loved it better than light. Matters are going worse for them now, and the new brooms that sweep clean in the hands of Victor Emmanuel's government threaten to destroy forever the odor of sanctity which still, in 1852, pervaded pontifical Rome. Dirt and darkness, indeed, have almost ceased to be distinguishing characteristics of the Catholic capital of the world; and there are English men and women who deplore their expulsion as though they were the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace no longer to be found in Rome.

During one of my holiday visits to M. R——, a ball was given at his young gentlemen's school, to which I was taken by him and his wife. It was my very first ball, and I have a vivid recollection of my white muslin frock and magnificent *ponceau* sash. At this festival I was introduced to a lad with whom I was destined to be much more intimately acquainted in after years as one of the best amateur actors I ever saw, and who married one of the most charming and distinguished women of European society, Pauline de la Ferronays, whose married name has obtained wide celebrity as that of the authoress of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*.

I remained in Paris till I was between fifteen and sixteen years old, and then it was determined that I should return home. The departure of Elizabeth

P—— had left me without competitor in my studies among my companions, and I was at an age to be better at home than at any school.

My father came to fetch me, and the only adventure I met with on the way back was losing my bonnet, blown from my head into the sea, on board the packet, which obliged me to purchase one as soon as I reached London; and having no discreeter guide of my proceedings, I so far imposed upon my father's masculine ignorance in such matters as to make him buy for me a full-sized Leghorn flat, under the circumference of which enormous *sombrero* I seated myself by him on the outside of the Weybridge coach, and amazed the gaping population of each successive village we passed through with the vast dimensions of the thatch I had put on my head.

Weybridge was not then reached by train in half an hour from London; it was two or three hours' coach distance; a rural, rather deserted-looking, and most picturesque village, with the desolate domain of Portmore Park, its mansion falling to ruin, on one side of it, and on the other the empty house and fine park of Oatlands, the former residence of the Duke of York.

The straggling little village lay on the edge of a wild heath and common country that stretches to Guilford and Godalming and all through that part of Surrey to Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, and the Sussex coast,—a region of light, sandy soil, hiding its agricultural poverty under a royal mantle of golden gorse and purple heather, and with large tracts of blue aromatic pine wood and one or two points of really fine scenery, where the wild moorland rolls itself up into ridges and rises to crests of considerable height, which command extensive and beautiful views: such as the one from the summit of Saint George's Hill, near Weybridge, and the top of Blackdown, the noble site of Tennyson's fine house, whence, over miles of wild wood and common, the eye sweeps to the downs above the Sussex cliffs and the glint of the narrow seas.

We had left London in the afternoon,

and did not reach Weybridge until after dark. I had been tormented the whole way down by a nervous fear that I should not know my mother's face again; an absence of three years, of course, could not justify such an apprehension, but it had completely taken possession of my imagination and was causing me much distress, when, as the coach stopped in the dark at the village inn, I heard the words, "Is there any one here for Mrs. Kemble?" uttered in a voice which I knew so well that I sprang, hat and all, into my mother's arms, and effectually got rid of my fear that I should not know her.

Her rural yearnings had now carried her beyond her suburban refuge at Craven Hill, and she was infinitely happy in her small cottage habitation on the outskirts of Weybridge and the edge of its picturesque common. Tiny, indeed, it was, and but for her admirable power of contrivance could hardly have held us with any comfort; but she delighted in it, and so did we all except my father, who like most men had no real taste for the country; the men who appear to themselves and others to like it confounding their love for hunting and shooting with that of the necessary field of their sports. Anglers seem to me to be the only sportsmen who really have a taste for and love of nature, as well as for fishy water. At any rate, the silent, solitary, and comparatively still character of their pursuit enables them to study and appreciate beauty of scenery more than the violent exercise and excitement of fox-hunting, whatever may be said in favor of the picturesque influences of beating preserves and wading through turnip fields with keepers and companions more or less congenial.

Of deer-stalking and grouse-shooting I do not speak; a man who does not become enthusiastic in his admiration of wild scenery while following these sports must have but half the use of his eyes.

Perhaps it was hardly fair to expect my father to relish extremely a residence where he was as nearly as possible too high and too wide, too long and too large, for every room in the house. He used

to come down on Saturday and stay till Monday morning, but the rest of the week he spent at what was then our home in London, No. 5 Soho Square; it was a handsome, comfortable, roomy house, and has now, I think, been converted into a hospital.

The little cottage at Weybridge was covered at the back with a vine, which bore with the utmost luxuriance a small, black, sweet-water grape, from which, I remember, one year my mother determined to make wine; a direful experiment, which absorbed our whole harvest of good little fruit, filled every room in the house with unutterable messes, produced much fermentation of temper as well as wine, and ended in a liquid product of such superlative nastiness that to drink it defied our utmost efforts of obedience and my mother's own resolute courage; so it was with acclamations of execration made libations of, — to the infernal gods, I should think, — and no future vintage was ever tried, to our great joy.

The little plot of lawn on which our cottage stood was backed by the wild purple swell of the common, and that was crested by a fine fir wood, a beautiful rambling and scrambling ground, full of picturesque and romantic associations with all the wild and fanciful mental existences which I was then beginning to enjoy. And even as I glide through it now, on the railroad that has laid its still depths open to the sun's glare and scared its silence with the eldritch snort and shriek of the iron team, I have visions of Undine and Sintram, the elves, the little dog Stromian, the wood-witch, and all the world of supernatural beauty and terror which then peopled its recesses for me, under the influence of the German literature that I was becoming acquainted with through the medium of French and English translations, and that was carrying me on its tide of powerful enchantment far away from the stately French classics of my school studies.

Besides our unusual privilege of grape growing in the open air, our little estate boasted a magnificent beurré pear-tree,

a small arbor of intertwined and peculiarly fine filbert and cob-nut trees, and some capital greengage and apple trees; among the latter a remarkably large and productive ribstone pippin. So that in the spring the little plot of land was flower-full and in the autumn fruitful, and we cordially indorsed my mother's preference for it to the London house in Soho Square.

The sort of orchard which contained all these objects of our regard was at the back of the house; in front of it, however, the chief peculiarity (which was by no means a beauty) of the place was displayed.

This was an extraordinary mound or hillock of sand about half an acre in circumference, which stood at a distance of some hundred yards immediately in front of the cottage, and in the middle of what ought to have been a flower garden, if this uncouth protuberance had not effectually prevented the formation of any such ornamental setting to our house. My mother's repeated applications to our landlord (the village baker) to remove or allow her to remove this unsightly encumbrance were unavailing. He thought he might have future use for the sand, and he knew he had no other present place of deposit for it; and there it remained, defying all my mother's ingenuity and love of beauty to convert it into anything useful or ornamental, or other than a cruel eye-sore and disfigurement to our small domain.

At length she hit upon a device for abating her nuisance, and set about executing it as follows. She had the sand dug out of the interior of the mound and added to its exterior, which she had graded and smoothed and leveled and turfed so as to resemble the glacis of a square bastion or casemate, or other steep, smooth-sided earth-work in a fortification. It was, I suppose, about twenty feet high, and sloped at too steep an angle for us to scale or descend it; a good footpath ran round the top, accessible from the entrance of the sand heap, the interior walls of which she turfed (to speak Irish) with heather, and the ground or floor of this curious inclosure

she planted with small clumps of evergreen shrubs, leaving a broad walk through the middle of it to the house door. A more curious piece of domestic fortification never adorned a cottage garden. It looked like a bit of Robinson Crusoe's castle, perhaps even more like a portion of some deserted fortress. It challenged the astonishment of all our visitors, whose invariable demand was, "What is that curious place in the garden?" "The mound," was the reply; and the mound was a delightful playground for us, and did infinite credit to my mother's powers of contrivance.

Forty years and more elapsed between my first acquaintance with Weybridge and my last visit there. The Duke of York's house at Oatlands, afterwards inhabited by my friends Lord and Lady Ellesmere, had become a country hotel, pleasant to all its visitors but those who, like myself, saw ghosts in its rooms and on its gravel walks; its lovely park, a nest of "villas," made into a suburb of London by the railroads that intersect in all directions the wild moorland twenty miles from the city, which looked, when I first knew it, as if it might be a hundred.

I read and spent a night at the Oatlands hotel, and walked, before I did so, to my mother's old cottage. The tiny house had had some small additions and looked new and neat and well-cared-for. The mound, however, still stood its ground, and had relapsed into something of its old savage condition; it would have warranted a theory of Mr. Oldbuck's as to its possible former purposes and origin. I looked at its crumbled and irregular wall, from which the turf had peeled or been washed away, at the tangled growth of grasses and weeds round the top, crenelated with many a breach and gap, and the hollow, now choked up with luxuriant evergreens that overtopped the inclosure and forbade entrance to it, and thought of my mother's work and my girlish play there, and was glad to see her old sand-heap was still standing, though her planting had with the blessing of time made it impenetrable to me.

Our cottage was the last decent dwelling on that side of the village; between ourselves and the heath and pine wood there was one miserable shanty, worthy of the poorest potato patch in Ireland. It was inhabited by a ragged ruffian of the name of E——, whose small domain we sometimes saw undergoing arable processes by the joint labor of his son and heir, a ragged ruffian some sizes smaller than himself, and of a half-starved jackass, harnessed together to the plow he was holding; occasionally the team was composed of the quadruped and a tattered and fierce-looking female biped, a more terrible object than even the man and boy and beast whose labors she shared.

On the other side our nearest neighbors, separated from us by the common and its boundary road, were a family of the name of S——, between whose charming garden and pretty residence and our house a path was worn by a constant interchange of friendly intercourse.

Their story was a curious one. Mr. S—— had been a journeyman bricklayer, and was an absolutely ignorant and extremely vulgar, coarse man. He had made a very considerable fortune by prosperous speculations, and had married and lost a wife, by whom he had had four children, two sons and two daughters, all over twenty, the eldest over thirty years old. They were all Catholics, and the ladies had been partly trained, I think, in some nunnery. The men appeared to have had no education; the younger lived at home with his sisters, under his father's despotic drunken rule; the elder, whatever his occupation was, lived away and seldom came down to Weybridge, and having escaped from the dominion of the paternal roof was altogether more like the common run of usual folk than those who remained under its shadow.

They were all gentle and refined compared with their father, but shy and silent and nervous even to savageness; at least the younger son and daughter, who had a melancholy air of half-crazed, staring strangeness that made them look more like frightened animals than hu-

man beings accustomed to the intercourse of their kind. This, however, in truth they were not; they lived a life of utter seclusion under the brutal home tyranny of their old father, between whom and the rest of the family the elder sister interposed the protection of a most remarkable mind and character.

Of all phenomena one of the most incomprehensible is surely that of the difference between children born of the same parents and educated under the same influences; a mystery that defies with unforeseen results all the calculations of our present most limited physiological and psychological knowledge, and to the utter confusion of all theories of education leaves open a wide door, alike for fear and hope, under the most advantageous and the most unfavorable conditions of birth and training.

How Miss S—— came to be her father's daughter is absolutely inconceivable, or why she alone of all her family inherited the higher nature of her mother's family type (if indeed it was her mother's and not some more distant one that was reproduced in her) is equally unaccountable. The brothers and sister were gentle, inoffensive people, commonplace in mind, manner, appearance, and deportment, but for the peculiar and oppressive diffidence of their air and demeanor; they were quite plain, the younger son and daughter unusually so; the men had both the large limbs and tall stature of the bricklayer, their father, whose robust, heavy frame, coarse face, and loud, overpowering voice made one shrink even from the most amicable encounter with him.

The elder daughter, a woman of about thirty, had one of the finest figures I ever saw; tall and commanding, with long, well-shaped limbs and a magnificent carriage of a very noble head, grandly set upon a splendid throat and shoulders, her movements were singularly graceful, and her whole appearance imposing and dignified in a high degree. Her face was disfigured by the small-pox, but the outline of the features was delicate and refined, and the expression of it as sweet and simple as it was sad.

Her voice became her countenance, and her whole air and manner were strikingly distinguished and noble; she seemed to me a sort of beau ideal of a lady abbess. Poor woman, she was shy and reticent too about her wretched home and its trials, but my mother's warm and sympathetic nature invited confidence, and the circumstances of her father's life and character were common village gossip, and became so notoriously so that her infrequent references to them were no revelations to my mother.

Miss S—— was nominally the head of her father's house, and the handsome carriage and horses of the establishment were supposed to be kept for her convenience. The father had a strange pride in her, in spite of the coarse brutality of his manner even to her; and she undoubtedly possessed a certain control over him, and exerted it at times to screen her sister and brother from the outbursts of his drunken violence.

Mr. S—— professed to be what his daughter was, a devout Roman Catholic; he built a small chapel in his grounds, and at stated times Catholic priests came there to solemnize the holy rites of their Christianity.

All the servants of the family were of the same persuasion as themselves, and among them were two young girls, sisters, whom Miss S—— had taken and charitably trained almost from their childhood, in whose aspect and demeanor the terrified timidity that characterized the whole household reached a really ludicrous climax. They were rather pretty young women, especially the younger, with small, slight, starved-looking figures, pale, sad, abject faces, weak winking eyes, and soft, sandy hair.

Habitually, if not noticed or spoken to, they ran about the house, and in and out on their various errands, like a couple of white mice; if, however, they were spoken to or required to speak, they looked like frightened rabbits, and generally prefaced their hardly audible words by entirely ineffectual efforts to bring forth any sound above a whisper.

The younger of these poor girls her old master seduced, though he was al-

most old enough to be her grandfather, and continued to keep her under the same roof with his daughters and her own sister, until the influence of his eldest daughter and that of his priests, which she brought to bear upon him, prevailed upon him to lessen the scandal by marrying the poor child; and then the members of that family certainly held towards each other more anomalous relative positions than any people out of the novels of George Eliot or of the Brontës. Miss S—— and her brother and sister were absolutely dependent upon their father, and were compelled to make their home with him: nor am I at all sure that had this not been the case his eldest daughter would have thought it right, after his marriage, to withdraw herself from him, however painful her position was.

The wretched little Mrs. S——, to whose habitual nervous, terrified timidity was now added a bitter sense of shame and degradation, never addressed her husband's daughters or sons but as "ma'am" and "sir," as in her former housemaid days; while her own sister, whom nothing would induce to leave Miss S——, to whom she was devotedly attached, retained her menial position in the family and discharged its duties with a concentrated scorn of her master's wife (to whom she never opened her lips, and of whom she never made mention but as "*she*") that was wonderful in a creature apparently so absolutely feeble.

It was a curious thing, after the marriage, to meet the carriage with Miss S—— sitting as usual, with her air of severe serenity, by the side of the little, shrinking, blinking wife of her father, who looked exactly as if she had been caught and caged in the corner of the carriage, and would jump out of the window like a frightened cat, if her companion turned her head. The whole family, and their relations with each other, were all like things "in a book," especially Miss S—— herself, whose moral strength and religious steadfastness of character were in truth the power that held them together, and enabled them to

live in tolerable decency and not intolerable discord. With our departure from Weybridge all intercourse between ourselves and the S——s ceased, and on my last return to that place I found their property passed into other hands, and themselves hardly remembered in the neighborhood.

I followed no regular studies whatever during our summer at Weybridge. We lived chiefly in the open air, on the heath, in the beautiful wood above the meadows of Brooklands, and in the neglected, picturesque inclosure of Portmore Park, whose tenantless, half-ruined mansion, and noble cedars, with the lovely windings of the river Wey in front, made it a place an artist would have delighted to spend his hours in.

We haunted it constantly for another purpose. My mother had a perfect passion for fishing, and would spend whole days by the river, pursuing her favorite sport. We generally all accompanied her, carrying baskets and tackle and bait, kettles and camp stools, and looking very much like a family of gypsies on the tramp. We were each of us armed with a rod, and were more or less interested in the sport. We often started after an early breakfast, and, taking our luncheon with us, remained the whole day long absorbed in our quiet occupation.

My mother was perfectly unobservant of all rules of angling, in her indiscriminate enthusiasm, and "took to the water" whether the wind blew, the sun shone, or the rain fell; fishing — under the most propitious or unpropitious circumstances — was, not indeed necessarily catching fish, but still, fishing; and she was almost equally happy whether she did or did not catch anything. I have known her remain all day in patient expectation of the "glorious nibble," stand through successive showers, with her clothes between whiles drying on her back, and only reluctantly leave the water's edge when it was literally too dark to see her float.

I think she thought of fishing as Charles Fox did of gambling: "The pleasantest thing in the world is to play at cards when you win, and the next pleasantest is to play at cards when you lose." As for her magnanimous disregard of rules, something is to be said even for that. I remember once, in Perthshire, seeing a dear and lovely little Scotch friend of mine receive her rod from her gamekeeper with the warning, "Ou weel, mem, ye'll just hae yer trouble for yer pains; naething wull rise with this wind blawing;" and the first dexterous cast of her tiny white wrist and delicate line brought three trout out of the water.

Although we all fished, I was the only member of the family who inherited my mother's passion for it, and it only developed much later in me, for at this time I often preferred taking a book under the trees by the river side, to throwing a line; but towards the middle of my life I became a fanatical fisherwoman, and was obliged to limit my waste of time to one day in the week, spent on the Lenox lakes, or I should infallibly have wandered thither and dreamed away my hours on their charming shores or smooth expanse daily.

I have often wondered that both my mother and myself (persons of exceptional impatience of disposition and irritable excitability of temperament) should have taken such delight in so still and monotonous an occupation, especially to the point of spending whole days in an unsuccessful pursuit of it. The fact is that the excitement of hope, keeping the attention constantly alive, is the secret of the charm of this strong fascination, infinitely more than even the exercise of successful skill. And this element of prolonged and at the same time intense expectation, combined with the peculiarly soothing nature of the external objects which surround the angler, forms at once a powerful stimulus and a sedative especially grateful in their double action upon excitable organizations.

Frances Anne Kemble.

HOMAGE.

NAY, comrade, 't is a weary path we tread
 Through this world's desert spaces, dull and dry,
 And long ago died out youth's morning red,
 And low the sunset fires before us lie:

And you are worn, though brave the face you wear.
 Forbear the deprecating gesture, take
 The honest admiration that I bear
 Your genius, and be mute, for friendship's sake.

Up to your lips I lift a generous wine,
 Pure, perfumed, potent, living, sparkling bright,
 A deep cup, brimming with a draught divine;
 Drink, then, and be refreshed with my delight.

It gladdens you? You know the gift sincere?
 You dreamed not life yet held a thing so sweet?
 Nay, noble friend, your thanks I will not hear,
 But I shall cast my roses at your feet,

And go my way rejoicing that 't is I
 Who recognize, acknowledge, judge you best,
 Proud that a star so steadfast lights the sky,
 And in the power of blessing you most blest.

Celia Thaxter.

ANDERSEN'S SHORT STORIES.

It is customary to speak of Andersen's best known short stories as fairy tales; wonder-stories is in some respects a more exact description, but the name has hardly a native sound. Andersen himself classed his stories under the two heads of *historier* and *eventyr*; the *historier* corresponds well enough with its English mate, being the history of human action, or, since it is a short history, the story; the *eventyr*, more nearly allied perhaps to the German *abenteuer* than to the English *adventure*, presumes an element of strangeness causing wonder, while it does not necessarily demand the machinery of the supernatural.

When we speak of fairy tales, we have before our minds the existence, for artistic purposes, of a spiritual world peopled with beings that exercise themselves in human affairs, and are endowed in the main with human attributes, though possessed of certain ethereal advantages, and generally under orders from some superior power, often dimly understood as fate; the Italians, indeed, call the fairy *fata*. In a rough way we include under the title of fairies all the terrible and grotesque shapes as well, and this world of spiritual beings is made to consist of giants, ogres, brownies, pixies, nisses, gnomes, elves, and whatever

other creatures have found in it a local habitation and name. The fairy itself is generally represented as very diminutive, the result, apparently, of an attempted compromise between the imagination and the senses, by which the existence of fairies for certain purposes is conceded on condition they shall be made so small that the senses may be excused from recognizing them.

The belief in fairies gave rise to the genuine fairy tale, which is now an acknowledged classic, and the gradual elimination of this belief from the civilized mind has been attended with some awkwardness. These creations of fancy—if we must so dismiss them—had secured a somewhat positive recognition in literature before it was finally discovered that they came out of the unseen and therefore could have no life. Once received into literature they could not well be ignored, but the understanding, which appears to serve as special police in such cases, now has orders to admit no new-comers unless they answer to one of three classes: either they must be direct descendants of the fairies of literature, having certain marks about them to indicate their parentage, or they must be teachers of morality thus disguised, or they may be mere masqueraders; one thing is certain, they must spring from no belief in fairy life, but be one and all referred to some sufficient cause,—a dream, a moral lesson, a chemical experiment. But it is found that literature has its own sympathies, not always compassed by the mere understanding, and the consequence is that the sham fairies in the sham fairy tales never really get into literature at all, but disappear in limbo; while every now and then a genuine fairy, born of a genuine, poetic belief, secures a place in spite of the vigilance of the guard.

Perhaps nothing has done more to vulgarize the fairy than its introduction upon the stage; the charm of the fairy tale is in its divorce from human experience; the charm of the stage is in its realization, in miniature, of human life. If the frog is heard to speak, if the dog is turned before one's eyes into a prince,

by having cold water dashed over it, the charm of the fairy tale has fled, and in its place we have only the perplexing pleasure of legerdemain. The effect of producing these scenes upon the stage is to bring them one step nearer to sensuous reality, and one step further from imaginative reality; and since the real life of fairy is in the imagination, a cruel wrong is done when it is dragged from its shadowy hiding-place and made to turn into ashes under the calcium light of the understanding.

By a tacit agreement fairy tales have come to be consigned to the nursery; the old tools of superstition have become the child's toys, and when a writer comes forward, now, bringing new fairy tales, it is almost always with an apology, not for trespassing upon ground already occupied, but for indulging in what is no longer belief, but make-belief. "My story," he is apt to say, "is not true; we none of us believe it, and I shall give you good evidence before I am done that least of all do I believe it. I shall probably explain it by referring it to a strange dream, or shall justify it by the excellent lesson it is to teach. I adopt the fairy form as suited to the imagination of children; it is a childish thing, and I am half ashamed, as a grown person, to be found engaged in such nonsense." Out of this way of regarding fairy tales has come that peculiar monotony of the times, the scientific fairy tale, which is nothing short of an insult to a whole race of innocent beings. It may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that with a disbelief in fairies the genuine fairy tale has died, and that it is better to content ourselves with those stories which sprang from actual belief, telling them over to successive generations of children, than to seek to extend the literature by any ingenuity of modern skepticism. There they are, the fairy tales without authorship, as imperishable as nursery ditties; scholarly collections of them may be made, but they will have their true preservation, not as specimens in a museum of literary curiosities, but as children's toys. Like the sleeping princess in the wood, the

fairy tale may be hedged about with bristling notes and thickets of commentaries, but the child will pass straight to the beauty, and awaken for his own delight the old charmed life.

It is worth noting, then, that just when historical criticism, under the impulse of the Grimms, was ordering and accounting for these fragile creations, — a sure mark that they were ceasing to exist as living forms in literature, — Hans Christian Andersen should have come forward as master in a new order of stories, which may be regarded as the true literary successor to the old order of fairy tales, answering the demands of a spirit which rejects the pale ghost of the scientific or moral or jocular or pedantic fairy tale. Andersen, indeed, has invented fairy tales purely such, and has given form and enduring substance to traditional stories current in Scandinavia; but it is not upon such work that his real fame rests, and it is certain that while he will be mentioned in the biographical dictionaries as the writer of novels, poems, romances, dramas, sketches of travel, and an autobiography, he will be known and read as the author of certain short stories, of which the charm at first glance seems to be in the sudden discovery of life and humor in what are ordinarily regarded as inanimate objects, or what are somewhat compassionately called dumb animals. When we have read and studied the stories further, and perceived their ingenuity and wit and humane philosophy, we can after all give no better account of their charm than just this, that they disclose the possible or fancied parallel to human life carried on by what our senses tell us has no life, or our reason assures us has no rational power.

The life which Andersen sets before us is in fact a dramatic representation upon an imaginary stage, with puppets that are not pulled by strings, but have their own muscular and nervous economy. The life which he displays is not a travesty of human life, it is human life repeated in miniature under conditions which give a charming and unexpected variety. By some transmigration, souls

have passed into tin-soldiers, balls, tops, beetles, money-pigs, coins, shoes, leap-frogs, matches, and even such attenuated individualities as darning-needles; and when, informing these apparently dead or stupid bodies, they begin to make manifestations, it is always in perfect consistency with the ordinary conditions of the bodies they occupy, though the several objects become by this endowment of souls suddenly expanded in their capacity. Perhaps in nothing is Andersen's delicacy of artistic feeling better shown than in the manner in which he deals with his animated creations when they are brought into direct relations with human beings. The absurdity which the bald understanding perceives is dexterously suppressed by a reduction of all the factors to one common term. For example, in his story of *The Leap-Frog*, he tells how a flea, a grasshopper and a leap-frog once wanted to see which could jump highest, and invited the whole world "and everybody else besides who chose to come," to see the performance. The king promised to give his daughter to the one who jumped the highest, for it was stale fun when there was no prize to jump for. The flea and the grasshopper came forward in turn and put in their claims; the leap-frog also appeared, but was silent. The flea jumped so high that nobody could see where he went to, so they all asserted that he had not jumped at all; the grasshopper jumped in the king's face, and was set down as an ill-mannered thing; the leap-frog, after reflection, leaped into the lap of the princess, and thereupon the king said, "There is nothing above my daughter; therefore to bound up to her is the highest jump that can be made: but for this, one must possess understanding, and the leap-frog has shown that he has understanding. He is brave and intellectual." "And so," the story declares, "he won the princess." The barren absurdity of a leap-frog marrying a princess is perhaps the first thing that strikes the impartial reader of this abstract, and there is very likely something offensive to him in the notion; but in the story itself this absurdity is so

delightfully veiled by the succession of happy turns in the characterization of the three jumpers, as well as of the old king, the house-dog, and the old counselor "who had had three orders given him to make him hold his tongue," that the final impression upon the mind is that of a harmonizing of all the characters, and the king, princess, and councilor can scarcely be distinguished in kind from the flea, grasshopper, leap-frog, and house-dog. After that, the marriage of the leap-frog and princess is quite a matter of course.

The use of speaking animals in story was no discovery of Andersen's, and yet in the distinction between his wonder-story and the well-known fable lies an explanation of the charm which attaches to his work. The end of every fable is *hæc fabula docet*, and it was for this palpable end that the fable was created. The lion, the fox, the mouse, the dog, are in a very limited way true to the accepted nature of the animals which they represent, and their intercourse with each other is governed by the ordinary rules of animal life, but the actions and words are distinctly illustrative of some morality. The fable is an animated proverb. The animals are made to act and speak in accordance with some intended lesson, and have this for the reason of their being. The lesson is first; the characters, created afterward, are, for purposes of the teacher, disguised as animals; very little of the animal appears, but very much of the lesson. The art which invented the fable was a modest handmaid to morality. In Andersen's stories, however, the spring is not in the didactic but in the imaginative. He sees the beetle in the imperial stable stretching out his thin legs to be shod with golden shoes like the emperor's favorite horse, and the personality of the beetle determines the movement of the story throughout; egotism, pride at being proud, jealousy, and unbounded self-conceit are the furniture of this beetle's soul, and his adventures one by one disclose his character. Is there a lesson in all this? Precisely as there is a lesson in any picture of human life where the

same traits are sketched. The beetle, after all his adventures, some of them ignominious but none expelling his self-conceit, finds himself again in the emperor's stable, having solved the problem why the emperor's horse had golden shoes. "They were given to the horse on my account," he says, and adds, "the world is not so bad after all, but one must know how to take things as they come." There is in this and other of Andersen's stories a singular shrewdness, as of a very keen observer of life, singular because at first blush the author seems to be a sentimentalist. The satires, like *The Emperor's New Clothes* and *The Swiftest Runners*, mark this characteristic of shrewd observation very cleverly. Perhaps, after all, we are stating most simply the distinction between his story and the fable when we say that humor is a prominent element in the one and absent in the other; and to say that there is humor is to say that there is real life.

It is frequently said that Andersen's stories accomplish their purpose of amusing children by being childish, yet it is impossible for a mature person to read them without detecting repeatedly the marks of experience. There is a subtle undercurrent of wisdom that has nothing to do with childishness, and the child who is entertained returns to the same story afterward to find a deeper significance than it was possible for him to apprehend at the first reading. The forms and the incident are in consonance with childish experience, but the spirit which moves through the story comes from a mind that has seen and felt the analogue of the story in some broader or coarser form. The story of *The Ugly Duckling*, is an inimitable presentation of Andersen's own tearful and finally triumphant life; yet no child who reads the story has its sympathy for a moment withdrawn from the duckling and transferred to a human being. Andersen's nice sense of artistic limitations saves him from making the older thought obtrude itself upon the notice of children, and his power of placing himself at the same angle of vision

with children is remarkably shown in one instance, where, in Little Klaus and Big Klaus, death is treated as a mere incident in the story, a surprise but not a terror.

Now that Andersen has told his stories, it seems an easy thing to do, and we have plenty of stories written for children that attempt the same thing, sometimes also with moderate success; for Andersen's discovery was after all but the simple application to literature of a faculty which has always been exercised. The likeness that things inanimate have to things animate is constantly forced upon us; it remained for Andersen to pursue the comparison further, and, letting types loose from their antitypes, to give them independent existence. The result has been a surprise in literature and a genuine addition to literary forms. It is possible to follow in his steps, now that he has shown us the way, but it is no less evident that the success which he attained was due not merely to his happy discovery of a latent property, but to the nice feeling and strict obedience to laws of art with which he made use of

his discovery. Andersen's genius enabled him to see the soul in a darning-needle, and he perceived also the limitations of the life he was to portray, so that while he was often on the edge of absurdity he did not lose his balance. Especially is it to be noted that these stories, which we regard as giving an opportunity for invention when the series of old-fashioned fairy tales had been closed, show clearly the coming in of that temper in novel-writing, which is eager to describe things as they are. Within the narrow limits of his miniature story, Andersen moves us by the same impulse as the modern novelist who depends for his material upon what he has actually seen and heard, and for his inspiration upon the power to penetrate the heart of things; so that the old fairy tale finds its successor in this new realistic wonder-story, just as the old romance gives place to the new novel. In both, as in the corresponding development of poetry and painting, is found a deeper sense of life and a finer perception of the intrinsic value of common forms.

Horace E. Scudder.

GRAPES.

AMID the arbor's amber-tarnished vine,
Faint fluttering to the south wind's languid sigh,
Under this drowsy haze of mellow sky,
The ripe grapes droop their clustered globes of wine!

And even amid these bland luxurious hours,
They seem like exiles reft of cherished rights,
Here in our treacherous North, whose autumn nights
Drop chilly dews upon the dying flowers!

Fair clusters, while our woods in ruin flame,
Do yearnings through your rich blood vaguely thrill
For glimmering vineyard, olive-mantled hill,
And Italy, which is summer's softer name?

Or do you dream of some old ducal board,
Blazing with Venice glass and costliest plate,
Where princely banqueters caroused in state,
And through the frescoed hall the long feast roared?

Or how brocaded dame and plumed grandee
 Saw your imperial-colored fruit heaped up
 On radiant salver or in chiseled cup,
 Where some proud marble gallery faced the sea?

Or yet do your strange yearnings, loath to cease,
 Go wandering on, till dearer visions rise
 Of the pale temples and the limpid skies,
 The storied shores and haunted groves of Greece?

Greece, where the god was yours, of such renown —
 That sleek-limbed reveling boy, supremely fair,
 Who, with the ambrosial gold of his wild hair,
 Would wreath your purple opulence for a crown!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN THE OLD DOMINION.

It was a very beautiful and enjoyable life that the Virginians led in that ancient time, for it certainly seems ages ago, before the war came to turn old ideas upside down and convert the picturesque commonwealth into a commonplace modern State. It was a soft, dreamy, deliciously quiet life, a life of repose, an old life, with all its sharp corners and rough surfaces long ago worn round and smooth. Everything fitted everything else, and every point in it was so well settled as to leave no work of improvement for anybody to do. The Virginians were satisfied with things as they were, and if there were reformers born among them, they went elsewhere to work changes. Society in the Old Dominion was like a well rolled and closely packed gravel walk, in which each pebble has found precisely the place it fits best. There was no giving way under one's feet, no uncomfortable grinding of loose materials as one walked about over the firm and long-used ways of the Virginian social life.

Let me hasten to say that I do not altogether approve of that life, by any means. That would be flat blasphemy against the god Progress, and I have no stomach for martyrdom, even of our

modern, fireless sort. I frankly admit in the outset, therefore, that the Virginians of that old time, between which and the present there is so great a gulf fixed, were idle people. I am aware that they were, when I lived among them, extravagant for the most part, and in debt altogether. It were useless to deny that they habitually violated all the wise precepts laid down in the published writings of Poor Richard, and set at naught the whole gospel of thrift. But their way of living was nevertheless a very agreeable one to share or to contemplate, the more because there was nothing else like it anywhere in the land.

A whole community with as nearly as possible nothing to do is apt to develop a considerable genius for enjoyment, and the Virginians, during somewhat more than two centuries of earnest and united effort in that direction, had partly discovered and partly created both a science and an art of pleasant living. Add to idleness and freedom from business cares a climate so perfect that existence itself is a luxury within their borders, and we shall find no room for wonder that these people learned how to enjoy themselves. What they learned, in this regard, they

remembered, too. Habits and customs once found good were retained, I will not say carefully,—for that would imply effort, and the Virginians avoided unnecessary effort, always,—but tenaciously. The Virginians were born conservatives, constitutionally opposed to change. They loved the old because it was old, and disliked the new, if for no better reason, because it was new; for newness and rawness were well-nigh the same in their eyes.

This constitutional conservatism, without which their mode of life could never have been what it was, was nourished by both habit and circumstance. The Virginians were not much given to traveling beyond their own borders, and when they did go into the outer world it was only to find a manifestation of barbarism in every departure from their own prescriptive standards and models. Not that they were more bigoted than other people, for in truth I think they were not, but their bigotry took a different direction. They thought well of the old and the moss-grown, just as some people admire all that is new and garish and fashionable.

But chief among the causes of that conservatism which gave tone and color to the life we are considering was the fact that ancient estates were carefully kept in ancient families, generation after generation. If a Virginian lived in a particular mansion, it was strong presumptive proof that his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had lived there before him. There was no law of primogeniture, to be sure, by which this was brought about, but there were well-established customs which amounted to the same thing. Family pride was a ruling passion, and not many Virginians of the better class hesitated to secure the maintenance of their family's place in the ranks of the untitled peerage by the sacrifice of their own personal prosperity, if that were necessary, as it sometimes was. To the first-born son went the estate usually, by the will of the father and with the hearty concurrence of the younger sons, when there happened to be any

such. The eldest brother succeeded the father as head of the house, and took upon himself the father's duties and the father's burdens. Upon him fell the management of the estate; the maintenance of the mansion, which, under the laws of hospitality obtaining there, was no light task; the education of the younger sons and daughters; and last, though commonly not by any means least, the management of the hereditary debt. The younger children always had a home in the old mansion, secured to them by the will of their father sometimes, but secure enough in any case by a custom more binding than any law; and there were various other ways of providing for them. If the testator were rich, he divided among them his bonds, stocks, and other personal property not necessary to the prosperity of the estate, or charged the head of the house with the payment of certain legacies to each. The mother's property, if she had brought a dowry with her, was usually portioned out among them, and the law, medicine, army, navy, and church offered them genteel employment if they chose to set up for themselves. But these arrangements were subsidiary to the main purpose of keeping the estate in the family, and maintaining the mansion-house as a seat of elegant hospitality. So great was the importance attached to this last point, and so strictly was its observance enjoined upon the new lord of the soil, that he was frequently the least to be envied of all. I remember a case in which a neighbor of my own, a very wealthy gentleman whose house was always open and always full of guests, dying, left each of his children a plantation. To the eldest son, however, he gave the home estate, worth three or four times as much as any of the other plantations, and with it he gave the young man also a large sum of money. But he charged him with the duty of keeping open house there at all times, and directed that the household affairs should be conducted always precisely as they had been during his own life-time; and the charge well-nigh outweighed the inheritance. The new master of the

place lived in Richmond, where he was engaged in manufacturing, and after the death of the father the old house stood tenantless, but open as before. Its troops of softly shod servants swept and dusted and polished as of old. Breakfast, dinner, and supper were laid out every day at the accustomed hours, under the old butler's supervision, and as the viands grew cold his silent subordinates waited, trays in hand, at the back of the empty chairs, during the full time appointed for each meal. I have stopped there for dinner, tea, or to spend the night, many a time, in company with one of the younger sons, who lived elsewhere, or with some relation of the family, or alone, as the case might be, and I have sometimes met others there. But our coming or not was a matter of indifference. Guests knew themselves always welcome, but whether guests came or not the household affairs suffered no change. The destruction of the house by fire finally lifted this burden from its owner's shoulders, as the will did not require him to rebuild. But while it stood its master's large inheritance was of very small worth to him. And in many other cases the apparent preference given to the eldest son, in the distribution of property, was in reality only a selection of his shoulders to bear the family's burdens.

In these and other ways old estates of greater or less extent were kept together, and old families remained lords of the soil; and it is not easy to overestimate the effect of this upon the people. As there is nothing so successful as success, so there is nothing so conservative as conservatism; and a man to whom a great estate, with an historical house upon it and an old family name attached to it, has descended through several generations, could hardly be other than a conservative in feeling and influence. These people were the inheritors of the old and the established. Upon them had devolved the sacred duty of maintaining the reputation of a family name. They were no longer mere individuals, whose acts affected only themselves, but were chiefs and

representatives of honorable houses, and as such bound to maintain a reputation of vastly more worth than their own. Their fathers before them were their exemplars, and in a close adherence to family customs and traditions lay their safety from unseemly lapses. The old furniture, the old wainscot on the walls, the old pictures, the old house itself, perpetually warned them against change as in itself unbecoming and dangerous to the dignity of their race.

And so changes were unknown in their social system. As their fathers lived so lived they, and there was no feature of their life pleasanter than its fixity. One always knew what to expect and what to do. There were no perplexing uncertainties to breed awkwardness and vexation. There was no room for shams and no temptation to vulgar display, and so shams and display had no chance to become fashionable.

Aside from the fact that the old and the substantial were the respectable, the social status of every person was so fixed and so well known that display was unnecessary on the part of the good families, and useless on the part of others. The old ladies constituted a college of heralds, and could give you, at a moment's notice, any pedigree you might choose to ask for. The goodness of a good family was a fixed fact, and needed no demonstration, and no *parvenu* could work his way into the charmed circle by vulgar ostentation, or by any other means whatever. As one of the old dames used to phrase it, ostentatious people were thought to be "rich before they were ready."

As the good families gave law to the society of the land, so their chiefs ruled the State in a more positive and direct sense. The plantation owners, as a matter of course, constituted only a minority of the voting population, at least after the constitution of 1850 swept away the rule making the ownership of real estate a necessary qualification for suffrage; but they governed the State, nevertheless, as completely as if they had been in the majority. Families naturally followed

the lead of their chiefs, voting together as a matter of clan pride, when no principle was involved, and so the plantation owners controlled directly a large part of the population. But a more important point was that the ballot was wholly unknown in Virginia until after the war, and as the large land-owners were deservedly men of influence in the community, they had little difficulty, under a system of *viva voce* voting, in carrying things their own way, in all matters on which they were at all agreed among themselves. It often happened that a whig would continue year after year to represent a democratic district, or *vice versa*, in the legislature or in Congress, merely by force of his large family connection and influence.

All this was an evil, if we choose to think it so. It was undemocratic, certainly, but it worked wonderfully well, and the system was good in this, at least, that it laid the foundations of politics among the wisest and best men the State had; for as a rule the planters were the educated men of the community, the reading men, the scholars, the thinkers, and well-nigh every one of them was familiar with the whole history of parties and of statesmanship. Politics was deemed a necessary part of every gentleman's education, and the youth of eighteen who could not recapitulate the doctrines set forth in the resolutions of 1798, or tell you the history of the Missouri compromise or the Wilmot proviso, was thought lamentably deficient in the very rudiments of culture. They had little to do, and they thought it the bounden duty of every free American citizen to prepare himself thus for the proper and intelligent performance of his functions in the body politic. As a result, if Virginia did not always send wise men to the councils of the State and nation, she sent no politically ignorant ones at any rate.

It was a point of honor among Virginians never to shrink from any of the duties of a citizen. To serve as road overseer or juryman was often disagreeable to men who loved ease and comfort as they did, but every Virginian felt him-

self in honor bound to serve whenever called upon, and that without pay, too, as it was deemed in the last degree disreputable to accept remuneration for doing the plain duty of a citizen.

It was the same with regard to the magistracy. Magistrates were appointed until 1850, and after that chosen by election, but under neither system was any man free to seek or to decline the office. Appointed or elected, one must serve, if he would not be thought to shirk his duties as a good man and citizen; and though the duties of the office were sometimes very onerous, there was practically no return of any sort made. Magistrates received no salary, and it was not customary for them to accept the small perquisites allowed them by law. Under the old constitution the senior justice of each county was *ex-officio* high sheriff, and the farming of the shrievalty — for the high sheriff always farmed the office — yielded some pecuniary profit; but any one magistrate's chance of becoming the senior was too small to be reckoned in the account; and under the new constitution of 1850 even this was taken away, and the sheriffs were elected by the people. But to be a magistrate was deemed an honor, and very properly so, considering the nature of a Virginian magistrate's functions. The honor was one never to be sought, however, by direct or indirect means, and to seek it was to lose caste hopelessly.

The magistrates were something more than justices of the peace. A bench of three or more of them constituted the county court, a body having a wide civil and criminal jurisdiction of its own, and concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit court over a still larger field. This county court sat monthly, and in addition to its judicial functions was charged with considerable legislative duties for the county, under a system which gave large recognition to the principle of local self-government. Four times a year it held grand jury terms, — an anomaly in magistrates' courts, I believe, but an excellent one nevertheless, as experience proved. In a large class of criminal cases a bench of five justices, sitting

in regular term, was a court of oyer and terminer.

The concurrent jurisdiction of this county court, as I have said, was very large, and as its sessions were monthly, while those of the circuit judges were held but twice a year, very many important civil suits, involving considerable interests, were brought there rather than before the higher tribunal. And here we encounter a very singular fact. The magistrates were usually planters, never lawyers, and yet, as the records show, the proportion of county court decisions reversed on appeal for error was always smaller than that of decisions made by the higher tribunals, in which regular judges sat. At the first glance this seems almost incredible, and yet it is a fact, and its cause is not far to seek. The magistrates, being unpaid functionaries, were chosen for their fitness only. Their election was a sort of choosing of arbitrators, and the men elected were precisely the kind of men commonly selected by honest disputants as umpires, — men of integrity, probity, and intelligence. They came into court conscious of their own ignorance of legal technicalities, and disposed to decide questions rather upon principles of "right between man and man" than upon the letter of the law; and as the law is, in the main, founded upon precisely these principles of abstract justice, their decisions usually proved sound in law as well as right in fact.

But the magistrates were not wholly without instruction even in technical matters of law. They learned a good deal by long service, — their experience often running over a period of thirty or forty years on the bench, — and in addition to the skill which intelligent men must have gained in this way, they had still another resource. When the bench thought it necessary to inform itself on a legal point, the presiding magistrate asked in open court for the advice of counsel, and in such an event every lawyer not engaged in the case at bar, or in another involving a like principle, was under obligation to give a candid expression of his opinion.

The system was a very peculiar and interesting one, and in Virginia it was about the best, also, that could have been hit upon, though it is more than doubtful whether it would work equally well anywhere else. All the conditions surrounding it were necessary to its success, and those conditions were of a kind that cannot be produced at will; they must grow. In the first place, the intelligence and culture of the community must not be concentrated in certain centres, as is usually the case, especially in commercial and manufacturing States, but must be distributed pretty evenly over the country, else the material out of which such a magistracy can be created will not be where it is needed; and in the very nature of the case it cannot be imported for the purpose. There must be also a fixed public sentiment sufficiently strong to compel the best men to serve when chosen, and the best men must be men of wealth and leisure, else they cannot afford to serve, for such a magistracy must of necessity be unpaid. In short, the system can work well only under the conditions which gave it birth in Virginia, and those conditions will probably never again exist in any of these States. But the fact that under our system of government the people of each State are free to suit their local institutions to their local circumstances, so sharply illustrated in the peculiar constitution of the Virginian county courts, is one which no thinking man can contemplate with indifference. It is a matter of small moment to the citizen of Massachusetts or New York that Virginia once had a very peculiar judiciary; but it is not a matter of slight importance that our scheme of government leaves every State free to devise for itself a system of local institutions adapted to its needs and the character and situation of its people; that it is not uniformity we have sought and secured, in our attempt to establish a government by the people, but a wise diversity, rather; that experience, and not theory, is our guide; that our institutions are cut to fit our needs, and not to match a fixed pattern; and that the necessities of one part of the

country do not prescribe a rule for another part.

But this is neither a philosophical treatise nor a centennial oration; return we therefore to the region of small facts. It is a little curious that, with their reputed fondness for honorary titles of all kinds, the Virginians never addressed a magistrate as "judge," even in that old time when the functions of the justice fairly entitled him to the name. And it is stranger still, perhaps, that in Virginia members of the legislature were never called "honorable," that distinction being strictly held in reserve for members of Congress and of the national cabinet. This fact seems all the more singular when we remember that in the view of Virginians the States were nations, while the general government was little more than their accredited agent, charged with the performance of certain duties and holding certain delegated powers which were subject to recall at any time.

I have said that every educated Virginian was familiar with politics, but this is only half the truth. They knew the details quite as well as the general facts, and there were very many of them, not politicians, and never candidates for office of any kind, who could give from memory an array of dates and other figures of which the *Tribune Almanac* would have no occasion to be ashamed. Not to know the details of the vote in Connecticut in any given year was to lay one's self open to a suspicion of incompetence; to confess forgetfulness of the "ayes and noes" on any important division in Congress, was to rule one's self out of the debate as an ignoramus. I say debate advisedly, for there was always a debate on political matters when two Virginian gentlemen met anywhere except in church during sermon-time. They argued earnestly, excitedly, sometimes even violently, but ordinarily without personal ill-feeling. In private houses they could not quarrel, being gentlemen and guests of a common host, or standing in the relation of guest and host to each other; in more public places — for they discussed politics in all places and at

all times — they refrained from quarrelling because to quarrel would not have been proper. But they never lost an opportunity to make political speeches at each other; alternately, sometimes, but quite as often both, or all, at once.

It would sometimes happen, of course, that two or more gentlemen, meeting, would find themselves agreed in their views, but the pleasure of indulging in a heated political discussion was never foregone for any such paltry reason as that. Finding no point on which they could disagree, they would straightway join forces and do valiant battle against the common enemy. That the enemy was not present to answer made no difference. They knew all his positions and all the arguments by which his views could be sustained, quite as well as he did, and they combated these. It was funny, of course, but the participants in these one-sided debates never seemed to see the ludicrous points of the picture.

A story is told of one of the fiercest of these social political debaters — a story too well vouched for among his friends to be doubted — which will serve perhaps to show how unnecessary the presence of an antagonist was to the successful conduct of a dispute. It was "at a dining day," to speak in the native idiom, and it so happened that all the guests were whigs, except Mr. E——, who was the staunchest of Jeffersonian democrats. The discussion began, of course, the moment the ladies left the table, and it speedily waxed hot. Mr. E——, getting the ear of the company in the outset, laid on right and left with his customary vigor, rasping the whigs on their sorest points, arguing, asserting, denouncing, demonstrating, — to his own entire satisfaction, — for perhaps half an hour; silencing every attempt at interruption by saying, —

"Now wait, please, till I get through; I'm one against seven, and you must let me make my points. Then you can reply."

He finished at last, leaving every whig nerve quivering, every whig face burning with suppressed indignation, and every whig breast full, almost to burst-

ing, with a speech in reply. The strongest debater of them all managed to begin first, but just as he pronounced the opening words, Mr. E—— interrupted him.

"Pardon me," he said, "I know all your little arguments, so I'll go and talk with the ladies for half an hour, while you run them over; when you get through send for me, and I'll come and *sweep you clear out of the arena.*"

And with that the exasperating man bowed himself out of the dining-room.

But with all its ludicrousness, this universal habit of "talking politics" had its uses. In the first place, politics with these men was a matter of principle, and not at all a question of shrewd management. They knew what they had and what they wanted. Better still, they knew every office-holder's record, and held each to a strict account of his stewardship.

Under the influence of this habit in social life, every man was constantly on his mettle, of course, and every young man was bound to fortify himself for contests to come by a diligent study of history and politics. He must know, as a necessary preparation for ordinary social converse, all those things that are commonly left to the professional politicians. As well might he go into society in ignorance of yesterday's weather or last week's news, as without full knowledge of Benton's Thirty Years' View, and a familiar acquaintance with the papers in *The Federalist*. In short, this odd habit compelled thorough political education, and enforced upon every man old enough to vote an active, earnest participation in politics. Perhaps a country in which universal suffrage exists would be the better if both were more general than they are.

But politics did not furnish the only subjects of debate among these people. They talked politics, it is true, whenever they met at all, but when they had mutually annihilated each other, when each had said all there was to say on the subject, they frequently turned to other themes. Of these the ones most commonly and most vigorously discussed

were points of doctrinal theology. The great battle-ground was baptism. Half the people, perhaps, were Baptists, and when Baptist and "pedo-Baptist" met, they sniffed the battle at once,—that is to say, as soon as they had finished the inevitable discussion of politics. On this question of baptism each had been over the ground many hundreds of times, and each must have known, when he put forth an argument, what the answer would be. But this made no manner of difference. They were always ready to go over the matter again. I amused myself once (for I was only a looker-on in Virginia, a Virginian by inheritance and brevet, but not by birth or early education) by preparing a "part" debate on the subject. I arranged the remarks of each disputant, in outline, providing each speech with its proper "cue," after the manner of stage copies of a play, and, taking a friend into my confidence, I used sometimes to follow the discussion, with my copy of it in hand, and except in the case of a very poorly-informed or wholly unpracticed debater, my cues and speeches were always found to be amusingly accurate.

The Virginians were a very religious as well as a very polemical people, however, and I do not remember that I ever knew them, even in the heat of their fiercest discussions upon doctrine, to forget the brotherly kindness which lay as a broad foundation under their card houses of creed. They believed with all their souls in the doctrines set forth by their several denominations, and maintained them stoutly on all occasions; but they loved each other, attended each other's services, and joined hands right heartily in every good work.

There was one other peculiarity in their church relations worthy of notice. The Episcopal church was once an establishment in Virginia, as every reader knows, but every reader does not know, perhaps, that up to the outbreak of the war it remained in some sense an establishment in some parts of the State. There were little old churches in many neighborhoods which had stood for a century or two, and the ancestors of the

present generation all belonged to them in their time. One of these churches I remember lovingly for its old traditions, for its picturesqueness, and for the warmth of the greeting its congregation gave me, — not as a congregation, but as individuals, — when I, a lad half grown, returned to the land of my fathers. Every man and woman in that congregation had known my father and loved him, and nearly every one was my cousin, at least in the Virginian acceptance of that word. The church was Episcopal, of course, while the great majority, perhaps seven eighths, of the people who attended and supported it were members of other denominations, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists. But they all felt themselves at home here. This was the old family church where their forefathers had worshiped, and under the shadow of which they were buried. They all belonged here, no matter what other church might claim them as members. They paid the old clergyman's salary; served in the vestry; attended the services; kept church, organ, and church-yard in repair; and in all respects regarded themselves, and were held by others, as members here of right and by inheritance. It was church and family instead of church and state, and the sternest Baptist or Presbyterian among them would have thought himself wronged if left out of the count of this little church's membership. This was their heritage, their home, and the fact that they had also united themselves with churches of other denominations made no difference whatever in their feeling toward the old mother church there in the woods, guarding and cherishing the dust of their dead.

All the people, young and old, went to church; it was both pleasant and proper to do so, though not all of them went for the sake of the sermon or the service. The churches were usually built in the midst of a grove of century oaks, and their surroundings were nearly always pleasantly picturesque. The gentlemen came on horseback, the ladies in their great, lumbering, old-fashioned carriages, with an ebony driver in front and a more

or less ebony footman or two behind. Beside the driver sat, ordinarily, the old "mammy" of the family, or some other equally respectable and respected African woman, whose crimson or scarlet turban and orange neckerchief gave a dash of color to the picture, a trifle barbarous, perhaps, in combination, but none the less pleasant in its effect, for that. The young men came first, mounted on superb riding-horses, wearing great buckskin gauntlets and clad in full evening dress, — that being *en règle* always in Virginia, — with the skirts of the coat drawn forward over the thighs and pinned in front, as a precaution against possible contact with the reeking sides of the hard-ridden steeds. When I first saw young gentlemen riding to church dressed in this fashion, the grotesqueness of the thing impressed me strongly; but one soon gets used to the habitual, and I have worn full evening dress on horseback many a time, once even in a cavalry parade.

The young men came first to church, I said, and they did so for a purpose. The carriages were elegant and costly, many of them, but nearly all were extremely old-fashioned; perched high in air, they were not easy of entrance or exit by ladies in full dress, without assistance, and it was accounted the prescriptive duty and privilege of the young men to render the needed service at the church door. When this preliminary duty was fully done, some of the youths took seats inside the church, but if the weather were fine many preferred to stroll through the woods, or to sit in little groups under the trees, awaiting the exit of the ladies, who must of course be chatted with and helped into their carriages again. Invitations to dinner or to a more extended visit were in order the moment the service was over. Every gentleman went to dine with a friend, or took a number of friends to dine with him. But the arrangements depended largely upon the young women, who had a very pretty habit of visiting each other and staying a week or more, and these visits nearly always originated at church. Each young lady invited all the rest to

go home with her, and after a deal of confused consultation, out of whose chaos only the feminine mind could possibly have extracted anything like a conclusion, two or three would win all the others to themselves, each taking half a dozen or more with her, and promising to send early next morning for their trunks. With so many of the fairest damsels secured for a visit of a week or a fortnight, the young hostess was sure of cavaliers in plenty to do her guests honor. And upon my word it was all very pleasant! I have idled away many a week in those old country-houses, and for my life I cannot manage to regret the fact, or to remember it with a single pang of remorse for the wasted hours. Perhaps after all they were not wholly wasted. Who shall say? Other things than gold are golden.

As a guest in those houses one was not welcome only, but free. There was a servant to take your horse, a servant to brush your clothes, a servant to attend you whenever you had a want to supply or a wish to gratify. But you were never oppressed with attentions, or under any kind of restraint. If you liked to sit in the parlor, the ladies there would entertain you very agreeably, or set you to entertain them by reading aloud or by anything else which might suggest itself. If you preferred the piazza, there were sure to be others like-minded with yourself. If you smoked, there were always pipes and tobacco on the sideboard, and a man-servant to bring them to you if you were not inclined to go after them. In short, each guest might do precisely as he pleased, sure that in doing so he should best please his host and hostess.

My own favorite amusement—I am the father of a family now, and may freely confess the fancies and foibles of a departed youth—was to accompany the young lady mistress of the mansion on her rounds of domestic duty, carrying her key-basket for her, and assisting her in various ways, unlocking doors and—really I cannot remember that I was of any very great use to her, after all; but willingness counts for a good deal in this world, and I was always very will-

ing, at any rate. As a rule, the young lady of the mansion was housekeeper, and perhaps this may account for the fact that the habit of carrying housekeepers' key-baskets for them was very general among the young gentlemen, in houses where they were upon terms of intimate friendship.

Life in Virginia was the pursuit of happiness, and its attainment. Money was a means only, and was usually spent very lavishly whenever its expenditure could add in any way to comfort, but as there was never any occasion to spend it for mere display, most of the planters were abundantly able to use it freely for better purposes; that is to say, most of them were able to owe their debts and to renew their notes when necessary. Their houses were built for comfort, and had grown gray with age long before the present generation was born. A great passage-way ran through the middle, commonly, and here stood furniture which would have delighted the heart of a mediævalist: great, heavy oaken chairs, black with age and polished with long usage—chairs whose joints were naked and not ashamed; sofas of ponderous build, made by carpenters who were skeptical as to the strength of woods, and thought it necessary to employ solid pieces of oak four inches in diameter for legs, and to shoe each with a solid brass lion's paw as a precaution against abrasion. A great porch in front was shut out at night by the ponderous double doors of the hall-way, but during the day the way was wide open through the house.

The floors were of white ash, and in summer no carpets were anywhere to be seen. Early every morning the floors were polished by diligent scouring with dry pine needles, and the furniture similarly brightened by rubbing with wax and cork. In the parlors the furniture was usually very rich as to woods, and very antique in workmanship. The curtains were of crimson damask, with lace underneath, and the contrast between these and the bare, white, polished floor was singularly pleasing.

The first white person astir in the

house every morning was the lady who carried the keys, mother or daughter as the case might be. Her morning work was no light affair, and its accomplishment consumed several hours daily. To begin with, she must knead the light bread with her own hands and send it to the kitchen to be baked and served hot at breakfast. She must prepare a skillet full of light rolls for the same meal, and "give out" the materials for the rest of the breakfast. Then she must see to the sweeping and garnishing of the lower rooms, passages, and porches, lest the maids engaged in that task should entertain less extreme views than herself on the subject of that purity and cleanliness which constitute the house's charm and the housekeeper's crown of honor. She must write two or three notes, to be dispatched by the hands of a small negro, to her lady acquaintances in the neighborhood, — a kind of correspondence much affected in that society. In the midst of all these duties the young housekeeper — for somehow it is only the youthful ones whom I remember vividly — must meet and talk with such of the guests as might happen to be early risers, and must not forget to send a messenger to the kitchen once every ten minutes to "hurry up breakfast;" not that breakfast could be hurried under any conceivable circumstances, but merely because it was the custom to send such messages, and the young lady was a duty-loving maid who did her part in the world without inquiring why. She knew very well that breakfast would be ready at the traditional hour, the hour at which it always had been served in that house, and that there was no power on the plantation great enough to hasten it by a single minute. But she sent out to "hurry" it, nevertheless.

When breakfast is ready the guests are ready for it. It is a merit of fixed habits that one can conform to them easily, and when one knows that breakfast has been ready in the house in which he is staying precisely at nine o'clock every morning for one or two centuries past, and that the immovable conserv-

atism of an old Virginian cook stands guard over the sanctity of that custom, he has no difficulty in determining when to begin dressing.

The breakfast is sure to be a good one, consisting of everything obtainable at the season. If it be in summer, the host will have a dish of broiled roe herrings before him, a plate of hot rolls at his right hand, and a cylindrical loaf of hot, light bread — which it is his duty to cut and serve — on his left. On the flanks will be one or two plates of beaten biscuit and a loaf of batter bread, *i. e.*, corn-bread made rich with milk and eggs. A dish of plain corn "pones" sits on the dresser, and the servants bring griddle-cakes or waffles hot from the kitchen; so much for breads. A knuckle of cold boiled ham is always present, on either the table or the dresser, as convenience may dictate. A dish of sliced tomatoes and another of broiled ditto are the invariable vegetables, supplemented, on occasion, with lettuce, radishes, and other like things. These are the staples of breakfast, and additions are made as the season serves.

Breakfast over, the young lady housekeeper scalds and dries the dishes and glassware, with her own hands. Then she goes to the garden, smoke-house, and store-room, to "give out" for dinner. Morning rides, backgammon, music, reading, etc., furnish amusement until one o'clock, or a little later. The gentlemen go shooting or fishing, if they choose, or join the host in his rides over the plantation, inspecting his corn, tobacco, wheat, and live stock. About one the house grows quiet. The ladies retire to their chambers, the gentlemen make themselves comfortable in various ways. About two it is the duty of the master of the mansion to offer toddy or juleps to his guests, and to ask one of the dining-room servants if "dinner is 'most ready?" Half an hour later he must send the cook word to "hurry it up." It is to be served at four, of course, but as the representative of an ancient house, it is his bounden duty to ask the two o'clock question and send the half past two message.

Supper is served at eight, and the ladies usually retire for the night at ten or eleven.

If hospitality was deemed the chief of virtues among the Virginians, the duty of accepting hospitality was quite as strongly insisted upon. One must visit his friends, whatever the circumstances, if he would not be thought churlish; and especially were young men required to show a proper respect and affection for elderly lady relatives, by dining with them as frequently as at any other house. I shall not soon forget some experiences of my own in this regard. The most stately and elegant country-house I have ever seen stood in our neighborhood. Its master had lived in great state there, and after his death his two maiden sisters, left alone in the great mansion, scrupulously maintained every custom he had established or inherited. They were my cousins, in the Virginian sense of the word, and I had not been long a resident of the State when my guardian reminded me of my duty toward them. I must ride over and dine there, without a special invitation, and I must do this six or eight times a year at the least. As a mere boy, half grown, I made ready for my visit with a good deal of awe and trepidation. I had already met the two stately dames, and was disposed to distrust my manners in their presence. I went, however, and was received with warm though rather stiff and formal cordiality. My horse was taken to the stable. I was shown to my room by a thoroughly drilled servant, whose tongue had been trained to as persistent a silence as if his functions had been those of a mute at a funeral. His name, I discovered, was Henry, but beyond this I could make no progress in his acquaintance. He prided himself upon knowing his place, and the profound respect with which he treated me made it impossible that I should ask him for the information on which my happiness, perhaps my reputation, just then depended. I wanted to know for what purpose I had been shown to my room; what I was expected to do there; and at what hour I ought to descend to the parlor or library.

But it was manifestly out of the question to seek such information at the hands of so well regulated a being as Henry. He had ushered me into my room, and now stood bolt upright, gazing fixedly at nothing, and waiting for my orders in profound and immovable silence. He had done his part well, and it was not for him to assume that I was unprepared to do mine. His attitude indicated, or perhaps I should say aggressively asserted, the necessity he was under of assuming my entire familiarity with the usages of good society and the ancient customs of this ancient house. The worst of it was, I fancied that the solemn rogue guessed my ignorance and delighted in exposing the fraudulent character of my pretensions to gentility; but in this I did him an injustice, as future knowledge of him taught me. He was well drilled, and delighted in doing his duty, that was all. No *gaucherie* on my part would have moved him to smile. He knew his place and his business too well for that. Whatever I might have done he would have held to be perfectly proper. It was for him to stand there like a statue until I should bid him do otherwise, and if I had kept him there a week, I think he would have given no sign of weariness or impatience. As it was, his presence appalled and oppressed me, and in despair of discovering the proper thing to do, I determined to put a bold face upon the matter.

"I am tired and warm," I said, "and will rest awhile on the bed. I will join the ladies in half an hour. You may go now."

At dinner Henry stood at the sideboard and silently directed the servants. When the cloth was removed he brought a wine-tub with perhaps a dozen bottles in it, and silently awaited my signal before decanting one of them. When I had drunk a glass with the ladies, they rose and retired, leaving me alone with the wine and the cigars, and Henry, whose erect solemnity converted the great, silent dining-room into something very like a funeral chamber. He stood there like a guardsman on duty, immova-

ble, speechless, patient, while I sat at the board, a decanter of wine before me, and a tub of unopened bottles on the floor by my side. I did not want any wine, or anything else, except a sound of some sort to break the horrible stillness. I tried to think of some device by which to make Henry go out of the room, or move one of his hands, or turn his eyes a little, or even wink; but I failed utterly. There was nothing whatever to be done, and no order to give him. Every want was supplied and everything was at my hand. The cigars were under my nose, the ash-pan by them, and a lighted wax candle stood within reach. I toyed with the decanter, in hope of breaking the stillness, but its stand was too well cushioned above and below to make a sound. I ventured at last to move one of my feet, but a strip of velvet carpet lay between it and the floor. I could stand it no longer. Filling a glass of wine I drank it off, lighted a fresh cigar, and boldly strode out of the house to walk on the lawn in front.

On the occasion of subsequent visits I got on well enough, knowing precisely what to expect and what to do, and in time I came to regard this as one of the very pleasantest houses in which I visited at all, if on no other account than because I found myself perfectly free, there, to do as I pleased; but until I learned that I was expected to consult only my own comfort while a guest in the house, the atmosphere of the place oppressed me.

Not in every house were the servants so well trained as Henry, but what they lacked in skill they fully made up in numbers, and in hardly anything else was the extravagance of the Virginians so manifest as in their wastefulness of labor. On nearly every plantation there were ten or twelve able-bodied men and women employed about the house, doing the work which two or three ought to have done and might have done; and in addition to this there were usually a dozen or a score of others with merely nominal duties or no duties at all. But it was useless to urge their master to send any of them to the field, and idle to show

him that the addition which might thus be made to the force of productive laborers would so increase his revenues as to acquit him of debt within a few years. He did not much care to be free of debt, for one thing, and he liked to have plenty of servants always within call. As his dinner-table bore every day food enough for a regiment, so his nature demanded the presence of half a dozen servitors whenever one was wanted. Indeed, these people usually summoned servants in squads, calling three or four to take one guest's horse to stable, or to bring one pitcher of ice-water.

And yet I should do the Virginians great injustice were I to leave the impression that they were lazy. With abundant possessions, superabundant household help, and slave labor, they had a good deal of leisure, of course, but they were nevertheless very industrious people, in their way. It was no light undertaking to manage a great plantation, and at the same time fulfill the large measure of duties to friends and neighbors which custom imposed. One must visit and receive visitors, and must go to court every month, and to all planters' meetings. Besides this there was a certain amount of fox-hunting, and squirrel and bird and turkey shooting, and fishing, to be done, which it was really very difficult to escape, with any credit to one's self. On the whole, the time of the planters was pretty fully occupied. The ladies had household duties, and these included the cutting and making of clothes for all the negroes on the plantation, a heavy task which might as well have been done by the negro seamstresses, except that such was not the custom. Fair women, who kept a dress-maker for themselves, worked day after day on coarse cloths, manufacturing coats and trousers for the field hands. They did a great deal of embroidery and worsted work, too, and personally instructed negro girls in the use of the needle and scissors. All this, with their necessary visiting and entertaining, and their daily attendance upon the sick negroes, whom they always visited and cared for in person, served to make the Virginian ladies

about the busiest women I have ever known. Even Sunday brought them little rest, as in addition to other duties on that day each of the ladies spent some hours at the "quarters," holding a Sunday-school.

But the Virginians had, notwithstanding, a good deal of leisure on their hands, and their command of time was a very important agent, I should say, in the formation of their characters, as individuals and as a people. It bred habits of outdoor exercise, which gave the young men stalwart frames and robust constitutions; it gave form to their social life; and above all it made reading men and students of many, though their reading and their study were of a somewhat peculiar kind. They were all Latinists, inasmuch as Latin formed the staple of their ordinary school course. It was begun early and continued to the end, and even in after life very many gentlemen planters were in the habit of reading their Virgil and their Horace and their Ovid as an amusement, so that it came to be assumed quite as a matter of course that every gentleman with any pretension to culture could read Latin easily, and quote Horace and Juvenal from memory.

But they read English literature still more largely, and in no part of the country, except in distinctly literary centres like Cambridge or Concord, are really good household libraries so common a possession, I think, as they were among the best classes of Virginian planters. *Expende Hannibalem! Quot libros in summo duce inveniit?* Let us open the old glass doors and see what books the Virginians read. The libraries in the old houses were the growth of many generations, begun perhaps by the English cadet who founded the family on this side of the water in the middle of the seventeenth century, and added to little by little from that day to this. They were especially rich in the English classics, in early editions with long s's and looped c's, but sadly deficient in the literature of the present. In one of them, I remember, I found nearly everything from Chaucer to Byron, and comparatively little that was

later. From Pope to Southey it furnished a pretty complete geologic section of English literature, and from internal evidence I conclude that when the founder of the family and the library first took up his residence in the Old Dominion, Swift was still a contributor to The Gentleman's Magazine, and Pope was a poet not many years dead. There was a copy of Tom Jones, and another of Joseph Andrews, printed in Fielding's own time. The Spectator was there, not in the shape of a reprint, but the original papers rudely bound, a treasure brought from England, doubtless, by the immigrant. Richardson, Smollett, Swift, and the rest were present in contemporary editions; the poets and essayists, pretty much all of them, in quaint old volumes; Johnson's Lives of the Poets; Sheridan's plays, stitched; Burke's works; Scott's novels in force, just as they came one after another from the press of the Edinburgh publishers; Miss Edgeworth's moralities elbowing Mrs. Aphra Behn's strongly tainted romances; Miss Burney's Evelina, which was so "proper" that all the young ladies used to read it, but so dull that nobody ever opens it nowadays; and scores of other old "new books" which I have no room to catalogue here, even if I could remember them all. Byron appeared, not as a whole but in separate volumes, bought as each was published. Even the poor little Hours of Idleness was there, ordered from across the sea, doubtless, in consequence of the savage treatment it received at the hands of the Edinburgh Review, bound volumes of which were on the shelves below. There was no copy of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, but as nearly all the rest of Byron's poems were there in original editions, it seems probable that the satire also had once held a place in the library. It had been read to pieces, perhaps, or borrowed and never returned. There were histories of all kinds, and collected editions of standard works in plenty, covering a wide field of law, politics, theology, and what not. Of strictly modern books the assortment was comparatively meagre. Ma-

caulay's *Miscellanies*, Motley's *Dutch Republic*, Prescott's *Mexico*, Peru, etc.; stray volumes of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Lever; Kennedy's *Swallow Barn*, Cooke's *Virginia Comedians*, half a dozen volumes of Irving, and a few others, made up the list. Of modern poetry there was not a line, and in this, as in other respects, the old library — burned during the war — fairly represented the literary tastes and reading habits of the Virginians in general. They read little or no recent poetry and not much recent prose. I think this was not so much the result of prejudice as of education. The schools in Virginia were excellent ones of their kind, but their system was that of a century ago. They

gave attention, chiefly, to "the humanities" and logic, and the education of a Virginian gentleman resembled that of an Englishman of the last century far more closely than that of any modern American. The writers of the present naturally address themselves to men of to-day, and this is precisely what the Virginians were not, wherefore modern literature was not at all a thing to their taste. To all this of course there were exceptions. I have known some Virginians who appreciated Tennyson, enjoyed Longfellow and Lowell, and understood Browning; just as I have known a few who affected a modern pronunciation of the letter *a* in such words as master, basket, glass, and grass.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE SILENT TIDE.

A TANGLED orchard round the farm-house
spreads,

Wherein it stands home-like, but desolate,
'Midst crowded and uneven-statured sheds,
Alike by rain and sunshine sadly stained.

A quiet country-road before the door
Runs, gathering close its ruts to scale the
hill —

A sudden bluff on the New Hampshire coast,
That rises rough against the sea, and hangs
Crested above the boulder-sprinkled beach.
And on the road white houses small are
strung

Like threaded beads, with intervals. The
church

Tops the rough hill; then comes the wheel-
wright's shop.

From orchard, church, and shop you hear
the sea,

And from the farm-house windows see it
strike

Sharp gleams through slender arching apple-
boughs.

Sea-like, too, echoing round me here there
rolls

A surging sorrow; and even so there breaks
A smitten light of woe upon me, now,
Seeing this place, and telling o'er again

The tale of those who dwelt here once. Long
since

It was, and they were two — two brothers,
bound

By early orphanage and solitude

The closer, cleaving strongly each to each,
Till love, that held them many years in gage,
Itself swept them asunder. I have heard
The story from old Deacon Snow, their
friend,

He who was boy and man with them. A
boy!

What, he? How strange it seems! who now
is stiff

And warped with life's fierce heat and cold:
his brows

Are hoary white, and on his head the hairs
Stand sparse as wheat-stalks on the bare
field's edge!

Reuben and Jerry they were named; but
two

Of common blood and nurture scarce were
found

More sharply different. For the first was
bold,

Breeze-like and bold to come or go; not rash,
But shrewdly generous, popular, and boon:
And Jerry, dark and sad-faced. Whether
least

He loved himself or neighbor none could tell,
 So cold he seemed in wonted sympathy.
 Yet he would ponder an hour at a time
 Upon a bird found dead ; and much he loved
 To brood i' th' shade of yon wind-wavered
 pines.

Often at night, too, he would wander forth,
 Lured by the hollow rumbling of the sea
 In moonlight breaking, there to learn wild
 things,

Such as these dreamers pluck out of the
 dusk

While other men lie sleeping. But a star
 Rose on his sight, at last, with power to rule
 Majestically mild that deep-domed sky,
 High as youth's hopes, that stood above his
 soul ;

And, ruling, led him dayward. That was
 Grace,

I mean Grace Brierly, daughter of the squire,
 Rivaling the wheelwright Hungerford's shy
 Ruth

For beauty. Therefore, in the sunny field,
 Mowing the clover-purpled grass, or, waked
 In keen December dawns, — while creeping
 light

And winter-tides beneath the pallid stars
 Stole o'er the marsh together, — a thought
 of her

Would turn him cool or warm, like the south
 breeze,

And make him blithe or bitter. Alas for
 him !

Eagerly storing golden thoughts of her,
 He locked a phantom treasure in his breast.
 He sought to chain the breezes, and to lift
 A perfume as a pearl before his eyes —
 Intangible delight ! A time drew on,
 When from these twilight musings on his
 hopes

He woke, and found the morning of his love
 Blasted, and all its rays shorn suddenly.

For Reuben, too, had turned his eye on
 Grace,

And she with favoring face the suit had met,
 Known in the village ; this dream-fettered
 youth

Perceiving not what passed, until too late.

One holiday the young folks all had gone
 Strawberrying, with the village Sabbath-
 school ;

Reuben and Grace and Jerry, Ruth, Rob
 Snow,

And all their friends, youth-mates that buoy-
 antly

Bore out 'gainst Time's armadas, like a fleet
 Of fair ships, sunlit, braced by buffeting
 winds,

Indomitably brave ; but, soon or late,
 Battle and hurricane or whirl them deep
 Below to death, or send them homeward,
 seared

By shot and storm : so went they forth, that
 day.

Two wagons full of rosy children rolled
 Along the ruddy track, 'twixt swamp and
 slope,

Through deep, green-glimmering woods, and
 out at last

On grassy table-land, warm with the sun
 And yielding tributary odors wild
 Of strawberry, late June-rose, juniper,
 Where sea and land breeze mingled. There
 a brook

Through a bare hollow flashing, spurted,
 purled,

And shot away, yet stayed — a light and
 grace

Unconscious and unceasing. And thick
 pines,

Hard by, drew darkly far away their dim
 And sheltering, cool arcades. So all dis-
 mount,

And fields and forest gladden with their
 shouts ;

Ball, swing, and see-saw sending the light
 hearts

Of the children high o'er earth and every-
 thing ;

While some staid, kindly women draw and
 spread

In pine-shade the long whiteness of a cloth.
 The rest, a busy legion, o'er the grass
 Kneeling, must rifle the meadow of its fruit.

O laughing Fate ! O treachery of truth
 To royal hopes youth bows before ! That
 day,

Ev'n there where life in such glad measure
 beat

Its round, with winds and waters, tunelessly,
 And birds made music in the matted wood,
 The shaft of death reached Jerry's heart :
 he saw

The sweet conspiracy of those two lives,
 In looks and gestures read his doom, and
 heard

Their laughter ring to the grave all mirth of
 his.

So Reuben's life in full leaf stood, its fruit
 Hidden in a green expectancy ; but all
 His days were rounded with ripe conscious-
 ness :

While Jerry felt the winter's whitening
 blight,

As when that frosty fern-work and those palms
 Of visionary leaf and trailing vines,
 Quaint-chased by night-winds on the pane,
 Melt off,
 And naked earth, stone-stiff, with bristling trees,
 Stares in the winter sunlight coldly through.
 But yet he rose, and clothed himself amain
 With misery, and once more put on life
 As a stained garment. Highly he resolved
 To make his deedless days henceforward strike
 Pure harmony — a psalm of silences.

But on the Sunday, coming from the church,
 He saw those happy, plighted lovers walk
 Before proud Grace's father, and of friends
 Heard comment and congratulation given.
 Then with Rob Snow he hurried to the beach,
 To a rough heap of stones they two had reared
 In boyhood. There the two held sad debate
 Of life's swift losses, Rob inspiriting still,
 Jerry rejecting hope, ev'n though his friend,
 Self-wounding (for he loved Ruth Hungerford),
 Told how the wheelwright's daughter longed for him,
 And yet might make him glad, though Grace was lost.

The season deepened, and in Jerry's heart
 Ripened a thought charged with grave consequence.
 His grief he would have stifled at its birth,
 Sad child of frustrate longing! But anon —
 Knowledge of Ruth's affection being revealed,
 Which, if he stayed to let it feed on him,
 Vine-like might wreath and wind about his life,
 Lifting all shade and sweetness out of reach
 Of Robert, so long his friend — honor, and hopes
 He would not name, kindled a torch for war
 Of various impulse in him. Reuben wedded;
 Yet Jerry lingered. Then, swift whisperings
 Along the reverberant walls of gossips' ears
 Hummed loud and louder a love for Ruth.
 Grace, too,
 Involved him in a web of soft surmise
 With Ruth; and Reuben questioned him thereof.
 But a white, sudden anger struck like a bolt
 O'er Jerry's face, that blackened under it :

He strode away, and left his brother dazed
 With red rush of offended self-conceit
 Staining his forehead to the hair. This flash
 Of anger — first since boyhood's wholesome strifes —
 On Jerry's path gleamed lurid; by its light
 He shaped a life's course out.

There came a storm
 One night. He bade farewell to Ruth; and when
 Above the seas the bare-browed dawn arose,
 While the last laggard drops ran off the caves,
 He dressed, but took some customary garb
 On his arm; stole swiftly to the sands; and there
 Cast down his garments by the ancient heap
 Of stones. At first brief pause he made, and thought:
 "And thus I play, to win perchance a tear
 From her whom, first, to save the smallest care,
 I thought I could have died!" But then at once
 Within the sweep of swirling water-planes
 That from the great waves circled up and slid
 Instantly back, passing far down the shore,
 Southward he made his way. Next day he shipped
 Upon a whaler outward bound. She spread
 Her mighty wings, and bore him far away —
 So far, Death seemed across her wake to stalk,
 Withering her swift shape from the empty air,
 So that her memory grew a faded dream.
 Ah, what a desolate brightness that young day
 Flung o'er the impassive strand and dull green marsh
 And green-arched orchard, ere it struck the farm!
 Storm-strengthened, clear and cool the morning rose
 To gaze down on that frightened home, where dawned
 Pale Ruth's discovery of her loss, who late,
 Guessing some evil in Jerry's last-night words
 Of vague farewell, woke now to certainty
 Of strange disaster. So, when Reuben and Rob,
 Hither and thither searching, with locked lips

And eyes grown suddenly cold in eager
dread,
On those still sands beside the untamed
sea
Came to the garments Jerry had thrown
there, dumb
They stood, and knew he'd perished. If by
chance
Borne out with undertow and rolled be-
neath
The gaping surge, or free-willed rushing on
His death, they would not guess; but
straight they set
Themselves to watch the changes of the
sea —
The watchful sea that would not be be-
trayed,
The surly flood that echoed their suspense
With hollow-sounding horror. Thus three
tides
Hurled on the beach their empty spray,
and brought
Nor doubt-dispelling death, nor new-born
hope.
But with the third slow turn at length
there came
A naked, drifting body impelled to shore,
An unknown sailor by the late storm swept
Out of the rigging of some laboring ship.
And him, disfigured by the water's wear,
The watching friends supposed their dead;
and so,
Mourning, took up this outcast of the deep,
And buried him, with church-rite and with
pall
Trailing, and train of sad-eyed mourners,
there
In the old orchard-lot by Reuben's door.

Observed among the mourners walked
slight Ruth.
Her grief had dropped a veil of finer light
Around her, hedging her with sanctity
Peculiar; all stood shy about her save
Rob Snow, he venturing from time to time
Some small, uncertain act of kindness.
Long seemed she vowed from joy, but when
the birds
Began to mate, and quiet violets blow
Along the brookside, lo! she smiled again;
Again the wind-flower color in her cheeks
Blanch'd in a breath, and bloomed once
more; then stayed;
Till, like the breeze that rumors ripening
buds,
A delicate sense crept through the air that
soon
These two would scale the church-crowned
hill, and wed.

The seasons faced the world, and fled, and
came.
In summer nights, the soft roll of the sea
Was shattered, resonant, beneath a moon
That, silent, seemed to hearken. And,
every hour
In autumn, night or day, large apples fell
Without rebound to earth, upon the sod
There mounded greenly by the large slate
slab
In the old orchard-lot near Reuben's door.
But there were changes: after some long
years
Reuben and Grace beheld a brave young
boy
Bearing their double life abroad in one,
Beginning new the world, and bringing
hopes
That in their path fell flower-like. Not at
ease
They dwelt, though; for a slow discord-
ancy
Of temper — weak-willed waste of life in
bursts
Of petulance — had marred their happiness.
And so the boy, young Reuben, as he grew,
Was chafed and vexed by this ill-fitting
mode
Of life forced on him, and rebelled. Too
oft
Brooding alone, he shaped loose schemes of
flight
Into the joyous outer world, to break
From the unwholesome wranglings of his
home.
Then once, when at some slight demur he
made,
Dispute ensued between the man and wife,
He burst forth, goaded, "Some day I will
leave, —
Leave you forever!" And his father stared,
Lifted and clenched his hand, but let it un-
loose,
Nerveless. The blow, unstruck, yet quivered
through
The boy's whole body.

Waiting for the night,
Reuben made ready, lifted latch, went
forth;
Then, with his little bundle in his hand,
Took the bleak road that led him to the
world.

When Jerry eighteen years had sailed, had
bared
His hurt soul to the pitiless sun, and drunk
The rainy brew of storms on all seas, tired
Of wreck and fever and renewed mischance

That would not end in death, a longing
 stirred
 Within him to revisit that gray coast
 Where he was born. He landed at the
 port
 Whence first he sailed; and, as in fervid
 youth,
 Set forth upon the highway, to walk home.
 Some boarding he had made, wherewith to
 enrich
 His brother's brood for spendthrift pur-
 poses;
 And as he walked he wondered how they
 looked,
 How tall they were, how many there might
 be.
 At noon he set himself beside the way,
 Under a clump of willows sprouting dense
 O'er the weed-woven margin of a brook;
 While in the fine green branches overhead
 Song-sparrows lightly perched, for whom he
 threw
 From his scant bread some crumbs, remem-
 bering well
 Old days when he had played with birds
 like these—
 The same, perhaps, or grandfathers of
 theirs,
 Or earlier still progenitors: whereat
 They chirped and chattered louder than
 before.

But, as he sat, a boy came down the road,
 Stirring the noontide dust with laggard
 feet.

Young Reuben 't was, who seaward made
 his way.

And Jerry hailed him, carelessly, his mood
 Moving to salutation, and the boy,
 From under his torn hat-brim looking, an-
 swered.

Then, seeing that he eyed his scrap of bread,
 The sailor bade him come and share it. So
 They fell to talk; and Jerry, with a rough,
 Quick-touching kindness, the boy's heart so
 moved

That unto him he all his wrong confessed.
 Gravely the sailor looked at him, and told
 His own tale of mad flight and wandering;
 how,

Wasted he had come back, his life a husk
 Of withered seeds, a raveled purse, though
 once

With golden years well stocked, all squan-
 dered now.

At ending, he prevailed, and Reub was won
 To turn and follow. Jerry, though he
 knew

Not yet the father's name, said he that way

Was going, too, and he would intercede
 Between the truant and his father. Back
 Together then they went. But on the way,
 As now they passed from pines to farming-
 land,

The boy asked more. "'Tis queer you
 should have come

From these same parts, and run away like
 me!

You did not tell me how it happened."

"Foolish,

All of it! But I thought it weightier
 Than the world's history, once. I could
 not stay

And see my brother married to the girl
 I loved; and so I went."

THE BOY.

I had 'an uncle

That was in love. But he—he drowned
 himself.

Why do men do so?

JERRY.

Drowned himself? And when?

THE BOY.

I don't know. Long ago; it's like a dream
 To me. I was not born then. Deacon
 Snow

Has told me something of it. Mother cries
 Even now, beside his grave. Poor uncle!

JERRY.

His grave!

(That could not be, then.) Yet if it should
 be,

How can I think Grace cried—

THE BOY.

How did you know

My mother's name was Grace?

JERRY.

I am confused

By what you say. But is your mother's
 name

Grace? How! Grace, too?

A strange uneasiness

In Jerry's breast had waked. They walked
 awhile

In silence. This he could not well believe,
 That Grace and Reuben were unhappy, nor
 That but one son was theirs. Therefore
 aside

He thrust that hidden, sharp foreboding;
 still

He trusted, still sustained a calm suspense,
And ranged among his memories. "Tell
me, son,"

He said, "about this Deacon Snow — Rob
Snow

It must be, I suppose."

THE BOY.

Oh, do you know him ?

JERRY.

A deacon now! Ay, once I knew Rob
Snow —

A jolly blade, if ever any was,
And merry as the full moon.

THE BOY.

He has failed

A good deal now, though, since his wife
died.

JERRY.

What!

(Of course; of course; all's changed.) He
married!

THE BOY.

Why,

How long you must have been away! For
since

I can remember he has had a wife
And children. She was Gran'ther Hunger-
ford's —

JERRY.

Her name was Ruth?

THE BOY.

Yes, Ruth! 'T is after her
The deacon's nicest daughter's named;
she's Ruth.

Then sadly Jerry pondered, and no more
Found speech. They tramped on sternly.
To the brow

Of a long hill they came, whence they could
see

The village and blue ocean; then they
sank

Into a region of low-lying fields
Half-naked from the scythe, and others
veined

With vines that 'midst dismantled, fallen
corn

Dragged all athwart a weight of tawny
gourds

Sun-mellowed, sound. And now the level
way

Stretched forward eagerly, for hard ahead

It made the turn that rounded Reuben's
house.

Between the still road and the tossing sea
Lay the wide swamp, with all its hundred
pools

Reflecting leaden light; anon they passed
A farm-yard where the noisy chanticleer
Strutted and ruled, as one long since had
done;

And then the wayside trough with jutting
spout

Of ancient, mossy wood, that still poured
forth

Its liquid largess to all comers. Soon
A slow cart met them, filled with gathered
kelp:

The salt scent seemed a breath of younger
days.

They reached the road-bend, and the even-
ing shone

Upon them, calmly. Jerry paused, o'er-
whelmed.

Reuben, surprised, glanced at him, and then
said,

"Yonder's the house." Old Jerry gazed
on him,

And trembled; for before him slowly grew
Through the boy's face the mingled fea-
tures there

Of father and of mother — Grace's mouth,
Ripe, pouting lips, and Reuben's square-
framed eyes.

But, mastering well his voice, he bade the
boy

Wait by the wall, till he a little while
Went forward, and prepared. So Reuben
stayed;

And Jerry with uncertain step advanced,
As dreaming of his youth and this his home.
Slowly he passed between the gateless posts
Before the unused front door, slowly too
Beyond the side porch with its woodbine
thick

Draping autumnal splendor. Thus he came
Before the kitchen window, where he saw
A gray-haired woman bent o'er needle-
work

In gathering twilight. And without a voice,
Rooted, he stood. He stirred not, but his
glance

Burned through the pane; uneasily she
turned,

And seeing that shaggy stranger standing
there

Expectant, shook her head, as though to
warn

Some chance, wayfaring beggar. He,
though, stood

And looked at her immovably. Then, quick

The sash upthrowing, she made as if to speak

Harshly ; but still he held his quiet eyes
Upon her. Now she paused ; her throat
throbbled full ;

Her lips paled suddenly, her wan face flamed,
A fertile stir of memory strove to work
Renewal in those features wintry cold.
And so she hung, while Jerry by a step
Drawn nearer, coming just beneath her,
said,

"Grace!" And she murmured, "Jerry!"
Then she bent

Over him, clasping his great matted head
With those worn arms, all joyless ; and the
tears

Fell hot upon his forehead from her eyes.
For now in this dim gloaming their two
souls

Unfruited, by an instant insight wild,
Delicious, found the full, mysterious clew
Of individual being, each in each.

But, tremulously, soon they drew them-
selves

Away from that so sweet, so sad embrace,
The first, the last that could be theirs.
Then he,

Summing his story in a word, a glance,
Added, "But though you see me broken
down

And poor enough, not empty-handed quite
I come. For God set in my way a gift,
The best I could have sought. I bring it
you

In memory of the love I bore. Not now
Must that again be thought of! Waste
and black

My life's fields lie behind me, and a frost
Has stilled the music of my hopes, but here
If I may dwell, nor trouble you, such a
joy

Were mine, I dare not ask it. Oh forgive
The weakness! Come and see my gift!"

Ah, tears

Flowed fast, that night, from springs of
love unsealed

Once more within the ancient house — rare
tears

Of reconciliation, grief, and joy!

A miracle, it seemed, had here been wrought,
The dead brought back to life. And with
him came

The prodigal, repenting.

So, thenceforth,

A spirit of peace within the household
dwelt.

In Jerry a swift-sent age these years had
brought,

To soften him, wrought with all the woe at
home

Such open, gracious dignity, that all
For cheer and guidance learned to look to
him.

But chiefly th' younger Reuben sought his
aid,

And he with homely wisdom shaped the lad
To a life's loving duty. Yet not long,
Alas! the kind sea-farer with them stayed.
After some years his storm-racked body
drooped.

The season came when crickets cease to
sing

And flame-curved leaves fly fast ; and Jerry
sank

Softly toward death. Then, on a boisterous
morn

That beat the wrecked woods with inces-
sant gusts

To wrest some last leaf from them, he arose
And passed away. But those who loved
him watched

His fading, half in doubt, and half afraid,
As if he must return again ; for now
Entering the past he seemed, and not a life
Beyond ; and some who thought of that old
grave

In the orchard, dreamed a breath's space
that the man

Long buried had come back, and could not
die.

But so he died, and, ceasing, made request
Beside that outcast of the deep to lie.

None other mark desired he but the stone
Set there long since, though at a stranger's
grave,

In heavy memory of him thought dead.

They marked the earth with one more
mound beside

The other, near a gap in the low wall
That looked out seaward. There you ever
hear

The deep, remorseful requiem of the sea ;
And there, in autumn, windfalls, showering
thick

Upon the grave, score the slow, voiceless
hours

With unrebounding stroke. All round
about

Green milkweed rankly thrives, and golden-
rod

Sprouts from his prostrate heart in fine-
poised grace

Of haughty curve, with every crest in flower.

G. P. Lathrop.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE leisurely character of Mr. Flagg's volume ¹ well befits the subject of which he treats. An unaffected lover of nature, he has rambled about New England, especially near the sea-coast, stopping by the side of a brook or an overgrown stone wall, lifting the leaves of the sheltering burdock, listening to the notes of birds, which he vainly tries to repeat in musical form, standing still it may be to feel the gentle *susurrus* of nature tremble over his nerves. In a pretty sketch of the delights of the botanist he gives in a single sentence a picture which has a homely beauty of form and suggestion: "He listens to the muffled drum [of the ruffled grouse] while he cools his heated brow under a canopy of maples over-arched with woodbine, and picks the scarlet berries that cluster on the green knolls at his feet." Thus it is that in recording the result of his rambles and observations Mr. Flagg has apparently followed no exigencies of book-making, but has set down in almost negligent order his notes on the birds to which he has listened, and the characteristics of the months as they follow one another through the year. In reading his book, one is almost persuaded that the months themselves move more leisurely than we are wont to know them. Certainly the entire impression which this delightful book makes upon one is of a cool retreat from the bustle and nervous hurry of common life. The reason of this is in the sincerity of the author. The very sluggishness of the literary current of the book attests the entire occupation of the writer with his subject. There is at times an old-fashioned air about his style which has something to do with the remoteness from our daily life so characteristic of the book. We should be impatient of it, were it not so naturally a part of the whole temper in which the work is conceived. Mr. Flagg's observations are acute, and, like those of all patient naturalists, set down with reserve. He seems always waiting for some later news from the forest. What he tells now is true, but like John Robinson he is confident "that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy" woods. By the aid of the

index one may easily use the work as a handbook for testing the notes of birds, and a careful reading will stimulate many to watch more closely the life that goes on about them. It would be easy to quote single passages which show the gentle spirit of the book; we copy one only because of the plea which the author makes for a genuine and homely bit of New England scenery:

"The New England stone wall, as a feature in landscape scenery, is generally considered a deformity; yet it cannot be denied that the same lines of wooden fence would mar the beauty of our prospect in a still greater degree. On account of the loose manner in which the stones are laid one upon another, as well as the character of the materials, this wall harmonizes with the rude aspects of nature better than any kind of masonry. It seems to me less of a deformity than a trimmed hedge or any other kind of a fence, except in ornamental grounds, of which I do not treat. In wild pastures, and lands devoted to common rustic labor, the stone wall is the most picturesque boundary-mark that has yet been invented. A trimmed hedge in such places would present to the eye an intolerable formality. One of the charms of the loose stone wall is the manifest ease with which it may be overleaped. It menaces no infringement upon our liberty. When we look abroad upon the face of a country subdivided only by long lines of loose stones, and overgrown by vines and shrubbery, we feel no sense of constraint. The whole boundless prospect is ours. An appearance that cherishes this feeling of liberty is essential to the beauty of landscape; for no man can thoroughly enjoy a scene from which he is excluded. Fences are deformities of prospect which we are obliged to use and tolerate. But the loose stone wall only is expressive of that freedom which is grateful to the traveler and the Rambler." And in another place, "We seldom see one [a stone wall] that is not covered on each side with roses, brambles, spirea, viburnum, and other native vines and shrubs, so that in some of our open fields the stone walls, with their accompaniments, are the most attractive objects in the landscape. Along

¹ *The Birds and Seasons of New England.* By WILSON FLAGG, author of *The Woods and By-Ways*

of New England. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

their borders Nature calls out, in their season, the anemone, the violet, the crane's-bill, the bellwort, the convolvulus, and many other flowers of exceeding beauty, while the rest of the field is devoted to tillage."

The heliotype illustrations which are scattered through the book are in harmony with the contents. There is nothing striking about them, but always the same placid beauty, the calm suggestion of afternoon sauntering and hidden graces of flower and stone. One who reads the book and looks at the pictures, and discovers the respect which the author pays to other observers, though their names are not among the lettered and great ones, begins to discover, if he has not before known it, how large a world lies about him, through which he passes almost with closed eyes. We sometimes speak of the veil being lifted and a hitherto unseen spiritual world disclosed to us; but there is such a thing as a veil which shuts from us the physical world of beauty in which we live. When it is lifted, as by the interpretation of this book, there is real gain.

—Count Krasinski's book is a monument of enthusiasm.¹ The author during his life was known only as "the anonymous poet," and died without the satisfaction of connecting his name with the cause to which he had dedicated himself. The translator, who has laboriously collected in a volume of five hundred pages not only the greater part of his compositions, but all the information she could gather upon the subject, did not live to see her work published. The appearance of a book under such circumstances indisposes one for fault-finding; whatever the defects of the original or the translation, one would rather dwell upon the new and strong interest they offer. Few of us realize how living and intense are the love and hopes which the Poles cherish for their country. The romantic and rather theatrical attitude in which they are generally represented inclines us to think of their sorrows and schemes much as our forefathers must have looked upon those of the last Jacobites. Their hopes may be the flimsiest of illusions, but they cling to them from generation to generation as the Jews did to the coming of the Messiah. The book before us gives an insight into this undying passion, and opens a new alcove in the library of universal letters.

The father of the anonymous poet, Count

Vincent Krasinski, a young man of talents, courage, wealth, after raising great expectations by his early distinction, proved recreant, though not actually traitor, to his country. His son Sigismund was about thirteen when this occurred; his mother, a princess of the house of Radziwill, had died when he was but three years old, and his father, who was inconsolable for her loss, had devoted himself to the education of their only child. The boy, although his health was feeble from infancy, was beautiful and precocious, showing the quick wit and courteous, chivalric instincts of his race. He had already given proofs of extraordinary gifts and attainments, when the political crisis in which his father ranged himself with the oppressors of his country closed the boy's untrodden career. He had lately entered the University of Warsaw with great distinction; one day he was mobbed by his fellow-students, who tore the college badges from his breast, taunted him with his father's backsliding, and rejected him as a comrade; his conduct on this terrible occasion was singular and indicative; he did not quail before the storm of youthful fury, but stood firm and offered them his pardon for insulting an innocent person. But his existence was blighted from that hour. He resolved to devote himself to his father and to his country; never to desert or distress the former, yet to give all his powers to the service of the latter. His biographer considers the secrecy with which he guarded his authorship as an act of expiation for his father's faithlessness, but this seems too high-flown; it was more probably filial respect and loyalty, the delicacy of a refined and high-toned nature, which induced him to forego, not fame alone; but the sweet sense of his country's gratitude and sympathy, that his patriotism might not be a tacit reproach to his father. He was not without consolation and compensation; the poet Mickiewicz and other justly celebrated countrymen of his were his friends, as well as the painter Ary Scheffer, and many other eminent men of the various countries in which he lived; he married at thirty a young Countess Branicka, a woman in every way fit to be his companion; he had the consciousness of possessing the heart of his nation, though unknown to it; his father, whom he loved devotedly, lived almost as long as himself, and was made governor of Russian Poland,

KRASINSKI. Translated by MARTHA WALKER COOK. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

¹ *The Undivine Comedy and other Poems.* By the Anonymous Poet of Poland, COUNT SIGISMUND

an appointment which was so well received by the people as to give hopes that the bitterness of past years was forgotten. But his own health was wretched, he became almost blind, he lost his fortune by the failure of a banking-house, his only daughter died; he was a marked man, the Russian government constantly ordering him back from the milder climates, whither he had been sent in search of health, to Warsaw, where he was under its eye; and added to all this, he had to witness the miseries of his country without the comfort of sharing them by overt act or expression. The conflict of feeling with which, when a lad of sixteen, he heard of the rising of 1830 caused the first breaking down of his system: the news reached him in Italy, and he was struck down by illness which kept him in bed for a year. His painful existence came to an end at the age of forty-five, in Paris, February, 1859; his funeral services were performed at the church of the Madeleine. His body was taken back to Poland by his countryman, Count Zamoyiski, and laid among his ancestors at his family place, Opingora. He and his father having both passed away, there was no further motive for concealment, and the pride and affection with which his nation treasures his name form a precious heritage for his sons.

He left some unfinished compositions which are not included in Mrs. Cook's collection. Those which she has given us are from French or German versions, and thus we are removed so far from the original that it is impossible to judge of the style and diction. In her part of the work she has given proof of considerable poetic feeling and talent. There is a violence and extravagance in the ideas and images, a wildness and distortion in the plot or story, a use of the supernatural, totally at discord with the western imagination; here is plainly a different key-note, another pitch; we cannot apply our own canons of art to it any more than to the temple of Denderah or the sculptures of Nineveh. The leading thought is always the same, in one form or another, a struggle between humanity and the powers which grind it down, whether brute force, the might of money, or the tyranny of caste, with the invariable moral that it is not by the weapons furnished by earthly passions, hatred, revenge, that the victory will ever be won; the evil must be met, the foe overthrown, in another spirit, by a higher power. M.

Julian Klaczko, whose name is known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says in an essay on Polish poetry in the nineteenth century, of which the indefatigable Mrs. Cook has given a translation, "There is assuredly something imposing in this perseverance in upholding an idea so completely out of keeping with the general modes of thought in the times in which we live. It required the greatest courage, and a faith no less great, to attempt to convert one of the most ardent, impulsive, high-mettled, and fiery people on the face of the earth to such a doctrine." This idea is brought out with great distinctness in *The Undivine Comedy*, — an unfortunate rendering of the original title, but intended, to suggest unmistakably the reference to Dante's poem. The hero, Count Henry, a noble, high-souled dreamer, allows himself to be led astray by the demon of pride, first, in the shape of a long-lost love more capable of understanding his aspirations than the affectionate but commonplace woman he has married; his estrangement, his wife's instant perception of it and gentle, feminine attempts to bring him back, — failing in which she becomes insane, — in themselves furnish material for a very moving domestic tragedy; the count, having discovered that his ideal love is only a phantom animated by an evil spirit, returns humbled and penitent to his wife; he finds her in a mad-house; she tells him she is there to become worthy of him, that she is a poet: —

"I prayed three days and nights, — at last God heard me.

After I lost thee
There came a change o'er me. I cried 'Lord! Lord!'
And prayed unceasingly, and struck my breast,
And placed a blessed candle on my heart,
Did penance, cried, 'Send inspiration down:
Within me light the flame of poetry!'
And on the third day I became a poet."

This scene is very striking, especially in its conception; the poor, distracted wife dies of exhaustion at its close. The count is left with his son, who fulfills his father's hopes and his mother's prayers by being a poet, but he is a poor, sickly, abnormal little creature, though a winning and pathetic apparition, who, after dragging out his childhood in pain and dejection, becomes blind; the father, through his inquiries and endeavors to have his son cured, becomes involved in scientific and metaphysical speculations, and a second time falls into the snares of pride: —

"I've sought through many weary years to find
The last word of all science, feelings, thoughts,

To solve the problem of our destiny ;
And in the depths of mine own heart I've found
The tomb's dark nothingness."

His guardian angel whispers how to find the way out of the abyss, but he hardly hears the voice ; the angel floats away, and ambition, in the shape of a huge eagle, flies by, rousing in him a desire for glory and command. It is a fine touch in this scene that after the guardian angel departs, Mephistopheles appears, but is disconcerted by the count's habitually elevated tone of thought ; he cannot be directly approached by the devil ; the latter goes and sends his messenger. The last part which the count plays is that of leader of the nobles against the proletarians. Here a new character comes in, Pancras, the chief of the communists, the reverse of the count in all the latter's fine impulses, but equally given over to Satan for pride and presumption. The war is a sort of allegory, that is, allegory, symbolism, reality, and mere raving are mixed in a tangle of which it is impossible to separate the threads. The monstrosity of some of the scenes and choruses can be conveyed by no words but their own. It is a Saturnalia of horror. The count is not only revolted by the people's excesses, he has no sympathy with their cause, although he has always denounced injustice and despotism. He utters the confession of thousands of so-called liberals when he says, —

" You
Will never understand me, man of yesterday !
Your sires were buried in a common ditch,
Without distinctive spirits, like dead things,
And not as men of individual stamp.
Look at these pictures ! Love of country, home,
Race, kin, — feelings at war with your whole past, —
Are written in each line of their brave brows !
These things are in me as my vital breath,
Their spirit lives entire in their last heir,
Their only representative on earth !
Tell me, O man without ancestral graves,
Where is your native soil, your proper country ?
Each coming eve you spread your wandering tent
Upon the ruins of another's home ;
Each morn you roll it up, again to unroll
At night, where'er you pitch to blight and spoil !
You have not, nor will ever find a home,
A sacred hearth, as long as valiant men
Still live to cry with me, All glory to our sires ! "

Sentiment and association are too potent in this chivalric disposition ; nothing has practically any hold upon it ; he has lost all religious conviction, yet the sight of a desecrated cathedral stirs old attachments and remembrances, and shows that if his skepticism separates him from one party, his proclivities divide him as surely from the other. He is, as Pancras tells him, not

" Really man, created in
The image of our common brotherhood,
But the empty hero of a nursery song."

In the simply human aspect of Count Henry, Krasinski has given us, we fancy, an impersonation of the Polish nobility, and touched an ulcer in the vitals of his people which may be the secret of their inability to rise, despite their desperate and incessant efforts. The mystic side is quite distinct, and recalls Faust, as do some of the situations in Iridion. The last act of this appalling tragedy is the siege of the noble's last stronghold, the fortress of the Holy Trinity, which, inclosing castle, palace, court-yard, and minster on its embattled heights, recalls the fine feudal mass of the Hradschin. Here the character of the hero breaks down through exaggeration ; he has been the devotee of pride, but there is no consistency in representing him as a mere human Lucifer. The castle falls at last, taken by assault, the count's son is killed by a stray shot, he casts himself headlong from the battlements ; the survivors are ordered to wholesale execution by Pancras, who himself expires mysteriously in the hour of victory, on beholding a vision of Christ in the clouds, with the dying words, " Viciisti, Galilæe ! "

The other long work is a drama called Iridion, of which the action passes principally in Rome during the reign of Heliogabalus, although sometimes transferred to Scandinavia and Greece. The story is of a conspiracy of a son of Hellas to avenge the destruction of his beautiful and beloved country, not by the overthrow of the emperor, but by the actual annihilation of Rome herself, by turning all parties against each other. Jews, Christians, gladiators, prætorians, all play independent parts in this comprehensive scheme, and the result is equally fatal to the success of the design and the dramatic unities. Iridion fails and dies for having trusted to the arm of flesh ; Heliogabalus too must perish, alike in the interest of history and of the moral ; while Alexander Severus, who figures as the Christian hero, is borne in triumphant on the wave which swallows them up.

The shorter poems refer directly to the sufferings and fate of Poland. There is an allegorical tale called Temptation, in which the secret sore and grief of the author's life is embodied in a strange, fantastic form ; one cannot but be reminded of Cherbuliez's terrible story, Ladislas Bolski ; the incidents differ only as those of real life do from

fabulous events, and the moral experience described is identical. This story was published in Paris, and through an oversight of the censor allowed to appear in a newspaper in Lithuania; the students of that province subscribed to have it reprinted separately; their resolution was reported at St. Petersburg, and resulted in the exile of several hundred of them to Siberia. The author's life may well have been shortened by such refinements of torture as his position entailed upon him.

Besides the interest and merit which we have sought to touch upon in this rapid sketch of these poems and dramas, they contain exceedingly fine passages, too long and numerous for quotation. In *The Dream*, a fragment, there are descriptions of a ghastly under-world; as sombre and grandiose as Martin's illustrations to Milton: and in the same composition the vision of Poland as a boundless, blasted pine forest, on every tree of which a man is crucified, is full of savage picturesqueness. There are scenes in which the conflict between the most complex psychological torments and a palpitating human passion wrench us with some of the power of the prison scenes in *Faust*. In short, although the radical difference between these productions and all that ancient or modern European literature has taught us to admire will make them more an object of curiosity than a source of enjoyment to the general reader, they show genius, and possess a deep pathos as the expression of a life-long sorrow and aspiration.

— *A Sheaf of Papers*¹ comprises a score of essays, reminiscences, sketches, leaves from journals, and one or two slight romances. The subjects are such as occur to a Boston gentleman, whose experience reflects an affectionate interest in his native town and certain exceptional advantages in foreign travel and observation. He is a philosopher of a very kindly sort, a connoisseur in art, a humorist, and altogether a very companionable man. The reminiscences of Round Hill School and Dr. Cogswell and of Old Boston strike us as the most agreeable contributions, and in general the personal sketches have the most effectiveness, while here and there passages in the essays have a witty and serious suggestiveness, sure to give one an appetite for reflection; the whole book, if we may

apply a term borrowed from the table, is a relish. Indeed, to any one interested in literature as an art, it has a peculiar value, as helping to determine the somewhat shadowy boundaries between amateur and professional work. The reader who has only pleasure in view will find the book light and entertaining, but if he goes a step beyond, he is tempted to ask in what consists the difference between these reminiscences and such papers, for example, as Lamb's *Recollections of Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*, or Lowell's *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, in his *Fireside Travels*. There is a likeness and a difference; the wit is in both, the playfulness, the lingering with an easily forgiven partiality over personal trifles, yet consciously or not there is in the book before us a certain hesitation of art, as if the sketcher were uncertain sometimes how much or how little he must bear on. The papers provokingly stop short of giving thorough satisfaction. It is the difference, we may say, between the light sketch of a man who has secured freedom of handling by constant use of his pencil in serious, determinate work, and that of one who has never done anything save jotting down bits for his own personal gratification. The main difference between the work of an amateur and a professional writer lies, we suspect, in the degree in which the work done is made foreign from the worker. The amateur finds it cleaving to him; he cannot disengage himself wholly from it, and he betrays more or less self-consciousness. Nevertheless there is a charm and a freshness often attaching to amateur work, akin to that discovered in familiar letters, which deliberate writers miss; and this book, judged as the pastime of one who does not make literature a profession, suggests a wish that fate might have interfered to turn so much fine feeling and good nature into a formal literary channel.

— Mr. Eggleston's little treatise on *How to make a Living*² must not be inconsiderately counted in the class of charlatan books that deceive the unwary by pretending to point out short cuts to wealth and prosperity. It is an honest and modest effort to state plainly a few laws of economy which are incontrovertibly established, but need to be repeated again and again in the homeliest phrases for the benefit of those

¹ *A Sheaf of Papers*. By T. G. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² *How to Make a Living*: Suggestions upon the

Art of Making, Saving, and Using Money. By GEO. CARY EGGLESTON, author of *How to Educate Yourself*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.

who have common-sense enough to see the right way when it is shown them, but not quite enough to make the discovery for themselves. It is out of this general subject that countless proverbs and maxims have sprung, and it seems that every clear-headed man who writes upon it is impelled to express himself in sentences. We think, for example, that a sentence could be found in each of Mr. Eggleston's chapters embodying the wisdom of the whole chapter. There are seven chapters, and we proceed to give their headings, with an illustrative sentence from each: 1. The Value of Money. "Money is an article of varying value, worth what it will buy, and no more." 2. The Duty and the Danger of Making Money. "It is the duty of every one to make money enough to supply the reasonable wants of himself and of those dependent upon him; it is his privilege to make as much more as he can without sacrificing worthier ends." 3. The Choice of a Business. "Learn a regular business and learn it well." 4. Marriage and Money. "Married men save more money than single men." 5. How to Live on your Income. "Sanguine people live upon the money they intend to make, rather than upon that which is already made." 6. What to do with Savings. "However brief the time, and however small the interest may be, your money should be made to work while it waits." 7. Life Insurance. "You may be abundantly able to purchase insurance, and yet not able, with justice to those dependent upon you, to buy with it an endowment for yourself." This last chapter is one of the most useful in the book, since it discriminates with singular clearness the several kinds of life insurance, and furnishes the young man who may fall into the hands of "agents" with a complete armor of common-sense. We heartily commend the book as a straightforward and frequently very suggestive handbook, refreshingly free from cant of every kind.

—Sanitary science was forced upon the attention of our people by bitter experience during the war of the rebellion, and has been growing in popularity ever since; we have now a new and gigantic national museum, State boards of health, improved and extended courses of medical study, radical changes in the construction of hospitals, vigorous attacks upon abuses in the public

schools and upon nuisances which afflict the common air; and finally, we have in this book¹ a solid and incontrovertible proof that the medical profession are deeply interested in public hygiene. As the first public production of a society which claims to be national, it deserves an unusual degree of attention; as proving the tendency of public thought in America, it has a value quite independent of the purely scientific merit of the contributions.

In attempting to estimate the actual value of this large and heavy volume, we have made a sort of rough classification of the forty-eight distinct articles which compose its contents. There are a large number (at least one third of the whole) which strike one at first sight as intended to be practically useful, rather than profoundly original; the matter is excellent, and not trite, but is presented for the most part as the result of the observations of other men, chiefly English and Germans. Such are some of the articles on hospitals, quarantine, cholera, small-pox, yellow fever, immigration, sailors as propagators of disease, the utilization of refuse of cities, disinfectants, health laws, registration. Next comes an equal number (sixteen) of articles which to the general public must be nearly unreadable, but which have their value as material for study, comprising reports upon the progress of cholera, yellow fever, and the horse-epizootic, in the United States. Half a dozen papers are scientific in a high sense of the term, exhibiting original research which passes beyond the mere amassing of huge bulks of facts; but in general, a much more prominent feature of the book is the fluent skill with which interesting compilations of facts are made. A certain number, say half a dozen, are purely literary in their tone, full of those paragraphs which tempt the scissors of the semi-weekly press, and quite free from original scientific matter. There is a voluminous but very clear table of statistics of boards of health, and a great deal of useful information upon all kinds of sanitary subjects. (We would note, by the way, some exaggerated statements about carbonic acid, in an article on architecture, which are quite unworthy of a carefully edited and authoritative publication like this.) The subjects of mortality, climate, epidemics, ships and quarantine, etc., are illustrated by twenty-one maps and cuts.

¹ *Public Health: Reports and Papers presented at the Meetings of the American Public Health Association in the Year 1873.* New York: Published by

Hurd and Houghton; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1875. Large 8vo., pp. xvi. 563

Before dismissing the book, we will point out certain articles which we believe will prove of interest; it is almost a pity they should have been thrown in with the general mass of matter. Such are that by John Stockton-Hough, on the harmful effects of residence in cities; one by Lorin Blodget, on non-periodic changes of heat as an element in sanitary climatology; and others respectively by Austin Flint, on the relations of water to the propagation of fever, by Stephen Smith, on the local means of prevention and relief to be adopted during the prevalence of epidemic cholera, by John C. Peters, on a similar subject, by S. Oakley Van der Poel, on quarantine, and Prof. C. F. Chandler, on the sanitary chemistry of waters, and suggestions with regard to the selection of the water-supply of towns and cities. Those of our readers who take but an average interest in sanitary matters may be safely directed to these (and some others) as very clear, spirited, and readable, besides being of great value for the facts contained in them. And if we were to make one summary criticism of the whole book, it would be done by expressing our regret that a dozen papers could not have been chosen out and printed in a form adapted to take the popular attention, making a book which would be read by many a man who will hardly care to search through the present bulky volume. Nevertheless, the good meat is there, and we advise our readers to look for it.

—The Bulletin of International Meteorological Observations¹ taken simultaneously at 7.35 A. M., January 20, 1875, in a large number of stations both in the old and the new hemisphere, has just been published. We see in this the fulfillment of the hope held forth by General Myer in his report on the United States signal service for 1874, that we should soon be able to draw conclusions from a larger area of the earth's surface, and therefore be able to prognosticate with greater certainty of truth. In a note appended to the bulletin we learn that "this bulletin sets on foot, for the first time in history, a regular international exchange of weather reports. It is the object of the exchange to render practicable the preparation of a daily weather map, which may embrace within its limits the whole northern hemisphere, and permit a study of atmospheric movements which, not limited to any

one continent or sea, may enable storms and disturbances to be traced from wherever they arise, through their course until they disappear. The limits of any one continent are too small to allow the proper study of the atmosphere which, surrounding the earth, revolves in its whole extent with it once in twenty-four hours. The observations in the bulletin are taken everywhere at the same instant of physical time; for instance, when the observers at New York and San Francisco are reading their instruments daily, it may be safely assumed those in Siberia or the Pacific, the West Indies or Northern Canada, are at that moment also reading theirs. The readings reported are thus simultaneous and valuable. The bulletin is inexpensive, the readings being taken in every country by the observers of that country, and forwarded by mail to Washington in packages on the fifteenth and last days of each month; the United States observations being sent as an equivalent. The most distinguished meteorologists in the world have approved the undertaking. The congress at Vienna in 1873 having given it their approval, it has fallen to the United States to be the first to give the work practical shape, and to establish a form which aims to bind together, in a work for a common good, the labors of every country."

The bulletin consists of a large pamphlet of four pages, giving opposite each station the height of the barometer, temperature of the air, relative humidity, force, velocity, and direction of wind, amount of clouds, rain-fall, and general observations on the weather, such as, rain, fog, snow, clear, etc. It is accompanied by a large map, which gives at one view, in projection, the location of the observing stations in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. From the lists of stations printed on this map we learn that there are one hundred and twenty-seven American stations, one hundred and forty-five European, and thirty-three African and Asiatic. It is therefore perfectly possible for one in possession of such a bulletin, with its accompanying map, to draw a line of storm or of fair weather through all the stations similarly affected. The passage of great atmospheric waves can be traced; and in the astronomical work of the future, such as the next transit of Venus, in 1882, the value of simultaneous observations will be appreciated. Other sciences will gain greatly by this advance in meteorology. It is probable that the labors of the observers

¹ *The Bulletin of International Meteorological Observations taken simultaneously at 7.35 A. M., January 20, 1875.*

will be extended so as to note magnetic variations and electrical conditions of the atmosphere.

The amount of time and study that has been wasted in taking observations on the weather in the past is enormous. "The two hundred thousand observations made by Dalton during a period of fifty years, and the fifty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty observations taken at Stockholm during an equal term of years, are not available for the settlement of preliminary questions in meteorology for want of comparative observations in other parts of the earth." To keep a record of the weather has been in all ages a favorite occupation of many, but the science of meteorology has risen greatly in the dignity and importance of its investigators.

The day has gone by for almanacs. We shall not see, probably, in the future, productions like the "meteorological journal kept by Hosea Sprague one mile from the sea, in Hingham, Massachusetts, by a thermometer made in Boston," from which we learn that in April, 1836, on the 6th of the month there was a snow-storm, 7th was Fast Day, on the 9th frogs peeped, on the 10th there was rain, and on the 27th swallows came. Science prescribes in future the kind of observations which will be of value, and the day for amateur desultory observations on the weather has passed. In this centennial season, Americans can congratulate themselves on the impulse they have given to the extension and improvement of the signal service.

—To call *The Physician's Wife*¹ the silliest novel that ever was written would perhaps sound uncritical, and would be moreover unfair and needlessly complimentary to a great many other stories of the same sort. It may not be the silliest, but it is very silly, delightfully so. The author has laid the scene of her story in England, translating dollars into pounds, and clergymen into rectors, to aid in the deception, but leaving on every page the most unmistakable traces of the American origin of the novel. To be sure, we have on page 77 the servants' hall, and the butler; why then should the reader, lulled into the belief that he is reading a tale of the English aristocracy, find mention made of "wheeling a large chair to the register"? Again, do physicians in England, even if members of

the Academy of Medicine, have urns containing coffee on their dining-tables, behind which the lady of the house sits? Here again is the conventional English breakfast: "Just then the butler came in with the coffee, and after he had retired, Doctor Alvord, without seeming in the least to observe my emotion, began praising the cook's skill, and discussing the delicious beef and unrivaled fritters. I managed to recover sufficiently to placidly eye my husband askance, as he unsentimentally appropriated strip after strip of tenderloin, . . . and caused fritter after fritter to disappear, whilst I sat silently and persistently nibbling at a bun, unable to eat a bite."

"Will we walk to church?" inquired my husband, after conducting me to the foot of the stairs, where I, on pretense of warming my feet at the register, paused a moment." This may also serve as an example of the disrespectful and uncertain way in which the author treats the English language. Examples, however, may be found on every page. The plot is ingeniously improbable; the heroine is engaged to a man who jilts her a week before she was to marry him, and she marries his brother, whom she had seen but once before, instead of him. They go to live in an impossible part of London. She sings under an assumed name at the opera for three or four nights; at the close of the last performance the gas gives out and there is total darkness throughout the whole city. A Frenchman mistakes her "for one of the *sans souci* women" of his native country, and tries to flirt with her; she is jealous of her husband; and peace is finally made between them. It is a curious medley Mrs. or Miss Spangler has given us, a hodge-podge of familiar and impossible incidents, not the least amusing part of the book being the transparent veneer of English life which covers the whole story.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.²

Rather more than three years ago notice was made in these pages of the *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère*, a book which told with delightful simplicity the sad youth of an eminent man. It contained the journal in which he made brief record of his courtship, and gave the letters

¹ *The Physician's Wife*. A Novel. By HELEN KING SPANGLER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

² All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

passing between the husband and wife during the time of their involuntary separation. They were married in August, 1799, and in August, 1800, their only child, Jean-Jacques Ampère, was born; from that time Julie, his mother, became weaker and weaker until she died, July 14, 1803. For three years she had remained in Lyons on account of her ill-health, while her husband was almost continually employed in teaching at Bourg, and able to pay his wife only rare and brief visits. That volume closed with her death. The two volumes now before us¹ narrate the remainder of A.-M. Ampère's lonely life, and give us that of his son, Jean-Jacques, until his death in 1864. We learn to know these two men and their friends, not by didactic information, but through their full and interesting letters, the greater number of which have fortunately escaped destruction. In consequence we have put before us almost from day to day the chronicle of their lives, told with all the freshness of its original novelty.

At the opening of these volumes we find André-Marie Ampère a man still young in years, but saddened and aged by his misfortunes. Lyons was no longer agreeable to him, full as it was of reminiscences of his recent afflictions; he soon went hence to Paris, which moreover was the more fitting field for his marvelous powers. There he plunged heartily into metaphysical study, in company with Maine de Biran, Cabanis, and Tracy. This for a time filled his mind and lifted him out of too constant brooding on his sorrows. His former friends, however, bewailed his straying from the paths of the exacter sciences into these more uncertain mazes. Ballanche early foresaw the great danger his religious principles ran, and warned him off this perilous ground. His advice was timely, but it shared the fate of most advice in not being followed. Ballanche's proposal to Ampère that he marry again met, however, with very different fate. In 1807 he was formally introduced to a Mademoiselle P—, whose name is withheld, whom he shortly married. This second attempt at securing domestic happiness failed most disastrously. His wife treated him very cruelly, and after the birth of a daughter, he was obliged to separate from her, he retaining the child. Naturally these sad experiences made his cheerless life seem unhappier than ever, and new doubts had begun to undermine his former religious

certainty. He wrote to his friends, bewailing his sad lot, and urging them to send on convincing arguments of the authenticity of the Christian religion; he even asked one of them for the demonstrations of Christianity he had himself successfully employed a few years before in converting him to religious faith. Meanwhile, however, his researches in the mathematics and in chemistry went on busily, so that almost every moment of his time was employed.

In 1816 Jean-Jacques, who had only before been incidentally mentioned by his father or aunt, makes his appearance as a boy in great uncertainty about his future profession. His father, who when eighteen had known all the mathematics then taught, was disappointed at not finding the same tastes in his son. He tried to persuade him to become a manufacturing chemist, but Jean-Jacques finally decided to study philosophy and literature. In carrying out this plan he attended the lectures of Victor Cousin with a troop of his young friends, to most of whom he became warmly attached. In their society he went through the various phases of youthful cynicism and hatred of the world. To one friend he wrote, "Last week the feeling of bearing a curse was upon me, around me, within me. I owe it to Lord Byron, whose Manfred I read through twice in succession. Never, never in my life has any reading so taken hold upon me as that; it has made me sick. Sunday I went to see the sunset; it looked as threatening as the fires of hell. I went into a church where the faithful were peacefully singing the Hallelujah of the resurrection. Leaning against a column, I regarded them with disdain and with envy," etc. What cured him of these fantastic griefs, by giving him genuine cause for unhappiness, was his acquaintance with Madame Récamier; this began on New Year's day, 1820, when he was nineteen years old, and she forty-three. It was not long before he was one of her many ardent admirers, and from almost the very first moment he saw her there was no one who had more influence over him than she. For some years he passed nearly every summer in her neighborhood; during the winter, too, he was a constant visitor at her *salon*, and when he was separated from her his letters were very frequent. In the autumn of 1823 she confided to him that she felt obliged, for the sake of her peace of mind, which was threatened by Châteaubriand's

¹ *André-Marie Ampère et Jean-Jacques Ampère. Correspondance et Souvenirs (de 1805 à 1864).* Re-

cueillis par MADAME H. C. 2 vols. Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1875.

attentions, to leave Paris for a time, and it was with great joy that he accepted her invitation to accompany her to Italy. His father was averse to his going. The poor man, who had cheerfully resigned all hopes of his son's distinction in the physical sciences, nourished great ambition for his eminence in literature. In accordance with this wish of his father, Jean-Jacques wrote and re-wrote tragedies, which André-Marie warmly admired, and which indeed were accepted by theatre managers, though no one of them has ever been put on the stage. Almost every letter to his father gives some information about his progress in his poems, but at the best they received only a divided attention; Madame Récamier appropriated the most of his time and affection. This year in Italy in her society was full of enjoyment to him, and it was with great regret that in November, 1824, he parted from her in order to return to Paris and his lonely father. He found the change dispiriting, and for consolation he plunged ardently into work, reading history, studying Hebrew and Chinese, while at the same time not neglecting his poetical work. All his letters to Madame Récamier written at this period are full of the profoundest melancholy, but in May of the next year, 1825, she returned to France, and Jean-Jacques spent the summer near her in the country. Thus matters went on, he devoting himself to Madame Récamier, and his father trying to preserve him from these entanglements by urging him to marry some young woman of a suitable age, until August, 1826, when he made a bold strike for freedom by suddenly leaving France and betaking himself to Germany. He settled down for the winter in Bonn, and devoted himself to study under Niebuhr and Schlegel. His letters hence are very entertaining. In the spring he started off again to travel through Germany and in Norway and Sweden. On his way he stopped at Weimar, where Goethe, then a man seventy-eight years old, welcomed him very kindly, for Ampère had already distinguished himself by his profound and flattering criticism of Goethe's dramatic writings. This visit was the cause of an unpleasant incident. He wrote to Madame Récamier about his frequent meetings with Goethe, and in one letter with a little spice of irreverence, quite proper in a letter to an intimate friend, but not suited for the eye of the public. To his horror, soon after leaving Weimar, he saw it printed almost entire, in the *Globe*. He wrote very

humble apologies to his friends in the town he had just left, and after a short delay a letter to Madame Récamier which she must have read with sorrow and burning blushes. Without wrath, without forgetting his politeness, he pointed out to her the error she had been guilty of in letting it get into print.

For a time his letters to her are rarer and fuller of his adventures than of his customary protestations of affection. Another matter which had a great influence upon him was the information he received of the illness and death of Mademoiselle Cuvier, the young woman his father had been anxious to have him marry, who seems to have had an attachment for him, which his devotion to Madame Récamier prevented him from returning. After his departure from Paris she sickened and died; and André-Marie's letters describing the last few times he saw her are most pathetic reading. When he returned to France he was a maturer man than when he had left; he had so far overcome his love for Madame Récamier that he could treat her as a friend, and in that capacity he remained devoted to her until the end of her life.

Both the father and the son, after the expiration of their romantic loves, became almost equally ardent in their affection for their friends. André-Marie's correspondence with Bredin, especially, and with Ballanche and others, shows us clearly how loving and simple-minded a man he was, and his son inherited from him the same generous, sympathetic nature. All through his youth he had many warm friends, but none of them held so high a place in his affection as Alexis de Tocqueville, whom he first met after his return to Paris from his northern journey. It was at this time, too, that he began to devote himself to the serious business of life, and that he received a professor's chair in the College of France. André's health was beginning to fail him, and almost the only consolation of his life, outside of that which his unceasing work brought him, was the sight of his son's success. In June, 1836, the father died. After his death Jean-Jacques lived for seventeen years with Mohl, the Orientalist, whose letters, unfortunately few in number, will be found very amusing. In almost every vacation, or whenever he could get a long enough respite from his duties, he made journeys, often to remote quarters of the world, to less visited countries of the East, and once to this country, Canada, and Mex-

ico. Whenever troubles came too thickly upon him, it was in this way that he sought relief, by visiting new scenes and new people. When he was at home he was frequently visiting Alexis de Tocqueville, at whose house a room was always kept in readiness for him. De Tocqueville's letters to him are remarkable for their gentle courtesy and unfailing politeness; they have an aroma of refinement which makes them charming reading.

In 1850 he first made the acquaintance of the family of the lady who has edited these volumes of his correspondence. They were obliged to live in Rome, and consequently he made that city his home for the later years of his life. He was there when De Tocqueville was dying at Cannes. He made an unsuccessful attempt to reach his friend before it was too late. All his time was busily occupied in his work, until his death at Pau, March 6, 1864.

What makes these volumes so especially entertaining, so nearly worthy to be kept for reading when all but the best books fail, is the full light they throw upon interesting men, and on the candor and respectful politeness that marks all the letters. They were not written for publication; they nowhere show the writer's consciousness of performing well a difficult literary feat; they are genuine expressions of the writer's feeling at the moment. And no novel is fuller of various emotions than these two, or if we include, as we should, the first one of the series, which appeared in 1872, these three volumes. The earliest one tells of the romance of André-Marie's life; the next shows us his unhappy widowhood and his vain attempt again to secure domestic happiness. Then comes Jean-Jacques' love for Madame Récamier, and his passionate letters outdo most novels; the interesting series of his friendly correspondence follows, containing, besides what we have mentioned, letters from Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, De-

loménie, Ozanam, Châteaubriand, Thiers, Lacordaire, the Abbé Perreyve, and others. These certainly make a rich treat. Besides all the interest to be derived from their discussion of what is really the history of yesterday, there are lessons to be learned from what is shown of the domestic life of André and his son.

The father's affection for Jean-Jacques and his pathetic resignation when his son grows away from him and devotes himself to new interests are very touching. He had always hoped to find in his son something to replace what he had lost, but his wish was only half fulfilled. Not that Jean-Jacques was not an affectionate son; he was that, but then he was also another human being of just as decided tastes and wants. He did his best in the first years of his manhood to convince his father of his agreement with him, and maturer years brought him, in fact, nearer than he had been in his youth; but for a time he had grown to take a great interest in what his father must have thought very wild notions about Byronism and the like.

André-Marie was simplicity and candor by the side of his complexer son. So great is the difference between the two men that generations seem to have lived and died between them, but yet they had many qualities in common. Both were hard-working, affectionate to their friends, and honest; but with Jean-Jacques these qualities were tempered by delicacy of perception, tact, and a flavor of worldly wisdom, for which probably Madame Récamier found him an apt pupil. But with all their faults and virtues both were most attractive men, and there is no more interesting recently published French book than this which completes the story of their lives. It contains material for every taste. It is a book which may be fairly enough compared with Boswell's *Life of Johnson* for its generous abundance of human interest.

MUSIC.

Music, the art of moving by means of combinations of tones intelligent persons gifted with special and practiced organs.—HECTOR BERLIOZ: *A Travers Chants*.

It is agreed that every one has the right to talk and write about music; it is a frivolous art, and *made for everybody*; the phrase is consecrated. . . . It is evident that persons who ascribe to themselves the right of discoursing on music without knowing anything about it, and who would take good care not to give an opinion on architecture, sculpture, or any other art to which they are strangers, are cases of monomania. They think themselves musicians, as other monomaniacs believe themselves to be Neptune or Jupiter. There is not the slightest difference.—HECTOR BERLIOZ: *Les Grotesques de la Musique*.

CARLYLE has said, in speaking of the dunce, that "there is, in this world, no other entirely fatal person." Of all the various incarnations of blockheadedness that walk this patient earth, the unmusical man who is "fond of music" is perhaps the most difficult phenomenon to completely understand. There ever have been, and in all probability ever will be, men in all walks of life who discourse long-windedly and dogmatically on any subject in the direct ratio of their ignorance of it. But these persons, although much to be dreaded by the thinking man, are easily enough accounted for. The chaotic jargon with which they bemuddle their theme is no more surprising than the noise made by a drum; the hollower the instrument, the more deafening the noise; nothing can be more natural. But before the unmusical man who dilates upon music, human comprehension retires baffled and discomfited. The self-elected dogmatist on science, painting, politics, socialism, or even on cookery or horseflesh, at least *pretends* to know what he is talking about. He assumes to have dived to the bottom of his subject. But the unmusical dogmatizer on the art of tones invariably prefaces his didactic discourse by telling you at once that he knows nothing at all about it. What musician has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the man who always plunges headlong into a musical discussion with "Now, I don't know anything about music, but"—Such a man has logical immortality; it has been considered a desideratum to know at what point any argumentative individual becomes logically defunct; of this man it may be safely pre-

dicted that he will never become so. He is a very Achilles in debate, Achilles with bullet-proof heel-caps on. Of such a person it would be wholly profitless to speak, for the disease is incurable, were it not that the musician who wisely declines to encounter him in discussion is generally decried as a Pharisee, too much puffed up with his own exclusive wisdom to deign to commune with his less assuming brother, as a high-priest of music who would exclude all lay persons from participation in the sacraments of the divine art. Let any of our readers ask themselves if they have not at times thought musicians most intolerant prigs because they have called certain "light, simple, and pleasing" compositions utterly worthless and vulgar. It would seem, to us at least, that a man who has given the better part of his life and faculties to studying a subject must end by knowing something about it.

But if there is no cure for the musical dunce, for *mit der Dummheit kämpfen selbst Götter vergebens*, there is a large class of quite musical people to whom we would speak a friendly word,—the people who from greater or less practical experience in music, either from singing, playing the piano-forte, or habitually attending good concerts, are entitled to talk on the subject. Why cannot they take the trouble to learn the correct use of musical terms? The ignorance of musical terminology is unaccountably great in this country. In France and Germany we hear people who have as little as possible to do with music use musical terms correctly and understandingly; but here it is very different. It is surprising how few English translations we see of French, German, or Italian books on musical topics, in which there are not many gross mistakes in the use of technical terms. Now that we have so much to do with German and French music, especially as German editions of music are so much used among us, our musical people ought to know at least the most important terms in German and their corresponding English translations. We will mention here some of the mistakes that are most commonly made. The different German and English names of the notes give many of us much trouble. We often see on concert pro-

grammes pieces set down in the most adventurous keys. We remember finding Herr Rubinstein announced to play a trio in *B-sharp*! That is, in *twelve sharps*! The trio in question was really in *B-dur* (German), i. e., in *B-flat major*. Let us glance at a comparative table of the English, French, and German names of the notes:—

English.	German	French and Italian	
C	C	ut	do
D	D		ré
E	E		mi
F	F		fa
G	G		sol
A	A		la
B	H		si

These are the simple notes of the scale of C, what pianists call the white notes. For the sharps and flats the French add *dièse* and *bémol*, and the Italians *diesis* and *bimolle*, respectively, to the name of the note, as G-flat = *sol bémol*, etc. In German the names are as follows:—


English.	German.	English.	German
C-sharp	Cis	C-flat	Ces
D-sharp	Dis	D-flat	Des
E-sharp	Eis	E-flat	Es
F-sharp	Fis	F-flat	Fes
G-sharp	Gis	G-flat	Ges
A-sharp	Ais	A-flat	As
B-sharp	His	B-flat	B

Remember that the German B is our B-flat, and our B is the German H. The German *dur* and *mol* correspond to our major and minor.

In a certain life of Mozart, translated from the German, it is stated that Mozart had great trouble in the grave-yard scene in *Don Giovanni* to get a man to play "*the bass-trumpet*" part correctly. The German is *Bassposaune*, that is bass-trombone. Luther uses the word *Posaune* for the instruments upon which the archangels are to play at the last judgment. In Gervinus's German version of Händel's *Messiah*, "The trumpets shall sound" is very correctly rendered, "Sie schallt die Posaun'"; but as a musical term *Posaune* means *trombone*.

There is one word that people make the most distracted use of in reference to music, and that is *discord*. It seems generally understood to mean something false, cacophonous, or unmusical. If a singer strikes a false note, people are fond of saying, "He makes a discord." Now a discord is by no means necessarily disagreeable to the ear. A chord is a combination of at least three tones heard simultaneously. Richter numbers ten different kinds of chords as belong-

ing to the major and minor scales. By inversion this number is more than trebled; by chromatic changes many other varieties of chords are added to the list, not to speak of suspensions, by which almost endless combinations are formed. Now of all these various combinations of tones there are only two that are not discords, namely, the major and minor triads. Some discords, to be sure, sound harsh when they strike the ear without preparation, but let any one ask some musical friend to strike the chords of the dominant seventh or ninth, or the diminished seventh, on the piano-forte, and see if the ear finds anything disagreeable in them. It can very well be questioned whether a false note can properly be said to make a discord, for a discord is something essentially musical, whereas a false note is wholly foreign to music and something that music entirely ignores the existence of. Let us say, then, that a singer sings out of tune, but not that he makes a discord.

A term that has worked much ruin unto translators is the French *point d'orgue*. This is almost invariably translated by *organ-point*. A point d'orgue is simply a hold , and is sometimes used to mean the free *cadenza* which singers introduce towards the end of a song. An organ-point is a totally different matter. Richter defines it thus: "We often find, especially in the bass, . . . a long-continued note, while the other parts, apparently without any relation to it, continue their harmonic movement. When this tone lies in the bass, it is called organ-point." The French for organ-point is *pédale*.

In the English translation of Berlioz's *Art of Instrumentation* we find the heading, "The bass-tuba, the double-bass of harmony." Let any one make of it what he can! The original is, "Le bass-tuba, contre-basse d'harmonie." The word *Harmonie* is often used in Germany and France to denote the combined wind-instruments in an orchestra, in contradistinction to the mass of stringed instruments, which are called the *Quartette*. Berlioz's heading should have been rendered, The bass-tuba, the double-bass of wind-instruments. The double-bass is the huge stringed instrument that our country cousins call the big fiddle. People are too fond of calling it a bass-viol, a totally different instrument. The whole family of viols disappeared from this earth about a hundred years ago, and are now only to be found in archaeological museums.

In an article that appeared some time

ago in *The Galaxy*, an attempt was made to explain the nature of transposing instruments. The explanation was good and clear enough, but the flute was given as an example of a transposing instrument. This is as if a lecturer on zoölogy should explain the difference between the cetaceans and fishes, and then give the common porpoise as a good example of a fish. There are certain instruments in the orchestra which do not sound the notes as they are written. Take, for instance, the clarinet in A. This instrument has its perfect scale, like any

other, but its C, that is, the note it calls C, the C of its scale, is in unison with the A of the rest of the orchestra. Its C sounds A, its D sounds B, its E sounds C-sharp, etc. Thus if the clarinet in A is to be used, the part it plays from must be written in a different key from the music for the other instruments, which sound the notes as they are written. Thus in the following phrase from Beethoven's symphony in A, the clarinets sound an octave below the flute and oboe, though they seem to be playing in an entirely different key.

The musical score shows three staves. The top staff is for Flute and Oboe, and the bottom staff is for Clarinets in A. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is a series of chords and single notes, with the clarinets playing an octave lower than the flute and oboe.

But as for calling the flute a transposing instrument, we will quote the following from Berlioz, who is as good authority on the subject as can well be found:—

"Let us begin by establishing a line of demarkation between those instruments from which the sound is produced as it is indicated by musical notation, and those from which the sound comes either above or below the written note. From this classification will result the two following categories: non-transposing instruments, which produce the sound as it is written; and transposing instruments, which produce sounds different from the written notes." (Here follows a complete table of the instruments in the modern orchestra.) "It will be seen from this table that if all the non-transposing instruments, said to be in C, produce sounds as they are written, those, like the violin, the oboe, the flute, etc., which bear no designation of any particular key, belong absolutely to the same category; they are thus, as far as the composer is concerned, similar to instruments in C in this respect. Hence the nomenclature of certain wind instruments that is based upon the natural resonance of their tube has led to the most singular and absurd consequences; it has made the art of writing for transposing instruments a very complicated task, and has rendered the musical vocabulary thoroughly illogical. Here then is the place to revise this custom, and to restore order where we find so little of it.

"Players say sometimes, in speaking of the tenor trombone, the trombone in B-flat; in speaking of the alto trombone, the trombone in E-flat; and still more frequently, in speaking of the common flute, the flute in D.

"These designations are correct in the sense that the tube of these two trombones with the slide closed really does produce, in the former, the notes of the chord of B-flat, and in the latter those of the chord of E-flat; the common flute with all its holes stopped and its keys shut also produces the note D. But as the players have nothing to do with this resonance of the tube, as they really produce the written notes, as the C of the tenor trombone is a C and not a B-flat, as that of the alto trombone is still a C and not an E-flat, as that of the flute is equally a C and not a D, it evidently follows that these instruments do not belong, or no longer belong, to the category of transposing instruments; that they consequently belong to that of non-transposing instruments, and that they are to be considered to be in C, like oboes, clarinets, horns, cornets, and trumpets in C, and that either no designation of the key should be applied to them, or else they should be said to be in C. When this is established it will be conceivable of what importance it was not to call the common flute a flute in D; the other, higher flutes having been named according to the difference existing between their pitch and that of the common flute,

people have got to speak of them not simply as the tierce flute and ninth flute, which would have at least brought about no confusion in terms, but as the flute in F and the flute in E-flat. And just see what this leads to! In a score the small clarinet in E-flat, of which the C really produces the sound E-flat, can play the same part as a tierce flute, which you speak of as being in F, and these two instruments, bearing the names of different keys, are yet in unison with each other. Is not the name of one or the other wrong? and is it not absurd to adopt solely for flutes a nomenclature and method of designating the key different from that in use for all other instruments?

"Hence the principle that I propose, and which renders any misinterpretation impossible. The key of C is the point of comparison that should be taken to specify the keys of transposing instruments. The natural resonance of the tube of non-transposing wind-instruments can never be taken into consideration. All non-transposing instruments, or those which transpose only to the octave, of which the written C really produces C, are to be considered as in C.

"Moreover, if an instrument of the same sort is tuned above or below the pitch of the typical instrument, this difference will be indicated according to the relation it bears to the key of C. Consequently the violin, flute, or oboe which plays in unison with the clarinet in C, with the trumpet in C, or the horn in C, is in C; and if a violin, flute, or oboe is tuned a tone higher than the common instruments of the same name, that violin, flute, or oboe, playing in unison with the clarinets in D or trumpets in D, is in D.

"From which I conclude that the old way of designating flutes should be abolished, and the tierce flute should no longer be called the flute in F, but in E-flat, since its C produces E-flat; and the ninth and minor-second flutes should be called the great and little flutes in D-flat, and not in E-flat, since their C produces D-flat; and so on for the other keys."

If this last point appear a thought too technical to interest the general reader, we humbly beg his pardon; the best we can do is to advise him, with the Irishman, "to go back and skip it."

There is one more class of persons to be noticed. Who does not know the well-intentioned, wholly unmusical man, who, as soon as he meets a musician, thinks himself obliged to talk music at him? He gener-

ally begins with asking whether he—the musician—likes operatic music or instrumental music best! We have often felt like asking in return, "Sir, which do you like best, food or drink?" There are operas and operas, and we know of some instrumental music that is as vile as need be. Upon the whole, it may be safely said that the last subject a musician wants to talk about is music, that is, talk about in the way of commonplace society chitchat. Either he has been giving lessons all day, in which case he had rather not hear the word music mentioned until he has had a good night's rest, or he is so full of some glorious work that he has just heard or played through, that he cannot bear to talk upon the subject with any one between whom and himself there can be no rational sympathy. Again, there is the modest man who heartily enjoys negro minstrelsy or opéra bouffe, but who is overcome by a sense of his own æsthetic short-comings. He often pounces upon the musician with "Now I know you must look upon me as an outer barbarian for liking Offenbach." A barbarian, my dear sir! No, never, by the immortal gods, never! You are an oasis in a dreary desert of misspent enthusiasm. We will take you by the hand and revel in Offenbach with you to the top of our bent, and our cachinnating souls shall commune together in divine sympathy. Not enjoy Offenbach, forsooth! Show me the man possessed of enough ear to discriminate between Pop goes the Weasel and Old Hundred who does not enjoy Offenbach, and I will call him but half a man. It is good and wholesome to enjoy Offenbach, as it is to enjoy Gavarni's and Cham's caricatures. It is not very good music, and the wit is none of the finest, but what of that? Because we have the School for Scandal and the Comedy of Errors, shall we not also laugh at Morton's farces? Shall Dogberry and Polonius forbid our liking Poor Pillicoddy and the worthy Mr. Grimshaw? Shall Mozart's Figaro and Rossini's Dottore Bartolo hunt the Grand Duchess and the Baron de Gondremark from the boards? Never, by Parnassus! But this does not make Offenbach good music, nor Morton a high grade of literature. They are irresistibly funny and fascinating; let that be enough for them and their admirers.

To conclude with, let us beg young ladies, however good judges of prettiness they may be, not to call the Seventh Symphony *pretty*.

EDUCATION.

THE superintendent of the St. Louis schools, Mr. W. G. Harris, stands at the head of American school superintendents for philosophical thought and investigation on the subject of education, and his annual reports merit the most serious attention of the intelligent educator. He thus opens the one for 1872-73: "In previous reports I have discussed the questions of discipline, moral education, proper grading, and classification. In this report I desire to treat under its various aspects the question of a proper course of study for public schools, and more especially to investigate in this connection the relation of the system of higher education in this country, as carried on in colleges and universities, to that of our public-school system." We summarize his position on the latter question as follows.

Much thought, he says, has of late been expended on the question of adapting the course of study in the common schools to the actual demands upon the citizen in after life, and now the higher education is being challenged in the same interests also. It is an unfortunate fact that at present there are two systems firmly established in our land, with radically different theories as to a proper course of study. Some contend that public schools should give a semi-technical education, and avoid the purely enlightening and disciplinary studies, which should be reserved for the private academies and preparatory schools that exist for those who can afford to patronize them. According to this view, the higher education which completes itself in the colleges and universities of the country should have no organic relation whatever to the public-school system, but only to that of secondary schools supported or endowed by private wealth. Now, explains Mr. Harris, "The growth of the demands of the age on the intelligence of the individual requires the school in our time to give not only discipline but insight, information, and to some extent technical skill. The common schools have yielded to this demand, and harmoniously expanded their course of study throughout so as to adapt it to the age of the newspaper. The college has likewise yielded, but not to the same extent nor in the same way. It has introduced the ex-

pansion into the last half of its course, and by elevating its standard of admission solely in the disciplinary branches has completely broken its organic connection with the common-school system of the country. That its requirements are not in accordance with the spirit of the age nor with sound psychology is a startling proposition, but nevertheless true, if the thoughts of the profoundest psychologists and educational writers from Pestalozzi down to Froebel are to be accepted." Mr. Harris thinks that the public-school system of the country (in its best examples) is substantially the right one, and that our higher education should adapt itself to it, since to take up natural or other science only in the junior and senior years, and without previous school preparation, is far too superficial a way of entering those vast realms of modern thought and discovery. The true education, whether for culture or for business or for the professions, is that which, "whatever section of it be cut off from the beginning, furnishes the best course up to that point." The mind should grow from infancy in all its cells and "with all its windows open." Thus "there are five departments in the course of study which should be always represented from the first year in the primary school to the last year in college: nature in its two aspects of organic and inorganic; man in his three aspects of theoretical, practical, and æsthetic. While the common school represents each department in its course of study, the classical school or academy, with its mathematics, Latin, and Greek, represents but the first and third chiefly, and the second, fourth, and fifth subordinately. My conclusion has, therefore," says Mr. Harris, "been this: let the colleges and universities demand from their candidates for admission the outlines of universal history, English literature, and natural science, together with as much mathematics and slightly less Latin and Greek than now, and then change their courses so as to continue each of these departments through the first two years as required studies, after that allowing pupils to elect, although still requiring the election of a representative study from each department to entitle them to a degree."

Besides the discussion of the course of study, Mr. Harris gives an elaborate statement of his views on the co-education of the sexes. His influence has introduced co-education throughout the St. Louis schools, and no opponent of the system should in fairness omit to read the very forcible presentation of most of the important points in its favor here given.

The normal-school course in St. Louis is for two years, the first being devoted to "culture study," the last only to the review of the branches which the pupils will have to teach. Latin is required throughout. General history is studied in the first year, and American history in the second, as it should be in all schools, this being its natural sequence. There are in the St. Louis schools eight grades below the high school, each of which is arranged to occupy one year. German is taught in every grade, with the proviso merely that any child who desires to learn it must begin it when he enters school. Music and natural science are also taught in all the grades, and drawing in the first five. History, however, and to us most unaccountably in an educational scheme so otherwise judicious, is put off until the very last of the eight years of the course, and then is confined to a condensed (though highly admirable) summary of American history for three quarters, and a study of the Constitution of the United States for the fourth quarter.

The statistics presented by Mr. Harris give not only the number of pupils but their age, where they were born, and the employment of their parents. Thirty-seven per cent. of the latter are foreigners, though only six per cent. of the children were born out of the country. The normal school is exclusively for girls, and in the high school there are two fifths more girls than boys. The neglect of academic education by boys is certainly one of the grave short-comings of American education. In Chicago, after reaching the age of thirteen years, the boys who remain in school are to the girls as fourteen to nineteen, a proportion which we suspect would be found very common throughout the United States, owing to the early age at which many boys are expected to begin to get their living, while their sisters are *not* expected to do likewise at any age. If the daughters of the trading and working classes from the age of eighteen could relieve the family purse by their earnings, to the extent of their board and clothing

merely, it is probable their brothers could stay a longer time at their books, and thus the American voter be better prepared for his political and social responsibilities.

The St. Louis School Board has lately established a kindergarten, as, unlike many superintendents, Mr. Harris encourages the sending of children to school under seven years of age. In school, he says, the little child can secure the companionship he hungered after with less danger to himself than on the street. The training in good habits which he gets in a good primary school or kindergarten are of priceless value to the community, and these habits can be molded far better between the ages of three and six than between those of six and nine. Besides this, it is well known that the average attendance of the children of the poorest classes is less than three years when begun at six or seven years of age, whereas, if they were taken into school at four years of age, the period of attendance would be lengthened to five years. Mr. Harris advocates frequent re-classification in order to do justice to bright scholars and to avoid discouraging slow ones. This principle of "sifting up instead of sifting down" can hardly be too much commended for our graded schools, where the practice too generally is to keep a class as much as possible on one level, and to "drop" those who do not equal the fixed standard. Mr. Harris's plan has further the advantage of keeping the classes of the upper or highest paid teachers full with the promoted scholars, and of not overcrowding those of the under teachers with degraded ones.

The astonishing growth of the public-school system in St. Louis, under Mr. Harris's *régime*, appears from the fact that in 1862 there were seventy-six teachers, and in 1873 six hundred and thirteen. The place it fills in that city may be inferred from its large and growing public-school library, the reading-room of which is open all days in the week, and directly connected with which are the following organizations: the Art, the Medical, the Historical, and the Microscopical Societies of St. Louis, the St. Louis Academy of Science, an institute of architects, an engineers' club, and a local steam engineer's association.

The St. Louis teachers are required to meet on the second Saturday of each month during the scholastic year at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of promoting the interests of the schools by the discussion of matters pertaining to the profession of

teaching generally. On the Wednesday preceding this meeting, the principals of the schools are required to meet the superintendent for similar objects. The principals examine as often as practicable the schools of the assistants under them, but they have also to hear not more than four nor less than two recitations daily themselves. This is not the case in Boston, nor, it may be remembered, in Brooklyn, and the superintendent of the latter city thinks that the boys especially suffer from the absence of teaching by the head master. The principals are allowed much freedom in the internal government of their schools, provided their methods are not inconsistent with the general regulations of the board. There has never been any reading of the Bible or other religious exercise in the St. Louis schools since their foundation, and to this the president of the board partly ascribes their popularity with all classes of citizens. Nor have "partisan politics ever developed in the board to such a degree as to influence even slightly the direction of the schools." Only white males, however, vote for officers of the School Board. "The mildness of their discipline" the president gives as another cause of the popularity of the St. Louis schools, for though corporal punishment has not been abolished in them, the teachers who most advantageously do without it, other things being equal, are preferred for promotion. A final reason for the success of the schools is to be found, he says, "in the branches intended directly to refine the taste and increase the general information, that have been added to the three R's, as music, drawing, and natural science."

— A singular text-book, which belongs in the category with books on etiquette, on the way to be successful, on ready making of appropriate speeches, on correspondence, etc., is Mr. Gow's *Good Morals and Gentle Manners*.¹ According to his plan there are three divisions of human duties, which belong to the moral law, the municipal law, and the social law, respectively, and this handbook shows how all are to be observed. The faithful student will learn to avoid homicide, profanity, the duel, white lies and black, slander, intemperance, plagiarism or literary theft, amusements of doubtful propriety, chapped hands, tight lacing, with which even boys are charged, whispering in

company, national vanity, uncleanness in church, coughing and spitting at table, etc., etc. His zeal will be encouraged by appropriate anecdotes, and running under every page the teacher will find suggestive questions and commands, such as "Repeat the anecdote;" "What is the moral of this anecdote?" "Why should a gentleman not come to his meals without his coat?" "What is the napkin for?" "Why not use the handkerchief?" "What does whispering in church arise from?" "Why is gambling wrong?" "Why should the moral sentiment of the school despise and condemn the tattler?" "Is it lawful to buy my neighbor's ox?" They would seem to cover almost every case possible to human experience. The defect of such a book as this is not that some possible human actions are omitted, but that it is taken for granted that education can be accomplished by textbooks. It is the great fault of our public-school system that the pupil is taught, not to think, but to apply certain rules, to be found on such or such a page of his arithmetic, or his Good Morals and Gentle Manners, and that he cannot be blamed if the case in question does not come under the rules.

This little volume of course gives wise and excellent instruction, but as to its method we have nothing but blame.

— The notice of the Ladies' Society for the Encouragement of Studies at Home, which we printed in the September number of *The Atlantic*, has attracted wide attention in the very quarters where it was most desirable that its information should be received, and we have had the pleasure of answering a large number of communications from women in many States asking for more direct means of obtaining information than had been supplied by our first writing. The ladies who preside over this excellent enterprise have been scrupulous in the avoidance of giving publicity to their names, preferring to work quietly and effectively, and as far as might be out of the region of mere display; so that it seemed desirable, while opening wider opportunities for membership in the society, not to trench upon the privacy which the managers had reserved to themselves. In view, however, of the frequent demands of which we have spoken, we are authorized to say that all who wish to gain further and more particular information may address themselves directly to the Secretary of the Society for Study at Home, 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

¹ *Good Morals and Gentle Manners. For Schools and Families.* By ALEX. M. GOW, A. M. New York and Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle, & Co. 1875.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XXXVI.—DECEMBER, 1875.—No. CCXVIII.

RODERICK HUDSON.

XII.

SWITZERLAND.

ROWLAND had a very friendly memory of a little mountain inn, accessible with moderate trouble from Lucerne, where he had once spent a blissful ten days. He had at that time been trudging, knapsack on back, over half Switzerland, and not being, on his legs, a particularly light weight, it was no shame to him to confess that he was mortally tired. The inn of which I speak presented striking analogies with a cow-stable; but in spite of this circumstance it was crowded with hungry tourists. It stood in a high, shallow valley, with flower-strewn Alpine meadows sloping down to it from the base of certain rugged rocks whose outlines were grotesque against the evening sky. Rowland had seen grander places in Switzerland that pleased him less; and whenever afterwards he wished to think of Alpine opportunities at their best, he recalled this grassy concave among the mountaintops, and the August days he spent there, resting deliciously, at his length, in the lee of a sun-warmed bowlder, with the light cool air stirring about his temples, the wafted odors of the pines in his nostrils, the tinkle of the cattle-bells in his ears, the vast progression of the

mountain shadows before his eyes, and a volume of Wordsworth in his pocket. His face, on the Swiss hill-sides, had been scorched to within a shade of the color nowadays called magenta, and his bed was a pallet in a loft, which he shared with a German botanist of colossal stature—every inch of him quaking at an open window. These had been drawbacks to felicity, but Rowland hardly cared where or how he was lodged, for he spent the livelong day under the sky, on the crest of a slope that looked at the Jungfrau. He remembered all this on leaving Florence with his friends, and he reflected that, as the mid-season was over, accommodations would be more ample and charges more modest. He communicated with his old friend the landlord, and while September was yet young his companions established themselves, under his guidance, in the grassy valley.

He had crossed the Saint Gothard Pass with them, in the same carriage. During the journey from Florence, and especially during this portion of it, the cloud that hung over the little party had been almost dissipated, and they had looked at each other, in the close contiguity of the train and the posting-carriage, without either accusing or consoling glances. It was impossible not to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Ap-

ennines and the Italian Alps, and there was a tacit agreement among the travelers to abstain from sombre allusions. The effect of this delicate compact seemed excellent; it insured them a week's intellectual sunshine. Roderick sat and gazed out of the window with a fascinated stare, and with a perfect docility of attitude. He concerned himself not a particle about the itinerary, or about any of the wayside arrangements; he took no trouble, and he gave none. He assented to everything that was proposed, talked very little, and led for a week a perfectly contemplative life. His mother rarely removed her eyes from him; and if, a while before, this would have extremely irritated him, he now seemed perfectly unconscious of her observation and profoundly indifferent to anything that might befall him. They spent a couple of days on the Lake of Como, at a hotel with white porticoes smothered in oleander and myrtle, and terrace-steps leading down to little boats with striped awnings. They agreed it was the earthly paradise, and they passed the mornings strolling through the perfumed alleys of classic villas, and the evenings floating in the moonlight in a circle of outlined mountains, to the music of silver-trickling oars. One day, in the afternoon, the two young men took a long stroll together. They followed the winding footway that led toward Como, close to the lake-side, past the gates of villas and the walls of vineyards, through little hamlets propped on a dozen arches and bathing their feet and their pendent tatters in the gray-green ripple, past frescoed walls and crumbling campaniles and grassy village piazzas and the mouth of soft ravines that wound upward through belts of swinging vine and vaporous olive and splendid chestnut, to high ledges where white chapels gleamed amid the paler boskage, and bare cliff-surfaces, with their sun-cracked lips, drank in the azure light. It all was confoundingly picturesque; it was the Italy that we know from the steel engravings in old keepsakes and annuals, from the vignettes on music-sheets and the drop-curtains at theatres; an Italy that we

can never confess to ourselves — in spite of our own changes and of Italy's — that we have ceased to believe in. Rowland and Roderick turned aside from the little paved footway that elambered and dipped and wound and doubled beside the lake, and stretched themselves idly beneath a fig-tree, on a grassy promontory. Rowland had never known anything so divinely soothing as the dreamy softness of that early autumn afternoon. The iridescent mountains shut him in; the little waves beneath him fretted the white pebbles at the laziest intervals; the festooned vines above him swayed just visibly in the all but motionless air.

Roderick lay observing it all, with his arms thrown back and his hands under his head. "This suits me," he said; "I could be happy here and forget everything. Why not stay here forever?" He kept his position for a long time and seemed lost in his thoughts. Rowland spoke to him, but he made vague answers; at last he closed his eyes. It seemed to Rowland, also, a place to stay in forever; a place for perfect oblivion of the disagreeable. Suddenly Roderick turned over on his face, and buried it in his arms. There had been something passionate in his movement; but Rowland was nevertheless surprised, when he at last jerked himself back into a sitting posture, to perceive the trace of tears in his eyes. Roderick turned to his friend, stretching his two hands out toward the lake and mountains, and shaking them with an eloquent gesture, as if his heart was too full for utterance.

"Pity me, sir; pity me!" he presently cried. "Look at this lovely world, and think what it must be to be dead to it!"

"Dead?" said Rowland.

"Dead, dead; dead and buried! Buried in an open grave, where you lie staring up at the sailing clouds, smelling the waving flowers, and hearing all nature live and grow above you! That's the way I feel!"

"I am glad to hear it," said Rowland.

"Death of that sort is very near to resurrection."

"It's too horrible," Roderick went

on; "it has all come over me here tremendously! If I were not ashamed, I could shed a bushel of tears. For one hour of what I *have* been, I would give up anything I may be!"

"Never mind what you have been; be something better!"

"I shall never be anything again: it's no use talking! But I don't know what secret spring has been touched since I have lain here. Something in my heart seemed suddenly to open and let in a flood of beauty and desire. I know what I have lost, and I think it horrible! Mind you, I know it, I feel it! Remember that hereafter. Don't say that he was stupefied and senseless; that his perception was dulled and his aspiration dead. Say that he trembled in every nerve with a sense of the beauty and sweetness of life; that he rebelled and protested and shrieked; that he was buffed alive, with his eyes open and his heart beating to madness; that he clung to every blade of grass and every way-side thorn as he passed; that it was the most horrible spectacle you ever witnessed; that it was an outrage, a murder, a massacre!"

"Good heavens, man, are you insane?" Rowland cried.

"I never have been saner. I don't want to be bad company, and in this beautiful spot, at this delightful hour, it seems an outrage to break the charm. But I am bidding farewell to Italy, to beauty, to honor, to life! I only want to assure you that I know what I lose. I know it in every pulse of my heart! Here, where these things are all loveliest, I take leave of them. Farewell, farewell!"

During their passage of the Saint Gothard, Roderick absented himself much of the time from the carriage, and rambled far in advance along the huge zig-zags of the road. He displayed an extraordinary activity; his light weight and slender figure made him an excellent pedestrian, and his friends frequently saw him skirting the edge of plunging chasms, loosening the stones on long, steep slopes, or lifting himself against the sky from the top of rocky pinnacles. Mary Garland walked a great deal, but

she remained near the carriage to be with Mrs. Hudson. Rowland remained near it to be with Miss Garland. He trudged by her side up that magnificent ascent from Italy, and found himself regretting that the Alps were so low, and that their trudging was not to last a week. She was exhilarated; she liked to walk; in the way of mountains, until within the last few weeks, she had seen nothing greater than Mount Holyoke, and she found that the Alps amply justified their reputation. Rowland knew that she loved nature, but he was struck afresh with the vivacity of her observation of it, and with her knowledge of plants and stones. At that season the wild flowers had mostly departed, but a few of them lingered, and Miss Garland never failed to spy them in their outlying corners. They interested her greatly; she was charmed when they were old friends, and charmed even more when they were new. She displayed a very light foot in going in quest of them, and had soon covered the front seat of the carriage with a tangle of strange vegetation. Rowland of course was alert in her service, and he gathered for her several botanical specimens which at first appeared inaccessible. One of these, indeed, had at first seemed easier of capture than his attempt attested, and he had paused a moment at the base of the little peak on which it grew, measuring the risk of farther pursuit. Suddenly, as he stood there, he remembered Roderick's defiance of danger and of Miss Light at the Coliseum, and he was seized with a strong desire to test the courage of his companion. She had just scrambled up a grassy slope near him, and had seen that the flower was out of reach. As he prepared to approach it, she called to him eagerly to stop; the thing was impossible! Poor Rowland, whose passion had been terribly starved, enjoyed immensely the thought of having her care, for three minutes, what became of him. He was the least brutal of men, but for a moment he was perfectly indifferent to her suffering.

"I can get the flower," he called to her. "Will you trust me?"

"I don't want it; I had rather not have it!" she cried.

"Will you trust me?" he repeated, looking at her.

She looked at him and then at the flower; he wondered whether she would shriek and swoon, as Miss Light had done. "I wish it were something better!" she said, simply; and then stood watching him while he began to clamber. Rowland was not shaped for an acrobat, and his enterprise was difficult; but he kept his wits about him, made the most of narrow foot-holds and coigns of vantage, and at last secured his prize. He managed to stick it into his button-hole, and then he contrived to descend. There was more than one chance for an ugly fall, but he evaded them all. It was doubtless not gracefully done, but it was done, and that was all he had proposed to himself. • He was red in the face when he offered Miss Garland the flower, and she was visibly pale. She had watched him without moving. All this had passed without the knowledge of Mrs. Hudson, who was dozing beneath the hood of the carriage. Mary Garland's eyes did not perhaps display that ardent admiration which was formerly conferred by the queen of beauty at a tournament; but they expressed something in which Rowland found his reward.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, gravely.

He hesitated. He felt that it was physically possible to say, "Because I love you!" but that it was not morally possible. He lowered his pitch and answered, simply, "Because I wanted to do something for you."

"Suppose you had fallen," said Miss Garland.

"I believed I would not fall. And you believed it, I think."

"I believed nothing; I simply trusted you, as you asked me."

"*Quod erat demonstrandum!*" cried Rowland. "I think you know Latin."

When our four friends were established in what I have called their grassy valley, there was a good deal of scrambling over slopes both grassy and stony, a good deal of flower-plucking on narrow ledges, a

great many long walks, and, thanks to the lucid mountain air, not a little exhilaration. Mrs. Hudson was obliged to intermit her suspicions of the deleterious atmosphere of the Old World, and to acknowledge the edifying purity of the breezes of Engelthal. She was certainly more placid than she had been in Italy; having always lived in the country, she had missed in Rome and Florence that social solitude mitigated by bushes and rocks which is so dear to the true New England temperament. The little unpainted inn at Engelthal, with its plank partitions, its milk-pans standing in the sun, its "help" in the form of angular young women of the country-side, reminded her of places of summer sojourn in her native land; and the beautiful historic chambers of the Villa Pandolfini passed from her memory without a regret, and without having in the least modified her ideal of domiciliary grace. Roderick had changed his sky, but he had not changed his mind; his humor was still that of which he had given Rowland a glimpse in that tragic explosion on the Lake of Como. He kept his despair to himself, and he went doggedly about the ordinary business of life; but it was easy to see that his spirit was mortally heavy, and that he lived and moved and talked simply from the force of habit. In that sad half-hour among the Italian olives there had been such a fierce sincerity in his tone that Rowland began to abdicate the critical attitude: he began to feel that it was essentially vain to appeal to the poor fellow's will; there was no will left; its place was an impotent void. This view of the case, indeed, was occasionally contravened by certain indications on Roderick's part of the power of resistance to disagreeable obligations: one might still have said, if one had been disposed to be didactic at any hazard, that there was a method in his madness, that his moral energy had its sleeping and its waking hours, and that, in a cause that pleased it, it was capable of rising with the dawn. But on the other hand, pleasure, in this case, was quite at one with effort; evidently the greatest bliss in

life, for Roderick, would have been to have a plastic idea. And then, it was impossible not to feel tenderly to a despair which had so ceased to be aggressive — not to forgive a great deal of apathy to a temper which had so unlearned its irritability. Roderick said frankly that Switzerland made him less miserable than Italy, and the Alps seemed less to mock at his enforced leisure than the Apennines. He indulged in long rambles, generally alone, and was very fond of climbing into dizzy places where no sound could overtake him, and there, flinging himself on the never-trodden moss, of pulling his hat over his eyes and lounging away the hours in perfect immobility. Rowland sometimes walked with him; though Roderick never invited him, he seemed duly grateful for his society. Rowland now made it a rule to treat him like a perfectly sane man, to assume that all things were well with him, and never to allude to the prosperity he had forfeited or to the work he was not doing. He would have still said, had you questioned him, that Roderick's condition was a mood — certainly a puzzling one. It might last yet for many a weary hour; but it was a long lane that had no turning. Roderick's blues would not last forever. Rowland's interest in Miss Garland's relations with her cousin was still profoundly attentive, and, perplexed as he was on all sides, he found nothing transparent here. After their arrival at Engelthal Roderick appeared to seek the young girl's society more than he had done hitherto, and this revival of ardor could not fail to set his friend a-wondering. They sat together and strolled together, and Miss Garland often read aloud to him. One day, on their coming to dinner, after he had been lying half the morning at her feet, in the shadow of a rock, Rowland asked him what she had been reading.

"I don't know," Roderick said, "I don't heed the sense." Miss Garland heard this, and Rowland looked at her. She looked at Roderick sharply and with a little blush. "I listen to Mary," Roderick continued, "for the sake of her voice. It's distractingly sweet!"

At this Miss Garland's blush deepened, and she looked away.

Rowland, in Florence, as we know, had suffered his imagination to wander in the direction of certain conjectures which the reader may deem unflattering to Miss Garland's constancy. He had asked himself whether her faith in Roderick had not faltered, and that demand of hers which had brought about his own departure for Switzerland had seemed almost equivalent to a confession that she needed his help to believe. Rowland was essentially a modest man, and he did not risk the supposition that Miss Garland had contrasted him with Roderick to his own advantage; but he had a certain consciousness of duty resolutely done which allowed itself to fancy, at moments, that it might be not illogically rewarded by the bestowal of such stray grains of enthusiasm as had crumbled away from her estimate of his companion. If some day she had declared, in a sudden burst of passion, that she was outwearied and sickened, and that she gave up her recreant lover, Rowland's expectation would have gone half-way to meet her. And certainly, if her passion had taken this course, no generous critic would utterly condemn her. She had been neglected, ignored, forsaken, treated with a contempt which no girl of a fine temper could endure. There were girls, indeed, whose fineness, like that of Burd Helen in the ballad, lay in clinging to the man of their love through thick and thin and in bowing their head to all hard usage. This attitude had often an exquisite beauty of its own, but Rowland deemed that he had solid reason to believe it never could be Mary Garland's. She was not a passive creature; she was not soft and meek and grateful for chance bounties. With all her reserve of manner she was proud and eager; she asked much and she wanted what she asked; she believed in fine things and she never could long persuade herself that fine things missed were as beautiful as fine things achieved. Once Rowland passed an angry day. He had dreamed — it was the most insubstantial of dreams — that she had

given him the right to believe that she looked to him to transmute her discontent. And yet here she was throwing herself back into Roderick's arms at his lightest overture, and playing with his own half fearful, half shameful hopes! Rowland declared to himself that his position was essentially detestable, and that all the philosophy he could bring to bear upon it would make it neither honorable nor comfortable. He would go away and make an end of it. He did not go away; he simply took a long walk, stayed away from the inn all day, and on his return found Miss Garland sitting out in the moonlight with Roderick.

Rowland, communing with himself during the restless ramble in question, had determined that he would at least cease to observe, to heed, or to care for what Miss Garland and Roderick might do or might not do together. Nevertheless, some three days afterward, the opportunity presenting itself, he deliberately broached the subject with Roderick. He knew this was inconsistent and faint-hearted; it was indulgence to the fingers that itched to handle forbidden fruit: but he said to himself that it was really more logical to be inconsistent than the reverse; for they had formerly discussed these mysteries very candidly. Was it not perfectly reasonable that he should wish to know the sequel of the situation which Roderick had then delineated? Roderick had made him promises, and it was to be expected that he should ascertain how the promises had been kept. Rowland could not say to himself that if the promises had been extorted for Mary Garland's sake, his present attention to them was equally disinterested; and so he had to admit that he was indeed faint-hearted. He may perhaps be deemed too narrow a casuist, but we have repeated more than once that he was solidly burdened with a conscience.

"I imagine," he said to Roderick, "that you are not sorry, at present, to have allowed yourself to be dissuaded from making a final rupture with Miss Garland."

Roderick eyed him with the vague and absent look which had lately become

habitual to his face, and repeated, "Dissuaded?"

"Don't you remember that in Rome you wished to break your engagement, and that I urged you to respect it, though it seemed to hang by so slender a thread? I wished you to see what would come of it. If I am not mistaken, you are reconciled to it."

"Oh, yes," said Roderick, "I remember what you said; you made it a kind of personal favor to yourself that I should remain faithful. I consented, but afterwards, when I thought of it, your attitude greatly amused me. Had it ever been seen before? — a man asking another man to gratify him by *not* suspending his attentions to a pretty girl!"

"It was as selfish as anything else," said Rowland. "One man puts his selfishness into one thing, and one into another. It would have utterly marred my comfort to see Miss Garland in low spirits."

"But you liked her — you admired her, eh? So you intimated."

"I admire her profoundly."

"It was your originality then — to do you justice you have a great deal, of a certain sort — to wish her happiness secured in just that fashion. Many a man would have liked better himself to make the woman he admired happy, and would have welcomed her low spirits as an opening for sympathy. You were awfully queer about it."

"So be it!" said Rowland. "The question is, Are you not glad I was queer? Are you not finding that your affection for Miss Garland has a permanent quality which you rather underestimated?"

"I don't pretend to say. When she arrived in Rome, I found I did n't care for her, and I honestly proposed that we should have no humbug about it. If you, on the contrary, thought there was something to be gained by having a little humbug, I was willing to try it! I don't see that the situation is really changed. Mary Garland is all that she ever was — more than all. But I don't care for her! I don't care for anything, and I don't find myself inspired to make

an exception in her favor. The only difference is that I don't care, now, whether I care for her or not. Of course, marrying such a useless lout as I am is out of the question for any woman, and I should pay Miss Garland a poor compliment to assume that she is in a hurry to celebrate our nuptials."

"Oh, you're in love!" said Rowland, not very logically. It must be confessed, at any cost, that this assertion was made for the sole purpose of hearing Roderick deny it.

But it quite failed of its aim. Roderick gave a liberal shrug of his shoulders and an irresponsible toss of his head. "Call it what you please! I am past caring for names."

Rowland had not only been illogical, he had also been slightly disingenuous. He did not believe that his companion was in love; he had argued the false to learn the true. The true was that Roderick was again, in some degree, under a charm, and that he found a healing virtue in Mary's presence, indisposed though he was to admit it. He had said, shortly before, that her voice was sweet to his ear; and this was a promising beginning. If her voice was sweet it was probable that her glance was not amiss, that her touch had a quiet magic, and that her whole personal presence had learned the art of not being irritating. So Rowland reasoned, and invested Mary Garland with a still finer loveliness.

It was true that she herself helped him little to definite conclusions, and that he remained in puzzled doubt as to whether these happy touches were still a matter of the heart or had become simply a matter of the conscience. He watched for signs that she rejoiced in Roderick's renewed acceptance of her society; but it seemed to him that she was on her guard against interpreting it too largely. It was now her turn—he fancied that he sometimes gathered from certain nameless indications of glance and tone and gesture—it was now her turn to be indifferent, to care for other things. Again and again Rowland asked himself what these things were

that Miss Garland might be supposed to care for, to the injury of ideal constancy; and again, having designated them, he divided them into two portions. One was that larger experience, in general, that had come to her with her arrival in Europe; the vague sense, borne in upon her imagination, that there were more things one might do with one's life than youth and ignorance and Northampton had dreamt of; the revision of old pledges in the light of new emotions. The other was the experience, in especial, of Rowland's—what? Here Rowland always paused, in perfect sincerity, to measure afresh his possible claim to the young girl's regard. What might he call it? It had been more than civility and yet it had been less than devotion. It had spoken of a desire to serve, but it had said nothing of a hope of reward. Nevertheless, Rowland's fancy hovered about the idea that it was recompensable, and his reflections ended in a reverie which perhaps did not define it, but at least, on each occasion, added a little to its volume. Since Miss Garland had asked him as a sort of favor to herself to come also to Switzerland, he thought it possible she might let him know whether he seemed to have effectively served her. The days passed without her doing so, and at last Rowland walked away to an isolated eminence some five miles from the inn, and murmured to the silent rocks that she was ungrateful. Listening nature seemed not to contradict him, so that on the morrow he asked the young girl, with an infinitesimal touch of irony, whether it struck her that his deflection from his Florentine plan had been attended with brilliant results.

"Why, we are delighted that you are with us!" she answered.

He was anything but satisfied with this; it seemed to imply that she had forgotten that she had solemnly asked him to come. He reminded her of her request, and recalled the place and time. "That evening on the terrace, late, after Mrs. Hudson had gone to bed, and Roderick being absent."

She perfectly remembered, but the memory seemed to trouble her. "I am

afraid your kindness has been a great charge upon you," she said. "You wanted very much to do something else."

"I wanted above all things to oblige you, and I made no sacrifice. But if I had made an immense one, it would be more than made up to me by any assurance that I have helped Roderick into a better mood."

She was silent a moment; and then, "Why do you ask me?" she said. "You are able to judge quite as well as I."

Rowland blushed; he desired to justify himself in the most veracious manner. "The truth is," he said, "that I am afraid I care only in the second place for Roderick's holding up his head. What I care for in the first place is *your* happiness."

"I don't know why that should be," she answered. "I have certainly done nothing to make you so much my friend. If you were to tell me you intended to leave us to-morrow, I am afraid that I should not venture to ask you to stay. But whether you go or stay, let us not talk of Roderick!"

"But that," said Rowland, "does n't answer my question. *Is* he better?"

"No!" she said, and turned away.

He was careful not to tell her that he intended to leave them.

One day, shortly after this, as the two young men sat at the inn-door watching the sunset, which on that evening was very striking and lurid, Rowland made an attempt to sound his companion's present sentiment touching Christina Light. "I wonder where she is," he said, "and what sort of a life she is leading her prince?"

Roderick at first made no response. He was watching a figure on the summit of some distant rocks, opposite to them. The figure was apparently descending into the valley, and in relief against the crimson screen of the western sky it looked gigantic. "Christina Light?" Roderick at last repeated, as if arousing himself from a reverie. "Where she is? It's extraordinary how little I care!"

"Have you, then, completely got over it?"

To this Roderick made no direct reply; he sat brooding a while. "She's a humbug!" he presently exclaimed.

"Possibly!" said Rowland. "But I have known worse ones."

"She disappointed me!" Roderick continued, in the same tone.

"Had she, then, really given you hopes?"

"Oh, don't recall it!" Roderick cried. "Why the devil should I think of it? It was only three months ago, but it seems like ten years." His friend said nothing more, and after a while he went on of his own accord. "I believed there was a future in it all! She pleased me—pleased me; and when an artist, such as I was, is pleased, you know"—And he paused again. "You never saw her as I did; you never heard her in her great moments. But there is no use talking about that! At first she would n't regard me seriously. She chaffed me and made light of me. But at last I forced her to admit I was a great man. Think of that, sir! Christina Light called me a great man. A great man was what she was looking for, and we agreed to find our happiness for life in each other. To please me she promised not to marry till I gave her leave. I was not in a marrying way myself, but it was damnation to think of another man possessing her. To spare my sensibilities, she promised to turn off her prince, and the idea of her doing so made me as happy as to see a perfect statue shaping itself in the block. You have seen how she kept her promise! When I learned it, it was as if the statue had suddenly cracked and turned hideous. She died for me, like that!" And he snapped his fingers. "Was it wounded vanity, disappointed desire, betrayed confidence? I am sure I don't know; you certainly have some name for it."

"The poor girl did the best she could," said Rowland.

"If that was her best, so much the worse for her! I have hardly thought of her these two months, but I have not forgiven her."

"Well, you may believe that you are avenged. I can't think of her as happy."

"I don't pity her!" said Roderick. Then he relapsed into silence, and the two sat watching the colossal figure as it made its way downward along the jagged silhouette of the rocks. "Who is this mighty man," cried Roderick at last, "and what is he coming down upon us for? We are small people here, and we can't undertake to keep company with giants."

"Wait till we meet him on our own level," said Rowland, "and perhaps he will not overtop us."

"For ten minutes, at least," Roderick rejoined, "he will have been a great man!" At this moment the figure sank beneath the horizon line and became invisible in the uncertain light. Suddenly Roderick said, "I would like to see her once more — simply to look at her."

"I would not advise it," said Rowland.

"It was her beauty that did it!" Roderick went on. "It was all her beauty. In comparison, the rest was nothing. What befuddled me was to think of it as *my* property! And I had made it mine; no one else had studied it as I had, no one else understood it. What does that stick of a Casamassina know about it at this hour? I should like to see it just once more; it's the only thing in the world of which I can say so."

"I would not advise it," Rowland repeated.

"That's right, dear Rowland," said Roderick; "don't advise! That's no use now."

The dusk meanwhile had thickened, and they had not perceived a figure approaching them across the open space in front of the house. Suddenly it stepped into the circle of light projected from the door and windows, and they beheld little Sam Singleton stopping to stare at them. He was the giant whom they had seen descending along the rocks. When this was made apparent, Roderick was seized with a fit of intense hilarity. It was the first time he had

laughed in three months. Singleton, who carried a knapsack and walking-staff, received from Rowland the friendliest welcome. He was in the sereneest possible humor, and if in the way of luggage his knapsack contained nothing but a comb and a second shirt, he produced from it a dozen admirable sketches. He had been trudging over half Switzerland and making everywhere the most vivid pictorial notes. They were mostly in a box at Interlaken, and in gratitude for Rowland's appreciation he presently telegraphed for his box, which, according to the excellent Swiss method, was punctually delivered by post. The nights were cold, and our friends, with three or four other chance sojourners, sat in-doors over a fire of logs. Even with Roderick sitting moodily in the outer shadow they made a sympathetic little circle as they turned over Singleton's drawings, while he perched in the chimney-corner, blushing and grinning, with his feet on the rounds of his chair. He had been pedestrianizing for six weeks, and he was glad to rest a while at Engelthal. It was an economic repose, however, for he sallied forth every morning, with his sketching tools on his back, in search of material for new studies. Roderick's hilarity, after the first evening, had subsided, and he watched the little painter's serene activity with a gravity that was almost portentous. Singleton, who was not in the secret of his personal misfortunes, still treated him with timid frankness as the rising star of American art. Roderick had said to Rowland, at first, that Singleton reminded him of some curious little insect with a remarkable mechanical instinct in its antennæ; but as the days went by it was apparent that the modest landscapist's unflagging industry grew to have an oppressive meaning for him. It pointed a moral, and Roderick used to sit and con the moral as he saw it figured in Singleton's bent back, on the hot hill-sides, protruding from beneath his white umbrella. One day he wandered up a long slope and overtook him as he sat at work. Singleton related the incident

afterwards to Rowland, who, after giving him in Rome a hint of Roderick's aberrations, had strictly kept his own counsel.

"Are you *always* like this?" said Roderick, in almost sepulchral accents.

"Like this?" repeated Singleton, blinking confusedly, with an alarmed conscience.

"You remind me of a watch that never runs down. If one listens hard one hears you always — tick-tick, tick-tick."

"Oh, I see," said Singleton, beaming ingenuously. "I'm very equable."

"You're very equable, yes. And do you find it pleasant to be equable?"

Singleton turned and grinned more brightly, while he sucked the water from his camel's-hair brush. Then, with a quickened sense of his indebtedness to a Providence that had endowed him with intrinsic facilities, "Oh, delightful!" he exclaimed.

Roderick stood looking at him a moment. "Damnation!" he said at last, solemnly, and turned his back.

One morning, shortly after this, Rowland and Roderick took a long walk. They had walked before in a dozen different directions, but they had not yet crossed a charming little wooded pass, which shut in their valley on one side and descended into the vale of Engelberg. In coming from Lucerne they had approached their inn by this path, and, feeling that they knew it, had hitherto neglected it in favor of untrodden ways. But at last the list of these was exhausted, and Rowland proposed the walk to Engelberg as a novelty. The place is half bleak and half pastoral; a huge white monastery rises abruptly from the green floor of the valley and complicates its picturesqueness with an element rare in Swiss scenery. Hard by is a group of chalets and inns, with the usual appurtenances of a prosperous Swiss resort: lean brown guides in baggy homespun lounging under carved wooden galleries, stacks of alpen stocks in every doorway, sun-scorched Englishmen without shirt-collars. Our two friends sat a while at the door of an

inn, discussing a pint of wine, and then Roderick, who was indefatigable, announced his intention of climbing to a certain rocky pinnacle which overhung the valley and, according to the testimony of one of the guides, commanded a view of the Lake of Lucerne. To go and come back was only a matter of an hour, but Rowland, with the prospect of his homeward trudge before him, confessed to a preference for lounging on his bench, or at most strolling a trifle farther and taking a look at the monastery. Roderick went off alone, and his companion, after a while, bent his steps to the monasterial church. It was remarkable, like most of the churches of Catholic Switzerland, for a hideous style of devotional ornament; but it had a certain cold and musty picturesqueness, and Rowland lingered there with some tenderness for Alpine piety. While he was near the high-altar some people came in at the west door; but he did not notice them, and was presently engaged in deciphering a curious old German epitaph on one of the mural tablets. At last he turned away, wondering whether its syntax or its theology was the more uncomfortable, and, to his infinite surprise, found himself confronted with the Prince and Princess Casamassima.

The surprise on Christina's part, for an instant, was equal, and at first she seemed disposed to turn away without letting it give place to a greeting. The prince however saluted gravely, and then Christina, in silence, put out her hand. Rowland immediately asked whether they were staying at Engelberg, but Christina only looked at him, without speaking. The prince answered his questions and related that they had been making a month's tour in Switzerland, that at Lucerne his wife had been somewhat obstinately indisposed, and that the physician had recommended a week's trial of the tonic air and goat's milk of Engelberg. The scenery, said the prince, was stupendous, but the life was terribly sad — and they had three days more! It was a blessing, he urbanely added, to see a good Roman face.

Christina's attitude, her solemn silence, and her penetrating gaze seemed to Rowland, at first, to savor of affectation; but he presently perceived that she was profoundly agitated, and that she was afraid of betraying herself. "Do let us leave this hideous edifice," she said; "there are things here that set one's teeth on edge." They moved slowly to the door, and when they stood outside, in the sunny coolness of the valley, she turned to Rowland and said, "I am extremely glad to see you." Then she glanced about her and observed, against the wall of the church, an old stone seat. She looked at Prince Casamassima a moment, and he smiled more intensely, Rowland thought, than the occasion demanded. "I wish to sit here," she said, "and speak to Mr. Mallet — alone."

"At your pleasure, dear friend," said the prince.

The tone of each was measured, to Rowland's ear; but that of Christina was dry and that of her husband was splendidly urbane. Rowland remembered that the Cavaliere Giacosa had told him that Mrs. Light's candidate was thoroughly a prince, and our friend wondered how he relished a peremptory accent. Casamassima was an Italian of the undemonstrative type, but Rowland nevertheless divined that, like other princes before him, he had made the acquaintance of the thing called compromise. "Shall I come back?" he asked, with the same smile.

"In half an hour," said Christina.

In the clear outer light Rowland's first impression of her was that she was more beautiful than ever. And yet in three months she could hardly have changed; the change was in Rowland's own vision of her, which that last interview, on the eve of her marriage, had made unprecedentedly tender.

"How came you here?" she asked.

"Are you staying in this place?"

"I am staying at Engelthal, some ten miles away; I walked over."

"Are you alone?"

"I am with Mr. Hudson."

"Is he here with you?"

"He went half an hour ago to climb a rock, for a view."

"And his mother, and that young girl, where are they?"

"They also are at Engelthal."

"What do you do there?"

"What do you do here?" said Rowland, smiling.

"I count the minutes till my week is up. I hate mountains; they depress me to death. I am sure Miss Garland likes them."

"She is very fond of them, I believe."

"You believe — don't you know? But I have given up trying to imitate Miss Garland," said Christina.

"You surely need imitate no one."

"Don't say that," she said, gravely.

"So you have walked ten miles this morning? And you are to walk back again?"

"Back again to supper."

"And Mr. Hudson, too?"

"Mr. Hudson especially. He is a great walker."

"You men are happy!" Christina cried. "I believe I should enjoy the mountains if I could do such things. It's sitting still and having them scowl down at you! Prince Casamassima never rides. He only goes on a mule. He was carried up the Faulhorn on a litter."

"On a litter?" said Rowland.

"In one of those machines — a *chaise à porteurs* — like a woman."

Rowland received this information in silence; it was equally unbecoming either to relish or to deprecate its irony.

"Is Mr. Hudson to join you again? Will he come here?" Christina asked.

"I shall soon begin to expect him."

"What shall you do when you leave Switzerland?" Christina continued.

"Shall you go back to Rome?"

"I rather doubt it. My plans are very uncertain."

"They depend upon Mr. Hudson, eh?"

"In a great measure."

"I want you to tell me about him. Is he still in that perverse state of mind that afflicted you so much?"

Rowland looked at her mistrustfully, without answering. He was indisposed,

instinctively, to tell her that Roderick was unhappy; it was possible she might offer to help him back to happiness. She immediately perceived his hesitation.

"I see no reason why we should not be frank," she said. "I should think we were excellently placed for that sort of thing. You remember that, formerly, I cared very little what I said, don't you? Well, I care absolutely not at all now. I say what I please, I do what I please! How did Mr. Hudson receive the news of my marriage?"

"Very badly," said Rowland.

"With rage and reproaches?" And as Rowland hesitated again — "With silent contempt?"

"I can tell you but little. He spoke to me on the subject, but I stopped him. I told him it was none of his business, — or of mine."

"That was an excellent answer!" said Christina, softly. "Yet it was a little your business, after those sublime protestations I treated you to. I was really very fine that morning, eh?"

"You do yourself injustice," said Rowland. "I should be at liberty now to believe you were insincere."

"What does it matter now whether I was insincere or not? I can't conceive of anything mattering less. *I was* very fine — isn't it true?"

"You know what I think of you," said Rowland. And for fear of being forced to betray his suspicion of the cause of her change, he took refuge in a commonplace. "Your mother, I hope, is well."

"My mother is in the enjoyment of superb health, and may be seen every evening at the Casino, at the Baths of Lucra, confiding to every new-comer that she has married her daughter to a pearl of a prince."

Rowland was anxious for news of Mrs. Light's companion, and the natural course was frankly to inquire about him. "And the Cavaliere Giacosa is well?" he asked.

Christina hesitated, but she betrayed no other embarrassment. "The Cavaliere has retired to his native city of Ancona, upon a pension, for the rest of

his natural life. He is a very good old man!"

"I have a great regard for him," said Rowland, gravely, at the same time that he privately wondered whether the Cavaliere's pension was paid by Prince Casamassima for services rendered in connection with his marriage. Had the Cavaliere received his commission? "And what do you do," Rowland continued, "on leaving this place?"

"We go to Italy — we go to Naples." She rose and stood silent a moment, looking down the valley. The figure of Prince Casamassima appeared in the distance, balancing his white umbrella. As her eyes rested upon it, Rowland imagined that he saw something deeper in the strange expression which had lurked in her face while he talked to her. At first he had been dazzled by her blooming beauty, to which the lapse of weeks had only added splendor; then he had seen a heavier ray in the light of her eye, a sinister intimation of sadness and bitterness. It was the outward mark of her sacrificed ideal. Her eyes grew cold as she looked at her husband, and when, after a moment, she turned them upon Rowland, they struck him as intensely tragical. He felt a singular mixture of sympathy and dread; he wished to give her a proof of friendship, and yet it seemed to him that she had now turned her face in a direction where friendship was impotent to interpose. She half read his feelings, apparently, and she gave a beautiful, sad smile. "I hope we may never meet again!" she said. And as Rowland gave her a protesting look — "You have seen me at my best. I wish to tell you solemnly, *I was* sincere! I know appearances are against me," she went on, quickly. "There is a great deal I can't tell you. Perhaps you have guessed it; I care very little. You know, at any rate, I did my best. It would n't serve; I was beaten and broken; they were stronger than I. Now it's another affair!"

"It seems to me you have a large chance for happiness yet," said Rowland, vaguely.

"Happiness? I mean to cultivate

rapture; I mean to go in for bliss ineffable! You remember I told you that I was, in part, the world's and the devil's. Now they have taken me all. It was their choice; may they never repent!"

"I shall hear of you," said Rowland.

"You will hear of me. And whenever you do hear, remember this: I *was* sincere!"

Prince Casamassima had approached, and Rowland looked at him with a good deal of simple compassion, as a part of that "world" against which Christina had launched her mysterious menace. It was obvious that he was a good fellow, and that he could not, in the nature of things, be a positively bad husband; but his distinguished inoffensiveness only deepened the infelicity of Christina's situation by depriving her defiant attitude of the sanction of relative justice. So long as she had been free to choose, she had esteemed him; but from the moment that she was forced to marry him she had detested him. Rowland read in the young man's elastic Italian mask a profound consciousness of all this; and as he found there also a record of other curious things — of pride, of temper, of bigotry, of an immense heritage of more or less aggressive traditions — he reflected that the matrimonial conjunction of his two companions might be sufficiently prolific in incident.

"You are going to Naples?" Rowland said to the prince, by way of conversation.

"We are going to Paris," Christina interposed, slowly and softly. "We are going to London. We are going to Vienna. We are going to St. Petersburg."

Prince Casamassima dropped his eyes and fretted the earth with the point of his umbrella. While he engaged Rowland's attention Christina turned away. When Rowland glanced at her again he saw a change pass over her face; she was observing something that was concealed from his own eyes by the angle of the church-wall. In a moment Roderick stepped into sight.

He stopped short, astonished; his face and figure were jaded, his garments

dusty. He looked at Christina from head to foot, and then, slowly, his cheek flushed and his eye expanded. Christina returned his gaze, and for some moments there was a singular silence. "You don't look well!" Christina said at last.

Roderick answered nothing; he only looked and looked, as if she had been a statue. "You are no less beautiful!" he presently cried.

She turned away with a smile, and stood a while gazing down the valley; Roderick stared at Prince Casamassima. Christina then put out her hand to Rowland. "Farewell," she said. "If you are near me in future, don't try to see me!" And then, after a pause, in a lower tone, "I *was* sincere!" She addressed herself again to Roderick and asked him some commonplace about his walk. But he said nothing; he only looked at her. Rowland at first had expected an outbreak of reproach, but it was evident that the danger was every moment diminishing. He was forgetting everything but her beauty, and as she stood there and let him feast upon it, Rowland was sure that she knew it. "I won't say farewell to you," she said, "we shall meet again!" And she moved gravely away. Prince Casamassima took leave courteously of Rowland; upon Roderick he bestowed a bow of exaggerated civility. Roderick appeared not to see it; he was still watching Christina, as she passed over the grass. His eyes followed her until she reached the door of her inn. Here she stopped and looked back at him.

On the homeward walk, that evening, Roderick preserved a silence which Rowland allowed to make him uneasy. Early on the morrow Roderick, saying nothing of his intentions, started off on a walk; Rowland saw him striding with light steps along the rugged path to Engelberg. He was absent all day, and he gave no account of himself on his return. He said he was deadly tired, and he went to bed early. When he had left the room Miss Garland drew near to Rowland.

"I wish to ask you a question," she

said. "What happened to Roderick, yesterday, at Engelberg?"

"You have discovered that something happened?" Rowland answered.

"I am sure of it. Was it something painful?"

"I don't know how, at the present moment, he judges it. He met the Princess Casamassima."

"Thank you!" said Miss Garland, simply, and turned away.

The conversation had been brief, but, like many small things, it furnished Rowland with food for reflection. When one is looking for symptoms one easily finds them. This was the first time Mary Garland had asked Rowland a question which it was in Roderick's power to answer, the first time she had frankly betrayed Roderick's reticence. Rowland ventured to think it marked an era.

The next morning was sultry, and the air, usually so fresh at those altitudes, was oppressively heavy. Rowland lounged on the grass a while, near Singleton, who was at work under his white umbrella within view of the house; and then, in quest of coolness, he wandered away to the rocky ridge whence you looked across at the Jungfrau. To-day, however, the white summits were invisible; their heads were muffled in sullen clouds and the valleys beneath them curtained in dun-colored mist. Rowland had a book in his pocket, and he took it out and opened it. But his page remained unturned; his own thoughts were more important. His interview with Christina Light had made a great impression upon him, and he was haunted with the memory of her almost blameless bitterness, and of all that was tragic and fatal in her latest transformation: these things were immensely appealing, and Rowland thought with infinite impatience of Roderick's having again encountered them. It required little imagination to apprehend that the young sculptor's condition had also appealed to Christina. His consummate indifference, his supreme defiance, would make him a magnificent trophy, and Christina had announced with sufficient distinctness that she had said good-by to scruples. It was her

fancy at present to treat the world as a garden of pleasure, and if, hitherto, she had played with Roderick's passion on its stem, there was little doubt that now she would pluck it with an unfaltering hand and drain it of its acrid sweetness. And why the deuce need Roderick have gone marching back to destruction? Rowland's meditations, even when they began in rancor, often brought him peace: but on this occasion they ushered in a quite peculiar quality of unrest. He felt conscious of a sudden collapse in his moral energy; a current that had been flowing for two years with liquid strength seemed at last to pause and contract. Rowland looked away at the stagnant vapors on the mountains; their dreariness seemed a symbol of the dreariness which his own generosity had bequeathed him. At last he had arrived at the uttermost limit of the deference a sane man might pay to other people's folly; nay, rather, he had transgressed it; he had been befooled on a gigantic scale. He turned to his book and tried to woo back patience, but it gave him cold comfort and he tossed it angrily away. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and tried to wonder, dispassionately, whether atmospheric conditions had not something to do with his ill-humor. He remained for some time in this attitude, but was finally aroused from it by a singular sense that, although he had heard nothing, some one had approached him. He looked up and saw Roderick standing before him on the turf. His mood made the spectacle unwelcome, and for a moment he felt like uttering an uncivil speech. Roderick stood looking at him with an expression of countenance which had of late become rare. There was an unfamiliar spark in his eye and a certain imperious alertness in his carriage. Confirmed habit, with Rowland, came speedily to the front. "What is it now?" he asked himself, and invited Roderick to sit down. Roderick had evidently something particular to say, and if he remained silent for a time it was not because he was ashamed of it.

"I would like you to do me a favor," he said at last. "Lend me some money."

"How much do you wish?" Rowland asked.

"Say a thousand francs."

Rowland hesitated a moment. "I don't wish to be indiscreet, but may I ask what you propose to do with a thousand francs?"

"To go to Interlaken."

"And why are you going to Interlaken?"

Roderick replied, without a shadow of wavering, "Because that woman is to be there."

Rowland burst out laughing, but Roderick remained serenely grave. "You have forgiven her, then?" said Rowland.

"Not a bit of it!"

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I. I only know that she is incomparably beautiful, and that she has waked me up amazingly. Besides, she asked me to come."

"She asked you?"

"Yesterday, in so many words."

"Ah, the jade!" cried Rowland.

"Exactly. I am willing to take her for that."

"Why in the name of common sense did you go back to her?"

"Why did I find her standing there like a goddess who had just stepped out of her cloud? Why did I look at her? Before I knew where I was, the harm was done."

Rowland, who had been sitting erect, threw himself back on the grass and lay for some time staring up at the sky. At last, raising himself, "Are you perfectly serious?" he asked.

"Deadly serious."

"Your idea is to remain at Interlaken some time?"

"Indefinitely!" said Roderick; and it seemed to his companion that the tone in which he said this made it immensely well worth hearing.

"And your mother and cousin, meanwhile, are to remain here? It will soon be getting very cold, you know."

"It doesn't seem much like it to-day."

"Very true; but to-day is a day by itself."

"There is nothing to prevent their going back to Lucerne. I depend upon your taking charge of them."

At this Rowland reclined upon the grass again; and again, after reflection, he faced his friend. "How would you express," he asked, "the character of the profit that you expect to derive from your excursion?"

"I see no need of expressing it! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The case is simply this. I desire immensely to be near Christina Light, and it is such a huge refreshment to find myself again desiring something, that I propose to drift with the current. As I say, she has waked me up, and it is possible something may come of it. She makes me feel as if I were alive again. *This*," and he glanced down at the inn, "I call death!"

"That I am very grateful to hear. You really feel as if you might do something?"

"Don't ask too much. I only know that she makes my heart beat — makes me see visions."

"You feel encouraged?"

"I feel excited."

"You are really looking better."

"I am glad to hear it. Now that I have answered your questions, please to give me the money."

Rowland shook his head. "For that purpose, I can't!"

"You can't?"

"It's impossible. Your plan is rank folly. I can't help you in it."

Roderick flushed a little, and his eye expanded. "I will borrow what money I can, then, from Mary!" This was not viciously said; it had simply the ring of passionate resolution.

Instantly it brought Rowland to terms. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and tossed it upon the grass. "The little brass one opens my dressing-case," he said. "You will find money in it."

Roderick let the keys lie; something seemed to have struck him; he looked askance at his friend. "You are awfully gallant!"

"You certainly are not. Your proposal is an outrage."

"Very likely. It's a proof the more of my desire."

"If you have so much steam on, then, use it for something else. You say you are awake again. I am delighted; only be so in the best sense. Is n't it very plain? If you have the energy to desire, you have also the energy to reason and to judge. If you can care to go, you can also care to stay, and staying being the more profitable course, the inspiration, on that side, for a man who has his self-confidence to win back again, should be greater."

Roderick, plainly, did not relish this simple logic, and his eye grew angry as he listened to its echo. "Oh, the devil!" he cried.

Rowland went on. "Do you believe that hanging about Christina Light will do you any good? Do you believe it won't? In either case you should keep away from her. If it won't, it's your duty; and if it will, you can get on without it."

"Do me good?" cried Roderick. "What do I want of 'good'—what should I do with 'good'? I want what she gives me, call it by what name you will. I want to ask no questions, but to take what comes and let it fill the impossible hours! But I did n't come to discuss the matter."

"I have not the least desire to discuss it," said Rowland. "I simply protest."

Roderick meditated a moment. "I have never yet thought twice of accepting a favor of you," he said at last; "but this one sticks in my throat."

"It is not a favor; I lend you the money only under compulsion."

"Well, then, I will take it only under compulsion!" Roderick exclaimed. And he sprang up abruptly and marched away.

His words were ambiguous; Rowland lay on the grass, wondering what they meant. Half an hour had not elapsed before Roderick reappeared, heated with rapid walking, and wiping his forehead. He flung himself down and looked at his friend with an eye which expressed something purer than bravado and yet baser than conviction.

"I have done my best!" he said. "My mother is out of money; she is expecting next week some circular notes from London. She had only ten francs in her pocket. Mary Garland gave me every sou she possessed in the world. It makes exactly thirty-four francs. That's not enough."

"You asked Miss Garland?" cried Rowland.

"I asked her."

"And told her your purpose?"

"I named no names. But she knew!"

"What did she say?"

"Not a syllable. She simply emptied her purse."

Rowland turned over and buried his face in his arms. He felt a movement of irrepressible elation, and he barely stifled a cry of joy. Now, surely, Roderick had shattered the last link in the chain that bound Mary to him, and after this she would be free! . . . When he turned about again Roderick was still sitting there, and he had not touched the keys which lay on the grass.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," said Roderick, "but I have an insurmountable aversion to taking your money."

"The matter, I suppose, is that you have a grain of wisdom left."

"No, it's not that. It's a kind of brute instinct. I find it extremely provoking!" He sat there for some time with his head in his hands and his eyes on the ground. His lips were compressed, and he was evidently, in fact, in a state of profound irritation. "You have succeeded in making this thing excessively unpleasant!" he exclaimed.

"I am sorry," said Rowland, "but I can't see it in any other way."

"That I believe, and I resent the range of your vision pretending to be the limit of my action: You can't feel for me nor judge for me, and there are certain things you know nothing about. I have suffered, sir!" Roderick went on with increasing emphasis. "I have suffered damnable torments. Have I been such a placid, contented, comfortable man this last six months, that when I find a chance to forget my misery I should

take such pains not to profit by it? You ask too much, for a man who himself has no occasion to play the hero. I don't say that invidiously; it's your disposition, and you can't help it. But decidedly, there are certain things you know nothing about."

Rowland listened to this outbreak with open eyes, and Roderick, if he had been less intent upon his own eloquence, would probably have perceived that he turned pale. "These things — what are they?" Rowland asked.

"They are women, principally, and what relates to women. Women for you, by what I can make out, mean nothing. You have no imagination — no sensibility!"

"That's a serious charge," said Rowland, gravely.

"I don't make it without proof!"

"And what is your proof?"

Roderick hesitated a moment. "The way you treated Christina Light. I call that grossly obtuse."

"Obtuse?" Rowland repeated, frowning.

"Thick-skinned, beneath your good fortune."

"My good fortune?"

"There it is — it's all news to you! You had pleased her. I don't say she was dying of love for you, but she took a fancy to you."

"We will let this pass!" said Rowland, after a silence.

"Oh, I don't insist. I have only her own word for it."

"She told you this?"

"You noticed, at least, I suppose, that she was not afraid to speak. I never repeated it, not because I was jealous, but because I was curious to see how long your ignorance would last if left to itself."

"I frankly confess it would have lasted forever. And yet I don't consider that my insensibility is proved."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Roderick, "or I shall begin to suspect — what I must do you the justice to say that I never have suspected — that you are a trifle conceited. Upon my word, when I think of all this, your protest, as you

call it, against my following Christina Light seems to me thoroughly offensive. There is something monstrous in a man's pretending to lay down the law to a sort of emotion with which he is quite unacquainted — in his asking a fellow to give up a lovely woman for conscience' sake, when *he* has never had the impulse to strike a blow for one for passion's!"

"Oh, oh!" cried Rowland.

"All that's very easy to say," Roderick went on; "but you must remember that there are such things as nerves, and senses, and imagination, and a restless demon within that may sleep sometimes for a day, or for six months, but that sooner or later wakes up and thumps at your ribs till you listen to him! If you can't understand it, take it on trust, and let a poor imaginative devil live his life as he can!"

Roderick's words seemed at first to Rowland like something heard in a dream; it was impossible they had been actually spoken, so supreme an expression were they of the insolence of egotism. Reality was never so consistent as that! But Roderick sat there balancing his beautiful head, and the echoes of his strident accent still lingered along the half-muffled mountain-side. Rowland suddenly felt that the cup of his chagrin was full to overflowing, and his long-gathered bitterness surged into the simple, wholesome passion of anger for wasted kindness. But he spoke without violence, and Roderick was probably at first far from measuring the force that lay beneath his words.

"You are incredibly ungrateful," he said. "You are talking arrogant nonsense. What do you know about my sensibilities and my imagination? How do you know whether I have loved or suffered? If I have held my tongue and not troubled you with my complaints, you find it the most natural thing in the world to put an ignoble construction on my silence. I have loved quite as well as you; indeed, I think I may say rather better. I have been constant. I have been willing to give more than I received. I have not forsaken one mistress because I thought another more

beautiful, nor given up the other and believed all manner of evil about her because I had not my way with her. I have been a good friend to Christina Light, and it seems to me my friendship does her quite as much honor as your love!"

"Your love — your suffering — your silence — your friendship!" cried Roderick. "I declare I don't understand!"

"I dare say not. You are not used to understanding such things — you are not used to hearing me talk of my feelings. You are altogether too much taken up with your own. Be as much so as you please; I have always respected your right. Only when I have kept myself in duranee on purpose to leave you an open field, don't, by way of thanking me, come and call me an idiot."

"Oh, you claim then that you have made sacrifices?"

"Several! You have never suspected it?"

"If I had, do you suppose I would have allowed it?" cried Roderick.

"They were the sacrifices of friendship and they were easily made; only I don't enjoy having them thrown back in my teeth."

This was, under the circumstances, a sufficiently generous speech; but Roderick was not in the humor to take it generously. "Come, be more definite," he said. "Let me know where it is the shoe has pinched."

Rowland frowned; if Roderick would not take generosity, he should have full justice. "It's a perpetual sacrifice," he said, "to live with a perfect egotist."

"I am an egotist?" cried Roderick.

"Did it never occur to you?"

"An egotist to whom you have made perpetual sacrifices?" He repeated the words in a singular tone; a tone that denoted neither exactly indignation nor incredulity, but (strange as it may seem) a sudden violent curiosity for news about himself.

"You are selfish," said Rowland; "you think only of yourself and believe only in yourself. You regard other people only as they play into your own hands. You have always been very frank

about it, and the thing seemed so mixed up with the temper of your genius and the very structure of your mind, that often one was willing to take the evil with the good and to be thankful that, considering your great talent, you were no worse. But if one believed in you, as I have done, one paid a tax on it."

Roderick leaned his elbows on his knees, clasped his hands together, and crossed them, shadewise, over his eyes. In this attitude, for a moment, he sat looking coldly at his friend. "So I have made you very uncomfortable?" he went on.

"Extremely so."

"I have been eager, grasping, obstinate, vain, ungrateful, indifferent, cruel?"

"I have accused you, mentally, of all these things, with the exception of vanity."

"You have often hated me?"

"Never. I should have parted company with you before coming to that."

"But you have wanted to part company, to bid me go my way and be hanged?"

"Repeatedly. Then I have had patience and forgiven you."

"Forgiven me, eh? Suffering all the while?"

"Yes, you may call it suffering."

"Why did you never tell me all this before?"

"Because my affection was always stronger than my resentment; because I preferred to err on the side of kindness; because I had, myself, in a measure, launched you in the world and thrown you into temptations; and because nothing short of your unwarrantable aggression just now could have made me say these painful things."

Roderick picked up a blade of long grass and began to bite it; Rowland was puzzled by his expression and manner. They seemed strangely cynical; there was something revolting in his deepening calmness.

"I must have been hideous," Roderick presently resumed.

"I'm not talking for your entertainment," said Rowland.

"Of course not. For my edification!" As Roderick said these words there was not a ray of warmth in his brilliant eye.

"I have spoken for my own relief," Rowland went on, "and so that you need never again go so utterly astray as you have done this morning."

"It has been a terrible mistake, then?" What his tone expressed was not willful mockery, but a kind of persistent irresponsibility which Rowland found equally exasperating. He answered nothing.

"And all this time," Roderick continued, "you have been in love? Tell me the woman."

Rowland felt an immense desire to give him a visible, palpable pang. "Her name is Mary Garland," he said.

Apparently he succeeded. The surprise was great; Roderick colored as he had never done. "Mary Garland! Heaven forgive us!"

Rowland observed the "us;" Roderick threw himself back on the turf. The latter lay for some time staring at the sky. At last he sprang to his feet, and Rowland rose also, rejoicing keenly, it must be confessed, in his companion's confusion.

"For how long has this been?" Roderick demanded.

"Since I first knew her."

"Two years! And you have never told her?"

"Never."

"You have told no one?"

"You are the first person."

"Why have you been silent?"

"Because of your engagement."

"But you have done your best to keep that up."

"That's another matter."

"It's very strange," said Roderick, presently. "It's like something in a novel."

"We need n't expatiate on it," said Rowland. "All I wished to do was to rebut your charge that I am an abnormal being."

But still Roderick pondered. "All these months, while I was going on! I wish you had mentioned it."

"I acted as was necessary, and that's the end of it."

"You have a very high opinion of her?"

"The highest."

"I remember now your occasionally expressing it and my being struck with it. But I never dreamed you were in love with her. It's a pity she does n't care for you!"

Rowland had made his point and he had no wish to prolong the conversation; but he had a desire to hear more of this, and he remained silent.

"You hope, I suppose, that some day she may?"

"I should n't have offered to say so; but since you ask me, I do."

"I don't believe it. She idolizes me, and if she never were to see me again she would idolize my memory."

This might be profound insight, and it might be profound fatuity. Rowland turned away; he could not trust himself to speak.

"My indifference, my neglect of her, must have seemed to you horrible. Altogether, I must have appeared simply hideous."

"Do you really care," Rowland asked, "what you appeared?"

"Certainly. I have been damnably stupid. Is n't an artist supposed to be a man of perceptions? I am hugely disgusted."

"Well, you understand now, and we can start afresh."

"And yet," said Roderick, "though you have suffered, in a degree, I don't believe you have suffered so much as some other men would have done."

"Very likely not. In such matters quantitative analysis is difficult."

Roderick picked up his stick and stood looking at the ground. "Nevertheless, I must have seemed hideous," he repeated, "hideous!" He turned away, scowling, and Rowland offered no contradiction.

They were both silent for some time, and at last Roderick gave a heavy sigh and began to walk away. "Where are you going?" Rowland then asked.

"Oh, I don't care! To walk; you

have given me something to think of." This seemed a salutary impulse, and yet Rowland felt a nameless perplexity. "To have been so stupid damns me more than anything!" Roderick went on. "Certainly, I can shut up shop now."

Rowland felt in no smiling humor, and yet, in spite of himself, he could almost have smiled at the very consistency of the fellow. It was egotism still: æsthetic disgust at the graceless contour of his conduct, but never a hint of simple sorrow for the pain he had given. Rowland let him go, and for some moments stood watching him. Suddenly Mallet became conscious of a singular and most illogical impulse—a desire to stop him, to have another word with him, not to lose sight of him. He called him, and Roderick turned. "I should like to go with you," said Rowland.

"I am fit only to be alone. I am damned!"

"You had better not think of it at all," Rowland cried, "than think in that way."

"There is only one way. I have been hideous!" And he broke off and marched away with his long, elastic step, swinging his stick. Rowland watched him and at the end of a moment called to him. Roderick stopped and looked at him in silence, and then abruptly turned, and disappeared below the crest of a hill.

Rowland passed the remainder of the day uncomfortably. He was half irritated, half depressed; he had an insufferable feeling of having been placed in the wrong, in spite of his excellent cause. Roderick did not come home to dinner; but of this, with his passion for brooding away the hours on far-off mountain sides, he had almost made a habit. Mrs. Hudson appeared at the noonday repast with a face which showed that Roderick's demand for money had unsealed the fountains of her distress. Little Singleton consumed an enormous and well-earned dinner. Miss Garland, Rowland observed, had not contributed her scanty assistance to her kinsman's pur-

suit of the Princess Casamassima without an effort. The effort was visible in her pale face and her silence; she looked so ill that when they left the table Rowland felt almost bound to remark upon it. They had come out upon the grass, in front of the inn.

"I have a headache," she said. And then suddenly, looking about at the menacing sky and motionless air, "It's this horrible day!"

Rowland that afternoon tried to write a letter to his cousin Cecilia, but his head and his heart were alike heavy, and he traced upon the paper but a single line. "I believe there is such a thing as being too reasonable. But when once the habit is formed, what is one to do?" He had occasion to use his keys, and he felt for them in his pocket; they were missing, and he remembered that he had left them lying on the hill-top where he had had his talk with Roderick. He went forth in search of them and found them where he had thrown them. He flung himself down in the same place again; he felt indisposed to walk. He was conscious that his mood had vastly changed since the morning; his extraordinary, acute sense of his rights had been replaced by the familiar, chronic sense of his duties. Only, his duties now seemed impracticable; he turned over and buried his face in his arms. He lay so a long time, thinking of many things; the sum of them all was that Roderick had beaten him. At last he was startled by an extraordinary sound; it took him a moment to perceive that it was a portentous growl of thunder. He roused himself and saw that the whole face of the sky had altered. The clouds that had hung motionless all day were moving from their stations, and getting into position, as it were, for a battle. The wind was rising; the fallow vapors were turning dark and consolidating their masses. It was a striking spectacle, but Rowland judged best to observe it briefly, as a storm was evidently imminent. He took his way down to the inn and found Singleton still at his post, profiting by the last of the rapidly-failing light to finish his study, and yet at

the same time taking rapid notes of the actual condition of the clouds.

"We are going to have a most interesting storm," the little painter gleefully cried. "I should like awfully to do it."

Rowland adjured him to pack up his traps and decamp, and repaired to the house. The air by this time had become portentously dark, and the thunder was incessant and tremendous; in the midst of it the lightning flashed and vanished, like the treble shrilling upon the bass. The innkeeper and his servants had crowded to the doorway, and were looking at the scene with faces which seemed a proof that it was unprecedented. As Rowland approached, the group divided, to let some one pass from within, and Mrs. Hudson came forth, as white as a corpse and trembling in every limb.

"My boy, my boy, where is my boy?" she cried. "Mr. Mallet, why are you here without him? Bring him to me!"

"Has no one seen Mr. Hudson?" Rowland asked of the others. "Has he not returned?"

Each one shook his head and looked grave, and Rowland attempted to reassure Mrs. Hudson by saying that of course he had taken refuge in a chalet.

"Go and find him, go and find him!" she cried, insanely. "Don't stand there and talk, or I shall die!" It was now as dark as evening, and Rowland could just distinguish the figure of Singleton scampering homeward with his box and easel. "And where is Mary?" Mrs. Hudson went on; "what in mercy's name has become of her? Mr. Mallet, why did you ever bring us here?"

There came a prodigious flash of lightning, and the limitless tumult about them turned clearer than midsummer noonday. The brightness lasted long enough to enable Rowland to see a woman's figure on the top of an eminence near the house. It was Mary Garland, questioning the lurid darkness for Roderick. Rowland sprang out to interrupt her vigil, but in a moment he encountered her, retreating. He seized her hand and hurried her to the house, where, as soon as she stepped into the covered gallery, Mrs.

Hudson fell upon her with frantic lamentations.

"Did you see nothing, — nothing?" she cried. "Tell Mr. Mallet he must go and find him, with some men, some lights, some wrappings. Go, go, go, sir! In mercy, go!"

Rowland was extremely perturbed by the poor lady's vociferous folly, for he deemed her anxiety superfluous. He had offered his suggestion with sincerity; nothing was more probable than that Roderick had found shelter in a herdsman's cabin. These were numerous on the neighboring mountains, and the storm had given fair warning of its approach. Miss Garland stood there very pale, saying nothing, but looking at him. He expected that she would check her cousin's importunity.

"Could you find him?" she suddenly asked. "Would it be of use?"

The question seemed to him a flash intenser than the lightning that was raking the sky before them. It shattered his dream that he weighed in the scale! But before he could answer, the full fury of the storm was upon them; the rain descended in sounding torrents. Every one fell back into the house. There had been no time to light lamps, and in the little uncarpeted parlor, in the unnatural darkness, Rowland felt Mary's hand upon his arm. For a moment it had an eloquent pressure; it seemed to retract her senseless challenge, and to say that she believed, for Roderick, what he believed. But nevertheless, thought Rowland, the cry had come, her heart had spoken; her first impulse had been to sacrifice him. He had been uncertain before; here, at least, was the comfort of certainty!

It must be confessed, however, that the certainty in question did little to enliven the gloom of that formidable evening. There was a noisy crowd about him in the room — noisy even with the accompaniment of the continual thunder-peals; lodgers and servants chattering, shuffling, and bustling, and annoying him equally by making too light of the tempest and by vociferating their alarm. In the disorder, it was some time before

a lamp was lighted, and the first thing he saw, as it was swung from the ceiling, was the white face of Mrs. Hudson, who was being carried out of the room in a swoon by two stout maid-servants, with Mary Garland forcing a passage. He rendered what help he could, but when they had laid the poor woman on her bed, Miss Garland motioned him away. "I think you make her worse," she said.

Rowland went to his own chamber. The partitions in Swiss mountain-inns are thin, and from time to time he heard Mrs. Hudson moaning, three rooms off. Considering its great fury, the storm took long to expend itself; it was upwards of three hours before the thunder ceased. But even then the rain continued to fall heavily, and the night, which had come on, was impenetrably black. This lasted till near midnight. Rowland thought of Mary Garland's challenge in the porch, but he thought even more that, although the fetid interior of a high-nestling chalet may offer a convenient refuge from an Alpine tempest, there was no possible music in the universe so sweet as the sound of Roderick's voice.

At midnight, through his dripping window-pane he saw a star, and he immediately went down-stairs and out into the gallery. The rain had ceased, the cloud-masses were dissevered here and there, and several stars were visible. In a few minutes he heard a step behind him, and, turning, saw Miss Garland. He asked about Mrs. Hudson and learned that she was sleeping, exhausted by her fruitless lamentations. Miss Garland kept scanning the darkness, but she said nothing to cast doubt on Roderick's having found a refuge. Rowland noticed it. "This also have I guaranteed!" he said to himself. There was something that Mary wished to learn, and a question presently revealed it.

"What made him start on a long walk so suddenly?" she asked. "I saw him at eleven o'clock, and then he meant to go to Engelberg, and sleep."

"On his way to Interlaken?" Rowland said.

"Yes," she answered, under cover of the darkness.

"We had some talk," said Rowland, "and he seemed, for the day, to have given up Interlaken."

"Did you dissuade him?"

"Not exactly. We discussed another question which, for the time, superseded his plan."

Miss Garland was silent. Then, "May I ask whether your discussion was violent?" she said.

"I am afraid it was agreeable to neither of us."

"And Roderick left you in — in irritation?"

"I offered him my company on his walk. He declined it."

Miss Garland paced slowly to the end of the gallery and then came back. "If he had gone to Engelberg," she said, "he would have reached the hotel before the storm began."

Rowland felt a sudden explosion of ferocity. "Oh, if you like," he cried, "he can start for Interlaken as soon as he comes back!"

But she did not even notice his wrath. "Will he come back early?" she went on.

"We may suppose so."

"He will know how anxious we are, and he will start with the first light!"

Rowland was on the point of declaring that Roderick's readiness to throw himself into the feelings of others made this extremely probable; but he checked himself and said, simply, "I expect him at sunrise."

Miss Garland bent her eyes once more upon the irresponsive darkness, and then, in silence, went into the house. Rowland, it must be averred, in spite of his resolution not to be nervous, found no sleep that night. When the early dawn began to tremble in the east, he came forth again into the open air. The storm had completely purged the atmosphere, and the day gave promise of cloudless splendor. Rowland watched the early sun-shafts slowly reaching higher, and remembered that if Roderick did not come back to breakfast, there were two things to be taken into account. One

was the heaviness of the soil on the mountain-sides, saturated with the rain; this would make him walk slowly: the other was the fact that, speaking without irony, he was *not* remarkable for throwing himself into the sentiments of others. Breakfast, at the inn, was early, and by breakfast-time Roderick had not appeared. Then Rowland admitted that he was nervous. Neither Mrs. Hudson nor Miss Garland had left their apartment; Rowland had a mental vision of them sitting there praying and listening; he had no desire to see them more nearly. There were a couple of men who hung about the inn as guides for the ascent of the Titlis; Rowland sent each of them forth in a different direction, to ask for news of Roderick at every chalet door within a morning's walk. Then he called Sam Singleton, whose peregrinations had made him an excellent mountaineer, and whose zeal and sympathy were now unbounded, and the two started together on a voyage of research. By the time they had lost sight of the inn, Rowland was obliged to confess that, decidedly, Roderick had had time to come back.

He wandered about for several hours, but he found only the sunny stillness of the mountain-sides. Before long he parted company with Singleton, who, to his suggestion that separation would multiply their resources, assented with a silent, frightened look which reflected too vividly his own rapidly-dawning thought. The day was magnificent; the sun was everywhere; the storm had lashed the lower slopes into a deeper flush of autumnal color, and the snow-peaks reared themselves against the near horizon in glaring blocks and dazzling spires. Rowland made his way to several chalets, but most of them were empty. He thumped at their low, foul doors with a kind of nervous, savage anger; he challenged the stupid idleness to tell him something about his friend. Some of these places had evidently not been open in months. The silence everywhere was horrible; it seemed to mock at his impatience and to be a conscious symbol of calamity. In the midst of it, at the door of one of the

chalets, quite alone, sat a hideous *crétin*, who grinned at Rowland over his goitre when, hardly knowing what he did, he questioned him. The creature's family was scattered on the mountain-sides; he could give Rowland no help to find them. Rowland climbed into many awkward places, and skirted, intently and peeringly, many an ugly chasm and steep-dropping ledge. But the sun, as I have said, was everywhere; it illumined the deep places over which, not knowing where to turn next, he halted and lingered, and showed him nothing but the stony Alpine void — nothing so human even as death. At noon he paused in his quest and sat down on a stone; the conviction was pressing upon him that the worst that was now possible was true. He suspended his search; he was afraid to go on. He sat there for an hour, sick to the depths of his soul. Without his knowing why, several things, chiefly trivial, that had happened during the last two years and that he had quite forgotten, became vividly present to his mind. He was aroused at last by the sound of a stone dislodged near by, which rattled down the mountain. In a moment, on a steep, rocky slope opposite to him, he beheld a figure cautiously descending — a figure which was not Roderick. It was Singleton, who had seen him and began to beckon to him.

"Come down! come down!" cried the painter, steadily making his own way down. Rowland saw that as he moved, and even as he selected his foothold and watched his steps, he was looking at something at the bottom of the cliff. This was a great rugged wall which had fallen backward from the perpendicular, and the descent, though difficult, was with care sufficiently practicable.

"What do you see?" cried Rowland.

Singleton stopped, looked across at him, and seemed to hesitate. Then, "Come down! come down!" he simply repeated.

Rowland's course was also a steep descent, and he attacked it so precipitately that he afterwards marveled he had not broken his neck. It was a ten minutes' headlong scramble. Half-way down

he saw something that made him dizzy; he saw what Singleton had seen. In the gorge below them a vague white mass lay tumbled upon the stones. He let himself go, blindly, fiercely. Singleton had reached the rocky bottom of the ravine before him, and had bounded forward and fallen upon his knees. Rowland overtook him and his own legs collapsed. The thing that yesterday was his friend lay before him as the chance of the last breath had left it, and out of it Roderick's face stared upward, open-eyed, at the sky.

He had fallen from a great height, but he was singularly little disfigured. The rain had spent its torrents upon him, and his clothes and hair were as wet as if the billows of the ocean had flung him upon the strand. An attempt to move him would show some hideous fracture, some horrible physical dishonor; but what Rowland saw on first looking at him was only a strangely serene expression of life. The eyes were dead, but in a short time, when Rowland had closed them, the whole face seemed to awake. The rain had washed away all blood; it was as if Violence, having done her work, had stolen away in shame. Roderick's face might have shamed her; it looked admirably handsome.

"He was a beautiful man!" said Singleton.

They looked up through their horror at the cliff from which he had apparently fallen, and which lifted its blank and stony face above him, with no care now but to drink the sunshine on which his eyes were closed, and then Rowland had an immense outbreak of pity and anguish.

At last they spoke of carrying him back to the inn. "There must be three or four men," Rowland said, "and they must be brought here quickly. I have not the least idea where we are."

"We are at about three hours' walk from home," said Singleton. "I will go for help; I can find my way."

"Remember," said Rowland, "whom you will have to face."

"I remember," the excellent fellow answered. "There was nothing I could

ever do for him in life; I will do what I can now."

He went off, and Rowland stayed there alone. He watched for seven long hours, and his vigil was forever memorable. The most rational of men was for an hour the most passionate. He reviled himself with transcendent bitterness, he accused himself of cruelty and injustice, he would have lain down there in Roderick's place to unsay the words that had yesterday driven him forth on his lonely ramble. Roderick had been fond of saying that there are such things as necessary follies, and Rowland was now proving it. At last he grew almost used to the dumb exultation of the cliff above him. He saw that Roderick was a mass of hideous injury, and he tried to understand what had happened. Not that it helped him; before that confounding mortality one hypothesis after another faltered and swooned away. Roderick's passionate walk had carried him farther and higher than he knew; he had outstayed, supposably, the first menace of the storm, and perhaps even found a defiant entertainment in watching it. Perhaps he had simply lost himself. The tempest had overtaken him, and when he tried to return, it was too late. He had attempted to descend the cliff in the darkness, he had made the inevitable slip, and whether he had fallen fifty feet or three hundred little mattered. The condition of his body indicated the shorter fall. Now that all was over, Rowland understood how exclusively, for two years; Roderick had filled his life. His occupation was gone.

Singleton came back with four men, one of them the landlord of the inn. They had formed a sort of rude bier of the frame of a chaise à porteurs, and by taking a very roundabout course homeward were able to follow a tolerably level path and carry their burden with a certain decency. To Rowland it seemed as if the little procession would never reach the inn; but as they drew near it he would have given his right hand for a longer delay. The people of the inn came forward to meet them, in a little silent, solemn convoy. In the doorway,

clinging together, appeared the two bereaved women. Mrs. Hudson tottered forward with outstretched hands and the expression of a blind person; but before she reached her son, Mary Garland had rushed past her, and, in the face of the staring, pitying, awe-stricken crowd, had flung herself, with the magnificent movement of one whose rights were supreme, and with a loud, tremendous cry, upon the senseless vestige of her love.

That cry still lives in Rowland's ears. It interposes, persistently, against the reflection that when he sometimes—very rarely—sees her, she is unreservedly kind to him; against the memory that

during the dreary journey back to America, made of course with his assistance, there was a great frankness in her gratitude, a great gratitude in her frankness. Miss Garland lives with Mrs. Hudson, at Northampton, where Rowland visits his cousin Cecilia more frequently than of old. When he calls upon Miss Garland he never sees Mrs. Hudson. Cecilia, who, having her shrewd impression that he comes to see Miss Garland as much as to see herself, does not feel obliged to seem unduly flattered, calls him, whenever he reappears, the most restless of mortals. But he always says to her in answer, "No, I assure you I am the most patient!"

Henry James, Jr.

POSSESSION.

I.

SUMMER and blossoms are lavish, my dearest;
 See this red rose!
 Look how its buds press upon you; the nearest
 Tries for your mouth with the gayest, sincerest
 Wish to uncloset!

You were always a little neglectful, my brother,
 But why are you cold?
 Take my word for it, Francis, there is n't another
 To equal this roselet, for any flower-lover
 To have or to hold.

II.

Yes, but I've had it so long, and it bores me;
 What is its name?
 Lifting its head in that way, it implores me
 To care for it, look at it; see! it adores me
 Always the same!

Mary B. Cummings.

A SYMPHONY IN YELLOW AND RED.

WE owe a great debt to Mr. Whistler for having reclaimed the good word "symphony" from the arbitrary monopoly of music writers. At first we wondered at the daring reprisal; but presently the right of it became so plain that we only wondered no man had done it before.

Henceforth they who make harmonies for the eye will hold the word fraternally in common with those who make harmonies for the ear, and no just person can call it an affectation. And he also who seeks to render in words, as others in music or color, some one of nature's gracious harmonies which has greatly delighted him, will do it all the better by the help of this good word in the beginning. Except for it, I think I should have never believed it possible to tell what I am going to try to tell now. One day an artist in Colorado spoke to me of Mr. Whistler's *Symphony in White*.

"Ah," said I, "Colorado is a symphony in yellow and red." And as soon as I had said the words, the colors and the shapes in which I knew them seemed instantly to be arranged in my thought: places miles apart began to knit themselves together into a concerted and related succession; spots and tints I had only vaguely recognized became distinct and significant, each in its order and force; and more and more as I looked from the plains to the mountains and from the mountains to the plains, and stood in the great spaces crowded with gay and fantastic rocks, all the time bearing in mind this phrase, it grew to seem true and complete and inevitable.

I ought to say at the outset that in speaking of the coloring of Colorado, I speak only of the part of Colorado which I know thoroughly, the vicinity of the town of Colorado Springs, which lies seventy miles south of Denver, at the foot of Pike's Peak. There is a similar brilliance and variety of coloring in other

parts of the Territory, but I know them less.

"The eye paints best in the presence, the heart in the absence, of the loved object," said Bettina. To-day, as I sit on a New England hill-side and look westward, the pale blue bar of the horizon line seems a vista, rather than a barrier, and I see the Colorado plains lying beyond; see them as distinctly as if I were standing on their very edge, and counting the belts and bands of color which I know the fiery Colorado sun is at this very moment printing on their surface.

When I first saw them they were gray; blank, bald, pitiless gray, under a gray November sky. "A sea of gray ice!" I said to myself. "It is terrible." To the east and the south and the north they stretched, apparently endless; broken only by a few buttes rising as gray icebergs might, frozen fast in the gray sea. To the west, a mountain wall; mountains which looked like black adamant crystallized into immovable and giant shapes. Had I passed by then, and never seen those plains and mountains again, the picture would have lived in my memory always as the picture of a place fit for the old Scandinavian hell. I recall the scene now, as one recalls a vision from a nightmare dream. No darkest day ever produced it again. After I had once seen the plains aglow, nothing could make them anything but beautiful. We know no face till it smiles. If the smile is a true smile, the face is transfigured to us forever.

These plains are thick-covered with grasses: the buffalo grass, which grows in low tufts or mats, with a single tiny, dark, spear-shaft head on each stalk; and two or three other sorts which have fine feathery blossoms. These dry in wonderful colors, yellows and reds; the yellows shade up to scarlets, and the reds down to the darkest claret. There are also numerous weeds, whose tiny flowers dry on their stalks in the marvelous pre-

serving air of the plains. These too dry into yellow and berry-red. I especially remember one of these which eluded me for a long time. I had noticed, in my drives, spots of vivid red here and there on the ground at short distances from the road, but saw nothing to explain them. When I walked over the same ground I found only the usual grasses and indifferent-colored weeds. At last, one day, I saw a big patch of this color, half a rod long; when I reached the spot, I found myself walking over myriads of infinitesimal stems, not more than an inch or two from the ground, each holding at top a tiny dried calyx, bright red, the size of a pin's head. Singly or in small bunches they would hardly be seen, and yet I afterwards recognized that they made superb masses of color in many places. I carried a bunch of them home, but their color had gone out. In vain I set them in strong light on a window-sill; they would not be bright red any longer. They needed the free air of the plains, and the sun striking through.

There are no trees or bushes on these plains, except along the small and infrequent creek courses. Looking down from heights you trace the creeks from horizon to horizon, not by glistening lines of water, but merely by zigzag lines of deeper color; in the summer by lines of vivid green, in the winter by lines of dark red, pale yellow, and gray. The bare cotton-wood trees are gray; the willows, of which there are several varieties growing luxuriantly, are yellow and red: yellow as gold, and with the sheen of satin on their stems; red as wine, and taking the sun as flashingly. A little marsh filled with them, and lying in a hollow of the plain, makes, on a bright day, such a blaze of shaded and graduated color as I do not know elsewhere. When above these claret and yellow willow stems rises a copse of leafless cotton-woods, of soft, filmy gray, the whitest gray ever seen, the combination of color is at once so dainty and so vivid that one is amazed that so subtle an effect can last day after day. Yet there they stand, all through January, all through February, all through March, and through April,

well into May, a perpetual delight. These are the months in which the coloring of the plains is at its best. When spring fades the willows, covers the cotton-woods with light green leaves, and turns the plains to a pale olive-green, the landscape becomes tame in comparison with its winter hue. I have spent winter afternoons on the bluffs to the east of the town, looking down on the plains when they were yellow as wheat fields in August, of as even surface as a close shorn lawn, and with great belts and irregular spaces of paler or deeper yellow, berry-red, claret, and dark brown. Looking at these miles of shaded and blended colors one finds the worn-out simile of a carpet almost fresh in one's thought, because so inevitable. Then, when swiftly moving clouds make a play of shadows upon the carpet, it looks more like a sea. There is a peculiar tint of blue in all shadows in Colorado. When they are cast upon snow the effect is indescribably beautiful. A fantastic chariot in mazarine blue glides noiselessly by your side as you drive; a double in ghostly clothes of blue steel slips on ahead of you as you walk. These shifting blue shadows on the yellow plains give them a wonderful semblance to the sea under alternating sunlight and shade.

The northern horizon of this shining carpet, this sunlit sea, is a deep blue wall. This is the Divide, the tableland separating the Denver plains from ours. It is eight thousand feet high at its highest, and thickly grown with pines; but it looks simply like a solid bar of blue.

The western horizon is a mountain range, Pike's Peak, nearly fifteen thousand feet high, its central and culminating point, whose tints shall be fiery red, golden yellow, or deep purple blue, according as you see them: fiery red at dawn, yellow in the first flood of sunrise, and purple just after the sun has set. The southern and eastern horizons are sky or plain, you know not which. Whether the sky bends and droops, or the plain hollows and curves up to the tender, vanishing line in which both cease to be, you never know; and

your not knowing is the charm, the spell, under which you gaze and gaze into the immeasurable distance, until myriads of worlds seem to be coming and going just along the outer edge of this one. On a very clear day, two blue pyramids rise in the south, and a long, low, undulating line like blue mist is seen at their right. These are the Spanish Peaks, a hundred miles away, and the range is the *Sangre di Cristo*. What a strange audacity of reverence there seems in the way the Spaniard has set the name of his Christ everywhere! In the east, there are a few near buttes or bluffs. They also are yellow, darkened by low growths of pines and firs. They rise up like fortresses. Among them lie and wind labyrinthine valleys,—sheltered spots in which sheep-raisers find warm nooks for themselves and for their sheep at night. These buttes or bluffs are mainly of yellow sandstone; the growth of firs and low oaks is so thin that it does not hide the yellow tint, only makes a dark fretwork over it. Coming closer to them, you see that their sides are strangely rounded, and, as it were, hewn into projections like towers; bastions, parapets, arches,—ledges and chasms and toppled boulders everywhere. No wonder the yellow plain looks like a sunlit sea, for not so very long ago, as the earth reckons her ages, it was a great lake, and these were the cliffs on its shores. Climbing up these bluffs, and wandering in their shady recesses, one thinks of Edom and Petraea. Strange shapes of yellow sandstone are standing or lying about in a confusion which is at once suggestive and bewildering. They are mostly rounded and grooved columns, of tapering and irregular forms, sometimes broken short off, but more often widening at the top into a broad cap, like an anvil. Many of them are of such grotesque shapes that at every turn they take new and fantastic semblances, seem to have leering or malicious faces, sometimes almost to be peering out and disappearing mockingly behind the trees. Their color is not a uniform yellow, but is of a variety of shades and tones, often deepening into orange or scarlet, often

shading up to nearly white at top, and then finished off with the anvil-like cap of dark brown, green, or red. The ground is strewn with odd, round pebbles, large and small, of the same friable yellow stone. Many of them are broken open into equal halves, a round hollow in the centre of each, as if they were petrified husks of nuts. Many of them bear fantastic resemblances to birds or beasts. There was one well known for months to all frequenters of the bluffs; it was as comical a rooster as could have been molded out of clay. The gardener had put it on the top of a pile of stones, where two roads crossed, and it was a familiar landmark. At last, one day, a traveler carried it to the Colorado Springs Hotel, and showed it in triumph as a rare trophy. It was recognized at once.

“Why, that is the rooster from Austin’s Bluffs.”

“You cannot have that. It is private property. Mr. Austin’s gardener put it on that pile of stones. You must carry it back.”

Public opinion was too strong for the traveler to resist. The rooster was carried back and remounted on his pedestal; only, alas, to disappear again, in the grasp of some less honest visitor, who, I hope, may read this paragraph and blush to recollect how he “robbed” that “roost.”

Twelve miles northward of Colorado Springs is a group of beautiful small valleys known as Monument Park, from the great number of these strange sandstone rocks. It is the liveliest of all lonely places. You drive over a grassy road in the middle of a narrow green meadow, the sides of which slope up like the sides of a trough, the narrow strip of meadow ending abruptly at the base of high yellow sandstone cliffs, covered with pines, firs, and low oak shrubs. There are frequent breaks in these cliffs, and passes through them; and so crowded are these passes and cliff-sides with the yellow stone columns, that it is not at all hard to fancy that these are figures winding in and out in a procession, mounting guard, lying down, sun-

ning themselves, leading or embracing each other. Perverse people with fancies of a realistic order have given names to many of these figures and groups: The Anvil, The Quaker Wedding, The Priest and Nun, The Pincushion, and so forth. Photographers, still more perverse, have persisted in photographing single rocks, or isolated groups, with neither background nor foreground. These are to be seen everywhere, labeled "Rocks in Monument Park," and are admirably calculated to repel people from going to what would appear to be some bare, outlying pinnacle of the universe, on which imps had played at making clay figures, with high stakes for the ugliest. A true picture of Monument Park would give a background of soft yellow and white sandstone cliffs, rounded, fluted, and grooved, with waving pines thick on the top and scattering down the sides, and the statue-like rocks half in and half out among the trees; and to make the picture perfect, it should be taken looking west, so that the green valley with its fantastic yellow side walls and statues should be shut across at the farther end by a high mountain range, dark blue against a shining sky. Then, one seeing the picture could get some faint notion of what these valleys in Monument Park are like.

The famous Garden of the Gods, for which everybody asks as soon as he enters Colorado, and which nine out of ten people see for the first time with a ludicrous sense of disappointment, is another of these strange, rock-crowded parks. Who is responsible for the inappropriate name Garden of the Gods, I do not know: one more signally unfitting could hardly have been chosen. Fortress of the Gods, or Tombs of the Giants, would be better.

This park lies only three miles from Colorado Springs, and its grand gateway is in full sight from every part of the town. Fancy two red sandstone rocks three hundred feet high, of irregular outline and surface, rising abruptly and perpendicularly like a wall, with a narrow passage-way between them. The rock on your right, as you enter from

the east, is of the deepest brick-red; the one on the left is paler, more of a flesh-color. At their base is a thick growth of low oak bushes, vivid light green in summer, in winter a scarcely less vivid brown, for every leaf hangs on until April. These rocks are literally fretted full of holes and rifts: tiny round holes as smooth as if an auger had bored them; ghastly crevices and chasms smoothed and hollowed like sockets in gigantic skeletons. Thousands of swallows have nests in these, and at sunset it is a beautiful sight to see them circling high in the air, perching for a moment on the glittering red spires and pinnacles at top of the wall, and then swooping downward and disappearing suddenly where no aperture is to be seen, as if with their little bills they had cloven way for themselves into the solid rock. Within a few feet of the top of the highest spire on the right-hand rock is a small, diamond-shaped opening, a mullioned window, through which is always to be seen the same diamond-shaped bit of sky, bright blue or soft gray, or shadowy white if a cloud happens to pause so as to fill the space.

I once had the good fortune to see a white-breasted sparrow sit motionless for some minutes on a point of rock just above this window, when the sky was clear blue, and the rock vivid red in a blazing sunlight. Such a picture as that was, three hundred feet up in the air, one does not see more than once in a life-time. The sparrow's white breast looked like a tiny fleece of white cloud caught on the rock. Not till two dark wings suddenly opened out and bore the white fleece upward, did I know that it was a bird.

Passing through this majestic gateway you find yourself in the weirdest of places; your red road winds along over red ground thinly grass-grown, among low cedars, pines, and firs, and through a wild confusion of red rocks: rocks of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size, from pebbles up to gigantic boulders, from queer, grotesque little monstrosities, looking like seals, fishes, cats, or masks, up to colossal

monstrosities looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like giants, like sphinxes eighty feet high, all bright red, all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been just stopped and held back in the very-climax of some supernatural catastrophe. The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of grotesque-shapes, the expression of arrested action, give to the whole place, in spite of its glory of coloring, spite of the grandeur of its vistas ending in snow-covered peaks only six miles away, spite of its friendly and familiar cedars and pines, spite of an occasional fragrance of clematis or smile of a daisy or twitter of a sparrow, spite of all these, a certain uncanniness of atmosphere which is at first oppressive. I doubt if one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness, must learn it like a new language; even if one has known nature's tongues well, he will be a helpless foreigner here. I have fancied that its speech was to the speech of ordinary nature what the Romany is among the dialects of the civilized, — fierce, wild, free, defiantly tender; and I believe no son of the Romany folk has ever lived long among the world's people without drooping and pining.

A mile to the north of the Garden of the Gods is a very beautiful little park, walled in by high hills and sandstone rocks of many colors, red, pink, yellow, and pale gray, stained dark green and brown and red in markings so fantastic and capricious, it seems impossible that they are not painted. The outlet from this little nook to the north is a narrow canyon, little more than a cleft in the rocks. A snow-fed brook runs down through this canyon and zigzags through the little park, making it a luxuriant garden of cotton-wood trees, shrubs, and vines, and all manner of flowers. The rocks here are so towering and grand that except for the relief of their brilliant hues, and the tender leafing and flowering things around them, they would be overawing. There are single shafts like obelisks or minarets, slender, pointed, one or two hundred feet high; huge

slabs laid tier upon tier like giant sarcoophagi; fretted and turreted masses like abbeys fallen into ruin: and all these are red or pink or painted in mosaic tints of green and brown and black and yellow. This nook is called Glen Eyrie; in it there is a beautiful home, and the voices of little children are often heard high up on the rock walls, where they seem as contented and as safe as the goats which are their comrades.¹

I will describe but one more of these parks; I am told that there are scores of them all along the range of foot-hills running northward from Colorado Springs. I do not believe that among the scores is one to be found so beautiful as Blair Athol. I do not believe that in all the earth is a spot to be found more beautiful than Blair Athol, unless possibly it may be some of the wild flower-gardens nestled at the base of the dolomites in the Tyrol. Will there ever arise in Colorado a master to paint her rocks and mountains in the backgrounds of immortal pictures, as Titian painted the dolomites?

Blair Athol lies six miles to the northwest of Colorado Springs. Its name has a charm of sound which is not lessened when you know that the Scotchman who owns and named it added to his own name, Blair, the name of Athol, by reason of his love for house and lands of that name in Scotland. It is a spot fit for a clan and a chieftain. It lies lonely and still, biding its time. The road which leads into it is so grass-grown that it is hard to find. The spot where it turns off from the main highway is sure to be overlooked unless one keeps a close watch. It seems not to promise much, this rough, grass-grown track. It points toward foot-hills which are low and close-set, and more than usually bare. But in Colorado roads any minute's bend to right or left may give you a delicious surprise, a new peak, a far vista, a changed world. The Blair Athol road, taking a sudden curve to the left, shows you such a vista: a foreground of low oaks and pines, the hills

¹ This is the home of General William Palmer, President of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

falling away to right and left and revealing the mouth of a glen walled thickly across by high pines; through this solid wall of green, fantastic gleams of deep red and rose pink; rising above it, a spire or two of bright yellow; on the left hand, sharp ridges of dark, iron-stained sandstone, green, gray, yellow, black; on the right hand, low, mound-shaped hills densely grown with pines and firs, the soil shining red below them.

As the road winds in, the rocks seem almost to wheel and separate, so many new vistas open between the pines, so many new rocks come in sight. A few steps farther, and the way seems suddenly barred by a huge mass of yellow rock; a broad light streams in from the left, the south; there lies open country. Close to the base of this yellow rock wall the road clings, still in shade of the pines, and turns an abrupt corner to the left. You are in the park. The yellow rock round which you have turned is its east wall; to the west it is walled with rocks, rose-color and white; to the north with high, conical, pine-grown hills; to the south with sharp, almost pyramidal hills and masses of detached and piled rocks, dark red and rose color. It is smooth as a meadow; its curves rise to the bases of the rocks gently and lingeringly. Groups of pines make wide fringed, circles of shade here and there; blue anemones, if it is a June day, dot the ground. A few rods farther there is a break in the eastern wall, and framed in this frame of yellow rock is a broad picture of the distant plains in bars of sunlight and shadow, gold and purple. This is the view on which must look the eastern and southern piazzas of the house when it is built, and to that end nature has left clear the slight eminence a little to the north of the centre of the park. No man building here could think of building elsewhere than on this rise, and it is surely an odd thing that not a pine has set foot in it; that they have grouped themselves all about it, with as exquisite a consideration as the king's head gardener could have shown.

Presently the road stops short on the brink of a ravine, in which once there

must have been water, for it is full of vines and shrubs, a tangle of green. Because the ravine is not bridged, we turn to the right; there is just room to creep round the base of the west wall of red rock. Turning this, lo, we are in another little park, wilder and more beautiful than the first. The ground is more broken, and there are thick copses of low oaks and pines. The red wall on this side is even stranger and more fantastic than on the other. It leans and topples, keeping all the while a general slant, northwest and southeast, which is, no doubt, to the geologist an important feature in its record. At its base, huge dark red and pale rose-colored boulders are piled in confusion; its top is jagged; isolated peaks and projections on its sides seem to have been wrought and carven; one into a great stone chair, one into a canopied sounding-board. The stone is worn out in hollows and crevices into which you can thrust your arm up to the elbow. In these, generations of conies and squirrels have kept their "feast of the acorn," and left the shells behind. This wall is on your right; on the left, low mounds and hills, with groves of pines in front, pines so thick that you get only glimpses through them of the hills behind. Soon the road ceases, dies away as if the last traveler had been caught up, at this point, into the air. A delicious sense of being in the wilderness steals over you. Climbing up on one of the ridges of the right-hand wall, you look down into the first park, and out across it to the plains. Seen from this height, the grouping of the pines seems even more marvelous than before. It is impossible to leave off wondering what law determined it, if a landscape instinct and a prophetic sense of unbuilt homes be in the very veins of Colorado pines. The outlook eastward from this ridge is grand. It is the one which the upper windows of the house will command: in the foreground the huge yellow rock, three hundred feet long, and from one to two hundred feet high; beyond this a line of bluffs, then an interval of undulating plains, then another line of bluffs, and then the true

plains, far, soft, and blue, as if they were an outlying ocean in which the world was afloat.

Immediately below this ridge lies the exquisite little cup-like park, with its groups of pines. The rocks of its western wall, seen from this point, are not only dark red and pale rose: they show intricate markings of white and gray and yellow; the tints are as varied and beautifully combined as you would see in a bed of September asters. Underneath your feet the hollows of the rock are filled in and matted with dry pine needles; here and there, in a crevice, grows a tiny baby pine, and now and then gleams out a smooth white pebble cast up by some ancient wave, and wedged tight in the red sandstone.

As you climb higher and higher to the north, there are more rocks, more vistas, more pines and low oaks, a wilder and wilder confusion of boulders. When you reach the summit, the whole northern horizon swings slowly into view, and completes the semicircle of plains by the dark blue belt of the Divide. At the very top of this pinnacle is an old pine-tree, whose gnarled roots hold the great

boulders in their clutch, as eagles hold prey. If the tree were to blow off, some one of the days when the wind blows ninety miles an hour in Colorado, it looks as if it must go whirling through the air with the rocks still tight in its talons. There seems no soil here, yet the kin-nickinnick vines have spread shining mats of thick green all around the base of the tree. The green of these and the pine, the bright brown of the fallen cones, the shading and multiplying reds of the gigantic rocks, the yellow and blue of the far-off plains, the white and blue of the far-off sky, — all these crowd on the sight, as you sit on this crowning pinnacle of Blair Athol. The silence is absolute; but the color is so intense, so full of swift motion, change, and surprise, that it seems to be rhythmic like sound, and to fill the air fuller. It is the final chord of the symphony in yellow and red, and as, in the slow-falling twilight, it grows fainter and fainter, one recalls some of the vivid lines of America's one lyric poetess: —

"I see the chasm yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead;
I stake my life upon the red!"

H. H.

MACARIUS THE MONK.

In the old days, while yet the church was young,
And men believed that praise of God was sung
In curbing self as well as singing psalms,
There lived a monk, Macarius by name,
A holy man, to whom the faithful came
With hungry hearts to hear the wondrous Word.
In sight of gushing springs and sheltering palms,
He lived upon the desert: from the marsh
He drank the brackish water, and his food
Was dates and roots, — and all his rule was harsh,
For pampered flesh in those days warred with good.

From those who came in scores a few there were
Who feared the devil more than fast and prayer,
And these remained and took the hermit's vow.
A dozen saints there grew to be; and now

Macarius, happy, lived in larger care.
He taught his brethren all the lore he knew,
And as they learned, his pious rigors grew.
His whole intent was on the spirit's goal:
He taught them silence—words disturb the soul;
He warned of joys, and bade them pray for sorrow,
And be prepared to-day for death to-morrow;
To know that human life alone was given
To test the souls of those who merit heaven;
He bade the twelve in all things be as brothers,
And die to self, to live and work for others.
“For so,” he said, “we save our love and labors,
And each one gives his own and takes his neighbor's.”

Thus long he taught, and while they silent heard,
He prayed for fruitful soil to hold the word.

One day, beside the marsh they labored long,—
For worldly work makes sweeter sacred song,—
And when the cruel sun made hot the sand,
And Afric's gnats the sweltering face and hand
Tormenting stung, a passing traveler stood
And watched the workers by the reeking flood.
Macarius, nigh, with heat and toil was faint;
The traveler saw, and to the suffering saint
A bunch of luscious grapes in pity threw.
Most sweet and fresh and fair they were to view,
A generous cluster, bursting-rich with wine.
Macarius longed to taste. “The fruit is mine,”
He said, and sighed; “but I, who daily teach,
Feel now the bond to practice as I preach.”
He gave the cluster to the nearest one,
And with his heavy toil went patient on.

As one athirst will greet a flowing brim,
The tempting fruit made moist the mouth of him
Who took the gift; but in the yearning eye
Rose brighter light: to one whose lip was dry
He gave the grapes, and bent him to his spade.
And he who took, unknown to any other,
The sweet refreshment handed to a brother.
And so, from each to each, till round was made
The circuit wholly—when the grapes at last,
Untouched and tempting, to Macarius passed.

“Now God be thanked!” he cried, and ceased to toil;
“The seed was good, but better was the soil.”
My brothers, join with me to bless the day.”
But, ere they knelt, he threw the grapes away.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

III.

IN the evening Gilbert walked over to Woodward farm from the hotel where he and Easton had stopped that morning, and called on his sister-in-law. He had brought word from her husband in Boston, whom he had gone out of his course to see on his journey up from New York. When she found out that he had been in West Pekin all day, he owned that he had spent the time fishing. "I did n't suppose you'd be in any hurry to hear of Bob's detention; and really, you know, I *came* for the fishing."

"You need n't be so explicit, William," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I'm not vain."

"I was merely apologizing."

"Were you? What luck did you have?"

"The brooks are fished to death. I've had bad enough luck to satisfy even Easton, who has a conscience against fishing, among other things."

"Easton! *Your* Easton? Is Wayne Easton with you?" demanded Mrs. Gilbert, with impetuous interest. "You don't mean it!"

"No, but I say it," answered Gilbert, unperturbed.

"What in the world brought him?" pursued his sister-in-law more guardedly, as if made aware by some lurking pain that an impetuous interest was not for invalids.

"The ideal of friendship. I happened to say that I was feeling a little out of sorts and was coming up here, and he jumped at the chance to disarrange himself by coming with me. He was illustrating his great principle that New York is the best place to spend the summer, and it cost him something of a struggle to give it up, but he conquered."

"Is he really so queer?"

"He or we. I won't make so bold as to say which."

"Has he still got that remarkable *protégé* of his on his hands?"

"No; Rogers has given Easton his freedom. He's gone on to a farm, with all Easton's board and lodging, Latin and French, in him. His modest aspiration is finally to manage a market garden."

"What a wicked waste of beneficence!"

"Easton looks at it differently. He says that no one else would ever have given Rogers an education, and that the learning was n't more thrown away on him than on many, perhaps most, people who are sent to college; learning has to be thrown away somehow. Besides, he economized by sharing his room with Rogers, you know."

"No, I did n't know that. Don't you think that was rather more than Providence required of Mr. Easton?"

"I can't say, Mrs. Gilbert."

"But to take such a hopeless case — so hopelessly common!"

"There are some odd instances of the kind on record. The Christian religion was originally sent to rather a common lot."

"Yes, but Latin was n't, and French was n't, and first-class board was n't. You need n't try to gammon me with that sort of thing, William. I won't stand it."

"Well, I would n't, myself. But I thought perhaps a lady might. Why did you put me on the defensive? I did n't try to form Rogers, or reform him."

"No, but you countenanced your Mr. Easton in it. He ought to have married and supported a wife, instead of risking his money on such a wild venture; it's no better than gambling."

"That's your old hobby, Susan. A man can't always be marrying and sup-

porting a wife. And as for countenancing Easton, if he thought a thing was right, it's very little of my cheek he would want to uphold him."

"Oh, I dare say. That's his insufferable conceit; conscientious people are always so conceited! They're always so sure that they know just what is right and wrong. Ugh! I can't endure 'em."

"I don't think Easton's conscientiousness is of that aggravating type, exactly," said Gilbert with a lazy laugh. "He has got a good many principles, ready cut and dried, but I should say life in general was something of a puzzler to him. He's one of the wrecks of the war. Easton was peculiarly fitted to go on fighting forever in a sacred cause; he's a born crusader; and this piping time of peace takes him at a disadvantage. He hates rest, and ease, and all the other nice things; what he wants is some good, disagreeable, lasting form of self-sacrifice: I believe it's a real grief to him that he did n't lose a leg; a couple of amputations would have made him perfectly happy; though of course he would *choose* another war of emancipation, for he would n't want to be happy in such a useless way. As it is, he is a wretched castaway on the shores of the Fortunate Isles."

"Why does n't he do something? Why does he idle away even the contemptible hours of peace and prosperity?"

"He does; he does n't. He's at work on that book of his, all the time."

"Oh, I don't call that work."

"He makes it work. Even if he went merely to literature for his material, his Contributions to the Annals of Heroism might be a serious labor; but he goes to life for it. He hunts up his heroes in the streets and in the back alleys, in domestic service, in the newspaper offices, in bank parlors, and even in the pulpits: he has a most catholic taste in heroism; he spares neither age, sex, nor condition. I suppose it isn't an idle thing to instruct the world that all the highest dreams of self-devotion and courage and patience are daily realized

in our blackguard metropolis: we leave culture and refinement to Boston. And if it were so, it must be allowed that even with a futile object in view, Easton does some incidental good: he half supports about half of his heroes, and he's always wasting his time and substance in good deeds."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Gilbert, "I can't admire such an eccentric, and you need n't ask me."

"I don't. But this is just what shows the hopeless middlingness of your character. If you were a very much better or a very much worse woman, you *would* admire him immensely."

"Oh, don't talk to me, William! He's a man's man, and that's the end of him. Why did n't you bring him with you to-night?"

"He would n't come."

"Did you tell him there were fifteen ladies in the house?"

"It was that very stroke of logic which seemed to settle his mind about it. He is a man's man, you're right; he's shy of your admirable sex than any country boy; it's no use to tell him you're not so dangerous as you look. But even if he had n't been afraid of your ladies, the force of my argument might have been weakened by the fact of the twenty-five at the hotel. What are the superior inducements of your fifteen?"

"They are all very nice."

"How many?"

"Well, three or four; and none of them are disagreeable."

"Are you going to introduce me?"

"They're in bed now, — it's half past eight, — and they'd be asleep if it did n't keep them awake to wonder who you are. If you'll come to-morrow I'll introduce you."

"Good! Now, I've been pretty satisfactory about Easton, I think" —

"I don't see how you could have said less. Every word was extorted from you."

"What I want to know," continued Gilbert, "is whether the loveliest being in West Pekin, not to say the world, counts among your fair fifteen."

When Mrs. Gilbert married, her husband's youngest brother, William, had come to live with them, his father and mother being dead, and his brothers and sisters preoccupied with their own children. He was not in his teens yet; and she had taken the handsome, dark-eyed, black-headed boy under the fond protection which young married ladies sometimes like to bestow upon pretty boy brothers-in-law. This kindness, at first a little romantic, became, with the process of years that brought her no children of her own, a love more like that of mother and son between them. Her condescension had vastly flattered the handsome lad; as he grew older, she seemed to him the brightest as well as the kindest woman in the world; and now, after a score of years, when the crow was beginning to leave his foot-prints at the corners of her merry eyes, and she had fallen into that permanent disrepair which seems the destiny of so much youthful strength and spirit among our women, he knew no one whose company was more charming. The tacit compliment of his devotion doubtless touched a woman who was long past compliments in most things; something like health and youth he always seemed to bring back to her whenever he returned to her from absences that grew longer and longer after her husband removed to Boston, — Mrs. Gilbert's native city, — and left William to follow his young man's devices in New York. Through all changes and chances she had remained constant to this pet of her early matronhood, now a man past thirty. It was her great affliction that she could not watch over him at that distance in the dangerous and important matter of marriage, for she was both zealous and jealous that he should marry to the utmost advantage that the scant resources of her sex allowed, and it was but a partial consolation that she still had him to be anxious about.

They were sitting together in her hospitable room by the light of a kerosene lamp, with the mosquitoes, which swarm in West Pekin up to the end of July, baf-

fled by window-nettings. She rose dramatically, shut the window that opened upon the piazza, and said, "You have n't seen her already! Where?"

"In one of the back pastures."

"I'll never believe it! How did she look? Dark or fair?"

"Dark; Greek; hair fluffy over the forehead; eyes that 'stared on you silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols.' I know it was she, for there can't be two of her." Gilbert gave a brief account of their meeting.

"It was, it was," sighed Mrs. Gilbert, tragically. "It was Mrs. Belle Farrell!"

"Mrs.?"

"A widow. The most opportunely bereft of women!"

"Susan, you interest me."

"Oh, very likely! So will she. She must be famishing for a flirtation, and it's you she'll bend her devouring eyes upon, for I infer that your Mr. Easton, whatever he is, is n't a flirt."

"Easton? Well, no, I should think he was n't."

Mrs. Gilbert leaned back, staring with a vacant smile across the room. But directly, as she began to talk of Mrs. Farrell, her eyes lighted up with the enjoyment that women feel in analyzing one of themselves for a man who likes women and knows how to make the due allowances and supply all the skipped details of the process. Gilbert had taken his place in her easy-chair when she shut the window, and she had disposed herself among the cushions and pillows of her lounge; he listened with lazy luxury and a smile of intelligence.

"Yes, she will interest you, William; she interests me, and I don't dislike her as I might if I were a youthful beauty myself. In fact, she fascinates me, and I rather like her, on the whole. And I don't see why I don't approve of her. I don't know anything against her."

Gilbert laughed. "That's rather a damaging thing to say of a lady."

"Yes," answered his sister-in-law, "I would n't say it to everybody. But really, it seems odd that one *does* n't know anything against her. She's very

peculiar — for a woman; and I don't know whether her peculiarity comes from her character or from her circumstances. It's a trying thing to be just the kind of handsome young widow that Mrs. Farrell is in Boston."

Gilbert did not comment audibly, but he lifted his eyebrows, and his sister-in-law went on: "Not but that we approve of youth and beauty as much as any one. In fact, if Mrs. Farrell had simply devoted herself to youth and beauty, and waited for the right man, she could have married again splendidly, and been living abroad by this time. But no! And that's been her ruin."

"She's rather a picturesque ruin — to look at," said Gilbert. "What has she done to desolate herself? What was she when in good repair?"

"Well, that is n't quite so easy to make you understand. Originally she was something in the sea-faring line. Her father was a ship's captain, from somewhere in Maine, I believe; and when her mother died, this young lady was left at a tender age with her sea-faring father on her hands, and they did n't know what to do with each other. But the paternal pirate had a particular friend in a Mr. Farrell, the merchant who owned most of his vessel, and this Mr. Farrell had the little girl brought up and educated with his half-sisters, — he was a bachelor and very much their elder. One day the captain came home from a voyage, and was drowned by the capsizing of his sail-boat in the bay; I believe that's the death that old sea-captains generally die; and this seemed to suggest a new idea to old Mr. Farrell. He thought he would get married, and he observed that the little girl under his charge was an extremely beautiful young woman, and he fell in love with her, *and* married her — to the disgust of his half-sisters, who did n't like her. He was a very respectable old party; Robert knew him quite well in the way of business, but I never saw anything of *her* in society; and if she liked age and respectability, it was all very well, especially as he died pretty soon afterwards — I don't know exactly how soon."

"He left her his money, I suppose?"

"Yes, he did; and that's the oddest part of it; there was very little of the money, and Mr. Farrell was supposed to be rich. Still, there was enough to have supported her in comfort, while she quietly waited for her second husband, if she'd been *content* to wait quietly; and she could easily have kept Mr. Farrell's level in society if she had remained with his family. In fact, she could have risen some notches higher; there are plenty of people who would have been glad of her as a sort of ornamental protégée, don't you know; and if she *had* got a few snubs, it would have done her good. But she would n't be patronized, and she would n't wait quietly."

"Perhaps you've grown to be something of a snob, Susan."

"I know it; I own it; did I ever deny it? It's the only safe ground for a woman. But Mrs. Farrell preferred to go living on in that demi-semi-Bohemian way" —

"What demi-semi-Bohemian way?"

"Oh, skirmishing round from one shabby-genteel boarding-house to another, and one family hotel to another, and setting-up housekeeping in rooms, and studying music at the Conservatory, and taking lessons in all the fine arts, and trying to give parlor readings, and that — and not doing it in earnest, but making a great display and spectacle of it. And so instead of keeping her little income to dress on, and getting invitations to Newport for the summer, she's here in a farm-house with us old fogies and decayed gentles and cultivated persons of small means. But it's rather odd about Mrs. Farrell. I don't believe she would enjoy herself in society; it has limitations; it does n't afford her the kind of scope she wants; it does n't respond with the sort of immediate effects that she likes, — at least Boston society doesn't. What Mrs. Belle Farrell wishes to do is something vivid, stunning; and that is n't quite what society smiles upon — in Boston. Besides, society may be very selfish, but it really requires great self-sacrifice, and I don't believe Mrs. Belle

Farrell is quite equal to that. Don't you see?"

"Dimly. Did she ever try the Cause of Woman, amongst her other experiments?"

"Well, *that* requires self-sacrifice, too, in its way; and Mrs. Farrell does n't like women very much, and she does like men very much; and she could n't bear to be grotesque in men's eyes. Not that she would *respect* men much, or more than she does women. She's very queer. I suppose she has streaks of genius; just enough to spoil her for human nature's daily food."

"We *do* find genius indigestible — in women," allowed Gilbert, thoughtfully. "But is n't life a little less responsive to her vivid intentions at Woodward farm than it would be anywhere else? Forgive the remark if there seems to be any unpleasant implication in it."

"You've nothing to be forgiven, William. We know we are dull; we glory in our torpidity. But I suppose Mrs. Farrell has had the immense relief, here, of not trying to produce any effect. Consciously, I mean; unconsciously, she never can stop trying it till she's in her grave."

Gilbert, who had leaned forward with interest, in the course of Mrs. Gilbert's tale, now fell back again in his chair, and said, "Oh, I see. You are prejudiced against Mrs. Belle Farrell. You have amongst you here a woman of extraordinary beauty, who strives in her own fashion after the ideal, who struggles to escape from the stupid round of your cares and duties and proprieties, and you want to hem her in with the same dread and misapprehension that imprison her life in your brutal Boston. She longs for a breath of free mountain air, and you stifle her with your dense social atmosphere. I see it all, plainly enough. You misinterpret that sensitive, generous, proud spirit. But no matter; I shall soon be able to make my own version."

"She'll give you every facility. I have no doubt she's in her room now, preparing little hints and suggestions for your fancy to-morrow. Her dress at

breakfast will tell the tale. But you need n't flatter yourself, William, that she'll care for you personally or individually; it's you in the abstract that will interest her, as a handsome young man that certain effects of posture and drapery and gesture may be tried upon. I should like to know just how she stood and stared when you met her, you two, there in the berry pasture, alone. Did she look magnificently startled, splendidly frightened? The woman would n't really have minded meeting a panther."

"I did n't say she was alone."

"So you did n't! Who was with her?"

"Oh, a little thrush of a girl, slim and shy-looking."

"Well, William! You may as well take your Mr. Easton and go back to your New York at once."

"What have I done?"

"Nothing; you've simply exhausted our resources; you have devoured with the same indiscriminate glance our Beauty and our Genius."

"What do you mean?"

"That little thrush of a girl is the Rosa Bonheur of West Pekin."

"Truly? Do I understand that the young lady does horse-fairs for a living?"

"Not exactly, or not yet. She is the daughter of our landlady. She teaches school for a living, and last year she waited on table in vacation. I don't know how long she may have been in the habit of doing horse-fairs in secret, but she produced her first work in public this morning — or rather Mrs. Farrell did for her; the exhibition was too much for the artist's modesty, and we had no chance to congratulate her. She had done a head of Blossom, the Alderney cow, in charcoal."

"Was it good?" asked Gilbert, indifferently.

"That was the saddest part of it: if it had been bad, I should have had some hopes of her, but it was really very promising; and it made my heart ache to think of another woman of talent struggling with the world. She would be so much happier if she had no talent. I suppose,

now it's out, she'll be obliged by public opinion to take some sort of lessons, and go abroad, and worry commissions out of people. Honestly, don't you think it's a pity, William?"

"It is isn't a winning prospect," said Gilbert. "What did you all say and do?"

Mrs. Gilbert relaxed the half-seriousness of her face. "Oh, it was a very pretty scene, I can tell you. They brought the sketch into my room after breakfast, with Mrs. Belle Farrell at the head of the procession, and set it down on my mantel-piece, and all crowded round it, and praised it with that enthusiasm for genius which Boston people always feel."

Gilbert smiled insult, and his sister-in-law went on.

"It was really very touching to hear our two youngest girls rave over it in that fresh, worshipping way young Boston girls have; and we have another artist in the house (she paints cat-tail rushes, and has her whole room looking like a swamp) who hailed it with effusion. She said that Miss Woodward's talent was God-given, and ought to be cultivated."

"Of course."

"Then everybody else said so, too, and wondered that they had n't thought of God-given before Mrs. Stevenson did. It seemed to describe it so exactly."

"I see," said Gilbert. "Mrs. Stevenson embodies the average Boston art-feeling. How long has she left off chromos? How does her husband like the cat-tails?"

"He thinks they're beautiful, and he attributes all sorts of sentiment to them. He's a very good man."

Gilbert laughed aloud. "He must be. What did the Woodward family think of Blossom's head in charcoal?"

"Nobody knows what the Woodward family think of that or of anything else," said Mrs. Gilbert. "I hope they don't despise us, for I respect Mrs. Woodward very much; she has character, and she looks as if she had history; but they draw the line very strictly between themselves and the boarders, all except Mrs. Farrell."

"Ah?" said Gilbert, who had visibly not cared to hear about the Woodwards, "and why except Mrs. Farrell?"

"Well, nobody exactly knows. She thawed their ice, I suppose, by having a typhoid fever here, summer before last, when she first came; they nursed her through it, and did her no end of kindness, and of course that made them fond of her — so perverse is human nature. Besides, I think she fascinates their straight-up-and-downness by the graceful convolutions of her circuitous character; *that's* human nature, too."

Gilbert laughed again, but did not say anything; and his sister-in-law, after waiting for him to speak, returned to what she had been saying of Rachel Woodward.

"You had better tell Mr. Easton about our artist. He may be on the lookout for another beneficiary, now Rogers is gone, and would like her for a protégée. If some one could only marry her, poor girl, and put her out of her misery in that way! As it stands, it's a truly deplorable case."

"I'm sorry you still think so meanly of Woman, Susan," said Gilbert, rising.

"Yes, it is sorrowful; but it's an old story to you. I take my cue from Nature; she never loses an occasion to show her contempt for us; she knows us so well. Do you see anything hopeful in Miss Woodward's predicament?"

"I'm a man. If I were a woman I would never go back on my sex."

"Oh, you can't tell; a man can have no idea how very little women think of each other. Is Robert really so very busy? I don't blame him for finding a substitute for West Pekin when he can; but I do blame him for trying to spare my feelings now, when he has n't been here but twice this summer. Of course, he hates to come, and I'm going to give him his freedom for the rest of the season."

"I think he'll like it," said Gilbert. He offered his hand for good night, and his sister-in-law allowed him to go, like a wise invalid who knows her own force and endurance.

Gilbert found Easton waiting for him

on the upper gallery of the hotel, which overlooked a deep, broad hollow. At the bottom of this the white mist lay so dense that it filled the space of the valley like a shallow lake, and the clumps of trees stood out of it here and there like little isles. The friends sat looking at the pretty illusion in the silence which friends need not break, and Easton's cigar flashed and darkened in the shadow like the spark of a far-seen revolving light. He often lamented this habit of his in vigorous self-reproach, not chiefly as a thing harmful to himself, but as a public wrong; an oppression to many other people; if any one had asked him to give it up, he would gladly have done so; but no one did, and he clung to his cigar with a constancy which Gilbert, who did not smoke, praised as the saving virtue of his character, the one thing that kept him from being a standing rebuke to humanity.

After a while Easton drew the last shameful solace from his cigar and flung the remaining fragment over the rail. He rose to look after it and see that it set nothing on fire; then he returned to his seat, and, clasping his hands outside his knees, said, "I've been thinking over that encounter of ours with that girl to-day, and I believe you are right. She did leave the book there that she might have an excuse to come back and see what we were like."

"Well?"

"And I see no harm in her having done so. We should n't have thought it out of the way in a man; and a woman had as much right to do it. The subterfuge is the only thing; I don't like that, though it was a very frank artifice, and the whole relation of the sexes is a series of subterfuges: it seems to be the design of Nature, who knows what she's about, I dare say. No doubt we should lose a great deal that's very pleasant in life without them."

"There could be no flirting without them," answered Gilbert, "and no lovely Farrells, consequently." Easton turned his face toward him, and Gilbert continued: "Farrell is her name: Mrs. Belle Farrell; she is a widow."

"A widow?" echoed Easton, rather disappointedly.

"Yes," said Gilbert. "I dare say she would be willing to mend the fault. She's passing the summer at the Woodward farm; my sister-in-law has been telling me all about her," he said. He reproduced Mrs. Gilbert's facts and impressions, but in his version it did not seem to be much about her, after all.

Easton rose from his chair and struck a light on his match-case, but he absently suffered it to burn out before lighting his cigar. When he had done this a second time, he began to walk nervously up and down the gallery.

"It's a face to die for!" he said, half musingly.

"Very well," said Gilbert, "I think Mrs. Farrell would be much pleased to have some one die for her face, and on the whole it would be better than to live for it. But these are abstractions, my dear fellow; I'm going to bed now; there's no use in being out of sorts if I don't. Good night."

"I'm not, — yet a while," said Easton. "Good night. Are you going over to the farm again in the morning?"

"Yes. Will you go with me?"

"I don't know; I thought I should go to church."

"All right. Very likely the Farrell may be there. But I prefer to chance it at the farm."

Easton did not answer. He struck a third match, and this time lit a cigar. Gilbert went his way, and left him seated on the gallery, looking over into the mist-flooded hollow.

IV.

They were at work on the foundations of the First Church in West Peckin when tidings came of the battle of Lexington, and the masons laid down their trowels and the carpenters their chisels to take up their flint-locks for the long war then so bravely beginning. After the close of the struggle, it appears that a sufficient number of the parishioners survived to finish the build-

ing in all the ugliness of the original design. It stands there yet, a vast, barn-like monument of their devotion, and after the lapse of a hundred years is beginning slowly to clothe itself in the interest which we feel in the quaint where we cannot have the beautiful. Some of the neighboring houses, restored and improved for the accommodation of summer boarders, have the languishing curves of the American version of the French roof, and are here and there blistered with bay windows; and by contrast with these, the uncompromising gables and angular oblongness of the old church acquire a sort of grave merit. There is no folly of portico, or pediment, or pillars; the front and flanks of the edifice are as blank and bare as life in West Pekin, but they are also as honest. It is well built; the inhabitants have of course the tradition that when its timbers were exposed for some modern repairs, the oak was found so hard that you could not drive a nail into it. From time to time its weary expanses of clapboarding are freshened with a coat of white paint, under which whatever picturesque effects time might have bestowed are scrupulously smothered, so that it has not a stain or touch of decay to endear it. Every spring a colony of misguided swallows stucco the eaves with their mud-nests, placed at such regular intervals as to form a cornice of the rude material not displeasing to the eye of the summer boarder; and every spring when their broods are half fledged the sexton mounts to the roof and knocks away such of their nests as he can reach, strewing the ground with the cruel wreck and slaughter. But he is old and purblind, and a fair percentage of the swallows escape his single burst of murderous zeal, to wheel and shriek around the grim edifice all summer long, and to renew their hazardous enterprise another year.

The old church has no other grace than they give it, as it stands staring white on the border of the village green, and sends out over the valleys and uplands the wild, plangent summons of its Sabbath bell. It is not an unmusical

note, but it is terrible, and seems always to warn of the judgment day, so that one lounging over the fields or through the woods, or otherwise keeping away from the sermon, must hear it with a shudder of alarm. It is a bell to bring a bird's-nesting boy to his knees; and to the youth of West Pekin in former days I could imagine it a peculiarly awful sound, which would pursue them through life and in all their wanderings over the sea and land. It could now no longer call many youth to worship, but mostly a thinned and faltering congregation of old men and women responded to its menace, and sparsely scattered themselves among the long rows of pews. The stalwart boys and ambitious, eager girls had emigrated or married out of the town, till now the very graves beside the church received none but aged dead, and the newest stones hardly remembered any one under sixty. From time to time an octogenarian or nonagenarian wearied of his place in the census, and irreparably depopulated West Pekin, to the loud sorrow of the bell, which made haste to number his years to the parish as soon as the breath was out of his body. The few young people who remained in the town after marriage limited their offspring to the fashionable city figures, and the lingering grandsires counted their posterity in the lessening procession which would soon leave the family names entirely to the family tombs. Their frosty heads nodded to the sermon with the involuntary assents of slumber or of palsy, and on the cushions beside them sat their gray wives, ruminating with a pleasant fragrance the Sabbath spray of dill or caraway, unvexed by thoughts of boys disorderly in the back pews or the gallery, or, if tormented by vague apprehensions, awaking to find their fears and boys alike an empty dream.

Even the theology preached them was changed. It was the same faith, no doubt, but it seemed to be made no longer the personal terror it had been, nor the personal comfort; the good man who addressed them was more wont to dwell

upon generalities of reward and punishment, and abstractions in morals and belief, and he could easily have been attainted of a vague liberality, if there had been vigor of faith enough left in his congregation to accuse him. But faith, like all life in West Pekin, had shrunken till one might say it rattled in its shell; and this great empty church seemed all the emptier for the diminution of fixed beliefs as to the condition of sinners in the world to come. A choir and a parlor organ rendered most of the psalms or hymns that the minister gave out, and when the congregation raised its cracked basses and trebles in song, it was doubtless an acceptable sacrifice, but it was not a joyful noise.

In West Pekin no one walks who can drive, even for a short distance; doubtless because of the mud of spring and fall, and the heavy winter snows, which make walking in New England, anywhere off the city pave, a martyrdom, three fourths of the inhospitable year; and Easton watched the church people arrive in their dusty open buggies, which they led, after dismounting, into the long sheds beside the church, hitching their horses in the stalls, there to gnaw the deeply-nibbled posts and ineffectually to fight the embattled flies, and exchange faint whinnies and murmurs of disapprobation among themselves.

Easton was standing at the hotel door, dressed with whatever of New York nativeness he had been able to transport to West Pekin in the small valise he had allowed himself. He was not a man of society in any sense, but he always, upon a fixed principle, kept himself scrupulously tailored, and it would have been a disrespect of which he could not be capable, to appear before the West Pekin congregation in anything but his best. The vehicles straggled slowly up the hill; the bell began to falter in its clamor, and to toll in a dismal *staccato* before it should stop altogether; and now the village people issued from their doors and moved hurriedly across the green to the church. Easton went back for a moment to Gilbert's room, and found his friend, whom he had left in bed, lazily dressing. Gil-

bert looked at him in the glass, and said, "I'm going over to the farm when I've finished. You'd better come too, after sermon."

"I don't know. Shall you be off the lookout for me?"

"You would n't have the courage to hunt me up in that houseful of women? All right. I'll sit on the piazza and watch. I'll expect you." He went on tying his cravat, while the other took his way to church, and entered as the last note of the bell was dying away.

The choir began to sing, and Easton rose with the people and faced the singers. Mrs. Belle Farrell stood singing from the same book with Rachel Woodward, and she cast her regard carelessly over the church, and let her eyes rest upon him with visible recognition. She was a woman whose presence would have been magnificent anywhere; here her grace and style and beauty simply annulled all other aspects, and a West Pekin congregation could never have looked so old and thin and pale and awkward. Easton did not know music, and was ignorant that she sang with courageous error. She had a rich voice, from which tragedy would have come ennobled, but she had little tune or time. The subdued country girl at her side sang truer, and with wiser art. Rachel was then twenty; her scarcely-rounded cheeks had the delicate light and pallor of the true New England type; her hair was rather brown than golden; her eyes serenely gray; and her face, when she closed her lips, composed itself instantly into a somewhat austere quiescence. The girl glanced at Easton in sympathy with her companion—institutively perhaps, and perhaps because of some secret touch or push.

The sermon was of the little captive Hebrew maid who remembered the famous cures of leprosy by a prophet of her nation, and was thus a means to the healing of Naaman, her Philistine lord. From this the minister drew the moral that even a poor slave girl was not so lowly but she could do some good; he did not attempt the difficult application to West Pekin conditions. From the

sandy desert of his discourse a dim mirage of Oriental fancies rose before Easton, with sterile hills, palms, gleaming lakes, cities, temples of old faith, and priestesses who had the dark still eyes, the loose overshadowing hair, the dusky bloom of Mrs. Farrell; a certain familiarity in her splendor he accounted for suddenly by remembering a figure and face he had once seen in the chorus of the opera of Nabucco. This was in his mind still when he rose and confronted the Babylonian priestess as she sang the closing hymn in the West Pekin choir.

Without, the July noon had ripened to a perfect mellow heat which the yesterday's chill kept from excess, and over all the world was the unclouded cup of the blue heavens. The village people silently and quickly dispersed to their houses, and the farmers sought their different vehicles under the sheds, while their wives stood about the church door and in a still way talked together; as fast as the carriages came up, each mounted into her own, and drove off, passing Easton as he strolled down the hill-side road winding away from the village. The weather was dry, and the dust powdered the reddening blackberries of the wayside and gave a gray tone to the foliage of the drooping elm and birch boughs, and to the branches of the apple-trees thrust across the stone walls and fantastically dressed with wisps caught during the week from towering hay wagons. When the road left the open hill slopes and entered a wood, Easton yielded to an easy perch on the stone wall, and sat flicking the long, slim wood-plants with his cane. Between the walls the highway was bordered all along with young white birches; some were the bigness round of a girl's waist, and, clasped with the satiny smoothness of their bark, showed a delicate snugness of corsage to which an indwelling dryad might have given shape; they drooped everywhere about in pretty girlish attitudes; and Easton, whose fancy was at once reverent and rich, as that of an unspoiled young man may be, sat there in a sort of courtship of their beauty which was all the fresher in him, for he

was a life-long cockney, and, so far from sentimentalizing Nature, had hardly an acquaintance with her.

He had started on his stroll with the unconfessed hope that the road might somehow bring him to Woodward farm, and as he walked he had been upbraiding himself for his irresolution, without being able either to turn back or boldly to ask the driver of some passing team his way to the farm. In the joy of this coolness and silence and beauty of the woods his conscience left him at peace, and he lounged upon the broad top of the wall with no desire to do anything but remain there, when a wagon came in sight under the meeting tops of the trees at the crest of the hill, and his heart leaped at what he now knew he had been really waiting for. Yet as it came nearer and nearer, he perceived that he had been waiting for it with no motive upon which he could act; and he felt awkwardly unaccounted for where he was. Mrs. Farrell was driving on the front seat, and behind her sat Rachel Woodward with her mother; they all three seemed to be concerned about some part of the equipage: they leaned forward and looked anxiously at the horse, which presently, as they came to a little slope, responded to whatever fears they had by rearing violently and dashing aside into a clump of bushes, where he stood breathing hoarsely till Easton ran up and took him by the head.

"I don't think you need get out," he said, as the women rose. "It's only something the matter with the hold-back." He turned the horse again to the road and began to examine the harness. "That's all," he said; "one side of the hold-back is broken, and lets the wagon come on him. If I had a piece of twine — Or, never mind." He took his handkerchief out of his pocket.

"Oh, no; don't," pleaded the eldest of the women. "We shan't need it, now. It's up-hill all the rest of the way to the house."

But Easton said, "It'll be safer," and went on to supply the place of the broken strap, while Mrs. Belle Farrell, turning upon Rachel, made a series of

faces expressing a mock-heroical gratitude. Suddenly she gave a little shriek as the horse darted off with an ugly spring and lurch. "Oh, do stop him! stop him!" she implored, and Easton had him by the bridle again before her words were spoken.

"Well, Mrs. Woodward," said Mrs. Farrell, excitedly, "I should whip that horse."

"No, don't whip him," said the elderly woman, "I don't believe he's to blame; I don't think he was hitched up just right in the first place. The boys said there was something the matter with the harness; but they guessed it would go."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Farrell, "he's your horse, but if he were *mine*, I should whip him; that's what I should do."

Her eyes lightened as she stooped forward to gather up the reins, which had been twitched out of her hands, and the horse started and panted again, while Easton stood beside him in grave embarrassment. He made several efforts to clear his throat, and then said huskily, "What do you want me to do? Shall I lead him? I don't know much about horses."

He addressed himself doubtfully to the whole party, but Mrs. Woodward answered: "Won't you please get in alongside of that lady? I should n't want he should think he had scared us; and he would, if we let you lead him."

Easton obediently mounted to Mrs. Farrell's side. She was going to offer him the reins, but Mrs. Woodward interposed. "No, you drive, Mrs. Farrell, so long as he behaves;" and the horse now moved tremulously but peaceably off. "We're very much obliged to you for what you've done," she added; and then Easton sat beside Mrs. Farrell, with nothing to do but to finger his cane and study the horse's mood. He glanced slyly at her face; from her silks breathed those intoxicating mysterious odors of the toilette; the light wind blew him the odor of her hair; when by and by the horse began to sadden, under the long up-hill strain, into a repentant walk,

and she gave him a smart cut with the whip, Easton winced as if he had himself been struck. But the lady paid him very little attention for some time; then, when her anxieties about the horse seemed to have subsided somewhat, she looked him in the face and demanded, "If you know so little about horses, how came you to stop him so well?"

"I don't know," said Easton. "It was rather sudden; I did n't — I had no choice" —

"Oh," exulted Mrs. Farrell, "then if you could have chosen, you'd have let him go dancing on with us. I withdraw *my* gratitude for your kindness. But," she added, owning her recognition of him with a courage he found charming, "I'll thank you again for picking up that little book of mine, yesterday. You certainly might have chosen to let it lie."

Easton, if brought to bay in his shyness, had a desperate sort of laugh, in which he uttered his heart as freely as a child; he set his teeth hard, and while he looked at you with gleaming eyes the laughter gurgled helplessly from his throat. It had a sound that few could hear without liking. It made Mrs. Farrell laugh too, and he began to breathe more freely in the rarefied atmosphere that had at first fluttered his pulses. She spoke from time to time to Mrs. Woodward or Rachel, who, the first excitement over, appeared distinctly to relinquish him to her as part of that summer-boarding world with which they could have only business relations.

They came presently to a turn in the road which brought the farm-house in sight, and Mrs. Farrell lifted her whip to encourage the horse for the sharper ascent now before him; but she abruptly dropped her hand, and bowed her face on the back of it.

Then very gravely, "I beg your pardon," she said to Easton, "but I don't know how we are going to account for you to the people in the house. What should you say you were doing here?"

"Upon my word," said Easton, "I don't know."

Mrs. Farrell asked as seriously as be-

fore, "Were you going anywhere in particular? Have we taken you out of your way? This is Woodward farm."

"Yes, I know it. I was coming here to find a friend."

"Well, then, you have a choice this time. You can say we were passing you on the way, and we gave you a lift; or you can say that you saved us all from destruction, and got in to see us safe home. You'd better choose the first; nobody'll ever believe this horse was running away."

"We won't say anything about it," Easton suggested. "That will be the easiest way."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Mrs. Farrell. "Wait till you're asked by each of our lady boarders."

They now drove out of the woods and came upon a shelving green in front of the farm-house. Here, at one side of the door, there were evidences of attempted croquet. The wickets were in the ground and the mallets were scattered about; the balls had rolled down-hill into desuetude; there was not a level in West Pekin vast enough for a croquet ground. On the piazza fronting the road were most of the lady boarders; the five regular husbands were also there, and Gilbert, lounging on a step at the feet of his sister-in-law, dressed the balance disordered by the absence of the irregular sixth. He rose in visible amazement to see Easton arrive in the Woodward wagon at the side of Mrs. Farrell, and walked down to the barn near which she had chosen to stop. The other spectators, penetrated by the sense that something must have happened, ranged themselves in attitudes of expectancy along the edge of the piazza. Mrs. Woodward and Rachel, dismounting, renounced all part in the satisfaction of the public curiosity by entering the house at a side door, but Mrs. Farrell marched, with the two gentlemen beside her, up to where Mrs. Gilbert sat, and gave a succinct statement of the affair, which neither omitted to celebrate Easton's action nor overpraised it. She ended by saying, "I wish you'd be good enough to introduce my preserver, Mrs. Gilbert."

"I will, the very instant I have his acquaintance," replied Mrs. Gilbert. "William!"

"It's my friend Mr. Easton. Easton, — present you to Mrs. Gilbert."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Easton," said Mrs. Gilbert, shaking hands; "you're no stranger. This is Mrs. Farrell, whose life you have just had the pleasure of preserving. Mrs. Farrell, let me introduce Mr. Gilbert, also."

Mrs. Farrell kept her eyes steadily on the gentlemen, and bowed gravely at their names. Then she gathered her skirt into her hand to mount the step, gave them a slight nod, smiled with radiant indifference upon the rest of the company, and disappeared in-doors. Mrs. Gilbert made proclamation of the facts to the ladies next her, and casually introduced her guests to two or three, who presently left them to her again, as they went to give themselves the last touches before dinner. Mrs. Gilbert then turned to Easton and said, "Mrs. Farrell ran a very fortunate risk. I don't believe anything less would have brought you here."

"Oh, yes," answered Easton, "I was on my way. The only difference is that I rode instead of walking."

"Well, no matter, so you've come. I've been persuading my brother to stay to dinner, and he says *he* will, if *Easton* will. Will you?"

At every word Mrs. Gilbert kept studying Easton's face, which the young man had a trick of half-averting from any woman who spoke to him, with fugitive glances at her, from time to time. The light of frank liking for him came into Mrs. Gilbert's eyes when he turned with a sort of hopeless appeal to Gilbert, and then said, "Yes, I shall be very glad to stay."

"You're ever so good to be glad," she said, "but after saving one lady's life, you could n't do less than dine with another. My brother says you and he are to be at West Pekin for a fortnight. That's very nice; and I hope you'll come here often. We consider *any* gentleman a treat; and the only painful thing about having two brilliant young

New Yorkers in West Pekin is that perhaps we can never quite live up to our privileges."

"One of us might go away," said Easton, taking heart to return this easy banter, but speaking with a quick, embarrassed sigh. "Do you think you could live up to the other?"

Mrs. Gilbert smiled her approval of his daring and of his sigh.

"We will make an effort to deserve you both. Has your friend here told you anything about us?"

"How can you ask it, Susan? Did you ever know me to be guilty of such behavior toward you?" demanded Gilbert.

"No, William, I never did; and I must add that it's no fault of yours if I did n't. He means, Mr. Easton, that he's been generous to a little foible of mine. I do like to lecture upon people when I can get a fresh, uncorrupted listener, I won't deny it; and I should have been inconsolable if William had exploited us to you, as he certainly would have done if he had liked to expatiate and expound — which he does n't; and I believe men never do, however much they like being expatiated and expounded to. Well now, as I'm not going to have any partiality shown by any guests of mine, and as I'm going to introduce you to every lady at dinner, — recollect, you've *promised* to stay, — I'm going to give you a little synopsis of each of them. Mrs. Farrell you've already had the pleasure of meeting; once in the berry pasture, yesterday afternoon, and once this morning when you saved her life — yes, her life; I insist upon giving the adventure a decent magnitude, and I will listen to no mannish, minifying scruples — saved her *life*; and so I will only say that she is young, beautiful, and singularly attractive. The absence of any perceptible husband does not necessarily imply that she is a widow; though in this case it *does* happen that Mrs. Farrell is a *widow*. Have I got the logical sequences all right, William? Yes? Well, I'm glad of that; not that I care the least for them, but I like to consult the weakness of a sex that can't rea-

son without them. As I was saying, she is young, beautiful, and attractive; the fact might not strike you at first, but she is. The only drawback is her *extreme unconsciousness*. But for all that, if I were a man, I should simply go raving distracted over Mrs. Belle Farrell."

"I won't speak for Easton," said Gilbert, "but I think men generally prefer a spice of coquetry in the objects of their raving distraction. This simplicity, this excessive singleness of motive, — it does n't wear well."

Mrs. Gilbert owned, "It does render one *forgetful* and *liable to accidents*, but it is n't the worst fault. You gentlemen are very exacting; I see that you're bent upon decrying every one of our ladies, whatever I say of them, and I believe I shall leave you to form your own perverse opinions. Yes, I've changed my mind, Mr. Easton, and instead of lecturing you on them beforehand, I shall confine myself to satisfying any curiosity you may happen to feel about them when you've seen them. Is n't that the way a man would do?"

"Perhaps," answered Easton. "But he would n't like it — in a woman."

"I dare say. That's his tyrannical unreasonableness. What was the sermon about this morning? Mrs. Belle Farrell?"

It was impossible not to enjoy the mock innocence with which Mrs. Gilbert put this question. Easton's eyes responded to the fun of it, while his blushes came and went, and he kept thrusting his cane into the turf where he stood, just below the step on which she sat. She went on: "We seldom go to church from the farm; we come to the country to enjoy ourselves. Mrs. Farrell goes, and sings in the choir, I think. Some of us went to hear her sing once, and came home perfectly satisfied. She's a great friend of young Miss Woodward, and is the only boarder admitted into the landlord's family on terms of social equality. The *régime* at Woodward farm is very peculiar, Mr. Easton, and will form the topic of a future discourse. I shall also want to inquire your views of the best method of extinguish-

ing talent in the industrial classes; I believe you've experimented in that way." Easton lifted his downcast face and looked at Gilbert with a queer alarm, that afforded Mrs. Gilbert visible joy. "Miss Woodward is the victim of a capacity, lately developed, for drawing; your friend Mrs. Farrell has fostered this abnormal condition, and it is the part of humanity to stop it. Now perhaps from your experience with Mr. Rogers" —

The dinner bell sounded as Mrs. Gilbert reached forward and appealingly touched Easton's arm with her fan; and she stopped.

"Go on," said Gilbert; "you might as well have your say out, now, if there's anything left on your mind. Easton's made up *his* mind to renounce me, and you can't do me any more harm."

"Stuff! Mr. Easton and I understand each other, and we know well enough that you haven't been disloyal to him. At least we won't believe it on the insinuation of a malicious, backbiting old woman; if Mr. Easton has any doubts of you, I'll teach him better. Come, it's dinner. This is a great day with us: we have our first string-beans, to-day: that's one of the reasons why I asked you to stop."

W. D. Howells.

THE FLAMINGO.

THE red flamingo flew up from the South,
From the land all withered and parched with drouth.

He gleamed on the sky like a flaming brand
Blown from a burning prairie land.

He waded deep through the dark morass,
In the samphire beds, and the cool dank grass.

When the wind blew east, to the sea he went,
Red as the sun in the firmament,

And turned aside, with a look aslant,
At the deadly eye of the cormorant.

And the eagle, old with a hundred years,
From the height of his vaulted eyrie peers.

When the wind blew west, to the fields he sped,
Where the blue-eyed gentian lifts its head;

And the dew flushed red to a scarlet dye
On the lily's breast, as he floated by;

And here and there in the silent dell,
From his wing a scarlet feather fell.

He sailed on his way as the mariner sails,
With stout heart fearing nor wind nor gales.

On and on through the land he went,
Like a fleet and royal messenger sent,

Till he came at last to an ancient town
Never on map or chart laid down.

His wearied wings beat soft and low,
For the dreary streets were of muffled snow.

The houses were counted by two and two,
And the footsteps numbered were faint and few.

The ships that had sailed to that silent shore
Were bound, snow-locked, without mast or oar.

The shrouds had vanished, — a dreary wreck,
With the tropic bird, on the lonely deck.

His eye grew dim in the cold, wan light,
And his royal plumage blanched snow-white.

He strained his gaze to the farthest north,
And again on fluttering wings went forth,

And sailed away, with his plumage pale
Forever hid by a snowy veil.

Whether he drifted east or west,
And gazed on a mighty mountain crest,

Or a glorious sea with turrets high,
Reaching far up to the polar sky,

Or drooped in death on a waste of snow,
His secret none shall ever know.

He lived his life on his errand sent,
And tracked the path of a continent.

Whoever has crossed to that silent strand
Has passed beyond to an unknown land.

Buried in snow, and under the gates,
Frozen and stark the sentinel waits

Till the snow shall be lifted from off his breast,
And the pathway cleared to the great Northwest!

Sarah D. Clark.

NOVALIS AND THE BLUE FLOWER.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN GERMANY.

GERMAN Romanticism is at present generally characterized as being a purely retrogressive movement, an attempted revival of feudalism and a reaction toward Catholicism. A Romanticist, in the modern acceptation of the term, is a man who places himself in a hostile attitude toward the progressive spirit of the age, and tries by artificial means to revive "the good old times." That the phase of Romanticism represented by Friedrich Schlegel and Schleiermacher in the early stages of their careers was anything but catholic or conservative, our former article on this subject must have sufficiently proved. The man who gave the strongest religious impulse to the school, and whose character more nearly approaches our present idea of the Romantic type, was Friedrich von Hardenberg, more commonly known by the *nom de plume*, Novalis.

Who does not know Heine's story of the young girl, sister of the postmistress near Göttingen, who read consumption out of Novalis's romance, Heinrich von Ofterdingen? It may seem irrelevant in this connection, but nevertheless it conveys an idea of a certain subtle quality in this author's genius which a more direct critical analysis might fail to detect. Novalis was one of those whom death had early marked for its own. A hectic flush burned upon his cheeks, his exquisitely chiseled lips indicated extreme sensitiveness, and his large blue eyes, whose gaze appeared to be turned inward, shone with a deep, unearthly lustre. Even the one strong passion of his life, his love for the twelve-year old child, Sophie von Kühn, seems to have been a kind of ethereal, sexless feeling, a mere poetic devotion, purged of the earthy element which clings to the passions of men. No one will wonder that the poetry springing from such a relation lacks that distinctly virile

quality and that robust health which characterize the lyrical effusions of poets like Goethe, or even Schiller before he had drunk too deeply of Kantian philosophy. Nevertheless, the lyrics of Novalis have a vague, spiritual, not to say phantasmal beauty of their own; they fascinate by their very strangeness; their fleeting perfume lures the sense by its very deftness in evading its grasp; they gleam with that "light that never was on sea or land;" they move onward with a delicious, subdued splendor of cadence that falls upon the ear like melodious whispers from distant fairy realms. Excelling as it does in rhythmical effects and tuneful transitions rather than in strength of thought and splendor of imagination, his verse naturally baffles the translator's art. It would be as easy for a flower-painter to bind the perfume of the lily to his canvas as for a translator to transfer the fleeting beauty of Novalis's songs into a foreign tongue. An attempt has lately been made by an English writer, but he who knows the *Spiritual Songs* in the original will keenly feel the shortcomings of the English renderings.

The early education of Novalis was well calculated to develop the mystic tendencies of his nature. His father, a stern, grave man of commanding appearance, belonged to the so-called *Herrnhutters*, a sect which, without essentially differing from Lutheran orthodoxy in its doctrinal tenets, censured the laxity of its moral discipline and demanded a return to the early Christian simplicity of life. The author Tieck, who as a friend of Novalis visited his home, has given a quaint and interesting account of the daily life of the family. "The old Hardenberg," says he, "stood like a patriarch among his gifted sons and his amiable daughters. . . . He praised and loved the much-abused old times, and whenever he had an opportunity

he boldly expressed his views or flared up in sudden indignation." At certain times, Tieck further relates, the father was in the habit of testing the orthodoxy of his children, and then stormy scenes were of no infrequent occurrence. Once, on hearing a great noise in the next room, Tieck anxiously asked the servant what had happened. "Nothing," was the careless answer, "it is only the master who is giving religious instruction."

At the University of Jena, Novalis made the acquaintance of Schiller, whose Robbers and Don Carlos had filled his enthusiastic soul with an ardent love and reverence for their author. Schiller, who at once recognized the extraordinary talents of the young man, took a very kindly interest in him, gave him the benefit of his advice and instruction, and even for several years kept up a correspondence with him. Novalis's letters, which have been published among his posthumous papers, read more like the passionate effusions of a young maiden to her lover than the communications of a scholar to his teacher; he nearly exhausts the vocabulary of his native tongue in trying to find words strong enough to convey his unbounded homage and admiration. But Novalis was a sympathetic and affectionate nature, and moreover he was a poet and a German. For him the step from the poem to the poet's personality was a short one. He feels the same kind of personal friendship and attachment for Homer as he does for Schiller. The Wolfian theory does not in the least disturb him. "Oh," he exclaims, "if I could but fall upon the neck of the singer of the Odyssey, and hide my blushing face in the thick, venerable beard of the worthy old man!"

His daily intercourse with Friedrich Schlegel soon opened Novalis's eyes to the greatness of Goethe, and when, in the spring of 1795, Wilhelm Meister appeared, "the great Pagan" threatened to gain the place in his affections which had hitherto belonged to Schiller. Schlegel had in his usual paradoxical way declared that "Wilhelm Meister, Fichte's Doctrine of Science, and the French

Revolution were the greatest phenomena of the century;" and Novalis, whose flexible mind was at this time strongly influenced by his aggressive friend, readily subscribed to this verdict. "Fichte and Goethe" became the watchword of both, and the constant theme of their conversation. The idealism of Fichte they still further idealized, and the freedom from moral restraints which characterizes Goethe's romance they pushed even beyond the boundary line which the liberal author had fixed. But the radicalism of Novalis, which is, no doubt, chiefly attributable to his association with Schlegel, was but of short duration. The death of his betrothed, Sophie, who was then fifteen years old, suddenly dispelled these intellectual vagaries and plunged him back into his native mysticism. His sorrow knew no bounds; for three days and nights he shut himself up in his room and wept, then moved to Tennstadt, where she was buried, and sat at her grave, brooding over his loss. Darkness closed around him, the light of day seemed odious to him, and the scenes of life passed like a horrible, meaningless pageant before his eyes. The thought of suicide constantly haunted him, and he was on the verge of despair, when at length Sophie, yielding to his prayers, appeared to him in a vision and brought him comfort. Then his old gift of song comes to his rescue; although not altogether abandoning the thought of death, he still resolves to live, and his sorrow gains a voice in a series of poems entitled *Hymns to the Night*. "If I have hitherto lived in the present," he writes, "and in the hope of earthly happiness, I must now live altogether in the real future, in my faith in God and immortality. It will be very difficult to me to separate myself from this world which I have studied with so much affection; frequent relapses will bring me many a sorrowful moment, but I know that there is a power in man which by assiduous care can be developed into a remarkable energy."

Again, speaking of Sophie's death: "The flower-petal has been wafted over

into the other world. The reckless player throws up his hand and smiles, as if awakened from a dream, listening to the last call of the watchman, and waiting for the glow of the morning which shall rouse him to renewed life in the world of reality."

But this first glow of the morning is long coming; and long the poet waits in vain. Nevertheless, in the midst of his grief, when the violent emotion might be expected to banish all thought of self, his attitude is that of a true Romanticist. His self-consciousness never for a moment leaves him; his eye is constantly turned inward, and its keen sight penetrates into the darkest chambers of his mind. With a half psychological, half poetical interest he watches the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* of his emotions, records in his journal the results of his observations, and upbraids himself whenever a note of natural, worldly joy mingles in the transcendental harmonies of his soul. To an unprejudiced observer this appears very much like dallying with one's grief, in order, by artificial means, to keep it up to the proper pitch; and if Novalis had not from his earliest youth breathed the air of philosophical abstraction, and if he had not lived in an age which was universally afflicted with this habit of morbid introspection, we might be justified in regarding these delicately retouched negatives of his mental states as insincere and affected. But a deeper knowledge of Novalis's character excludes such a supposition; he was, in the truest sense of the word, a child of his time, and it is perhaps the best proof of his sincerity that he followed it in its extravagances, shared its infirmities, and unconsciously respected its limitations.

The Hymns to the Night open with an apostrophe in prose to "the all-rejoicing light, with its colors, its rays, and its billows, its gentle omnipresence, as awakening day." Then the poet turns to "the holy, inexpressible, mysterious night," in whose darkness he beholds "the memories and wishes of his youth, the dreams of his childhood, the brief joys and vain hopes of his whole life,

marching before him, draped in gray garments like mists of the evening when the sun has set." His beloved is hidden in the impenetrable night; therefore he loves the night better than the day. "Embrace with spirit passion my body," he exclaims, "that I may become more inwardly blended with thee, and that my bridal night may last forever."

A mixture of sensuous pleasure and high religious raptures give a curious interest to these hymns of Novalis. It is as if this earthly body which he is resolved to renounce and to mortify, in spite of the poet, again and again asserted its rights; as if his spiritual nature struggled desperately to break loose from the trammels of the flesh, and in the ardor of the combat gathered strength to rise to ever loftier flights. But this forcible heightening of every sensation, these endless distorted attitudes of ecstasy and despair, indicate a state of mental disease. Novalis seems himself to have been aware that his was not the normal condition of humanity, but this does not, to the mind of a Romanticist, necessarily prove that his condition leaves anything to be desired. The Romantic poet, according to Friedrich Schlegel's manifesto, knows no law except his own sovereign will, and where he differs from the rest of humanity the presumption is that humanity is in the wrong. Thus Novalis also performs a series of philosophical somersaults, and ends with the conclusion that disease is preferable to health. For "life," he says, "is a disease of the spirit."

A volume of fragments, published under the title of Flower-Dust (*Blüthenstaub*) contains numerous abstruse speculations on these same subjects of life and death, health and disease, pain and pleasure, etc. There is no obscure region of the soul which the mystic poet has not attempted to explore, there is no human emotion so ethereal and fleeting as to evade his eye, and no object in heaven or on earth too mean or too exalted for his earnest interest and consideration. Here we find a striking aphorism embodying some homely truth, in

the next paragraph a conjecture as to the nature of the divine trinity, and a few lines further on some mere personal item, a literary project, a sigh of regret and resignation, or a half-subdued sob for the death of the beloved.

The author has himself justly estimated the value of these fragments when he says:—

"The art of writing books has not yet been discovered, but it is on the point of being discovered. Fragments of this kind are literary seed-corn. There may be many a barren grain among them; however, if only some will sprout." . . .

From the whole number, amounting to upward of a thousand, we select the following for translation:—

"Goethe is the true steward of the poetic spirit on earth."

"Poetry is absolute reality. This is the kernel of my philosophy. The more poetic, the truer."

"Every Englishman is an island."

"There is a possibility of an infinite delight in pain."

"Whatever I will do, that I can do. With man nothing is impossible."

"Pain should properly be the normal state, and joy should be what now sorrow and pain are."

"Religion cannot be preached except as love and patriotism."

"The republic is the *fluidum deferens* of youth. Wherever there are young people, there is a republic. By marriage the system changes. The married man demands order, security, and rest; he seeks the genuine monarchy."

"Death is the Romantic principle of life. Death is life. Through death life is intensified."

"The epigram is the central monad of old French literature and culture."

"Coals and diamonds are one and the same substance. And still how different! Is there not just the same difference between man and woman? We are the homely charcoal; the women are opals and sapphires, which likewise are nothing but coals."

"A marriage is a political epigram. An epigram is only an elementary po-

etic expression—a poetic element—a primitive poem."

"Love is the end and goal of universal history,—the *amen* of the universe."

"Klopstock's works give the impression of being free translations of some unknown poet by a very talented but unpoetical philologist."

"Very properly do many women speak of *sinking* into the arms of their husbands. Happy she who can *rise* into the embrace of her lover."

"Can an *I* suppose itself an *I* without another *I* or not *I*?"

"Love is the highest reality, and a first cause. All romances which deal with true love are fairy tales, magic narratives."

"To become a man is an art."

We learn from Tieck that these fragments, many of which were written only for the author's own amusement and without a view to publication, are the first crude beginnings of a great encyclopædic work, in which facts and speculations drawn from all departments of human knowledge should mutually explain and support each other. It is safe to assert, however, that Novalis, even if he had lived to the age of mature manhood, would have been poorly equipped for such an undertaking.

Without an acquaintance with the leading philosophical systems of Germany, and especially that of Fichte, the greater part of Novalis's prose writings will appear obscure and unintelligible. And their obscurity does not always, as Carlyle would have us believe, prove that the thought which is struggling for utterance is too profound to be embodied in the common vernacular of cultivated men, but is as frequently the result of a confusion of ideas in the author's mind. It is truly to be regretted that a man in whom there dwelt so rich a fountain of song should have spent so great a portion of his life in unprofitable investigations regarding "the internal plural," or the relation of mathematics to the emotional life of man. It may be that occasionally he caught glimpses of truths too high for the comprehension of men of coarser fibre, but it is as certain

that his speculations often lost themselves in vague abstractions and pedantic sophistries. As a curiosity we quote in the original the following untranslatable passage, which, if it means anything, certainly does not bear its meaning on the surface:—

“Wir sind gar nicht Ich, wir können und sollen aber Ich werden, wir sind Keime zum Ich-Werden. Wir sollen Alles in ein Du, in ein zweites Ich verwandeln; nur dadurch erheben wir uns zum grossen Ich das Eins und Alles zugleich ist.”

We comprehend that these utterances, although clothed in the phraseology of Fichte, have been suggested by, or at least have something to do with, Spinoza's doctrine of the mere relative existence of all finite things when compared to the one “absolute existence,” God. No doubt Novalis was an ingenious *dilettante* in philosophy, and perhaps divined a profounder meaning in the systems of his day than even the founders themselves; but the world has outgrown many an elaborate philosophic structure in this century, and will doubtless outgrow many more. But of its true poets mankind can afford to forget none; and when the philosopher Novalis shall long have been forgotten, the poet Novalis will still survive.

If we had been writing a romantic fiction, instead of a biographical sketch, we could never have invented a series of more pathetic events than those which mark the closing years of this author's life. He had coquetted so long with death, that death at last took the matter in earnest, placed its hand upon his shoulder, and bade him keep himself in readiness for the final summons. But never had this earth appeared more beautiful to the poet than just then; never had the quickening tide of life pulsed more vigorously through his veins, never had the future dawned upon him with such golden promise. He loved again, and this time not a child, but a beautiful maiden in the first flower of her womanhood, who in return had bestowed upon him all the affection of her heart. Moreover, he had been

appointed assessor of the Thuringian mines, and rejoiced in the prospect of a useful activity in his chosen field of labor. His literary fame was spreading, and that first recognition which is so dear to a young author's heart had come to him from a source which made it tenfold sweet and delightful. The poet Tieck, whose popular tales (*Volksmärchen*) he had long ardently admired, sought him at this time, and their very first meeting laid the foundation of a warm friendship, which during the few years they were allowed to remain together shed a softly brightening lustre over the lives of both. “My acquaintance with you,” writes Novalis to his friend, “opens a new chapter in my life. . . . No one has ever appealed to me so gently and still so universally as you. Every word from you I understand perfectly. In no point do I meet you only from afar. Nothing human is foreign to you; you take an interest in everything, and your spirit diffuses itself like a perfume over all objects, and still lingers most lovingly with the flowers.”

It was, no doubt, the association with Tieck which counteracted Schlegel's influence, and induced Novalis to relinquish his philosophical speculations and henceforth devote himself exclusively to poetry. In the mean while his sickness, which he had so often apostrophized in prose and verse, was gradually undermining his strength, but the nearer the end approached, the more tenaciously he clung to this life, which had once appeared but a heavy burden and an endless sorrow. His æsthetic convictions also underwent radical changes. The sensuous equilibrium, the sunny realism and distinctness of outline, which once had attracted him in Goethe, now disgusted and repelled him. The shimmering moonshine, the forest solitude, the wonder-blossoms, and all the magic machinery of Tieck seemed to embody the essence of poetic art, and the nebulous mysticism in the theosophic meditations of Jacob Böhme completely won his heart. Wilhelm Meister, his former ideal of a romance, he finds

"altogether prosaic and modern." It is merely a domestic tale which, where it does not ignore the wonderful, treats it as the enthusiastic extravagance of youth. Artistic atheism, he thinks, is the spirit of the book. In order to enter his protest against these pernicious teachings he determines to write a romance which shall express the very opposite sentiments. A theme well adapted to embody his own poetic creed he had discovered some time before in the history of the celebrated Minnesinger, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. He communicated his plan to Tieck, whose sympathetic interest stimulated his mind to increased activity in spite of the growing weakness of his body. In his predilection for the Middle Ages, Tieck had himself been Novalis's predecessor, and to him belongs the chief honor of the Romantic School, that of having directed a nation, whose literature had long fed on foreign spoils, to its own historic past as its proper source of poetic inspiration. Mediæval life, with its sharp distinctions of birth and caste, and moreover lacking many of the leveling and equalizing agencies of our own age, offered larger types of men, a bolder grouping of scenes, and a wider scope to a picturesque fancy. That child-like trust in a Divine Father, that sublime disregard of the world with all its allurements, that strong religious fervor which stirred with one grand impulse the hearts of the mightiest king and the lowliest beggar, and drove great nations away from their hearths to perish in the unknown deserts of the Orient, — traits like these, with all the imposing historic drama which they brought into action, will always have the power to set the poet's pulses throbbing. It had been the custom during the period of the Enlightenment, as it is largely at the present day, to sneer at the religious rapture of the Crusades and call it morbid, theatrical, etc.; to scoff at the *naïve* directness of mediæval art, and to regard the few monuments of Old German literature which time had spared as the rude stammerings of a barbarous age. The mistake which every century has made, that of judging its

predecessors by its own standard, was at that time the more to be regretted, because undoubtedly it occasioned the final loss of many valuable ancient manuscripts which perhaps a little antiquarian skill or curiosity might have preserved. The opinion of Frederick the Great concerning the *Nibelungenlied*, that it was not worth a pinch of snuff, and that he would not tolerate such stuff in his library, is well known; but that the king, both in his ignorance and in his ill-nature, fairly represented the attitude of his times toward the Middle Ages ought by no means to be regarded as a daring assertion. Not long ago M. Taine exemplified the same tendency in his brilliant lectures on *The Philosophy of Art*, and the reader hardly knows which ought to surprise him the more, the total inability of the Gaul to comprehend the Gothic character, or the complacent arrogance with which the nineteenth century behaves toward its less enlightened precursors. The Romantic poets, with Tieck and Novalis in their van, have erred on the very opposite side. Guided not by the light of reason, but by a dim poetic instinct, they groped their way in the twilight through the "corridors of time," and, rummaging about in the lumber-rooms of the past, they discovered, among much that was of priceless value, a good deal of rubbish which might as well have remained in its former obscurity. They admired not only the picturesque pomp and splendor of feudalism, but also its system of caste, and its lawlessness, and its oppression of the lower classes; not only the primitive simplicity of faith and the intensity of emotional life in the early Catholic Church, but also its intolerance, its hostility to liberty, and its idolatrous Madonna worship. The paradisaical state of the world, according to them, lay in the past; since the Crusades mankind had been constantly degenerating. They accordingly demanded of their own nation a return to this ideal state, and upbraided it because it could no more feel and think and believe as it had done in its childhood. As Heine says, they resembled the aged chambermaid in the

fairly tale, who, having discovered that her mistress renewed her youth by means of an elixir, put the flagon to her mouth and emptied the whole contents; she not only regained her youth, but became an infant in the cradle. If the enlighteners had erred in despising their mediæval ancestors because, judged by the standard of the eighteenth century, they were rude and ignorant, the Romanticists committed a no less grievous error in measuring their contemporaries by the long disused standards of the past.

Novalis's romance, *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, being a true product of the Romantic soil, shares the extravagances and imperfections which characterize Tieck's early works, and indeed all works of a similar nature within the school. It teems with sub-plots and allegories within allegories, and at times, it must be confessed, tasks the reader's patience to the utmost; for the very moment he imagines that he has caught hold of a tangible thread and is determined to keep it, it somehow slips out of his fingers, and he is again lost in a huge, dimly lighted labyrinth, filled, it is true, with many beautiful things, but leading nowhere, without end and without beginning. As has already been remarked, the book was written as a protest against *Wilhelm Meister*, and as the latter, according to Novalis, was a glorification of the prose of life, so *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* should be an apotheosis of its poetry. But poetry the Romanticists conceived to be of a vague, ethereal, and impalpable essence, which impressed the sense not through the grosser faculty of understanding, but according to some mysterious law appealing directly to the deepest emotions of the heart. This theory, which the author shared with his friends Schlegel and Tieck, is no doubt largely responsible for the hopeless confusion which reigns in this otherwise well-conceived and interesting work. Singular enough, and apparently conflicting with the above theory, is the fact that the lyrical poems which are found scattered through the story are by far the clearest

and most intelligible part of it; but Novalis was primarily a lyric poet, and nature will not fail to assert itself in spite of all theories.

To unravel the many allegorical complications of the plot is no easy task. Novalis has, however, himself given us the key to the understanding of it. In the first part, he says, the hero is matured as a poet, and in the second (which was left incomplete at the author's death) he is glorified as a poet. In the very first chapter we meet with all the conventional machinery of Romantic fiction: night, moonlight, dreams, and the longing for the blue flower. This blue flower is the watchword and the sacred symbol of the school. What it is meant to symbolize it is difficult to tell, but judging from the *rôle* it plays in the present romance we should venture to say that it is an emblem of the deep and nameless longings of a poet's soul. Romantic poetry invariably deals with longing; not a definite, formulated desire for some attainable object, but a dim, mysterious aspiration, a trembling unrest, a vague sense of kinship with the infinite, and a consequent dissatisfaction with every form of happiness which the world has to offer. The object of the Romantic longing, therefore, so far as it has any object, is the ideal—the ideal of happiness, the ideal of a woman, the ideal of social perfection, etc. The blue flower, like the absolute ideal, is never found in this world; poets may at times dimly feel its nearness, and perhaps even catch a brief glimpse of it in some lonely forest glade far from the haunts of men, but it is vain to try to pluck it. If for a moment its perfume fills the air, the senses are intoxicated, and the soul swells with poetic rapture.

In *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* the presence of this wondrous flower is felt on every page, and quite unawares one may catch a glimpse of its fragile chalice. "I long to see the blue flower," are the very first words which the hero utters; "it is continually in my mind, and I can think of nothing else." He falls asleep and has a very strange dream, also

about the blue flower, the significance of which is heightened by the fact that his father had dreamed something similar as he was about to take the most important step of his life. Heinrich starts with his mother and a company of merchants for Augsburg, where he is to visit his maternal grandfather. Every new object which meets his eye fills him with wonder, and the conversation of his companions, in which he himself eagerly participates, is well calculated to enlarge his views of life and mature him for his future calling. It strikes one, however, as very singular that mediæval merchants should be constantly talking about art and poetry, and it seems as if the author had willfully violated reality when, for instance, he invariably makes them speak in chorus. Historical truth and local coloring are of course out of the question. The miner, the hermit, Zulma, Klingsohr, etc., are all bloodless and sexless abstractions, and are probably intended by the author as poetic personifications of certain forces of nature or of history. Zulma is the spirit of the Orient, the miner represents the poetry of nature and the hermit that of history, and in Klingsohr we meet the embodiment of the ideal, fully developed poet. In spite of his professed dislike of Wilhelm Meister, Novalis has, perhaps unconsciously, echoed Goethe's sentiments in the æsthetic discourses of his ideal poet. The spiritual supremacy of "the great Pagan" makes itself felt even in a work whose purpose it was to protest against it. At the sight of Klingsohr's daughter, Mathilde, Heinrich has the same sensation as he had had in the dream when he saw the blue flower. He loves her and his love is returned; but at the very moment when the mysterious flower seems to be within the reach of his hand, it is lost to him. Mathilde is drowned in the river, an event which Heinrich had anticipated in his dreams, and, stunned with grief and despairing of his own future, he leaves Augsburg to seek the imperial court. And now the author unfolds his transcendental wings and henceforth disdains to preserve even the semblance of probability. The hero

hears voices of song coming apparently from a tree growing at the road-side. He recognizes the voice of Mathilde, who promises to send him another maiden, Cyane, to comfort him; then he has a strange allegorical vision, and the mysterious maiden suddenly stands before him, and immediately gains his love. Whether this Cyane really is Mathilde, or only a phantom representing her, or an altogether independent individuality, is a point which we are unable to settle. There are passages in the story which seem to prove that each of these assumptions is equally probable. In a cave, called the Cave of the Count of Hohenzollern, Heinrich sees wonderful signs and symbols which are supposed to hide the secrets of his fate, and in a convent, the inhabitants of which are not living men but spirits whose vocation it is "to preserve the sacred fire in young minds," he receives instruction concerning the mysteries of life and death. The rest of the tale is only lightly sketched and abounds in mysteries, allegories, and metamorphoses, compared with which Sindbad the Sailor or The Forty Thieves appears as reasonable as an algebraic problem. Heinrich plucks the blue flower, and in the end is united with Mathilde. The boundary between this world and the world to come vanishes; time, space, logic, all disappear under the magic wand of the poet; all are but relative existences which are absorbed in the one absolute existence of poetry.

Considered as a story, this romance of Novalis may have very little importance, but regarded as a phenomenon in literature, containing the germs of various tendencies of a school which during the present century has spread throughout Europe, it is well worthy of the attention we have given it. That Heinrich von Osterdingen, in spite of its mystic coloring and its visionary extravagances, is largely autobiographical, is easily seen; the character of the hero, being so nearly identical with that of the author himself, the death of his first beloved, the vision at the road-side, the vague, restless longing for the blue flower, the second betrothal, etc., belong

as much to the history of the modern poet Novalis as to that of the mediæval hero of the romance. The poets of the eighteenth century, having seldom any practical aim to distract them from the contemplation of their own inner life, have more frequently than the poets of other ages apotheosized themselves in the persons of their heroes. Chateaubriand's René, Goethe's Werther, and Byron's Childe Harold we mentioned in our former article as illustrations of the proneness to psychological self-analysis, and they might as well serve to illustrate what we should venture to call the autobiographical mania. As additional proof of our assertion we may select Benjamin Constant's Adolphe, Étienne de Senancour's Obermann, Tieck's William Lovell, and perhaps even Madame de Staël's Corinne and Schiller's Marquis Posa, not to speak of a hundred minor examples which the literature of all lands furnish in great abundance. The contempt of life and the disgust with the world (*Weltschmerz*, as the Germans call it) which directly result from these tendencies are not yet developed in Novalis. On the contrary, he studies nature with real affection, and takes a sincere interest in his fellow-men. But as a Romantic poet he is an absolute sovereign who brooks no law above him, and the laws of reality have no validity to him except as external symbols of a higher order of creation which the poet in moments of inspiration may behold.

This exaltation of the poet above the rest of his kind, this assumption of the office of a prophet, priest, and heaven-inspired seer, and the kindred claims to exemption from the rules of morals which govern ordinary men, are features whose origin may be distinctly traced to the Romantic School. In lands where Romanticism never struck a very deep root, because the sound sense of the people rebelled against its extravagances, these phases are now becoming unpopular; but in France, where Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo (all extreme Romantic types) are the lyrical favorites of the public, the cant and

superstitions of the school are still in full vogue.

Germany, in proud consciousness of its material strength, has lost its sense of kinship with the school which once, in its days of humiliation, so faithfully expressed its national physiognomy, and, having no great lyrical talent among its living *littérateurs*, feeds on the poetical superabundance of its classical period. Among the prominent novelists of the Bismarckian age, Freytag is a wide-awake, practical citizen of the nineteenth century, Auerbach is rather nondescript, and Spielhagen is the only one who has not quite outlived the traditions of the Romantic era.

The religious mysticism and the consequent predilection for the Catholic Church which so strikingly characterized the later phases of Romantic development received its first impulse from Tieck's friend, Wackeuroder, but was hardly recognized as a distinct feature of the school until the days of Novalis. With Wackenroder the interest had been chiefly an artistic one; with Novalis it sprung from a real, deeply felt want of the heart. His fervid spirit demanded a warmer, intenser, and more picturesque faith than the rationalistic Lutheranism of his times afforded. The reading of Schleiermacher's famous Orations on Religion awakened in him a desire to serve the same good cause; he accordingly wrote an essay on Europe and Christianity which he read in manuscript to an enthusiastic circle of friends in Jena. Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel were delighted, but Dorothea had her misgivings as to its merits. "Christianity is *à l'ordre du jour* here," she writes. "The gentlemen are a little cracked; Tieck carries religion to the same length as Schiller does fate."

In fact this attempt of Novalis to glorify the "only saving church" is without doubt the most paradoxical document which the Romantic literature has to show. It was accepted by Schlegel for *The Athenæum*, but Goethe, from a sincere friendship for the author, prevented its publication. It was not until several years after Novalis's death that it was

given to the public. The essay represents the Protestant movement as an unqualified evil because it destroyed the unity of the church; it also justifies the Madonna worship by the conscious craving in every human heart for a female ideal of the Divinity, a theme which receives frequent attention in the Spiritual Songs and the Fragments. The homage, however, which he pays "the divine Virgin and Mother" seems to be the adoration of a lover rather than that of a religious votary.

"Ich sehe dich in tausend Bildern
 Maria, lieblich ausgedrückt,
 Doch keins von allen kann dich schildern
 Wie meine Seele dich erblickt.
 Ich weisz nur dasz der Welt Getümmel
 Seitdem mir wie ein Traum verweht
 Und ein unnenbar süszer Himmel
 Mir ewig im Gemüthe steht."

Among the works of Novalis there still remains a fragment of a romance, The Disciples at Sais, which may be worthy of mention. It was written before Heinrich von Ofterdingen, with which it has much in common, being a most curious medley of theosophic, metaphysical, and scientific reveries.

Novalis never lost his faith in life; even when the physicians had given him up,

and death stared him in the face, he continued to busy himself with ambitious literary projects. He ate nothing but vegetables, which, according to Tieck, agreed well with him. His early love of metaphysics had now altogether deserted him. "Philosophy," he writes, "now rests on my book-shelves. I am glad that I am done with this Arctic region of Pure Reason." He died March 25, 1801, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. Judging by the bulk and the paradoxical character of what he has written, the fame which he enjoys even at this day might at the first glance seem well-nigh inexplicable; but looking more closely at these *dissecta membra poetæ* we find that they possess a potent charm and even a kind of unity of their own: they reveal a quaint, lovable, and eminently poetic personality, and watching their chronological succession we may read a record of psychological evolution most absorbing in its interest. His early death shed a romantic halo over the incidents of his life, which were in themselves sufficiently pathetic; his works became a sacred legacy to his friends, and their author the patron saint of German Romanticism.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THE PINES AND THE SEA.

BEYOND the low marsh-meadows and the beach,
 Seen through the hoary trunks of windy pines,
 The long blue level of the ocean shines.
 The distant surf with hoarse complaining speech
 Out from its sandy barrier seems to reach;
 And while the sun behind the woods declines,
 The moaning sea with sighing boughs entwines,
 And waves and pines make answer, each to each.
 O melancholy soul,—whom, far and near,
 In life, faith, hope, the same sad undertone
 Pursues from thought to thought,—thou needs must hear
 An old refrain, too much, too long thine own.
 'Tis thy mortality infects thine ear.
 The mournful strain was in thyself alone!

Christopher P. Cranch.

KIRBY'S COALS OF FIRE.

CONSIDERING it simply as an excursion, George Scott thought, leaning over the side of the canal-boat and looking at the shadow of the hills in the water, his plan for spending his summer vacation might be a success, but he was not so sure about his opportunities for studying human nature under the worst conditions. It was true that the conditions were bad enough, but so were the results, and George was not in search of logical sequences. He had been in the habit of saying that nothing interested him as much as the study of his fellows; and that he was in earnest was proved by the fact that even his college experiences had not yet disheartened him, although they had cost him not a few neckties and coats, and sometimes too many of his dollars. But George had higher aspirations, and was not disposed to be satisfied with the opportunities presented by crude collegians or even learned professors, and so meant to go out among men. When he was younger, — a year or two before, — he had dreamed of a mission among the Indians, fancying that he would reach original principles among them; but the Modocs and Captain Jack had lowered his faith, while the Rev. Dr. Buck's story of how the younger savages had been taught to make beds and clean knives, until they preferred these civilized occupations to their old habit of scampering through the woods, had dispelled more of the glitter, and he had resolved to confine his labors to his white brethren. He did not mean to seek his opportunities among the rich, nor among the monotonously dreary poor of the city, but in a fresher field. Like most theological students, he was well read in current literature, and he had learned how often the noblest virtues are found among the roughest classes. It was true, they were sometimes so latent that like the jewel in a toad's head they had the added grace of unexpectedness, but that

did not interfere with the fact of their existence. He had read of California gamblers who had rushed from tables where they had sat with bowie-knives between their teeth, to warn a coming train of broken rails, and, when picked up maimed and dying, had simply asked if the children were saved, and then, content, had turned aside and died. He knew the story of the Mississippi engineer who, going home with a long-sought fortune to claim his waiting bride, had saved his boat from wreck by supplying the want of fuel by hat, coat, boots, wedding-clothes, gloves, favors, and finally his bag of greenbacks and Northern Pacific bonds, then returning to his duty, sans money, sans wife, but plus honor and a rewarding conscience. When men are capable of such heroism, George would say, arguing from these and similar stories, they are open to true reformation, all that is necessary being some exercise of an influence that shall make such impulses constant instead of spasmodic.

About noon he had not been quite so sanguine regarding his mission, and had almost resolved that when they reached Springfield he would return East and join some of his class who were going to the Kaatskills. The sun was then pouring down directly on the boat, the cabin was stifling, the horses crept sluggishly along, the men were rude and brutal, and around him was an atmosphere of frying fish and boiling cabbage. The cabbage was perhaps the crowning evil; for while he found it possible to force his ear and eye to be deaf and blind to the disagreeable, he had no amount of will that could conquer the sense of smell. There seemed to be little, he thought, with some contempt for his expectations, to reward his quest or maintain his theory that every one had at least one story to tell. It was not necessarily one's own story, he had said, but lives the most barren in incident

come into contact with those more vehement, and have the chance of looking into tragedies, into moral victories and fierce conflicts, through other men's eyes. He had hinted something of this to Joe Lakin early in the morning, when the mist was rising off the hills, when the air was fresh and keen, and the sun was making the long lines of oil upon the river glitter like so many brilliant snakes. Joe was the laziest and roughest of the men on the boat, but he sometimes had such a genial and even superior manner, that George had felt sure that he would comprehend his meaning. Thus when noon came, hot, close, and heavy with prophecy of dinner, George had sickened of human nature and of psychological studies; but now the sun had set, and a golden glory lit the sky; the fields on one side of the river rolled away green in clover and wavy in corn, the hills heavily wooded rose high and picturesquely on the other side, and the little island in the bend of the river seemed the home of quiet and of peace. The horses plodded patiently through the water, going out on the shallows and avoiding the deeper currents near the shore, and the boys, forgetting to shout and swear, rode along softly whistling. Over by the hills stood a cottage, and in the terraced garden a group of girls with bright ribbons in their hair were playing quoits with horseshoes. A row-boat was carrying passengers over the river to meet the evening train, and under the sweetness of the twilight George's spirits arose lightly to their level, his old faith returned to him, and he looked up with a new sense of fellowship to Joe, who was filling a pipe with his favorite "towhead."

"It's a pity you don't smoke," said Joe, carefully striking a match and holding his cap before it, "for it seems a gift thrown away; and this tobacco is uncommon good, though you might fancy it a notion too strong. I've noticed that most preachers smoke, although they don't take kindly to drinking. I suppose they think it would n't seem the proper thing, and perhaps it would n't; but there's Parson Robinson,—I

should think that a good, solid drink would be a real comfort to him sometimes. He's got a hard pull of it with a half share of victuals and a double share of children, so the two ends hardly ever see each other, much less think of meeting."

George hesitated for reply. He thought Joe was unnecessarily rough at times, and alluded to the ministry much too frequently. He had fancied when he left home that his blue flannel and gray tweed, with rather a jovial manner, would divest him of all resemblance to a theological student, and enable him to meet his companions on the ground of a common humanity, especially as he had at present no missionary intentions excepting those that might flow indirectly from his personal influence. Still, while he wanted Joe to recognize his broad liberality, he owed it to himself not to be loose in his expression of opinion.

"Well, yes," he said slowly, "I suppose it would help a man to forget his troubles for a time, but the getting over the spree and coming back to the same old bothers, not a bit better for the forgetting, would hardly be much comfort, even if the thing were right."

"Maybe not," replied Joe; "I s'pose it would n't be comfortable if those were your feelin's, but I reckon you don't know much about it unless from hearsay. But I tell you one thing, whisky's a friend to be trusted"—adding, slowly, with a glance at George's face—"to get you into trouble if you let it get the upper hand of you. It's like a woman in that! It begins with the same letter too, and that's another likeness!"

George made no answer to this joke, over which Joe chuckled enough for both, and then returned to the charge:—

"I've seen a good deal of life, one way and another," Joe said, "but I don't know much of parsons. Somehow they have n't been in my line; but if I had to choose between being a parson or a doctor, I'd take the doctor by long odds. You see the world's pretty much of a hospital as far as he's concerned, and when he can't tinker a man up, he lets him slide off and no-

body minds; but the parson's different. When a man takes sick he looks kind of friendly on the doctor, because, you see, he expects him to cure him; but when the parson comes, he tells him what a miserable sinner he is and what he's coming to at last. Now it an't in nature to like that, and I don't blame the fellows who say they can stand a parson when they are well, but that he's worse than a break-bone fever and no water handy when they're sick. And I shouldn't think any man would like to go about making himself unpleasant to others! Leastways I would n't. Kicking Kirby used to say that he'd rather be a woman than a parson, and the force of language could n't go further than that! He knew what he was talking about, for some of his folks were preachers; and there was good in Kirby, too! People may say what they please, but I'll allers hold to *that*!"

"Who was he?" asked George, happy to change the subject, being a little uneasy in his hold upon it, and hopeful of a story at last.

Joe looked over the hills.

"Well, he was a friend of mine when I was prospecting for oil, once. I allers liked Kicking Kirby."

George sat patiently waiting, while Jim refilled his pipe and then began:—

"There an't so much to tell, but men do curious things sometimes, and Kirby, I guess, was a man few folks would have expected very much of. There was hard things said of him, but he could allers strike a blow for a friend, or hold his own with the next man, let him be who he might. You see there were a good many of us in camp, and we had fair enough luck; for the men over at Digger's Run had struck a good vein, so money was plenty and changed hands fast enough. We'd all hung together in our camp until Clint Bowers got into trouble. None of the rest of us wanted to get mixed up in the fuss, but somehow we did, and the other camp fought shy of us and played mostly among themselves; and I've allers held that it is poor fun to take out of one pocket to put into the other. Our boys

had different opinions about it, and some of them held that it was n't Clint's awkward work that they'd got mad at, but that they meant to shut down on Kirby. You see Kirby was a very lucky player, and although pretty rough things were said about it, nobody ever got a clear handle against him, and he was n't the kind of fellow that was pleasant to affront. Kirby used to say it was all along of Clint; that he ought to have been kept from the cards, or sent down the river; that we'd have had a good run of luck all winter if it had n't been for him. I don't know the rights properly, but I allers thought it was about six of one and a half-dozen of the other. Anyhow there was bad blood about it, and *that* don't run up-hill, you know, and so there was trouble soon enough. The boys got into words one night, and Kirby threw a mug at Clint, who out with his knife and was at Kirby like a flash. Lucky for him Clint's eyes were n't in good seeing order, and the liquor had n't made his arm any the more steady, so Kirby only got a scratch on his arm. It showed what Clint would like to do, though, and some of the boys made pretty heavy bets on the end of it. I stuck up for Kirby, for you see I knew him pretty well, and there was true grit in him; and then, too, he was uncommon pleasant about it, and even stopped saying much about Clint's blocking up our luck over at the Run.

"Well, just about then Jack White came over from Cambria and told Clint that he'd heard that his uncle was asking around where he was. You see Clint's uncle had a store down there, and had made a tidy pile of money, and as he had n't any children, he said he would n't mind leaving it to him if he was living respectable. Clint had lived with him when he was a boy, but they had n't got along very well, so Clint ran off. The old man did n't mind this, though, and now he wanted to find him. Jack said he was sure that if Clint was to go over and play his cards right he'd get the money. You may be sure this was a stroke of luck for Clint just then, and he did n't like to lose it; but you see

he did n't look very genteel, and he knew his uncle was sharp enough to find it out. He was fat enough, for whisky never made a living skeleton of him, but it was plain that it was n't good health that had made his nose so red, nor fine manners that had given him the cut across his cheek and bruised up his eye. The boys all allowed that he was the hardest-looking chap in the camp, and if his uncle left him his money, it would n't be on the strength of his good countenance! But you know he had to do something right off, and so he wrote as pretty a letter to the old man as ever I want to see; but when the answer came it said his uncle was very sick, and as he had something particular to say to him, would n't Clint come over at once, and inclosed he'd find the money for his fare. I tell you this stumped Clint, for he'd had another fight and was a picture to behold.

"But here 's where the surprise to us all came in. Clint was pretty well puzzled what to do, and while all the boys were advising him, Kirby spoke up. I'd noticed he was pretty quiet, but nobody could have guessed what he was thinking about. He looked some like Clint, and once had been pitched into by a new Digger Run boy, for Clint. The fellow never made the second mistake about them. It was n't as though they were twins, but they both had brown hair and long beards, blue eyes, and were about the same build, so you could n't have made a descriptive list of the one that would n't have done for the other. What Kirby said was that Clint's uncle had n't seen him since he was a boy, and he'd expect to find him changed; and although he — that's Kirby, you know — had had hard feelin's to Clint, he wasn't a man to hold a grudge, and he'd let by-gones be by-gones. So if Clint thought well of it, he'd go over to Cambria, and if he found the land lay right he'd pass off for him and make things sure.

This struck us all of a heap, for we knew Kirby could do it if he chose and if nobody interfered with him, and that he really could cajole the old man

better than Clint could; for when that fellow got wound up to talk he was allers going you five better. Some of the boys thought it rather risky, and they wanted Clint to write and say he had the typhoid fever, and so stave it off until he looked fit to go; but he knew that if he crossed his uncle now he'd likely enough lose everything, and so he thought it best to make sure and let Kirby go and see, anyhow. One thing that helped Kirby along was that his first wife had come from Cambria, and he'd heard her talk so much about the people that he knew nearly as much of them as Clint did. To make the matter sure, Clint stuffed him with all he remembered, and one night we got up a practicing; and we made out that we were the folks, and Kirby pow-wowed to the minister, and old Miss Cranby — that was me! — and the doctor, until he knew his lesson and we'd nearly split our sides laughing.

"Of course, seeing the interest we all took in it, we were n't going to do the thing half, so we clubbed together and got Kirby a suit of store-clothes and a shiny valise, and he went off as proper as a parson, — begging your pardon! — and we settled down again. He wrote pretty prompt, and said everything was going on as smooth as oil. The old man had called out that it was Clint as soon as he saw him, before he'd said a word, and Kirby wrote it would have been kind of cruel to have told him better. So he did n't. He wrote several more letters, and once Jack White had a letter from his sister saying that Clint Bowers had come home, and it was said that the old man was tickled to death with his manners and meant to leave him all he had. This clinched it sure enough, and Clint became tip-top among the boys, and his credit was good for all the drinks he chose to order, and I must say he was liberal enough, and nobody contradicted him. He wrote to Kirby, — he was all the time writing to him, — but this time he told how handsome he thought it was in him to do all this, considering everything. When the answer came, Kirby said he did n't profess much religion, and he thought that

generally speakin' heaping coals of fire on any one's head was against the grain, but Clint was more than welcome to his services."

"He *was* a good fellow," exclaimed George. "I don't wonder you liked him!"

"Yes, *I* allers stood up for Kirby when the boys were hardest on him. But to finish up, for I'm telling an on-common long yarn, at last a letter came saying that the old man was dead and the money fixed. How much it was Kirby could n't say yet, but he meant to hurry matters up, he said. Of course he did n't put all he meant into plain words, for it would n't do to trust it, and he was allers more careful than Clint, who never knew when to hush. But now Kirby said he'd have everything straight inside of two weeks, and we were n't to look for another letter from him.

"Well, it *was* surprisin' how many birds Clint broiled for Kirby the next

few weeks! You see Kirby allers was a gentleman in his tastes, and had a particular liking for birds on toast, and of course Clint wanted to give him a proper welcome home. We knew just when the oats were likely to come, and Clint was allers ready for a surprise."

"And he came just when he was least expected," said George, with a bright smile; "that is the way things always happen in this world. I am sure of that!"

"Why, no, bless your heart, *he* never came back! I allers knew he would n't! He bought a share in a circus with the money, and went down South. They said he married the girl who did the flying trapeze, but I'm not sure about that. Any way, it appears he's done a good business, and I'm sure he's kept Clint's letters to him. There was true grit in Kirby, I've allers stuck to *that*! Does the pipe seem too strong for you? The wind does blow it your way, that's a fact."

Louise Stockton.

BAUDELAIRE.

O POET of such unique, fantastic rhyme,
 Lover of some strange muse who bound her hair
 With poisonous myrtles, grown in no Greek air,
 But fostered of some feverous Gothic clime;
 Degenerate god, half loathsome, half sublime,
 By what fatality wert thou led to fare
 Through haunts that all corruption's colors wear,
 Through pestilent, noisome paths of woe and crime?

For me thy poesy's morbid splendors wake
 A thought of how, in close miasmatic gloom,
 Deep amid some toad-haunted, humid brake
 That mosses clothe or flexuous fern-leaves plume,
 Some rank, red fungus, dappled like a snake,
 Spots the black dampness with its clammy bloom!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF JOHN BROWN.

VI.

AT HARPER'S FERRY.

ABOUT a century and a half ago, Robert Harper, a master-carpenter and millwright, born in English Oxford, emigrated to Philadelphia, where he built mills, churches, and Quaker meeting-houses, and began to accumulate wealth thereby. In the year 1747 he undertook to build for the Quakers of Virginia a meeting-house on the Opequan River, near the present town of Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, now famous for the battles fought there in the late civil war. Traveling on horseback through the mountain wilderness that separated the Pennsylvania farms from the tobacco plantations of Virginia, Robert Harper lodged one night at a tavern in Frederick, Maryland, where he heard of a short route to the Opequan, leading through a remarkable region called "The Hole," on the bank of the Potomac; and so, turning aside from the road to Antietam and Shepherdstown, which he had meant to take, he rode the next day to the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and saw for the first time the striking scenery which years afterwards he showed to Thomas Jefferson, who has described it. The only white man then resident in that vicinity was a squatter named Peter Stevens, who had "taken up a claim," like so many others, on the broad acres of Lord Fairfax's woodland manor between the Potomac and the Rappahannock. Without waiting for the formality of a survey, Robert Harper, who saw the advantages of the situation, determined to buy out the squatter's cabin and claim, and did so at once, paying Stevens fifty English guineas for such rights as he possessed under squatter law.

In the year 1748, while Washington was exploring and surveying the Shenandoah Valley, Harper went to Lord

Fairfax's hunting-lodge at Greenway Court (not far from The Hole), and obtained a patent for the lands he had purchased of Stevens. Probably the first survey of this tract was made by Washington himself, who also is said to have selected "the Ferry," in 1794, as the site of a national armory. The scenery of this region in the days of Washington and Jefferson has been described by the latter, in a passage often quoted from his Notes on Virginia, written shortly before the death of Robert Harper in 1782, and presenting the view as it shows itself from "Jefferson's Rock," on a hill above the village of Harper's Ferry. "You stand," says Jefferson, "on a very high point of land; on your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to find a vent; on your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre." And in this same region, which bears the names and is inhabited by the kindred of Washington and of Jefferson, a generation grew up after their death who had as little concern for the principles of these great men as Jefferson's rustics for the scenery that thrilled and delighted him.

Around this junction of the two rivers, in the sixty years that followed the death of Washington, had grown up a village of three or four thousand inhabitants. On the northern side of the Potomac rise the Maryland Heights almost perpendicular to the river's bank, and some thirteen hundred feet above it. The Loudon Heights, across the Shenandoah, are

lower, but both ridges overtop the hill between them, and make it untenable for an army, as was more than once demonstrated during the civil war. Yet this hill itself commands all the region below it, and makes the town indefensible against a force occupying that position. Therefore when John Brown, on the night of Sunday, October 16, 1859, entered and captured Harper's Ferry, he placed himself in a trap where he was sure to be taken, unless he should quickly leave it. His purpose, beyond question, was to hold the village but a few hours, make such disposal as he should think best of the government armory and arsenal there, with its tens of thousands of muskets and rifles, get together the principal persons of the whole neighborhood to be detained as hostages, and then to move forward into the mountains of Virginia, keeping open a communication, if he could, with the mountain region of Maryland and so with the Northern States. His first mistake (and he made many in this choice of his point of attack and his method of warfare) was in crossing the Potomac at a place so near the cities of Washington and Baltimore, which are distant but sixty and eighty miles respectively from the bridge over which he marched his men. This bridge is used both by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and by the travelers along the public highway; and the only approach to it from the Maryland side is by a narrow road under the steep cliff or by the railroad itself. On the Virginia side there are roads leading up from the Shenandoah Valley (where also was a railroad in 1859, as now), and both up and down the Potomac. Harper's Ferry is indeed the Thermopylæ of Virginia. Robert Lee, the Hector of the Southern Troy, came here with soldiers of the national army to capture John Brown, in 1859; he came here again and repeatedly as commander of the Southern armies, during the five years that followed. His soldiers and their opponents of the Union army cannonaded, burnt, pillaged, and abandoned the town, which has never recovered from the ruin of the war. The armory workshops are abandoned, both

those beside the Potomac, where Brown fought and was captured, and those beside the Shenandoah, where his comrade Kagi fought and was slain. The title to the soil on which these ruined buildings stand is in dispute, and the industry of the town languishes until the dispute is settled. The fine houses of the officers who directed the armory work before the war are turned over to the directors of a school for the colored people, young and old, almost the only thing that flourishes now at Harper's Ferry. The population of the two or three villages crowded together there is but little more than half what it was in 1859.

Brown's attention was turned towards Harper's Ferry and the Virginia counties adjacent or within easy reach, not only by the natural advantages of the place, and its historical associations with the heroes of Virginia, but also by the number of slaves held there. In the village itself there were few, but in Jefferson County there were four thousand slaves and five hundred free blacks, while the white population was but ten thousand; and within a range of thirty miles from the Ferry there were perhaps twenty thousand slaves, of whom four or five thousand were capable of bearing arms. Brown may well have supposed that out of this population he could obtain the few hundred recruits that he desired for the first operations of his Virginia campaign; and could he have succeeded in fortifying himself in the Blue Ridge, as he proposed, it is quite possible he would have had these recruits. A colored clergyman, who heard him unfold his plan in 1858, at a secret meeting of colored people in one of the Western cities, has given this version of what he then said: "I design to make a few midnight raids upon the plantations, in order to give those who are willing among the slaves an opportunity of joining us or escaping; and it matters little whether we begin with many or few. Having done this for two or three times, until the neighborhood becomes alarmed and the generality of the slaves encouraged, we will retire to the fastnesses of the mountains, and, ever and anon, strike unexpected

though bloodless blows upon the Old Dominion; in the mean time sending away those slaves who may desire to go to the North. We shall by this means conquer without bloodshed, awaken the slaves to the possibility of escape, and frighten the slaveholders into a desire to get rid of slavery."

It was the possibility of success in such a plan as this that so alarmed the slave-holders of the whole South, and caused Vallandigham of Ohio to say, as he did a few days after Brown's capture, "Certainly it was one of the best planned and best executed conspiracies that ever failed."

We thus see with what expectations John Brown entered upon his campaign. Above all, he meant never to allow his whole force to be exposed to death or captivity at once. This was the fatal risk of his position at Harper's Ferry, and it was for this that he afterwards blamed himself most severely. Had he gone forward as he purposed, he might have secured a foothold for his operations, and it is possible that he could not only have made slavery insecure, and emancipation desirable, but gradually have extended forcible emancipation over a large part of the South. That this was a perilous undertaking, Brown and his men well knew, but they did not believe it hopeless. Thus young Anderson, who was killed by the side of his captain in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, wrote to his brother in Iowa less than three weeks before the outbreak, in terms of great confidence: "Our mining company will consist of between twenty-five and thirty, well equipped with tools. You can tell Uncle Dan it will be impossible for me to visit him before next spring. If my life is spared, I will be tired of work by that time, and I shall visit my relatives and friends in Iowa, if I can get leave of absence. At present, I am bound by all that is honorable to continue in the course. We go in to win, at all hazards. So if you should

hear of a failure, it will be after a desperate struggle, and loss of capital on both sides. But that is the last of our thoughts. Everything seems to work to our hands, and victory will surely perch upon our banner. The old man has had this operation in view for twenty years, and last winter¹ was just a hint and trial of what could be done. This is not a large place,² but a precious one to Uncle Sam, as he has a great many tools here. I expect (when I start again traveling) to start at this place and go through the State of Virginia and on South, just as circumstances require; mining and prospecting, and carrying the ore with us. . . .

"I suppose this is the last letter I shall write before there is something in the wind. Whether I will have a chance of sending letters then, I do not know, but when I have an opportunity, I shall improve it. But if you don't get any from me, don't take it for granted that I am *gone up* till you know it to be so. I consider my life about as safe in one place as another."

This letter confirms the statements already made about the smallness of the force with which Brown intended to begin his work. He would gladly have raised a hundred men (or more) for his first operations, but he was quite ready to commence with thirty, hoping to increase their number by recruits from the freed slaves and accessions from the North, both white and black. He had several persons at the North engaged to enlist and forward recruits, the most active of these being his son, John Brown, Jr., then living at West Andover, Ohio. During the summer of 1859, John Brown, the younger, had visited Boston, and there made arrangements for receiving recruits from Massachusetts. I did not see him at this time, being absent from home, but he called on Mr. Stearns and Dr. Howe, and also imparted his father's plans to one of the leading colored men of Boston, a fugi-

¹ This alludes to the incursion made by Brown into Missouri in December, 1858, whence he carried off a dozen slaves safely to Canada.

² The place referred to is Harper's Ferry, where,

probably, this letter was written. It is dated September 28, 1859, evidently after Brown had communicated to his men his purpose of attacking the town and armory.

tive from Kentucky, Mr. Lewis Hayden,¹ who since the civil war has been a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Mr. Hayden entered warmly into the work, and undertook to enlist a few colored men in Massachusetts, to serve under Brown in Virginia. According to his recollection he did enlist six such recruits, besides Francis J. Merriam, a young gentleman of Boston, who contributed money at Mr. Hayden's request, and afterwards joined Brown in person. Only one of the six colored recruits from Massachusetts reached Harper's Ferry before the attack, and even he took no part in the fight. The others were delayed at home, from one cause or another, until the enterprise had failed. The same thing happened with regard to a few other recruits enlisted by John Brown, Jr., or under his direction, while a few persons who had been counted on to join the expedition at last refused or hesitated to do so. Had it been delayed, as some of the party expected, until the following spring, it is possible that the number of men would have been increased to fifty; but I have never had reason to think that more than fifty were at any time pledged to join in this particular expedition. Probably it would have been unsafe to trust more persons with the secret, which was so often on the point of being disclosed, yet never

really became public.² It would appear from a letter of John Brown, Jr., dated September 8, 1859, that he was not informed, until early in September, that the attack would be made in October. "I had supposed," he writes to Kagi, "that you would not think it best to commence *opening the coal banks* before spring, unless circumstances should make it imperative. However, I suppose the reasons are satisfactory to you."

Having mentioned Merriam and his connection with Lewis Hayden and John Brown, it may be well at this point to speak of him more fully; since it was his presence and his money which in fact enabled the movement upon Harper's Ferry to be made when it was, and but for him it might, after all, have waited until the spring of 1860. He was the grandson of Francis Jackson, of Boston (long associated with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, as a leader of the abolitionists), and had inherited his family's detestation of American slavery. In other respects he resembled his grandfather but little, being weak of body, erratic and impulsive, and too often the victim of those around him. As Owen Brown said of him, "The only thing very positive about Merriam was his hatred of slavery." His age at this time was but twenty-two; he had been

¹ Mr. Hayden was then employed in the office of the Secretary of State, at the State House in Boston. He had been concerned in the rescue of Shadrach, a fugitive slave, in 1851, and in other enterprises of that nature. I had made no communication to him concerning Brown's affairs, nor received any from him, until a few weeks before the outbreak. The statements concerning him are his own, and in some respects I may have misunderstood him, or his memory may be at fault. He is very clear and positive, however, in respect to most of the facts stated on his evidence.

² In Mr. Keeler's account (The Atlantic, March, 1874) of Owen Brown's escape, he asserts that John Brown, Jr., "would have been at Harper's Ferry, if his father had not been driven to begin operations before the appointed time. The reason for striking the blow so soon was that he had been betrayed to the government. Moreover, the people in the neighborhood had begun to suspect him." There is some foundation for this last statement, but very little, I think, for the other two. Brown did not know that he had been "betrayed to the government" by the anonymous letter-writer from Cincinnati, in the previous August, and he had no longer any fear from Forbes, whom he supposed to

be dead, although then living in New York. The work of John Brown, Jr., required his presence at the North, not in Virginia, though he would gladly have joined his father in person.

Still another reason for hastening the attack was given by John E. Cook, one of Brown's captains, in his confession. He then said, "The attack was made sooner than was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter finding fault with the management of Captain Brown, and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense." So far as I know, this statement is quite unfounded. The only fact known to me (and I should have known such a thing if it happened) which could serve as a basis for this statement is the tone of censure in Higginson's last letter to me before the outbreak. But Brown never saw this letter, nor can I suppose that Higginson wrote to him on the subject. Possibly Merriam may have reported to Brown some remark made in conversation, but it will be seen by Anderson's letter above quoted that the movement was fixed for the first week in October, before Merriam had left Boston, or even been informed of the expedition on foot. I suppose that the attack was really delayed two weeks, instead of being hastened at all.

well educated, had traveled in Europe and in Hayti, spoke French, was bred to no business, and had inherited a small property from his father. One day early in October, Lewis Hayden got word at the State House in Boston, by a letter either from Chambersburg or from John Brown, Jr., in Ohio, that Captain Brown's men were in need of more money, and could not begin their movement until it reached them. Going down from the State House to the post-office, which was then in State Street, he met Merriam near the old Province House, and it occurred to him that here was a friend who would perhaps contribute something. He therefore accosted Merriam, and, after a few words, said, "I want five hundred dollars and *must have it*." Merriam, startled at the manner of the request, replied, "If you have a good cause, you shall have it." Hayden then told Merriam briefly what he had learned from John Brown, Jr., that Captain Brown was at Chambersburg, or could be heard of there, that he was preparing to lead a party of liberators into Virginia, and that he needed money; to which Merriam replied, "If you tell me John Brown is there, you can have my money and me along with it." For it was well known to Merriam that Brown had the general purpose of freeing the slaves by force, and he had even written to him the winter before, offering to join the party upon his return from Hayti in the spring. Being thus prepared in mind for Mr. Hayden's communication, he received it as a call from heaven, and prepared at once to obey.

Within a day or two—probably that same day—Merriam, whom I had never seen before, made me an evening visit in Concord, where he spent the night. He came to say that he had learned something of Captain Brown's plans,

that he knew where to find him; and that he would like to join him with such money as he had to contribute, which was something less than one thousand dollars. He returned to Boston the next morning, began at once to make arrangements for visiting Brown, and also, through Mr. Hayden, for raising recruits among the colored men of Boston and New Bedford. To effect this he placed money in Hayden's hands, some of which was to be laid out in raising recruits and paying for their outfit and traveling expenses until they should join Brown.¹ Other persons were associated with Hayden in this effort, and some of the money may have been furnished by them, or at least promised,—for no great amount was expended in this way.

On arriving at Chambersburg, about the 9th of October, Merriam went to an attorney there and had his will drawn, representing himself as a tourist on his way South, and fearful of accidents in his journey. He met Kagi and Brown at Chambersburg, and perhaps went with them to Philadelphia. During the week before the attack he was in Philadelphia and Baltimore purchasing military supplies, and on the Saturday before was a guest at the Wager House in Harper's Ferry. From there he was taken by one of Brown's sons to the Kennedy Farm, where, on Sunday morning, the plan of attack was explained to him, to the other new-comers, and to Edwin and Barclay Coppoc. The Provisional Constitution was read to these novices by Stevens, and the oath of fidelity and secrecy was administered by Captain Brown himself. On Sunday evening, Merriam received his orders from Brown like the rest; he was to remain with Owen Brown and Barclay Coppoc at the Kennedy Farm, and guard the arms left there until orders should come to

¹ It was probably in relation to this recruiting fund that Merriam sent to Hayden his telegraphic dispatch of October 15 from Harper's Ferry, which was published and excited remark soon after the capture of Brown. It was as follows: "Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$— immediately balance of my money. Allow no further expense. Recall money advanced if not spent."

It was surmised at the time that this indicated Merriam's dissatisfaction with the management of things by Brown and his men, but in fact it related to the raising and forwarding of recruits, who had not come along so fast as Merriam had anticipated. I have forgotten (if I ever knew) who was the "S—" named in the dispatch, but it was probably either Mr. Stearns or myself.

remove them either to the Ferry or to the school-house on the Maryland side, where the rifles and pistols were found on Friday. He therefore had no part in the fight. His adventures while escaping have been described by Owen Brown in *The Atlantic* for March, 1874, and a later incident in his career was also related in *The Atlantic* for July, 1872. He was preserved from death and imprisonment, and lived to render service in the Union army during the civil war, as did his companions Tidd and Coppoc. All three died in the service.¹

The actual force with which Captain Brown undertook his Virginia campaign consisted of twenty-three men, including himself; but four of these never crossed the Potomac, nor had they all been mustered together on the Kennedy Farm or elsewhere. Six of them (including *John Anderson*) were colored men, of whom three were fugitive slaves. In the following list those who did not cross the river are marked with an asterisk, and the names of the colored men are in italics. Of the whole number only one, Owen Brown, now survives. Ten of them were killed or died of their wounds in Virginia, seven were hanged, and six escaped. Six of the white men were members of the Brown family or connected with it by marriage, and five of these died in Virginia. The list is as follows:—

1. John Brown, commander-in-chief;
2. John Henry Kagi, adjutant, and second in command;
3. Aaron C. Stevens, captain;
4. Watson Brown, captain;
5. Oliver Brown, captain;
6. John E. Cook, captain;
7. Charles Plummer Tidd, captain;
8. William H. Leman, lieutenant;
9. Albert Hazlett, lieutenant;
10. Owen Brown,* lieutenant;
11. Jeremiah G. Anderson, lieutenant;
12. Edwin Coppoc, lieutenant;
13. William Thompson, lieutenant;
14. Dauphin Thompson, lieutenant;
15. *Shields Green*;
16. *Dangerfield Newby*;
17. *John A. Copeland*;
18. *Osborn P. Anderson*;
19. *Lewis Leary*;
20. Stewart Taylor;
21. Barclay Coppoc;* 22. Francis Jackson Merriam;* 23. *John Anderson*.^{* 2}

It will at once be seen that this company was but the skeleton of an organization, which it was intended to fill up with recruits gathered from among the slaves and at the North; hence the great disproportion of officers to privates. According to the general orders issued by Brown, dated at Harper's Ferry, October 10, 1859, a week before his capture of the town, his forces were to be divided into battalions of four companies, which would contain, when full, seventy-two officers and men in each company, or two hundred and eighty-eight in the battalion. Provision was made for officering and arming the four companies of the first battalion, which, in the event of Brown's success, would have been filled up as quickly as possible. Each company was to be divided into "bands" of seven men, under a corporal, and every two "bands" made a "section" of sixteen men, under a sergeant. Until the companies were filled up, the commissioned officers seem to have been intended to act as corporals and sergeants in these bands and sections, and they did so during the engagement at the village and the operations in Maryland and Virginia.

Brown's first appearance in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of organizing his attack upon the place, was on the 30th of June, 1859, when he went down from Chambersburg in Pennsylvania to Hagerstown in Maryland, accompanied by his lieutenant An-

¹ Truth required me to say what has been written unfavorable to Merriam; but it should also be said that he was generous, brave, and devoted, qualities that far outweigh his defects of temperament and training. He played an important part, above his capacity at the time, but not above his aspirations. Peace and honor to his memory!

² I have added this name upon the information of Mr. Lewis Hayden, who declares that *John Anderson* was a different person from *Osborn Ander-*

son; that he was the only one of the colored recruits from Massachusetts who reached the Potomac, but that he took no part in the fight, and returned to Boston, where he has since died. Perhaps the publication of this name may lead to further information concerning John Anderson. In ranking some of the band as lieutenants, I have followed an indistinct impression in my own mind, which may not prove to be correct.

derson. They spent the night at a tavern in Hagerstown, and there passed for Yankees going through the mountains to search for minerals. On the 3d of July Brown was at the Ferry with Anderson, and his sons Watson and Oliver, and they spent that night at a tavern in Sandy Hook, a hamlet on the Maryland side of the Potomac, about a mile below. On the 4th of July they went up the river road toward the house of Mr. John C. Unseld, a Maryland slave-holder, who lived in Washington County about a mile from the Ferry, on one of the mountain roads. Between eight and nine o'clock that morning, as Mr. Unseld was riding down to the Ferry, he met the party strolling along the edge of the mountain. Falling into conversation with them, in the country fashion, he learned that the old man was named Smith, that these were his sons, Watson and Oliver Smith, and that the shorter youth was named Anderson. "Well, gentlemen," said the Marylander, "I suppose you are out hunting minerals, gold and silver, perhaps." "No," said Brown, "we are out looking for land. We want to buy land; we have a little money, and want to make it go as far as we can. How much is land worth an acre, hereabouts?" Being told that it "ranged from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars in that neighborhood," he said, "That is high; I thought I could buy for a dollar or two an acre." "No," said the Marylander, "not here; if you expect to get land for that price, you'll have to go farther West, to Kansas, or some of those Territories where there is Congress land. Where are you from?" "The northern part of New York State." "What have you followed there?" "Farming," said Brown; but the frost had been so heavy of late years it had cut off their crops; they could not make anything there, so he had sold out, and thought they would come farther South and try it a while. Having thus satisfied a nat-

ural curiosity, Mr. Unseld rode on, and, as we may suppose, took his morning dram among his Virginia acquaintances. Returning, some hours afterward, he again met Mr. Smith and his young men not far from the same place. "I have been looking round your country up here," said he, "and it is a very fine country, — a pleasant place, a fine view. The land is much better than I expected to find it; your crops are pretty good." As he said this he pointed to where the men had been cutting grain, — some white men and some negroes at work in the fields, as the custom is there. For in Washington County there were few slaves even then, and most of the field work was done by whites or free colored men.¹ Brown then asked if any farm in the neighborhood was for sale. "Yes, there is a farm four miles up the road here, towards Boonsborough, owned by the heirs of Dr. Booth Kennedy; you can buy that." "Can I rent it?" said Brown; then turning to his companions he said, "I think we had better rent a while, until we get better acquainted, so that they cannot take advantage of us in the purchase of land." To this they appeared to assent, and Mr. Unseld then said, "Perhaps you can rent the Kennedy Farm; I do not know about that, but it is for sale, I know." Brown then turned again to his sons and said, "Boys, as you are not very well, you had better go back and tell the landlord at Sandy Hook that Oliver and I shall not be there to dinner, but will go on up and look at the Kennedy place; however, you can do as you please." Watson Brown looked at Anderson and then said, "We will go with you." "Well," said the friendly Marylander, "if you will go on with me up to my house, I can then point you the road exactly." Arrived there, he invited them to take dinner, for by this time it was nearly noon. They thanked him, but declined, nor would they accept an invitation to "drink

¹ In walking up the valley road to the Kennedy Farm last May, a distance of nearly five miles, I saw scarcely any negroes cultivating the farms, and but one colored woman who was at work out-doors; while I saw and talked with several white men plow-

ing or planting their own land. It was not very different from this in 1859, for, out of 31,000 inhabitants in Washington County then, only 1435 were slaves, while 1677 were free colored persons.

something." "Well," said Unseld, "if you must go on, just follow up this road along the foot of the mountain; it is shady and pleasant, and you will come out at a church up here about three miles. Then you can see the Kennedy house by looking from that church right up the road that leads to Boonsborough, or you can go right across and get into the county road, and follow that up." Brown sat and talked with Unseld for a while, who asked him "what he expected to follow, up yonder at Kennedy's," adding that Brown "could not more than make a living there." "Well," said Brown, "my business has been buying up fat cattle and driving them on to the State of New York, and we expect to engage in that again." Three days later, the genial Unseld, again jogging to or from the Ferry, again met the gray-bearded rustic, who said, "Well, I think that place will suit me; now just give me a description where I can find the widow Kennedy and the administrator," which Unseld did. A few days after, he once more met the new-comer, and found Mr. Smith had rented the two houses on the Kennedy Farm, — the farm-house, about three hundred yards from the public road on the west side, where, as Unseld thought, "it makes a very pretty show for a small house," and "the cabin," which stood about as far from the road on the east side, "hidden by shrubbery in the summer season, pretty much."¹ For the two houses, pasture for a cow and horse, and firewood, from July till March, Brown paid thirty-five dollars, as he took pains to tell Unseld, showing him the receipt of the widow Kennedy.

How was it possible to doubt or mistrust a plain Yankee farmer and cattle-drover who talked in that way, and had no concealments, no tricks, and no airs? Evidently the Marylander did not once mistrust him, though he rode up to the Kennedy Farm nearly every week from the middle of July till the first of October. "I just went up to talk to the old

man," said he to Senator Mason, when telling the story before the Senate Committee, "but sometimes, at the request of others, on business about selling him some horses or cows. He was in my yard frequently, perhaps four or five times. I would always ask him in, but he would never go in, and of course I would not go in his house. He often invited me in; indeed, nearly every time I went there he asked me to go in, and remarked to me frequently, 'We have no chairs for you to sit on, but we have trunks and boxes.' I declined going in, but sat on my horse and chatted with him." Before the 20th of July he saw there "two females," who were Martha, the wife of Oliver Brown, and Anne, the eldest unmarried sister of Oliver, then a girl of not quite sixteen years. "Twice I went there," says Unseld, "and found none of the men, but the two ladies, and I sat there on my horse — there was a high porch on the house, and I could sit there and chat with them — and then I rode off and left them. They told me there were none of the men at home, but did not tell me where they were. One time I went there and inquired for them, and one of the females answered me, 'They are across there at the cabin; you had better ride over and see them.' I replied it did not make any difference, and I would not bother them, and I rode back home."

I quote all this gossip because it pictures, as no description of mine could, the quiet and drowsiness of this woodland, primitive, easy-going, hard-living population, amid the hills and mountains of Maryland, where John Brown spent the last three months of his free life, and gathered his forces for the battle in which he fell. It is a region of home-keeping, honest, dull country people, like that which Tennyson has sketched:

"A land of trees and poppy-mingled corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook;
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
The same old rut would deepen, year by year."

And so completely did Brown make himself, a thousand in number, were stored in the loft or attic of the farm-house, where Brown and his family lived.

¹ It was at this cabin, since torn down, that Brown kept his boxes of rifles and pistols, after they reached him from Ohio. The pikes from Connecti-

self one of its denizens, that he was accepted as part and parcel of it, even when plotting his most audacious strokes.

His wife did not visit him there, but his daughter and daughter-in-law—a bride of the year before, a widow, a mother, and in her grave with her infant beside her when the next winter's snows were falling—made his cabin cheerful, and softened with feminine tenderness and tact the rough features of their rustic life.

Osborn Anderson, who spent the last three weeks before the attack at the Kennedy Farm, has pictured the impression made upon him, one of the despised people of color, by the circle in which he found himself: "All the men concerned in the undertaking were on hand when I arrived, except Copeland, Leary, and Merriam; and when all had collected, a more earnest, fearless, and determined company of men it would be difficult to get together. There, as at Chatham, I saw evidence of strong and commanding intellect, high-toned morality, and inflexibility of purpose in the men, and a profound and holy reverence for God, united to the most comprehensive, practical, systematic philanthropy and undoubted bravery, in the patriarch leader. There was no milk-and-water sentimentality, no offensive contempt for the negro while working in his cause; the pulsations of each and every heart beat in harmony for the suffering and pleading slave. Every morning when the noble old man was at home, he called the family around, read from his Bible, and offered to God most fervent and touching supplications for all flesh. . . . I never heard John Brown pray, that he did not make strong appeals to God for the deliverance of the slave. This duty over, the men went to the loft [of the farm-house], there to remain all the day long. . . . We were, while the ladies remained, often relieved of much of the dullness growing out of restraint, by their kindness. We were well supplied with grapes, paw-paws, chestnuts, and

other small fruits, besides bouquets of fall flowers, through their thoughtful consideration."

Just before Captain Brown expected to begin his campaign, he sent back to their mother in the Adirondack wilderness his daughter and daughter-in-law, under the escort of his son Oliver, who accompanied them as far North as New York. The father soon sent after them this touching and most characteristic letter, which he then thought might be the last he should write to his wife and family. I think it has never before been printed.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., *October 1, 1859.*

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN ALL,—I parted with Martha and Anne at Harrisburg, yesterday, in company with Oliver, on their way home. I trust, before this reaches you, the women will have arrived safe. I have encouragement of having fifty dollars or more sent you soon, to help you to get through the winter; and I shall certainly do *all* in my power for you, and try to *commend* you *always* to the God of my Fathers.

Perhaps you can keep your animals *in good condition* through the winter on Potatoes mostly, much cheaper than on any other feed. I think that would certainly be the case if the crop is *good*, and is secured *well* and *in time*.

I sent along four pair Blankets, with directions for Martha to have the first choice, and for Bell, Abbie, and Anne to *cast lots* for a choice in the three other pairs. My reason is that I think Martha fairly entitled to *particular notice*.¹

To my other daughters I can only send my *blessing just now*. Anne, I want you, *first of all*, to become a *sincere, humble, earnest, and consistent Christian*; and then acquire good and *efficient business habits*. *Save this letter* to remember your Father by, Annie.

You must all send to John hereafter anything you want should get to us, and you may be sure we shall all be very anxious to learn everything about your welfare. Read the *Tribune* carefully.

¹ Martha was the wife of Oliver, and was to be confined in March. Belle was the wife of Watson, and the sister of William and Dauphin Thomp-

son; Abbie was the wife of Salmon Brown, who stayed at home with his mother.

It may not always be certainly true, however. Begin *early* to take good care of all your animals, and pinch them at the close of the Winter, if you *must at all*.

God Almighty *bless and save* you all!
Your affectionate Husband and Father.

Soon after his return to the Kennedy Farm, Oliver Brown wrote this letter to his wife, from whom he had just parted for the last time. Before she received it he was dead, having been shot on the 17th of October.

HOME, October 9, 1859.

MY DEAR MARTHA, — Having opportunity to write you once more, I improve it, with the greatest pleasure to myself, and with the hope of pleasing you. I arrived here two days sooner than father and Watson. They have gone back once more. We are all well at present.

You can hardly think how I want to see you, or how lonesome it was the day I left you. That day I never shall forget. I passed some good resolutions on my way to New York. I mean to live up to them. Nothing else could strengthen me to do the right so much as the thought of you. It is when I look at your picture that I am wholly ashamed of my every meanness, weakness, and folly. I would not part with that picture for anything on earth — but the original. I have made a morocco case for it and carry it close around my body. I am more and more determined every day to live a more unselfish life.

Now, Martha, you can hardly conceive my great anxiety about you in your present situation, and you will certainly allow me to suggest some ideas to you for your own good. Let me ask you to try and keep up good, cheerful spirits. Take plenty of sleep and rest, plenty of out-door exercise. Bathe often. And, finally, do read good books, such as Parker's Sermons, and Combe's Constitution of Man. These books will do much to keep you from being lonesome. Finally, Martha, do try to enjoy yourself. Make the most of everything.

Remember your affectionate husband,
OLIVER BROWN.

The writer of this letter was not yet twenty-one. His next older brother, Watson, was just twenty-four, and had been married for three years to Isabel Thompson, whose brothers, William and Dauphin Thompson, like her husband and brother-in-law, were killed at Harper's Ferry. In letters to his wife at various dates from September 3d to October 14th, Watson Brown shows himself to have been the same tender and unselfish husband that Oliver was. He wrote thus: —

I received your letter of September 14th, the night the girls got home, which I was very glad to get. Oh, Bell, I do want to see you and the little fellow [the young babe born in the father's absence] very much, but I must wait. There was a slave near here whose wife was sold off South the other day, and he was found in Thomas Kennedy's orchard, dead, the next morning. Cannot come home so long as such things are done here. . . .

We are all eager for the work and confident of success. There was another murder committed near our place the other day, making in all five murders and one suicide within five miles of our place since we have lived there; they were all slaves, too. . . . Give my regards to all the friends, and keep up good courage; there is a better day a-coming. I can but commend you to yourself and your friends, if I should never see you again. Your affectionate husband,
WATSON BROWN.

His last letter was written on the 14th of October, but two days before the attack on Harper's Ferry was made. On that day (Friday) Watson Brown, waited at Chambersburg until it was late enough to escort the two latest recruits, John Copeland and Lewis Leary, from the Pennsylvania line, near Middletown, through Maryland to the Kennedy Farm, — a work which must always be done by night, if the recruits were negroes. He reached the farm at daybreak on the 15th, bringing the two recruits and accompanied by Kagi. On the 16th he and his brothers, Oliver and

Owen, received their orders from Captain Brown for the night attack. Owen Brown, with Merriam and Barclay Coppoe, were to remain at the farm as a guard till morning, when, upon the arrival of horses and men from the Ferry, they were to move the arms by wagon-loads to an old school-house, now destroyed, about three miles from the Ferry, on the Maryland side. This place had been selected a few days before by Captain Brown, and it was in fact seized and held by Owen Brown during most of the 17th, while the fighting was going on across the Potomac. Watson Brown, with Stewart Taylor, was to hold the bridge across the Potomac, and Oliver Brown, with William Thompson, the bridge across the Shenandoah, a duty which they performed until the morning of the 17th, when the village of Harper's Ferry was fully in possession of Brown and his men. It was Watson Brown who stopped the train for Washington, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, not long after midnight on the 16th. Both Watson and Oliver were with their father early in the afternoon of the 17th, when he repulsed the sharp attack of the Virginia militia, after intrenching himself in the engine-house, where he was captured on Tuesday morning, the 18th. Shortly before noon on Monday, Watson was sent out with a flag of truce, in company with Stevens and one of Brown's hostages, named Kitzmiller; was fired upon and severely wounded, but returned to his father, while Stevens was captured. At first he took shelter in that part of the engine-house known as "the watch-house," where most of Brown's prisoners were, but when the attack on the building began, he "asked for his rifle and moved in himself from the watch-house to the engine-house," as one of the hostages testified.

Edwin Coppoe, writing to Captain

Brown's wife from his cell in Charlestown a month afterward, said, "I was with your sons when they fell. Oliver lived but a very few moments after he was shot [during the charge of Monday afternoon]. He spoke no word, but yielded calmly to his fate. Watson was shot at ten o'clock on Monday morning and died about three o'clock on Wednesday morning. He suffered much. Though mortally wounded at ten o'clock, yet at three o'clock Monday afternoon he fought bravely against the men who charged on us. When the enemy were repulsed, and the excitement of the charge was over, he began to sink rapidly. After we were taken prisoners he was placed in the guard-house with me. He complained of the hardness of the bench on which he was lying. I begged hard for a bed for him, or even a blanket, but could obtain none. I took off my coat and placed it under him, and held his head in my lap, in which position he died without a groan or struggle."¹

I have digressed from the course of narration in order to complete the story of these two youths, fair examples as they were of the Brown family and of the men whom John Brown gathered about him. Of these men much might be written, but only a few of them can here be specially mentioned. John Henry Kagi, the second in command, was a native of Virginia, and a man of more education in books than most of the company; in Kansas he had been the correspondent of *The New York Evening Post* and other newspapers, as well as a follower of Brown in some of his boldest adventures. John E. Cook, a native of Connecticut (who lost caste among his comrades on account of his confession after capture, and the reproof which Brown addressed to him on the morning of his execution), was a man of less strictness of principle than most

¹ When a few months ago I visited Harper's Ferry, I found that it was not known there which of the bodies buried by the Shenandoah was that of Watson Brown, and which was Anderson's. Oliver Brown was not buried at all, but thrust roughly, after death, into a barrel, and carried away to the medical college in Winchester. It is said

that his body was there dissected and treated with insult. At any rate, an attempt made by their mother to obtain the bodies of her two sons, in December, 1859, for burial at North Elba, was unsuccessful. They have monuments at North Elba, near their father's, but their bodies do not lie beside his.

of his companions, but of great courage and skill in arms, — the best shot in the company, which was much to say, — and in many ways most useful to his captain. It was through Cook's acquaintance with the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, on the Virginia side especially, that Brown was enabled to seize and bring in so promptly the slaveholding farmers from their estates during the night and morning of the attack. Cook had previously visited the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, great-grandson of a brother of George Washington, and learned where to put his hand upon the sword of Frederick the Great and the pistols of Lafayette, presented by them to General Washington, and by him transmitted to his brother's descendants. With that instinctive sense of historical association which led Brown to make his first attack upon slavery in Virginia and amid the scenes of Washington's early life, this liberator of the slaves had determined to appear at their head wielding Washington's own sword, and followed by freedmen who had owed service in the Washington family. He therefore assigned to Stevens and to Cook, as their first duty after Harper's Ferry should be taken, to proceed to Colonel Washington's plantation of Bellair, about four miles south of the Ferry, seize him, with his arms, set free his slaves, and bring him as a hostage to the captured town; and he even went so far as to direct that Osborn Anderson, a free black, should receive from Wash-

ington the weapons of his illustrious kinsman. The order was executed to the letter, and before daybreak on Monday morning Colonel Washington was a prisoner in the hands of Brown, who belted on the sword of Washington and wore it from that time until his own capture, twenty-four hours after. When Virginia awoke on that October morning, the haughty commonwealth, mother of presidents and of slaves, beheld a gray-bearded old man, wearing the sword of Washington, standing amid the broken fetters of Virginia slaves, with a town of three thousand Virginians, white and black, at his mercy. No wonder that people went wild with terror and rage at the spectacle.¹

It will be remembered that Brown crossed the Potomac with nineteen men; the slaves whom he released and armed were perhaps twelve or fifteen in all; but his effective force in Virginia never exceeded thirty at any one time, and there were never more than twenty of these together in one place, either for attack or for resistance. How much this small force was magnified by the fears and fancies of the slave-holders may be seen by the statements which appeared in *The Baltimore Patriot and American* on the 17th and 18th of October, 1859:

"We learn by telegraph from Frederick that a negro insurrection of a very serious nature had broken out at Harper's Ferry at ten o'clock Sunday night, the negroes being headed by some two hundred and fifty whites, supposed

¹ The interview between Brown and Colonel Washington (who was one of the military staff of the Governor of Virginia, and thence derived his title) is worth describing in the words of Washington himself. "We drove to the armory gate. The person on the front seat of the carriage said, 'All's well,' and the reply came from the sentinel at the gate, 'All's well.' Then the gates were opened, and I was driven in and was received by old Brown. He did not address me by name, but said, 'You will find a fire in here, sir; it is rather cool this morning.' Afterwards he came and said, 'I presume you are Mr. Washington. It is too dark to see to write at this time, but when it shall have cleared off a little and become lighter, if you have not pen and ink I will furnish them, and shall require you to write to some of your friends to send a stout, able-bodied negro. I think after a while, possibly, I shall be able to release you, but only on condition of getting your friends to send in a negro man as a ransom. I shall be very attentive to you, sir, for I

may get the worst of it in my first encounter, and if so, your life is worth as much as mine. My particular reason for taking you first was that, as an aid to the Governor of Virginia, I knew you would endeavor to perform your duty; and apart from that I wanted you particularly for the moral effect it would give our cause having one of your name as a prisoner.' I supposed at that time, from his actions, that his force was a large one; that he was very strong. Shortly after reaching the armory I found the sword of General Washington in old Brown's hands. He said, 'I will take especial care of it, and shall endeavor to return it to you after you are released.' Brown carried it in his hand all day Monday; when the attacking party came on, Tuesday morning, he laid it on the fire-engine, and after the rescue I got it." Colonel Washington survived the civil war, in which he took no part, but is now dead. His widow lives in Charlestown, and has sold this sword, with other mementos of Washington, to the State of New York.

to be abolitionists. The insurgents have taken possession of the United States arsenal, carried off a wagon-load of rifles, and sent them over into Maryland; they have also cut the telegraph wires east and west of the Ferry. . . . The leader of the party called himself S. C. Anderson, and had about two hundred men, all armed with minié rifles, spears, and pistols; he said he expected a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men by seven o'clock the next morning. The band appeared to be well drilled, and Captain Anderson had entire control, his men being very obedient to his orders. It is thought some hundred negroes were engaged in the insurrection. These banded ruffians act with great coolness in all their movements. No one of them was known about the Ferry, and where they came from none could tell. Captain Anderson is about sixty years of age, with a heavy white beard, cool, collected, but with a determined and desperate demeanor. . . . The baggage-master of the eastern-bound train was taken prisoner and carried to the armory, where he found six hundred negroes and from two to three hundred white men in arms. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town had deserted it. Almost all the leading people of Harper's Ferry are in jail, and several have been killed."

The simple facts were startling enough—all the more startling when the Virginians began to see with how small a force their territory had been invaded and their slaves set free. But much more impressive to the Southern imagination was the wild theory then and for some weeks generally prevalent in the slave States, that Brown was the emissary of an organization at the North which could raise and maintain an army, and which might excite insurrection at any other point as secretly and effectively as Brown had made his foray upon the county of Jefferson. At no time during the civil war, even when the na-

tional government was pouring soldiers into the South by hundreds of thousands and emancipating the slaves by millions, was there greater fear and commotion among the slave-holders than when they first learned of Brown's success at Harper's Ferry. How simply and in what a plain country fashion Brown made his foray ought to be related; since, like all he did, it was in keeping with his primitive and ideal character.

At the Kennedy farm-house, about eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 16th of October,—a cold and dark night, ending in rain,—Brown mustered his eighteen followers, saying, "Men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the Ferry." His horse and wagon were brought to the door of the farm-house, and some pikes, a sledge-hammer, and a crowbar were placed in the wagon. Brown "put on his old Kansas cap,"¹ mounted the wagon, and said, "Come, boys!" at the same time driving his horse down the rude lane into the main road. His men followed him on foot, two and two, Charles Plummer Tidd, a Maine farmer who had joined him in Kansas, and John E. Cook taking the lead. At a proper time they were sent forward in advance of the wagon to tear down the telegraph wires on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The other couples walked at some distance apart, and in silence, making no display of arms. Now and then some of them rode beside Brown. When overtaken by any one, the rear couple were to detain the stranger until the party had passed on or concealed themselves, and the same order was given if they were met by any one. The road was unfrequented that night, and they passed down through the woods to the bridge across the Potomac without delay or adventure. Upon entering the covered bridge, they halted and fastened their cartridge-boxes, with forty rounds of ammunition, outside their coats, and brought their rifles into view. Kagi

¹ This was a fur cap with a patent-leather visor, which had been bought for him in Chicago in December, 1856, as he came from Kansas to Massachusetts. He wore also a gray overcoat with a cape, a

soldier's overcoat which had seen equal service. No shepherd-king or peasant-captain ever went forth to war more plainly clad.

and Stevens were at this time at the head of the company, Tidd and Cook having tarried in Maryland to cut the wires. As they approached the Virginia side, the watchman who patrolled the bridge met them and was arrested by Kagi and Stevens, who took him with them to the armory gate, leaving Watson Brown and Stewart Taylor to guard the bridge. The rest of the company proceeded with Brown, in his wagon or on foot, to the armory gate, which was but a few rods from the Virginia end of the bridge. There they halted, at about half past ten o'clock, broke open the gate with the crowbar in the wagon, rushed inside the armory yard, and seized one of the two watchmen on duty. Brown himself, with two men, then mounted guard at the armory gate, and the other fourteen men were sent to different parts of the village. Oliver Brown and William Thompson occupied the bridge over the Shenandoah, and there arrested a few prisoners. Kagi, with John Copeland, went up the Shenandoah a half-mile or more to that part of the armory called "the rifle works," where he captured the watchmen, sent them to Brown, and occupied the buildings. Edwin Coppoc and Albert Hazlett went across the street from the armory gate and occupied the arsenal, which was not in the armory inclosure. All this was done quietly and without the snapping of a gun; and before midnight the whole village was in the possession of Brown and his eighteen men. He then dispatched Stevens, Cook, and others, six in all, on the turnpike towards Charlestown to bring in Colonel Washington and some of his neighbors, with their slaves. This was done before four o'clock in the morning, and then some of the same party went across into Maryland and brought in Terence Byrne, a small slave-holder, at whose house they had expected to find slaves, but did not. In the mean time, at 1.30 A. M., the railroad train from the West

had reached Harper's Ferry, and a negro porter, who was crossing the bridge to find the missing watchman, was stopped by Watson Brown's guard. Turning to run back and refusing to halt, he was shot and mortally wounded by one of the bridge guard, which was now increased to three. This was the first shot fired on either side, and was three hours after the entrance of Brown into the village. Shots were fired in return by some of the railroad men, and then no more firing took place until after sunrise. Before sunrise the train had been allowed to go forward, Brown and one of his men walking across the bridge with the conductor of the train to satisfy him that all was safe, and that the bridge was not broken down.¹ The work of gathering up prisoners as hostages had also been pushed vigorously, and before noon Brown had more than twice the number of his own force imprisoned in the armory yard. None of his own men were killed or captured until ten or eleven o'clock on Monday morning, when Dangerfield Newby, the Virginia fugitive, was shot near the armory gate. Shortly afterward Stevens was wounded and captured, Watson Brown was wounded, and William Thompson was captured. For from nine o'clock (when the terrified citizens of Harper's Ferry found a few arms and mustered courage enough to use them) until night, the Virginians, armed and officered, had been surrounding Brown's position, and before noon had cut off his retreat into Maryland. During the four or five hours after daybreak when he might have escaped from the town, he was urged to do so by Kagi, by Stevens, and by others; but for one reason or another he delayed his movements until it was too late. For twelve hours he held the town at his mercy; after that he was firmly caught in the trap he had entered, and the defeat of his foray was only a question of a few hours' time. He drew back his shattered forces into

¹ This failure to detain the train was one of Brown's mistakes; for had he kept the conductor and passengers at Harper's Ferry, much less would have been known about his movement. He could not break down the bridge, for then he would have

had no means of bringing his men and arms from the Maryland side over to Virginia; but he might have made the railroad temporarily impassable in some other way. This, however, was but a small mistake, and did not cause his ruin

the engine-house near the armory gate, soon after noon, but neither his men at the rifle works, nor those at the arsenal across the street, nor his son Owen, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, could join him. He fought bravely, and so did Kagi and his few men on the bank of the Shenandoah, but the latter were all killed or captured before the middle of the afternoon, and at evening, when Colonel Lee arrived from Washington with a company of United States marines, nothing was left of Brown's band except himself and six men, two of whom were wounded, in his weak fortress, and two unharmed and undiscovered men, Hazlett and Osborn Anderson, in the arsenal not far off. His enterprise had failed, and apparently through his own fault.

And here again the question rises, so often asked, and so variously answered, Why did Brown attack Harper's Ferry, or, having captured it, why did he not leave it at once and push on into the mountains of Virginia, according to his original plan? His own explanation is characteristic: it was foreordained to be so. "All our actions," he said to one who visited him in prison, "even all the follies that led to this disaster, were decreed to happen ages before the world was made." He declared at the same time that had he betaken himself to the mountains, he could never have been captured, "for he and his men had studied the country carefully, and knew it a hundred times better than any of the inhabitants." He ascribed his ruin to his weakness in listening to the entreaties of his prisoners and delaying his departure from the captured town. "It was the first time," somebody reports him as saying, "that I ever lost command of myself, and now I am punished for it." But he soon began to see that this mistake was leading him to his most glorious success, a victory such as he might never have won in his own way. A month after his capture he wrote thus to his old school-master in Connecticut: "I have been a good deal disappointed, as it regards myself, in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entire-

ly reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably *have never over-turned the house*. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very contrary to my better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes. But God's will, not mine, be done." Thus his thoughts took recourse, as often before, to the story and the fate of Samson, whose last victory over the enemies of Israel was more than paralleled by the short and defeated campaign of John Brown in Virginia.

The story of Brown's capture, of the slaughter of his men, of his own fearless bearing and heroic sayings during his captivity, and of his final martyrdom, "making the gallows glorious like the cross," — all this is too familiar to be told here. It has become a part of the world's history and literature, a new chapter added to the record of heroism and self-devotion, a new incident in the long romance which has been for three hundred years the history of Virginia. It was little to the honor of Virginia then; but so heavy has been the penalty since, visited on that State and her people, that we may omit all censure upon what was done. God has judged between them and John Brown, and his judgment, as always, will be found not only just but merciful, since it has removed from a brave and generous people the curse of human slavery. It was for this result, and this alone, that Brown plotted and fought, prayed and died, and even before his death he saw that his prayers would be answered.

Through his grandfather, a captain in the army of Washington in 1776, John Brown was related to Dr. Humphrey, once president of Amherst College, and to the Rev. Luther Humphrey. They were his cousins, and to the latter, not long before his execution, Brown wrote one of those remarkable letters which did so much, during his six weeks' imprisonment, to change the public opinion concerning him into that which now prevails.

His conversation with Senator Mason at Harper's Ferry and his speech to the court after his conviction are better known than this letter (which, indeed, has seldom been printed), but neither of them gives a nobler image of the "plain heroic magnitude of mind" with which he accepted his fate and explained his course of life. The letter also contains some touches of autobiography which add to its value. It is as follows:—

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA., }
19th November, 1859.

REV. LUTHER HUMPHREY:

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your kind letter of the 12th instant is now before me. So far as my knowledge goes as to our mutual kindred, I suppose I am the first, since the landing of Peter Brown from the Mayflower, that has either been sentenced to imprisonment or to the gallows. But, my dear old friend, let not that fact alone grieve you. You cannot have forgotten how and where our grandfather [Captain John Brown] fell in 1776, and that he, too, might have perished on the scaffold, had circumstances been but a very little different. The fact that a man dies under the hand of an executioner (or otherwise) has but little to do with his true character, as I suppose. John Rogers perished at the stake, a great and good man, as I suppose; but his doing so does not prove that any other man who has died in the same way was good or otherwise.

Whether I have any reason to "be of a good cheer" (or not) in view of my end, I can assure you that I feel so; and I am totally blinded if I do not really experience that strengthening and consolation you so faithfully implore in my behalf. The God of our fathers reward your fidelity. I neither feel mortified, degraded, nor in the least ashamed of my imprisonment, my chain, or near prospect of death by hanging. I feel assured

"that not one hair shall fall from my head without the will of my heavenly Father." I also feel that I have long been endeavoring to hold exactly "such a fast as God has chosen." See the passage in Isaiah which you have quoted.¹ No part of my life has been more happily spent than that I have spent here, and I humbly trust that no part has been spent to better purpose. I would not say this boastingly; but "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through infinite grace."

I should be sixty years old, were I to live to May 9, 1860. I have enjoyed much of life as it is, and have been remarkably prosperous; having early learned to regard the welfare and prosperity of others as my own. I have never, since I can remember, required a great amount of sleep; so that I conclude that I have already enjoyed full an average number of working hours with those who reach their threescore years and ten. I have not yet been driven to the use of glasses, but can see to read and write quite comfortably. But more than that, I have generally enjoyed remarkably good health. I might go on to recount unnumbered and unmerited blessings, among which would be some very severe afflictions, — and those the most needed blessings of all. And now, when I think how easily I might be left to spoil all. I have done or suffered in the cause of freedom, I hardly dare wish another voyage, even if I had the opportunity.

It is a long time since we met; but we shall come together in our Father's house, I trust. Let us hold fast that we already have, remembering we shall reap in due time, if we faint not. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. And now, my old, warm-hearted friend, goodbye!

Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN BROWN.

¹ The reference here is to the familiar text in the fifty-eighth chapter of the prophet, who may be said to have foretold Brown as clearly as he predicted any event in Hebrew history: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to

thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? . . . Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. . . . Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The Repairer of the breach, The Restorer of paths to dwell in."

It will be fitting here to mention one phase of Brown's life in prison which is now seldom remembered: his constant testimony in words as well as by acts against American slavery. A few days before this letter to his cousin Humphrey he had written to another old friend, "I wish I could tell you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, clergymen among others. Christ, the great captain of liberty as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand (the sword of the Spirit); and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier wherever he may send me." In explanation of this passage it is to be said that during Brown's imprisonment he was often visited by Virginian clergymen and itinerant preachers, desirous of praying with him and of converting him from his errors. One of these afterward said that when he offered to pray with Brown the old man asked if he was willing to fight, in case of need, for the freedom of the slaves. Receiving a negative reply, Brown then said, "I will thank you to leave me alone; your prayers would be an abomination to my God." To another he said that he "would not insult God by bowing down in prayer with any one who had the blood of the slave on his skirts." A Methodist preacher named March having argued to Brown in his cell in favor of slavery as "a Christian institution," his hearer grew impatient and replied, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity; you will have to learn its A, B, C; I find you quite ignorant of what the word Christianity means." Seeing that his visitor was disconcerted by such plain speaking, Brown added, "I respect you as a gentleman, of course; but it is as a *heathen* gentleman." To these interviews he

has alluded in some of his letters of that period, and to a lady who visited him in prison he said, "I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, — as I should, if I denied my principles against slavery. Why, I preach against it all the time; Captain Avis knows I do;" whereat his jailer smiled and said, "Yes."¹ A citizen of Charlestown, named Blessing, had dressed Brown's wounds while in prison, and had shown him other kind attentions, for which Brown, who was very scrupulous about acknowledging and returning favors, desired to make him some acknowledgment. On one of the last days of November, therefore, in the last week of his life, Brown sent for Mr. Blessing, and asked him to accept his pocket-Bible, as a token of gratitude. In this book, which was a cheap edition in small print, much worn by use, Brown had marked many hundred passages (bearing witness more or less directly against human slavery) by turning down the corner of a page and by heavy pencilings in the margin. On the fly-leaves he had written this:

To Jno. F. Blessing, of Charlestown, Va., with the best wishes of the undersigned, and his sincere thanks for many acts of kindness received. There is no commentary in the world so good, in order to a right understanding of this blessed book, as an honest, childlike, and teachable spirit. JOHN BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN, 29th November, 1859.

He had written his own name as owner of the book on the opposite page, and immediately following it was this inscription:—

"The leaves were turned down by him while in prison at Charlestown. But a small part of those passages which in the most positive language condemn oppression and violence are marked."

Except a codicil to his will, and a note to his wife inclosing it, the very last

¹ This jailer, John Avis, who had also been one of the Virginia militia that surrounded him in Harper's Ferry and made escape impossible, is still living in Charlestown, where I saw him last May, a hale old man of sixty and upward, who sat in his

shop with his young child on his knee, and talked with me of Brown's prison-life. He was a captain in the Confederate army during the civil war, and had a son in the same service

paper written by John Brown was this sentence, which he handed to one of his guards in the jail on the morning of his execution.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., December 2, 1859.

I, John Brown, am now quite *certain* that the crimes of this *guilty land* will never be purged away but with *blood*. I had, as I now think, vainly, flattered myself that without very much bloodshed it might be done.

A week before this, Brown's friend and supporter in his Virginia campaign, Theodore Parker, had written from Rome, to Francis Jackson in Boston, the same declaration, to the truth of which the event has fully borne witness. "A few years ago," wrote Parker, on the 24th of November, 1859, "it did not seem difficult first to check slavery, and then to end it, without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great characters of Humanity have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain now that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish." So it happened, and not only the Pharaohs, but the leaders of the people perished. Standing on the battle-field at Gettysburg, just four years after the date of Brown's letter to Humphrey (November 19, 1863), Abra-

ham Lincoln pronounced that immortal eulogy on those who "gave their lives that the nation might live," in which he called upon his hearers to resolve "that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth," — echoing in this last period the very words of Parker, so often heard in prayer and sermon from his Boston pulpit. Not long afterward Lincoln himself fell, the last great victim in the struggle, as John Brown had been its first great martyr. Henceforth their names will be joined and their words will be remembered together, the speeches of the condemned convict at Charlestown and of the successful statesman at Gettysburg going down to posterity as the highest range of eloquence in our time. But those brave men whom Lincoln commemorated in his funeral oration went forth to battle at the call of a great people; they were sustained by the resources and by the ardor of millions. When I remember my old friend, lonely, poor, persecuted, making a stand with his handful of followers on the outpost of freedom, our own batteries trained upon him as the furious enemy swept him away in the storm of their vengeance, I see that history will exalt his fame above that of all the soldiers in the civil war.

F. B. Sanborn.

QUICK AND DEAD.

ONCE the wings of every bird
Lifted me; the songs I heard,
In my breast, full-hearted then,
Wakened answering songs again.

Now their wings, that skyward go,
Mock my want; their songs, below,
In my empty bosom, make
Only the dumb silence ache!

J. J. Piatt.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

V.

THE rapid river, gliding and rippling by its banks; the calm lake, lapping against the gently tilting boat; the translucent beauty of the liquid element itself, its shallows paved with a mosaic of smooth pebbles, and its depths with waving weeds, and its floating net-work of silver and golden lilies with their long lithe red stems and dark glossy leaves; the sweet and solemn presence of the woods and hills and meadows; the varying colors of the sky, and forms and motions of the clouds; the tender repetition of the shores on the glassy surface, returning all the beautiful picture with a magical charm added to every light and shadow, like the exquisite echo of enchanting sounds; the silence and solitude, — these are all influences whose powerful spell is felt rather than perceived by the angler, who, absorbed in his pursuit, hardly knows how divine a ministration he is receiving from everything that surrounds him.

I have said that we all more or less joined in my mother's fishing mania at Weybridge; but my sister, then a girl of about eleven years, never had any liking for it, which she attributed to the fact that my mother often employed her to bait the hook for her. My sister's "tender-hefted" nature was horribly disgusted and pained by this process, but my own belief is that had she inherited the propensity to catch fish, even that would not have destroyed it in her. I am not myself a cruel or hard-hearted woman (though I have the hunter's passion very strongly), and invariably baited my own hook, in spite of the disgust and horror I experienced at the wretched twining of the miserable worms round my fingers, and springing of the poor little live bait with its back pierced with a hook. But I have never allowed any one to do this office for me, because it seemed to me that to inflict such a task

on any one, because it was revolting to me, was not fair or sportsmanlike; and so I went on torturing my own bait and myself, too eagerly devoted to the sport to refrain from it, in spite of the price I condemned myself to pay for it. Moreover, if I have ever had female companions on my fishing excursions, I have invariably done this service for them, thinking the process too horrid for them to endure; and have often thought that if I were a man, nothing could induce me to marry a woman whom I had seen bait her own hook with anything more sensitive than paste. In following this pursuit I have more than once been led by my own sensations to the conviction that cruelty is quite as often a result of nervous irritability, not really altogether unallied to a sentiment of pity, as the consequence of cold-blooded insensibility. The sick feeling of hatred that my unfortunate victims excited in me, precisely because their struggles nearly drove me wild with a sense of my own barbarity, is, I am sure, the sort of horrible, nervous passion that has produced crimes that are generally pronounced peculiarly "cold-blooded."

I have said that I followed no systematic studies after I left school; but from that time began for me an epoch of indiscriminate, omnivorous reading, which lasted until I went upon the stage, when all my own occupations were necessarily given up for the exercise of my profession.

At this time my chief delight was in such German literature as translations enabled me to become acquainted with: La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Wieland's Oberon, Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, were my principal studies, soon to be followed by the sort of foretaste of Jean Paul Richter that Mr. Carlyle's Sartor Resartus gave his readers; both matter and manner in that remarkable work bearing far more resemblance to the great German incomprehensible than to any-

thing in the English language, certainly not excepting Mr. Carlyle's own masterly articles in *The Edinburgh Review* on Burns, Elliott the Corn-Law Rhymer, etc. Besides reading every book that came within my reach, I now commenced the still more objectionable practice of scribbling verses without stint or stay; some, I suppose, in very bad Italian, and some, I am sure, in most indifferent English; but the necessity was on me, and perhaps an eruption of such rubbish was a safer process than keeping it in the mental system might have proved; and in the mean time this intellectual effervescence added immensely to the pleasure of my country life and my long, rambling walks in that wild, beautiful neighborhood.

I remember at this moment, by the bye, a curious companionship we had in those walks. A fine, big Newfoundland dog and small terrier were generally of the party, and, nothing daunted by their presence, an extremely tame and affectionate cat, who was a member of the family, invariably joined the procession, and would accompany us in our longest walks, trotting demurely along by herself, a little apart from the rest, though evidently considering herself a member of the party.

The dogs, fully occupied with each other and with discursive raids right and left of the road and parenthetical rushes in various directions for their own special delectation, would sometimes, returning to us at full gallop, tumble over poor puss and roll her unceremoniously down in their headlong career. She never, however, turned back for this, but, recovering her feet, with her back arched all but in two and every hair of her tail standing on end with insulted dignity, vented in a series of spittings and swearings her opinion of dogs in general and those dogs in particular, and then resumed her own decently demure gait and deportment; thanking Heaven, I have no doubt, in her cat's soul, that she was not that disgustingly violent and ill-mannered beast—a dog.

On one occasion our Newfoundland started a large hedgehog in a wood, and

anything drollier than the scene that ensued cannot be imagined. The poor prickly creature rolled itself at once into a ball, round which the great dog pranced madly, baying till the wood rang again, but quite unable to attack his bristling enemy, at which he made wild side-long snatches and snaps, mere demonstrations of his desire to seize hold of it, which he did not dare to do. The little terrier capered round and round, sniffing and whimpering and trembling all over, and standing first on one leg and then on the other with eager excitement; and meantime the cat, at a safe distance, sat herself solemnly down and surveyed their discomfiture with serene satisfaction. Montaigne suspected his cat of making game of him; I am sure that cat despised those dogs.

My brothers shared with us our fishing excursions and these walks, when at home from school; besides, I was promoted to their nobler companionship by occasionally acting as long-stop or short-stop (stop of some sort was undoubtedly my title) in insufficiently manned or boyed games of cricket: once, while nervously discharging this onerous duty, I received a blow on my instep from a cricket ball which I did not stop, that seemed to me a severe price for the honor of sharing my brothers' manly pastimes. A sport of theirs in which I joined with more satisfaction was pistol-shooting at a mark: I had not a quick eye, but a very steady hand, so that with a deliberate aim I contrived to hit the mark pretty frequently. I liked this quiet exercise of skill better than that dreadful watching and catching of cannon-balls at cricket; though the noise of the discharge of fire-arms was always rather trying to me, and I especially resented my pistol missing fire when I had braced my courage for the report. My brother John at this time possessed a rifle and a fowling-piece, with the use of both of which he endeavored to familiarize me; but the rifle I found insupportably heavy, and as for the other gun, it kicked so unmercifully, in consequence, I suppose, of my not holding it hard enough against my shoulder, the

first time I fired it, that I declined all further experiments with it, and reverted to the pretty little lady-like pocket pistols, which were the only fire-arms I ever used until one fine day some years later, when I was promoted to the honor of firing an American cannon on the practicing ground of the young gentlemen cadets of West Point.

While we retained our little cottage at Weybridge, the house of Oatlands, the former residence of the Duke of York and burial-place of the duchess's favorite dogs, whose cemetery was one of the "lions" of the garden, was purchased by a Mr. Hughes Ball, a young gentleman of very large fortune, who came down there and enlivened the neighborhood occasionally with his sporting prowess, which consisted in walking out, attired in the very height of Bond Street dandyism, with two attendant game-keepers, one of whom carried and handed him his gun when he wished to fire it, the other receiving it from him after it had been discharged. This very luxurious mode of following his sport caused some sarcastic comment in the village, and our amusement was increased by my youngest brother's declaring that he always knew when this expert marksman was abroad, because he invariably missed aim with his first shot and had to fire his second barrel; Henry asserting that the quick double report was a certain indication of this exquisite sportsman's whereabouts.

This gentleman did not long retain possession of Oatlands, and it was let to the Earl of Ellesmere, then Lord Francis Egerton, with whom and Lady Francis we became acquainted soon after their taking it; an acquaintance which on my part grew into a strong and affectionate regard for both of them. They were excellent and highly accomplished, and, when first I knew them, two of the handsomest and most distinguished-looking persons I have ever seen.

Our happy Weybridge summers, which succeeded each other for three years, had but one incident of any importance for me—my catching the small-pox, which I had very severely. A slight eruption

from which my sister suffered was at first pronounced by our village Æsculapius to be chicken-pox, but presently assumed the more serious aspect of varioloid. My sister, like the rest of us, had been carefully vaccinated; but the fact was then by no means so generally understood as it now is, that the power of the vaccine dies out of the system by degrees, and requires renewing to insure safety. My mother, having lost her faith in vaccination, thought that a natural attack of varioloid was the best preservative from small-pox, and my sister having had her seasoning so mildly and without any bad result but a small scar on her long nose, I was sent for from London, where I was, with the hope that I should take the same light form of the malady from her; but the difference of our age and constitution was not taken into consideration, and I caught the disease, indeed, but as nearly as possible died of it, and have remained disfigured by it all my life.

Whether my previous vaccination had any influence in saving my life, I do not know, but I suffered horribly; and having a rather melancholy misgiving as to the probable result on my "personal appearance," I had a hand-glass on my bed and frequently, at the height of my malady, contemplating my hideously swollen and discolored countenance, comforted myself with the philosophical reflection that, let my aspect be what it would, if I survived, I never should be the repulsive object which the glass then presented to me. I was but little over sixteen, and had returned from school a very pretty-looking girl, with fine eyes, teeth, and hair, a clear vivid complexion, and rather good features. The small-pox did not affect my three advantages first named, but, besides marking my face very perceptibly, it rendered my complexion thick and muddy and my features heavy and coarse, leaving me so moderate a share of good looks as quite to warrant my mother's satisfaction in saying, when I went on the stage, "Well, my dear, they can't say we have brought you out to exhibit your beauty." Plain I certainly was, but I by no means always

looked so; and so great was the variation in my appearance at different times, that my comical old friend, Mrs. Fitzhugh, once exclaimed, "Fanny Kemble, you are the ugliest and the handsomest woman in London!" And I am sure if a collection were made of the numerous portraits that have been taken of me, nobody would ever guess any two of them to be likenesses of the same person.

The effect of natural small-pox on the skin and features varies extremely in different individuals, I suppose, according to their constitution. My mother and her brother had the disease at the same time, and with extreme violence; he retained his beautiful bright complexion and smooth skin and handsome features; my mother was deeply pitted all over her face, though the fine outline of her nose and mouth was not injured in the slightest degree; while with me, the process appeared to be one of general thickening or blurring both of form and color. Terrified by this result of her unfortunate experiment, my poor mother had my brothers immediately vaccinated, and thus saved them from the infection which they could hardly have escaped, and preserved the beauty of my youngest brother, which then and for several years after was very remarkable; so much so as to suggest to us on one occasion the trick of dressing him in women's clothes and introducing him to a very great friend of my mother's, who was intimate with us all and knew Henry almost as well as her own sons, but failed entirely to recognize him in his female disguise until, upon my mother's requesting him to sing in order to end the joke, he burst forth with a favorite slang song of the day:—

"Oh cruel vos my parients
As druv my love from me!
And cruel vos the press gang
As sent him off to sea!"

when Mrs. Fitzgerald's illusion was dispelled as to the "lovely young creature" we had presented to her as rather unsettled in her mind; a description rendered desirable by the ungainly and slightly unfeminine gestures, postures,

and general demeanor of my brother, whose face, partially screened by a white bonnet and lace veil, might certainly have passed for that of a beautiful woman, but whose carriage and person had a school-boy *disinvoltura* that greatly amazed our friend Mrs. Fitzgerald, and severely tested our self-command. That Mrs. Fitzgerald is among the most vivid memories of my girlish days. She and her husband were kind and intimate friends of my father and mother. He was a most amiable and genial Irish gentleman, with considerable property in Ireland and Suffolk, and a fine house in Portland Place, and had married his cousin, a very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman. I remember she always wore a bracelet of his hair, on the massive clasp of which were engraved the words, "*Stesso sangue, stessa sorte.*" I also remember, as a feature of sundry dinners at their house, the first gold dessert service and table ornaments that I ever saw, the magnificence of which made a great impression upon me; though I also remember their being replaced, upon Mrs. Fitzgerald's wearying of them, by a set of ground glass and dead and burnished silver, so exquisite that the splendid gold service was pronounced infinitely less tasteful and beautiful. One member of her family—her son Edward Fitzgerald—has remained my friend till this day: his parents and mine are dead; of his brothers and sisters I retain no knowledge; but with him I still keep up an affectionate and to me most valuable and interesting correspondence. He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure or literary labors of love of singular excellence, which he never cared to

publish beyond the circle of his intimate friends: Euphranor, Polonius, collections of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest, raciest English; noble translations, or rather free adaptations, of Calderon's two finest dramas, *The Wonderful Magician* and *Life's a Dream*, and a splendid paraphrase of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation, or adaptation (how much more of it is his own than the author's I should like to know, if I were Irish), of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia. Archbishop Trench, in his volume on the life and genius of Calderon, frequently refers to Mr. Fitzgerald's translations, and himself gives a version of *Life's a Dream*, the excellence of which falls short, however, of his friend's finer dramatic poem bearing the same name, though he has gallantly attacked the difficulty of rendering the Spanish in English verse. While these were Edward Fitzgerald's studies and pursuits, he led a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the companionship of the rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He lived with them in the most friendly intimacy, helping them in their sea ventures, and cruising about with one, an especially fine sample of his sort, in a small fishing-smack which Edward Fitzgerald's bounty had set afloat, and in which the translator of Calderon and Æschylus passed his time, better pleased with the fellowship and intercourse of the captain and crew of his small fishing craft than with that of more educated and sophisticated humanity. He and his brothers were school-fellows of my eldest brother, under Dr. Malkin, the master of the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds; and at this time we always saw Dr. and Mrs. Malkin when they visited London, and I was indebted to the doctor for a great deal of extremely kind interest

which he took in my mental development and cultivation.

He suggested books for my reading, and set me, as a useful exercise, to translate Sismondi's fine historical work, *Les Républiques Italiennes*, which he wished me to abridge for publication. I was not a little proud of Dr. Malkin's notice and advice; he was my brother's schoolmaster, an object of respectful admiration, and a kind and condescending friend to me.

He was a hearty, genial man, of portly person and fine, intelligent, handsome face; active and energetic in his habits and movements in spite of a slight lameness, which I remember he accounted for to me in the following manner. He was very intimate with Miss O'Neil before she left the stage and became Lady Beecher. While dancing with her in a country-dance one evening at her house, she exclaimed, on hearing a sudden sonorous twang, "Dear me! there is one of the chords of my harp snapped." "Indeed it is not," replied Dr. Malkin, "it is my tendo Achillis which has snapped," and so it was; and from that time he always remained lame.

Mrs. Malkin was a more uncommon person than her husband; the strength of her character and sweetness of her disposition were alike admirable, and the bright vivacity of her countenance and singular grace and dignity of her person must be a pleasant memory in the minds of all who, like myself, knew her while she was yet in the middle bloom of life.

Indeed, the slender, upright, elastic figure and youthful lightness of step and carriage, which she retained long after white hairs and deepened lines had stamped her face with the appearance of age, often reminded me of the story of a charming old lady similarly endowed, to whom one of her granddaughters, seeing her preparing to go out one evening, said, "Grandmamma, your figure is so slender and your foot so light that you will be run away with if you go out alone." "Only to the next gas lamp, my dear," replied the pleasant old woman.

Dr. and Mrs. Malkin's sons were my brother's school and college mates; one of them alone remains, and is still my dear and attached friend. They were all men of ability, and good scholars, as became their father's sons. Sir Benjamin, the eldest, achieved eminence as a lawyer and became an Indian judge; and the others would undoubtedly have risen to distinction but for the early death that carried off Frederick and Charles, and the hesitation of speech which closed almost all public careers to my friend Arthur.

He was a prominent and able contributor to the Library of Useful Knowledge, and furnished a great part of the first of a whole generation of delightful publications, Murray's Hand-Book for Switzerland.

One of the earliest of Alpine explorers, Arthur Malkin mounted to those icy battlements which have since been scaled by a whole army of besiegers, and planted the banner of English courage and enterprise on "peaks, passes, and glaciers" which, when he first climbed the shining summits of the Alps, were all but *terra incognita* to his countrymen.

The valley of Zermatt (young Chamouni, as it has been called), now every summer brimming over with cockney and Yankee aspirants to death upon the Matterhorn, was familiar to him when M. Seiler's two grand establishments were one small and modest house, when the Riffell Hotel was not, and when the snows of the Théodule Glacier, now trampled by yearly hordes of unadventurous male and female pedestrians, were traversed for the first time by English ladies under the guidance of their husbands, Arthur Malkin and Edward Romilly, — if, indeed, the daughter of Mrs. Marcet does not claim a Swiss woman's footing on the Alps.

There is nothing more familiar to the traveling and reading British public nowadays than Alpine adventures and their records; but when my friend first conquered the passes between Evolena and Zermatt (still one of the least overrun mountain regions of Switzerland), their

sublime solitudes were awful with the mystery of unexplored loneliness. Now, professors climb up them, and artists slide down them, and they are photographed with "members" straddling over their dire crevasses, or cutting capers on their scornful summits, or turning somersaults down their infinite precipices. The air of the high Alps was inhaled by few Englishmen before Arthur Malkin; one cannot help thinking that now, even on the top of the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa, it must have lost some of its freshness.

I have said that all Dr. Malkin's sons were men of more than average ability; but one, who never lived to be a man, "died a most rare boy" of about six years, fully justifying by his extraordinary precocity and singular endowments the tribute which his bereaved father paid his memory in a modest and touching record of his brief and remarkable existence.

A curious instance of the ignorance of their contemporaries in which people may live, when moving in entirely different spheres of society, was elicited by this memoir falling accidentally into the hands of a writer who, perfectly unacquainted with the very well-known name of the master of Bury school, made the biography of his son the text for an article in a periodical, in which "a certain Dr. Malkin" (apparently a very uncertain Dr. Malkin, the obscure medical practitioner of some remote provincial village, most likely, in the author's imagination) was accused of something very like infanticide in his cruel forcing of his child's precocious brain, as deduced from a "pamphlet picked up at a book-stall, and setting forth the life and death of one little Thomas Malkin, by his father." Not a little pain was caused by this ignorant publication to the surviving brother of the wonderful child; and not a little indignation felt by some of the distinguished men who had been his father's pupils, whose families, as well as themselves, retained affectionate and respectful recollections of the master of the Romillys, William Donne, James Spedding, John Kemble,

and other men of mark in the literary world.

It is no small drawback to all the advantages of our widely spread intellectual culture, over which, no doubt, our periodical publications exercise a great influence, that the fertilizing stream they are mainly instrumental in spreading over so vast an extent is necessarily so shallow. Everything and anything is snatched at, picked up, or pulled down as "article matter" by writers as they run, for readers as *they* run. Dr. Arnold deprecated reading in *morsels*, and adured his pupils to eschew it, — even exhorting them to heroic abstinence from Dickens's stories till they came out in book form. But since his day mountains of morsels are periodically provided for the omnivorous public. We have magazines for both sexes, all ages, and every class; everybody writes as well (let it be taken in both senses) as everybody reads; and the mass of literature (one feels inclined to cut off the last two syllables of the word) seems to threaten the absorption of the reading by the writing faculty. The whole world is electro-plated with cheap and hasty half-knowledge; sometimes, as in the instance of the article on the memoir of Thomas Malkin, it is cheap and hasty ignorance.

My Parisian education appeared, at this time, to have failed signally in the one especial result that might have been expected from it: all my French dancing lessons had not given me a good deportment nor taught me to hold myself upright. I stooped, slouched, and poked, stood with one hip up and one shoulder down, and exhibited an altogether disgracefully ungraceful carriage which greatly afflicted my parents. In order that I might "bear my body more seemly," various were the methods resorted to; among others, a hideous engine of torture of the backboard species, made of steel covered with red morocco, which consisted of a flat piece placed on my back and strapped down to my waist with a belt, and secured at the top by two epaulettes strapped over my shoulders. From the middle of this there rose a steel rod or spine,

with a steel collar which encircled my throat and fastened behind. This, it was hoped, would eventually put my shoulders down and my head up, and in the mean time I had the appearance of a young woman walking about in a portable pillory. The ease and grace which this horrible machine was expected to impart to my figure and movements were, however, hardly perceptible after considerable endurance of torture on my part, and to my ineffable joy it was taken off (my harness, as I used to call it, and no knight of old ever threw off his iron shell with more satisfaction), and I was placed under the tuition of a serjeant of the Royal Foot Guards, who undertook to make young ladies carry themselves and walk well, and not exactly like grenadiers either. This warrior, having duly put me through a number of elementary exercises, such as we see the awkward squads on parade grounds daily drilled in, took leave of me with the verdict that I "was fit to march before the Duke of York," then commander of the forces; and, thanks to his instructions, I remained endowed with a flat back, well-placed shoulders, an erect head, upright carriage, and resolute step.

I think my education had come nearly to a stand-still at this period, for, with the exception of these physical exercises and certain hours of piano-forte practicing and singing lessons, I was left very much to the irregular and unsystematic reading which I selected for myself. I had a good contralto voice, which my mother was very desirous of cultivating, but I think my progress was really retarded by the excessive impatience with which her excellent ear endured my unsuccessful musical attempts. I used to practice in her sitting-room, and I think I sang out of tune and played false chords oftener, from sheer apprehension of her agonized exclamations, than I should have done under the supervision of a less sensitively organized person. I remember my sister's voice and musical acquirements first becoming remarkable at this time, and giving promise of her future artistic excellence. I rec-

ollect a ballad from a Mexican opera by Bishop, called Cortez, "Oh there's a Mountain Palm," which she sang with a clear, high, sweet, true little voice and touching expression, full of pathos, in which I used to take great delight.

The nervous terror which I experienced when singing or playing before my mother was carried to a climax when I was occasionally called upon to accompany the vocal performances of our friendly acquaintance, James Smith (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*). He was famous for his humorous songs and his own capital rendering of them, but the anguish I endured in accompanying him made those comical performances of his absolutely tragical to me; the more so that he had a lion-like cast of countenance, with square jaws and rather staring eyes; but perhaps he appeared so stern-visaged only to me: while he sang, everybody laughed, but I perspired coldly and felt ready to cry, and so have but a lugubrious impression of some of the most amusing productions of that description, heard to the very best advantage (if I could have listened to them at all) as executed by their author.

Among our most intimate friends, at this time, were my cousin Horace Twiss and his wife. I have been reminded of him in speaking of James Smith, because he had a good deal of the same kind of humor, not unmixed with a vein of sentiment, and I remember his songs, which he sang with great spirit and expression, with the more pleasure that he never required me to accompany them. One New Year's Eve that he spent with us, just before going away he sang charmingly some lines he had composed in the course of the evening, the graceful turn of which, as well as the feeling with which he sang them, were worthy of Moore. I remember only the burthen:—

"Oh, come! one genial hour improve,
And fill one measure duly;
▲ health to those we truly love,
And those who love us truly!"

And this stanza:—

"To-day has waved its parting wings,
To join the days before it,

And as for what the morning brings,
The morning's mist hangs o'er it."

It was delightful to hear him and my mother talk together, and their disputes, though frequent, seemed generally extremely amicable, and as diverting to themselves as to us. On one occasion he ended their discussion (as to whether some lady of their acquaintance had or had not gone somewhere) by a vehement declaration which passed into a proverb in our house: "Yes, yes, she did; for a woman will go anywhere, at any time, with anybody, to see anything,—especially in a gig." Those were days in which a gig was a vehicle the existence of which was not only recognized in civilized society, but supposed to confer a diploma of "gentility" upon its possessor; when a witness in a court of justice, called upon to define his notion of a respectable person, replied, "Well, my lord, I should say a person who keeps a gig."

Horace Twiss was one of the readiest and most amusing talkers in the world, and when he began to make his way in London society, which he eventually did very successfully, ill-natured persons considered his first step in the right direction to have been a repartee made in the crush-room of the opera, while standing close to Lady L——, who was waiting for her carriage. A man he was with saying, "Look at that fat Lady L——; is n't she like a great white cabbage?" "Yes," answered Horace, in a discreetly loud tone, "she is like one, all heart, I believe." The white-heart cabbage turned affably to the rising barrister, begged him to see to her carriage, and gave him the *entrée* of H—— house. Lord Clarendon subsequently put him in parliament for his borough of Wootton-Basset, and for a short time he formed part of the ministry, holding one of the under-secretaryships. He was clever, amiable, and good-tempered, and had every qualification for success in society.

He had married a Miss Searle, one of his mother's pupils at the fashionable Bath boarding-school, the living image of Scott's Fenella, the smallest woman that

I have ever seen, with fairy feet and tiny hands, the extraordinary power of which was like that of a steel talon. On one occasion, when Horace Twiss happened to mention that his bright little spark of a wife sat working in his library by him, while he was engaged with his law or business papers, my mother suggested that her conversation must disturb him. "Oh, she does n't talk," said he, "but I like to hear the scissors fall," a pretty conjugal reply, that left a pleasant image in my mind. His only child by her, a daughter, married first Mr. Bacon, then editor of the Times, and, after his death, John De-lane, who succeeded him in that office and still holds it; so that her father said "she took the Times and Supplement." It was principally owing to the suggestion and assistance of Horace Twiss that the Times first adopted the excellent practice, which it has pursued ever since, of presenting the public with an abridged report or summary of the debates; so that those who have not time or inclination to read the parliamentary proceedings *in extenso* can have a sufficient knowledge of all the principal subjects of discussion, and the speakers who occupied the attention of the house, on easier terms.

About this time I began to be aware of the ominous distresses and disturbances connected with the affairs of the theatre, that were to continue and increase until the miserable subject became literally the sauce to our daily bread; embittering my father's life with incessant care and harassing vexation; and of the haunting apprehension of that ruin which threatened us for years, and which his most strenuous efforts only delayed, without averting it.

The proprietors were engaged in a lawsuit with each other, and finally one of them threw the whole concern into chancery; and for years that dreary chancery suit seemed to envelop us in an atmosphere of palpitating suspense or stagnant uncertainty, and to enter as an inevitable element into every hope, fear, expectation, resolution, event, or action of our lives.

How unutterably heart-sick I became of the very sound of its name, and how well I remember the expression on my father's careworn face, one day, as he turned back from the door, out of which he was going to his daily drudgery at the theatre, to say to my aunt, who had reproached him with the loss of a button from his rather shabby coat, "Ah, Dall, my dear, you see it is my chancery suit!"

Lord Eldon, Sir John Leach, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham were the successive chancellors before whom the case was heard; the latter was a friend of my family, and on one occasion my father took me to the House of Lords to hear the proceedings. We were shown into the chancellor's room, where he indeed was not, but where his huge official wig was perched upon a block; the temptation was irresistible, and for half a minute I had the awful and ponderous periwig on my pate. I do not know whether I hoped that brains were catching, but I recollect when I was seated in a sort of private box on the floor of the house, whence I beheld the august head of English jurisprudence throned on the woolsack, that I was seized with an irresistibly ludicrous fancy that some property I had communicated to his wig might perhaps be the cause of the indescribably queer twitches and contortions of his ugly visage, the effect of which seemed to me calculated to confound the senses of the counsel arguing before him. (Lord Brougham had some species of nervous spasmodic affection, that every now and then twisted his features like a touch of St. Vitus's dance.) Lord Lyndhurst coming in at one time during the proceedings, I had an opportunity of contrasting the noble, lion-like massiveness of his face, and the stern dignity of its expression, with the grotesque outline and movements of his extraordinarily versatile, active, and powerful-minded rival's.

While we were still living in Soho Square our house was robbed; or rather, my father's writing-desk was broken open, and sixty sovereigns taken from it,—a sum that he could very hardly

spare. He had been at the theatre, acting, and my mother had spent the evening at some friend's house, and the next morning, great was the consternation of the family on finding what had happened. The dining-room sideboard and *cellarette* had been opened, and wine and glasses put on the table, as if our robbers had drank our good health for the success of their attempt.

A Bow Street officer was sent for; I remember his portly and imposing aspect very well; his name was Salmon, and he was a famous member of his fraternity. He questioned my mother as to the honesty of our servants; we had but three, a cook, house-maid, and footman, and for all of these my mother answered unhesitatingly; and yet the expert assured her that very few houses were robbed without connivance from within.

The servants were had up and questioned, and the cook related how, coming down first thing in the morning, she had found a certain back scullery window open, and, alarmed by that, had examined the lower rooms and found the dining-room table set out with the decanters and glasses. Having heard her story, the officer as soon as she left the room asked my mother if anything else besides the money had been taken, and if any quantity of the wine had been drank. She said, "No," and with regard to the last inquiry she supposed, as the cook had suggested when the decanters were examined, that the thieves had probably been disturbed by some alarm, and had not had time to drink much.

Mr. Salmon then requested to look at the kitchen premises; the cook officiously led the way to the scullery window, which was still open, "just as she found it," she said, and proceeded to explain how the robbers must have got over the wall of a court which ran at the back of the house. When she had ended her demonstrations and returned to the kitchen, Salmon, who had listened silently to her story of the case, detained my mother for an instant, and rapidly passed his hand over the outside window-

sill, bringing away a thick layer of undisturbed dust, which the passage of anybody through the window must infallibly have swept off. Satisfied at once of the total falsehood of the cook's hypothesis, he told my mother that he had no doubt at all that she was a party to the robbery, that the scullery window and dining-room drinking scene were alike mere blinds, and that in all probability she had let into the house whoever had broken open the desk, or else forced it herself, having acquired by some means a knowledge of the money it contained; adding that in the very few words of interrogatory which had passed between him and the servants, in my mother's presence, he had felt quite sure that the house-maid and man were innocent; but had immediately detected something in the cook's manner that seemed to him suspicious. What a fine tact of guilt these detectives acquire in their immense experience of it! The cook was not prosecuted, but dismissed, the money, of course, not being recoverable; it was fortunate that neither she nor her honest friends had any suspicion of the contents of three boxes lying in the drawing-room at this very time. They were large, black, leather cases, containing a silver helmet, shield, and sword, of antique Roman pattern and beautiful workmanship,—a public tribute bestowed upon my uncle and left by him to my father; they have since become an ornamental trophy in my sister's house. They were then about to be sent for safe keeping to Coutts's bank, and in the mean time lay close to the desk that had been rifled of a more portable but far less valuable booty.

Upon my uncle John's death, his widow had returned to England and fixed her residence at a charming place called Heath Farm, in Hertfordshire. Lord Essex had been an attached friend of my uncle's, and offered this home on his property to Mrs. Kemble when she came to England, after her long sojourn abroad with my uncle, who, as I have mentioned, spent the last years of his life, and died, at Lausanne. Mrs. Kemble invited my mother to come and see

her soon after she settled in Hertfordshire, and I accompanied her thither. Cashibury Park thus became familiar ground to me, and remains endeared to my recollection for its own beauty, for the delightful days I passed rambling about it, and for the beginning of that love bestowed upon my whole life by H—— S——. Heath Farm was a pretty house, at once rural, comfortable, and elegant, with a fine farm-yard adjoining it, a sort of cross between a farm and a manor house; it was on the edge of the Cashibury estate, within which it stood, looking on one side over its lawn and flower-garden to the grassy slopes and fine trees of the park, and on the other, across a road which divided the two properties, to Lord Clarendon's place, the Grove. It had been the residence of Lady Monson before her (second) marriage to Lord Warwick. Close to it was a pretty cottage, also in the park, where lived an old Miss M——, often visited by a young kinswoman of hers, who became another of my lifelong friends. T—— B——, Miss M——'s niece, was then a beautiful young woman, whose singularly fine face and sweet and spirited expression bore a strong resemblance to two eminently handsome people, my father and Mademoiselle Mars. She and I soon became intimate companions, though she was several years my senior. We used to take long rambles together, and vaguely among my indistinct recollections of her aunt's cottage and the pretty woodland round it, mix sundry flying visions of a light, youthful figure, that of Lord M——, then hardly more than a lad, who seemed to haunt the path of his cousin, my handsome friend, and one evening caused us both a sudden panic by springing out of a thicket on us, in the costume of a Harlequin. Some years after this, when I was about to leave England for America, I went to take leave of T—— B——. She was to be married the next day to Lord M——, and was sitting with his mother, Lady W——, and on a table near her lay a set of jewels, as peculiar as they were magnificent, consisting of splendid large opals set in diamonds,

black enamel, and gold. To return to our Cashibury walks: T—— B—— and I used often to go together to visit ladies (Mrs. Grey and her sister, Miss Shireff) the garden round whose cottage overflowed in every direction with a particular kind of white and maroon pink, the powerful, spicy odor of which comes to me like a warm whiff of summer sweetness, across all these intervening fifty years. Another favorite haunt of ours was a cottage (not of gentility) inhabited by an old man of the name of Foster, who, hale and hearty and cheerful in extreme old age, was always delighted to see us, used to give us choice flowers and fruit out of his tiny garden, and make me sit and sing to him by the half-hour together in his honeysuckle-covered porch. After my first visit to Heath Farm, some time elapsed before we went thither again. On the occasion of our second visit, Mrs. Siddons and my cousin Cecilia were also Mrs. Kemble's guests, and a lady of the name of H—— S——. She had been intimate from her childhood in my uncle Kemble's house, and retained an enthusiastic love for his memory and an affectionate kindness for his widow, whom she was now visiting on her return to England. And so I here first knew the dearest friend I have ever known. The device of her family is "Haut et Bon:" it was her description. She was about thirty years old when I first met her at Heath Farm; tall and thin, her figure wanted roundness and grace, but it was straight as a dart, and the vigorous, elastic, active movements of her limbs and firm, fleet, springing step of her beautifully made feet and ankles gave to her whole person and deportment a character like that of the fabled Atalanta or the huntress Diana herself. Her forehead and eyes were beautiful. The broad, white, pure expanse surrounded with thick, short, clustering curls of chestnut hair, and the clear, limpid, bright, tender gray eyes that always looked radiant with light and seemed to reflect radiance wherever they turned, were the eyes and forehead of Aurora. The rest of her features were not hand-

some, though her mouth was full of sensibility and sweetness, and her teeth were the most perfect I ever saw. She was eccentric in many things, but in nothing more so than the fashion of her dress, especially the coverings she provided for her extremities, her hat and boots. The latter were not positively masculine articles, but were nevertheless made by a man's boot-maker, and there was only one place in London where they could be made sufficiently ugly to suit her; and infinite were the pains she took to procure the heavy, thick, cumbrous, misshapen things that as much as possible concealed and disfigured her finely turned ankles and high, arched, Norman instep. Indeed, her whole attire, peculiar—and very ugly, I thought it—as it was, was so by malice prepense on her part. And whereas the general result would have suggested a total disregard of the vanities of dress, no Quaker coquette was ever more jealous of the peculiar texture of the fabrics she wore, or of the fashion in which they were made. She wore no colors, black and gray being the only shades I ever saw her in; and her dress, bare and bald of every ornament, was literally only a covering for her body; but it was difficult to find cashmere fine enough for her scanty skirts, or cloth perfect enough for her short spencers, or lawn clear and exquisite enough for her curious collars and cuffs of immaculate freshness.

I remember a similar peculiarity of dress in a person in all other respects the very antipodes of my friend H——. My mother took me once to visit a certain Miss W——, daughter of a Stafford banker, her very dear friend, and the godmother from whom I took my second name of Anne.

This lady inhabited a quaint, picturesque house in the oldest part of the town of Stafford. Well do I remember its oak-wainscoted and oak-paneled chambers, and the fine old oak staircase that led from the hall to the upper rooms; also the extraordinary abundance and delicacy of our meals, particularly the old-fashioned nine o'clock supper, about

every item of which, it seemed to me, more was said and thought than about any food of which I ever before or since partook. It was in this homely palace of good cheer that a saying originated, which passed into a proverb with us, expressive of a rather unnice indulgence of appetite.

One of the ladies, going out one day, called back to the servant who was closing the door behind her, "Tell the cook not to forget the sally-lunns" (a species of muffin) "for tea, well-greased on both sides, and we'll put on our cotton gowns to eat them."

The appearance of the mistress of this mansion of rather obsolete luxurious comfort was strikingly singular. She was a woman about sixty years old, tall and large and fat, of what Balzac describes as "un embonpoint flottant," and was habitually dressed in a white linen cambric gown, long and tending to train, but as plain and tight as a bag over her portly middle person and prominent bust; it was finished at the throat with a school-boy's plaited frill, which stood up round her heavy falling cheeks by the help of a white muslin or black silk cravat. Her head was very nearly bald, and the thin, short gray hair lay in distant streaks upon her skull, white and shiny as an ostrich egg, which on the rare occasions of her going out, or into her garden, she covered with a man's straw or beaver hat.

It is curious how much minor eccentricity the stringent general spirit of formal conformity allows individuals in England: nowhere else, scarcely, in civilized Europe could such a costume be worn in profound, peaceful defiance of public usage and opinion, with perfect security from insult or even offensive comment, as that of my mother's old friend, Miss W——, or my dear H—— S——. In this same Staffordshire family and its allies, eccentricity seemed to prevail alike in life and death; for I remember hearing frequent mention, while among them, of connections of theirs who, when they died, one and all desired to be buried in full dress and with their coffins *standing upright*.

To return to Heath Farm and my dear H——. Nobility, intelligence, and tenderness were her predominating qualities, and her person, manner, and countenance habitually expressed them.

This lady's intellect was of a very uncommon order; her habits of thought and reading were profoundly speculative; she delighted in metaphysical subjects of the greatest difficulty, and abstract questions of the most laborious solution. On such subjects she incessantly exercised her remarkably keen powers of analysis and investigation, and no doubt cultivated and strengthened her peculiar mental faculties and tendencies by the perpetual processes of metaphysical reasoning which she pursued. She had extraordinary argumentative acumen, and kept it sharp and bright by constant discussion and disquisition.

Between H—— S—— and myself, in spite of nearly twelve years' difference in our age, there sprang up a lively friendship, and our time at Heath Farm was spent in almost constant companionship. We walked and talked together the livelong day and a good part of the night, in spite of Mrs. Kemble's judicious precaution of sending us to bed with very moderate wax candle ends; a prudent provision which we contrived to defeat by getting from my cousin, Cecilia Siddons, clandestine alms of fine, long, *life-sized* candles, placed as mere supernumeraries on the toilet table of a dressing-room adjoining her mother's bedroom, which she never used. At this time I also made the acquaintance of my friend's brother, who came down to Heath Farm to visit Mrs. Kemble and his sister. He possessed a brilliant intellect, had studied for the bar, and at the same time made himself favorably known by a good deal of clever periodical writing; but he died too early to have fully developed his genius, and left as proofs of his undoubtedly superior talents only a few powerfully written works of fiction, indicating considerable abilities, to which time would have given maturity, and more experience a higher direction.

Among the principal interests of my London life at this time was the pro-

duction at our theatre of Weber's opera, *Der Freyschütz*. Few operas, I believe, have had a wider or more prolonged popularity; none certainly within my recollection ever had anything approaching it. Several causes conduced to this effect. The simple pathos of the love-story, and the supernatural element so well blended with it, which gave such unusual scope to the stage effects of scenery, etc., were two obvious reasons for its success.

The subject is eminently sympathetic to the majority of audiences, easily understood, romantic, pathetic, almost tragical, and at the same time startlingly terrible in some of its situations. The music combines every quality of exquisite melody and fine harmony, in the airs, choruses, and concerted pieces, with a masterly, full, effective, and yet not overloaded instrumentation. The orchestral portion of the composition is as rich and varied as the vocal is original and enchanting; and the beautiful accompaniments add a pathetic and spirited charm of their own to the tender solo airs and fine concerted pieces and choruses.

From the inimitably gay and dramatic laughing chorus and waltz of the first scene to the divine melody in which the heroine expresses her unshaken faith in Heaven, immediately before her lover's triumph closes the piece, the whole opera is a series of exquisite conceptions, hardly one of which does not contain some theme or passage calculated to catch the dullest and slowest ear and fix itself on the least retentive memory; and though the huntsman's and bridesmaid's choruses, of course, first attained and longest retained a street-organ popularity, there is not a single air, duet, concerted piece, or chorus, from which extracts were not seized on and carried away by the least musical memories. So that the advertisement of a German gentleman for a valet, who to other necessary qualifications was to add the indispensable one of not being able to whistle a note of *Der Freyschütz*, appeared a not unnatural result of the universal *furor* for this music.

We went to hear it until we literally knew it by heart, and such was my enthusiasm for it that I contrived to get up a romantic passion for the great composer, of whom I procured a hideous little engraving (very ugly he was, and very ugly was his "counterfeit pre-

sentment," with high cheek bones long hooked nose, and spectacles), which, folded up in a small square and sewed into a black silk case, I carried like an amulet round my neck until I completely wore it out, which was soon after poor Weber's death.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S WISH.

THOU strokest back my heavy hair
With smothered praises in thy touch,
Thy long, proud look doth call me fair
Before thy lips have vowed me such.

And when between each long caress
Thou gazest at me held apart,
And with impulsive tenderness
Refoldest closer to thy heart,

Over love's deep, within thine eyes,
I see the artist's rapture brood;
And sometimes will this thought arise
(O Love, why must a fear intrude!):

What if some sudden thing, as dread
As that which happened yesterday,
Should write my name among the dead
And steal all but my soul away;

Or, leaving still a feeble life,
Should make me ugly, foul to see:
Couldst thou then call my soul thy wife,
Wouldst thou then love this very *me*?

Lest I miss aught of thy heart's whole,
When changed by some dire mystery;
Would that this dust that clothes my soul
Immortal as itself might be!

Or else that some strange power were thine,
To see my soul itself alway;
And love this fragile form of mine,
As but its likeness wrought in clay.

Charlotte F. Bates.

OF SOME RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

II.

THE record of railroad horrors in the most aggravated form began at Versailles on the 8th of May, 1842; and doubtless it is destined to an indefinite continuance. Since then it has sometimes seemed as though locomotives had run mad or were indulging in a very carnival of disasters, so rapidly has one catastrophe trodden upon the heels of another. At least twice in England their frequent occurrence has occasioned so much public uneasiness as to lead to circulars addressed to the corporations, in one case by the Queen herself, and in the other by the government through the President of the Board of Trade. As a rule, these accidents were of a strikingly similar description, and a dry chronological enumeration of them would be neither profitable nor instructive. There are, however, those of them which are very memorable; some because of dramatic features in their occurrence, others because of the results which they produced in a permanently increased safety of travel. These are not without a lasting interest, although it is almost startling to see how soon and how completely they are forgotten. For instance, who now remembers even the name of the Abergele disaster? And yet it occurred but seven years since, and it would not be easy to conceive anything more striking and terribly dramatic than those incidents connected with it which caused all England for a space to think and speak of nothing else,

THE ABERGELE ACCIDENT.

The Irish mail is a famous train in England. Leaving London at shortly after seven A. M. it was timed in 1868 to make the distance to Chester, one hundred and sixty-six miles, in four hours and eighteen minutes; from Chester to Holyhead is eighty-five miles, for run-

ning which the space of one hundred and twenty-five minutes was allowed. Abergele is a point on the sea-coast in the north of Wales, nearly midway between these two places. On the 20th of August, 1868, the Irish mail left Chester as usual. It was made up of thirteen carriages in all, which were occupied, as the carriages of that train usually were, by a large number of persons whose names at least were widely known. Among these, on this particular occasion, were the Duchess of Abercorn, wife of the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with five children. Under the running arrangements of the London & North-Western road a freight, or as it is there called a goods train, left Chester half an hour before the mail, and was placed upon the siding at Llanddulas, a station about a mile and a half beyond Abergele, to allow the mail to pass. From Abergele to Llanddulas the track ascended by a gradient of some sixty feet to the mile. On the day of the accident it chanced that certain wagons between the engine and the rear end of the goods train had to be taken out to be left at Llanddulas, and in doing this it became necessary to separate the train and to leave five or six of the last cars in it standing on the tracks of the main line, while those which were to be left were backed on to a siding. The employé whose duty it was to have done so neglected to set the brakes on the wagons thus left standing, and consequently when the engine and the rest of the train returned for them, the moment they were touched, and before a coupling could be effected, the jar set them in motion down the incline towards Abergele. They started so slowly that a brakeman of the train ran after them, fully expecting to catch and stop them, but as they went down the grade they soon outstripped him, and it became clear that there was nothing to check them until they should meet the Irish

mail, then almost due. It also chanced that the cars thus loosened were oil cars.

The track of the North-Western road between Abergele and Llanddulas runs along the sides of the picturesque Welsh hills, which rise up to the south, while to the north there stretches out a wide expanse of sea. The mail train was skirting the hills and laboring up the grade at a speed of some thirty miles an hour, when its engineer suddenly perceived the loose wagons coming down upon it around the curve, and then but a few yards off. Seeing that they were oil cars he almost instinctively sprang from his locomotive, and was thrown down by the impetus and rolled to the side of the road-bed. Picking himself up, bruised but not seriously hurt, he saw that the collision had already taken place, that the tender had ridden directly over the engine, that the colliding cars were demolished, and that the foremost carriages of the train were already on fire. Running quickly to the rear of the train he succeeded in uncoupling six carriages and a van, which were drawn away from the rest before the flames extended to them by an engine which most fortunately was following the train. All the other carriages were utterly destroyed, and every person in them perished.

The Abergele was probably a solitary instance, in the record of railroad accidents, in which but a single survivor sustained any injury. There was no maiming. It was death or entire escape. The collision was not a particularly severe one, and the engineer of the mail train especially stated that at the moment it occurred the loose cars were still moving so slowly that he would not have sprung from his engine had he not seen that they were loaded with oil. The very instant the collision took place, however, the fluid seemed to ignite and to flash along the train like lightning, so that it was impossible to approach a carriage when once it caught fire. The fact was that the oil in vast quantities was spilled upon the track and ignited by the fire of the locomotive, and then the impetus of the mail train forced all of

its leading carriages into the dense mass of smoke and flame. All those who were present concurred in positively stating that not a cry, nor a moan, nor a sound of any description was heard from the burning carriages, nor did any one in them apparently make an effort to escape.

The most graphic description of this extraordinary and terrible catastrophe was that given by the Marquis of Hamilton, the eldest son of the Duke of Abercorn, whose wife and family, fortunately for themselves, occupied one of those rear carriages which were unshackled and saved. In his account the Marquis of Hamilton said: "We were startled by a collision and a shock which, though not very severe, were sufficient to throw every one against his opposite neighbor. I immediately jumped out of the carriage, when a fearful sight met my view. Already the whole of the three passengers' carriages in front of ours, the vans, and the engine were enveloped in dense sheets of flame and smoke, rising fully twenty feet high, and spreading out in every direction. It was the work of an instant. No words can convey the instantaneous nature of the explosion and conflagration. I had actually got out almost before the shock of the collision was over, and this was the spectacle which already presented itself. Not a sound, not a scream, not a struggle to escape, not a movement of any sort was apparent in the doomed carriages. It was as though an electric flash had at once paralyzed and stricken every one of their occupants. So complete was the absence of any presence of living or struggling life in them that, as soon as the passengers from the other parts of the train were in some degree recovered from their first shock and consternation, it was imagined that the burning carriages were destitute of passengers; a hope soon changed into feelings of horror when their contents of charred and mutilated remains were discovered an hour afterward. From the extent, however, of the flames, the suddenness of the conflagration, and the absence of

any power to extricate themselves, no human aid would have been of any assistance to the sufferers, who, in all probability, were instantaneously suffocated by the black and fetid smoke peculiar to paraffine, which rose in volumes around the spreading flames."

Though the collision took place before one o'clock, in spite of the efforts of a large gang of men who were kept throwing water on the tracks, the perfect sea of flame which covered the line for a distance of some forty or fifty yards could not be extinguished until nearly eight o'clock in the evening; for the petroleum had flowed down into the ballasting of the road, and the rails themselves were red-hot. It was therefore small occasion for surprise that when the fire was at last gotten under, the remains of those who lost their lives were in some cases wholly undistinguishable, and in others almost so. Among the thirty-three victims of the disaster the body of no single one retained any traces of individuality; the faces of all were wholly destroyed, and in no case were there found feet or legs or anything at all approaching to a perfect head. Ten corpses were finally identified as those of males, and thirteen as those of females, while the sex of ten others could not be determined. The body of one passenger, Lord Farnham, was identified by the crest on his watch; and, indeed, no better evidence of the wealth and social position of the victims of this accident could have been asked for than the collection of articles found on its site. It included diamonds of great size and singular brilliancy; rubies, opals, emeralds, gold tops of smelling-bottles, twenty-four watches, of which but two or three were not gold, chains, clasps of bags, and very many bundles of keys. Of these the diamonds alone had successfully resisted the intense heat of the flame; the settings were nearly all destroyed.

Of the causes of this accident little need or can be said. No human appliances, no more ingenious brakes or increased strength of construction, could have averted it or warded off its con-

sequences once it was inevitable. It was occasioned primarily by two things, the most dangerous and the most difficult to reach of all the many sources of danger against which those managing railroads have unsleepingly to contend: a somewhat defective discipline, aggravated by a little not unnatural carelessness. The rule of the company was specific that all the wagons of every goods train should be out of the way and the track clear at least ten minutes before a passenger train was due; but in this case shunting was going actively on when the Irish mail was within a mile and a half. A careless brakeman then forgot for once that he was leaving his wagons standing close to the head of an incline; a blow in coupling, a little heavier perhaps than usual, sufficed to set them in motion; and they happened to be loaded with oil.

Behind all this, however, there was apparent a grave and radical defect in the construction of the road or the arrangement of its sidings, in that the station at Landdulas was placed upon an incline at all. As will hereafter be seen, this practice on the part of those laying out railroads has been the cause of frequent disaster, and must continue to be so as long as it exists. Every engineer knows perfectly well what the angle of equilibrium is, and to establish sidings or to habitually permit shunting where that angle is exceeded at the head of an incline is simply to insure soon or late a disaster.

THE NEW HAMBURG ACCIDENT.

A catastrophe strikingly similar to that at Abergele befell an express train on the Hudson River Railroad, upon the night of the 6th of February, 1871. The weather for a number of days preceding the accident had been unusually cold, and it is to the suffering of employes incident to exposure, and the consequent neglect of precautions on their part, that accidents are peculiarly due. On this night a freight train was going south, all those in charge of which were sheltering themselves during a

steady run in the caboose car at its rear end. Suddenly, when near a bridge over Wappinger's Creek, not far from New Hamburg, they discovered that a car in the centre of the train was off the track. The train was finally stopped on the bridge, but in stopping it other cars were also derailed, and one of these, bearing on it two large oil tanks, finally rested obliquely across the bridge with one end projecting over the up track. Hardly had the disabled train been brought to a stand still, when, before signal lanterns could in the confusion incident to the disaster be sent out, the Pacific express from New York, which was a little behind its time, came rapidly along. As it approached the bridge, its engineer saw a red lantern swung, and instantly gave the signal to apply the brakes. It was too late to avoid the collision; but what ensued had in it, so far as the engineer was concerned, an element of the heroic, which his companion, the fireman of the engine, afterwards described on the witness stand with a directness and simplicity of language which exceeded all art. The engineer's name was Simmons, and he was familiarly known among his companions as "Doc." His fireman, Nicholas Tallon, also saw the red light swing on the bridge, and called out to him that the draw was open. In reply Simmons told him to spring the patent brake, which he did, and by this time they were alongside of the locomotive of the disabled train and running with a somewhat slackened speed. Tallon had now got out upon the step of the locomotive, preparatory to springing off, and turning asked his companion if he also proposed to do the same: "Doc looked around at me but made no reply, and then looked ahead again, watching his business; then I jumped and rolled down on the ice in the creek; the next I knew I heard the crash and saw the fire and smoke." The next seen of "Doc" Simmons, he was dragged up days afterwards from under his locomotive at the bottom of the river. But it was a good way to die. He went out of the world and of the sight of men with his hand on the lever,

making no reply to the suggestion that he should leave his post, but "looking ahead and watching his business."

Dante himself could not have imagined a greater complication of horrors than then ensued: liquid fire and solid frost combined to make the work of destruction perfect. The shock of the collision broke in pieces the oil car, igniting its contents and flinging them about in every direction. In an instant bridge, river, locomotive, cars, and the glittering surface of the ice were wrapped in a sheet of flame; at the same time the strain proved too severe for the trestle-work, which gave way, precipitating the locomotive, tender, baggage cars, and one passenger car on to the ice, through which they instantly crushed and sank deep out of sight beneath the water. Of the remaining seven cars of the passenger train, two, besides several of the freight train, were destroyed by fire, and shortly, as the supports of the remaining portions of the bridge burned away, the superstructure fell on the half-submerged train and buried it from view.

Twenty-one persons lost their lives in this disaster, and a large number of others were injured; but the loss of life, it will be noticed, was only two thirds of that at Abergele. The New Hamburg catastrophe also differed from that at Abergele in that, under its particular circumstances, it was far more preventable, and, indeed, with the appliances since brought into use it would surely have been avoided. The modern train-brake had, however, not then been perfected, so that even the hundred rods at which the signal was seen did not afford a sufficient space in which to stop the train. Under any circumstances, however, it is difficult to see how it is possible to guard against contingencies like those at either Abergele or New Hamburg. At the time, as is usual in such cases, the public indignation expended itself in vague denunciation of the Hudson River Railroad Company, because the disaster happened to take place upon a bridge in which there was a draw to admit the passage of vessels. There seemed to be a vague but very general

impression that draw-bridges were dangerous things, and, because other accidents due to different causes had happened upon them, that the occurrence of this accident, from whatever cause, was in itself sufficient evidence of gross carelessness. The fact was that not even the clumsy Connecticut rule, which compels the stopping of all trains before entering on any draw-bridge, would have sufficed to avert the New Hamburg disaster, for the river was then frozen and the draw was not in use, so that for the time being the bridge was an ordinary bridge; and not even in the frenzy of crude suggestions which invariably succeeds each new accident was any one ever found ignorant enough to suggest the stopping of all trains before entering upon every bridge, which, as railroads generally follow water-courses, would not infrequently necessitate an average of one stop to every thousand feet or so. Only incidentally did the bridge at New Hamburg have anything to do with the disaster there, the essence of which lay in the sudden derailment of an oil car in front of a passenger train running in the opposite direction and on the other track. Of course, if the derailment had occurred long enough before the passenger train came up to allow the proper signals to be given, and this precaution had been neglected, then the disaster would have been due, not to the original cause, but to the defective discipline of the employés. Such does not appear to have been the case at New Hamburg, nor was that disaster by any means the first due to derailment and the throwing of cars from one track in front of a train passing upon the other. Indeed, an accident hardly less destructive, arising from that very cause, had occurred only eight months previous in England, and resulted in eighteen deaths and more than fifty cases of injury.

THE CLAYBRIDGE LANE ACCIDENT.

A goods train made up of a locomotive and twenty-nine wagons was running at a speed of some twenty miles an hour on the Great Northern road, be-

tween Newark and Claypole, about one hundred miles from London, when the forward axle under one of the wagons broke. As a result of the derailment which ensued, the train became divided, and presently the disabled car was driven by the pressure behind it out of its course and over the interval, so that it finally rested partly across the other track. At just this moment an excursion train from London, made up of twenty-three carriages and containing some three hundred and forty passengers, came along at a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour. It was quite dark, and the engineer of the freight train in vain waved his arm as a signal of danger; one of the guards, also, showed a red light with his hand lantern, but his action either was not seen or was misunderstood, for, without any reduction of the speed being made, the engine of the excursion train plunged headlong into the disabled goods wagon. The collision was so violent as to turn the engine aside off the track and cause it to strike the stone pier of a bridge near by, by which it was flung completely around and then driven up the slope of the embankment, where it toppled over like a rearing horse and fell back into the roadway. The tender likewise was overturned, but not so the carriages; they rushed along holding to the track, and the side of each as it passed was ripped and torn by the projecting end of the freight car. Of the twenty-three carriages and vans in the train scarcely one escaped damage, while the more forward ones were in several cases lifted one on top of the other or forced partly up the embankment, whence they fell back again, crushing the passengers beneath them.

This accident occurred on the 21st of June, 1870; it was very thoroughly investigated by Captain Tyler on behalf of the Board of Trade, with the apparent conclusion that it was one which could hardly have been guarded against. The freight car whose broken axle occasioned the disaster did not belong to the Great Northern company, and the wheels of the train had been properly

examined by viewing and tapping at the several stopping-places; the flaw which led to the fracture was, however, of such a nature that it could have been detected only by the removal of the wheel. It did not appear that the employes of the company had been guilty of any negligence; but it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that the accident was due to one of those defects to which the results of even the most perfect human workmanship must ever remain liable, and this had revealed itself under exactly those conditions which must involve the most disastrous consequences.

The English accident did, however, establish one thing, if nothing else; it showed the immeasurable superiority of the system of investigation pursued in the case of railroad accidents in England over that pursued in this country. There a trained expert after the occurrence of each disaster visits the spot and sifts the affair to the very bottom, locating responsibility and pointing out distinctly the measures necessary to guard against its repetition. Here the case goes to a coroner's jury, whose findings as a rule admirably sustain the ancient reputation of that august tribunal. It is absolutely sad to follow the course of these investigations, they are conducted with such an entire disregard of method and lead to such inadequate conclusions. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? The same man never investigates two accidents, and for the one investigation he does make he is competent only in his own esteem.

Take the New Hamburg accident as an example. Rarely has any catastrophe merited a more careful investigation, and few indeed have ever called forth more ill-considered criticism or crude suggestions. Almost nothing of interest respecting it was elicited at the inquest, and now no reliable criticism can be ventured upon it. The question of responsibility in that case, and of prevention thereafter, involved careful inquiry into at least four subjects: First, the ownership and condition of the freight car the fractured axle of which occasioned the disaster, together with the precau-

tions taken by the company, usually and in this particular case, to test the wheels of freight cars moving over its road, especially during times of severe cold. Second, the conduct of those in charge of the freight train immediately preceding and at the time of the accident; was the fracture of the axle at once noticed and were measures taken to stop the train, or was the derailment aggravated into the form it finally took by neglect? Third, was there any neglect in signaling the accident on the part of those in charge of the disabled train, and how much time elapsed between the accident and the collision? Fourth, what, if any, improved appliances would have enabled those in charge of either train to have averted the accident, and what, if any, defects either in the rules or the equipment in use were revealed?

No satisfactory conclusion can now be arrived at upon any of these points, though the probabilities are that with the appliances since introduced the train might have been stopped in time. In this case, as in that at Claybridge, the coroner's jury returned a verdict exonerating every one concerned from responsibility, and very possibly they were justified in so doing; though it is extremely questionable whether Captain Tyler would have arrived at a similar conclusion. There is a strong probability that the investigation went off, so to speak, on a wholly false issue, — turned on the draw-bridge frenzy instead of upon the question of care. So far as the verdict declared that the disaster was due to a collision between a passenger train and a derailed oil car, and not to the existence of a draw in the bridge on which it happened to occur, it was, indeed, entitled to respect, and yet it was on this very point that it excited the most criticism. Loud commendation was heard through the press of the Connecticut law, which had been in force in that State for twenty years, and, indeed, still is in force there, under which all trains are compelled to come to a full stop before entering on any bridge which has a draw in it, — a law which may best be described as a useless nui-

sance. Yet the grand jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of New York city even went so far as to recommend, in a report made by it on the 23d of February, 1871, — sixteen days after the accident, — the passage by the legislature then in session at Albany of a similar legal absurdity. Fortunately better counsels prevailed, and as the public recovered its equilibrium the matter was allowed to drop.

The Connecticut law in question, however, originated in an accident which at the time had startled and shocked the community as much even as that at Versailles before or at Abergele has since done. It occurred on the New York & New Haven road at Norwalk, on the 6th of May, 1853.

THE NORWALK ACCIDENT.

The railroad at Norwalk crosses a small inlet of Long Island Sound by means of a draw-bridge, which is approached from the direction of New York around a sharp curve. A ball at the mast-head was in 1853 the signal that the draw was open and the bridge closed to the passage of trains. The express passenger train for Boston, consisting of a locomotive and two baggage and five passenger cars, containing about one hundred and fifty persons, left New York as usual at eight o'clock that morning. The locomotive was not in charge of its usual engineer, but of a substitute named Tucker, a man who some seven years before had been injured in a previous collision on the same road, for which he did not appear to have been in any way responsible; but who had then given up his position and gone to California, whence he had recently returned and was now again an applicant for an engineer's situation. This was his third trip over the road, as substitute. In approaching the bridge at Norwalk he apparently wholly neglected to look for the draw signal. He was running his train at about the usual rate of speed, and first became aware that the draw was open when within four hundred feet of it and after it had become wholly impossible to stop the train in time. He

immediately whistled for brakes and reversed his engine, and then, without setting the brakes on his tender, both he and the fireman sprang off and escaped with trifling injuries. The train at this time did not appear to be moving at a speed of over fifteen miles an hour. The draw was sixty feet in width; the water in the then state of the tide was about twelve feet deep, and the same distance below the level of the bridge. Although the speed of the train had been materially reduced, yet when it came to the opening it was still moving with sufficient impetus to send its locomotive clean across the sixty-foot interval and to cause it to strike the opposite abutment about eight feet below the track; it then fell heavily to the bottom. The tender lodged on top of it, bottom up and resting against the pier, while on top of this again was the first baggage car. The second baggage car, which contained also a compartment for smokers, followed, but in falling was canted over to the north side of the draw in such a way as not to be wholly submerged, so that most of those in it were saved. The first passenger car plunged into the opening next; its forward end crushed in, as it fell against the baggage car in front of it, while its rear end dropped into the deep water below; and on top of it came the second passenger car, burying the passengers in the first beneath the *débris*, and partially submerging itself. The succeeding or third passenger car, instead of following the others, broke in two in the middle, the forward part hanging down over the edge of the draw, while the rear of it rested on the track and stayed the course of the remainder of the train. Including those in the smoking compartment more than a hundred persons were plunged into the channel, of whom forty-six lost their lives, while some thirty others were more or less severely injured. The killed were mainly among the passengers in the first car; for in falling the roof of the second car was split open, and it finally rested in such a position that, as no succeeding car came on top of it, many of those in it were enabled to extricate themselves; indeed, more than one of

the passengers in falling were absolutely thrown through the aperture in the roof, and, without any volition on their part, were saved with unmoistened garments.

This terrible disaster was due, not alone to the carelessness of an engineer, but to the use of a crude and inadequate system of signals. It so happened, however, that the legislature of the State was unfortunately in session at the time, and consequently the public panic and indignation took shape in a law compelling every train on a Connecticut railroad to come to a dead stand-still before entering upon any bridge in which there was a draw. This law is still in force, and from time to time, as after the New Hamburg catastrophe, an unreasoning clamor is raised for its enactment in other States. In point of fact it imposes a most absurd, unnecessary, and annoying delay on traveling, and rests upon the Connecticut statute book a curious illustration of what usually happens when legislators undertake to incorporate running railroad regulations into the statutes-at-large. There is probably no source of danger to which travel by rail is subject which admits of such certain and infallible signaling as draws in bridges. The idea of stopping before approaching them is entitled to about the same respect as would be a proposal to recur to pioneer locomotives before all night trains.

ACCIDENTS AT DRAW-BRIDGES.

The machinery by which draws must be worked can be automatically connected with signals of almost any description at any desired distance. By one method in use a careless engineer is suddenly aroused to a proper performance of his duties and a consciousness of impending danger by the disappearance of the smoke-stack of his locomotive; by yet others his passing a given point in defiance of signals sends him crashing through a gate and causes the sounding of an alarm sufficient to arouse all but the dead. Either of these methods secures a much greater degree of safety than a mere stopping of trains, which in

more than one instance has proved a wholly insufficient protection.

This was curiously illustrated in the case of an accident which occurred upon the Boston & Maine Railroad on the morning of the 21st of November, 1862, when the early local passenger train was run into the open draw of the bridge almost at the entrance to the Boston station. It so happened that the train had stopped at the Charlestown station just before going on to the bridge, and at the time the accident occurred was moving at a speed scarcely faster than a man could walk; and yet the locomotive was entirely submerged, as the water at that point is deep, and the only thing which probably saved the train was that the draw was so narrow and the cars were so long that the foremost one lodged across the opening, and its forward end only was beneath the water. At the rate at which the train was moving, the resistance thus offered was sufficient to stop it, though, even as it was, no less than six persons lost their lives and a much larger number were more or less injured. Here all the precautions imposed by the Connecticut law were taken, and served only to reveal the weak point in it. The accident was due to the neglect of the corporation in not having the draw and its system of signals interlocked in such a way that the movement of the one should automatically cause a corresponding movement of the other; and this neglect in high quarters made it possible for a careless employé to open the draw on a particularly dark and foggy morning, while he forgot at the same time to shift his signals. A statute provision making compulsory the interlocking of all draws in railroad bridges with a proper and infallible system of signals might, therefore, have claims on the consideration of an intelligent legislature; not so an enactment which compels the stopping of trains at points where danger is small, and makes no provision as respects other points where it is great.

And yet bridge accidents always have been and will probably always remain among the worst to which travel by rail

is exposed. It would be impossible for corporations to take too great precautions against them, and that the precautions taken are very great is conclusively shown by the fact that with thousands of bridges many times each day subjected to the strain of the passage at speed of heavy trains, so very few disasters occur. Nevertheless there are many precautions which, in the face of terrible experience, corporations do not and will not take. For instance, every railroad bridge, not only throughout its length but throughout its approaches, should have its track protected against possible derailment. It is the exception and not the rule, however, that this is done. Long immunity from disaster breeds a species of recklessness even in the most cautious, and yet the single mishap in a thousand must surely fall to the lot of some one. Many years ago the terrible results which must soon or late be expected, wherever the consequences of a derailment on the approaches to a bridge are not surely guarded against, were illustrated by a disaster on the Great Western Railroad of Canada which combined many of the worst horrors of both the Norwalk and the New Hamburg tragedies; more recently the almost forgotten lesson was enforced again on the Vermont & Massachusetts road, upon the bridge over the Miller River, at Athol. The accident last referred to occurred on the 16th of June, 1870, but, though forcible enough as a reminder, it was tame indeed in comparison with the Des Jardines Canal disaster, which is still remembered though it happened as long ago as the 17th of March, 1857.

THE DES JARDINES CANAL ACCIDENT.

The Great Western Railroad of Canada crossed the canal by a bridge at an elevation of about sixty feet. At the time of the accident there were some eighteen feet of water in the canal, though, as is usual in Canada at that season, it was covered by ice some two feet in thickness. On the afternoon of the 17th of March, as the local accommodation train from Hamilton was nearing the

bridge, its locomotive, though it was then moving at a very slow rate of speed, was in some way thrown from the track and on to the timbers of the bridge. These it cut through, and then, falling heavily on the string-pieces, it parted them and instantly pitched headlong on to the frozen surface of the canal below, dragging after it the tender, baggage car, and two passenger cars, which composed the whole train. There was nothing whatever to break the fall of sixty feet; and even then two feet of ice only intervened between the ruins of the train and the bottom of the canal eighteen feet below. Two feet of solid ice will afford no contemptible resistance to a falling body; the locomotive and tender crushed heavily through it and instantly sank out of sight. In falling the baggage car struck a corner of the tender and was thus thrown some ten yards to one side, and was followed by the first passenger car, which, turning a somersault as it went down, fell on its roof and was crushed to fragments, but only partially broke through the ice. Upon which the next car fell endwise, and rested in that position. That every human being in the first car was either crushed or drowned seems most natural; the only cause for astonishment is found in the fact that any one should have survived such a catastrophe,—a tumble of sixty feet on ice as solid as a rock! Yet of four persons in the baggage car three went down with it, and not one of them was more than slightly injured. The engineer and fireman, and the occupants of the second passenger car, were less fortunate. The former were found crushed under the locomotive in the bottom of the canal; while of the latter ten were killed, and not one escaped severe injury. Very rarely indeed in the history of railroad accidents have so large a portion of those on the train lost their lives as in this case, for out of ninety persons sixty perished, and in the number was included every woman and child among the passengers, with a single exception.

There were two circumstances about this disaster worthy of especial notice. In the first place, as well as can now be

ascertained, in the absence of any trustworthy record of an investigation into causes, the accident was easily preventable, though by means of appliances which even yet have never been brought into general use. It appears to have been immediately caused by the derailment of a locomotive, however occasioned, just as it was entering on a swing draw-bridge. Thrown from the tracks, there was nothing in the flooring to prevent the derailed locomotive from deflecting from its course until it toppled over the ends of the ties, nor were the ties and the flooring apparently sufficiently strong to sustain it even while it held to its course. Under such circumstances the derailment of a locomotive upon any bridge can mean only destruction; it meant it then, it means it now; and yet our country is to-day full of bridges constructed in an exactly similar way. A very simple and inexpensive appliance would make accidents from this cause, if not impossible, at least highly improbable. It is only necessary to make the ties and flooring of all bridges between the tracks and for three feet on either side of them sufficiently strong to sustain the whole weight of a train off the track and in motion, while a third rail, or strong truss of wood, securely fastened, should be laid down midway between the rails throughout the entire length of the bridge and its approaches. With this arrangement, as the flanges of the wheels are on the inside, it must follow that in case of derailment and a divergence to one side or the other of the bridge, the inner side of the flange will come against the central rail or truss just so soon as the divergence amounts to half the space between the rails, which in the ordinary gauge is two feet and ten inches. The wheels must then glide along this guard, holding the train from any further divergence from its course, until it can be checked. Meanwhile, as the ties and flooring extend for the space of three feet outside of the track, a sufficient support is furnished by them for the other wheels. A legislative enactment compelling the construction of all bridges in this way, coupled with additional provisions for the interlock-

ing of draws with their signals in the cases of bridges across navigable waters, would be open to the objection that laws against dangers of accident by rail have almost invariably proved ineffective when they were not absurd, but in itself, if enforced, it might not improbably render disasters like those at Norwalk and Des Jardines terrors of the past. The New Hamburg accident depended on other conditions.

There was, also, one rather noteworthy feature in the Des Jardines accident. The question as to what is the best method of coupling together the several individual vehicles which make up every railroad train has always been much discussed among railroad mechanics. The decided weight of opinion has been in favor of the strongest and closest couplings, so that under no circumstances should the train separate into parts. Taking all forms of railroad accident together, this conclusion is probably sound. It is, however, at best only a balancing of disadvantages, a mere question as to which practice involves the least amount of danger. Yet a very terrible demonstration that there are two sides to this as to most other questions was furnished at Des Jardines. It was the custom on the Great Western road not only to couple the cars together in the usual method then in use, but also, as is often done now, to connect them by heavy chains on each side of the bumpers. Accordingly when the locomotive broke through the Des Jardines bridge, it dragged the rest of the train hopelessly after it. This certainly would not have happened had the modern self-coupler been in use, and probably would not have happened had the cars been connected only by the ordinary link and pins; for the train was going very slowly and the signal for brakes was given in ample time to apply them vigorously before the last cars came to the opening, into which they were finally dragged by the dead weight before them and not hurried by their own impetus.

On the other hand, we have not far to go in search of scarcely less fatal disasters illustrating with equal force the

other side of the proposition, in the terrible consequences which have ensued from the separation of cars in cases of derailment. Take the memorable accident of the 17th of June, 1858, near Port Jervis, on the Erie Railway, for instance.

THE PORT JERVIS ACCIDENT.

As the express train from New York was running at a speed of about thirty miles an hour over a perfectly straight piece of track between Otisville and Port Jervis, shortly after dark on the evening of that day, it encountered a broken rail. The train was made up of a locomotive, two baggage cars, and five passenger cars, all of which except the last passed safely over the fractured rail. The last car was apparently derailed by this, and drew the car before it off the track. These two cars were then dragged along, swaying fearfully from side to side, for a distance of some four hundred feet, when the couplings at last snapped and they went over the embankment, which was there some thirty feet in height. As they rushed down the slope, the last car turned fairly over, resting finally on its roof, while one of its heavy iron trucks broke through and fell upon the passengers beneath, killing and maiming them. The other car, more fortunate, rested at last upon its side on a pile of stones at the foot of the embankment. Six persons were killed and fifty severely injured; all of the former in the last car.

In this case, had the couplings held, the derailed cars would not have gone over the embankment and but slight injuries would have been sustained. Modern improvements have, however, created safeguards sufficient to prevent the recurrence of other accidents under the same conditions as that at Port Jervis. The difficulty lay in the inability to stop a train, though moving at only moderate speed, within a reasonable time. The wretched inefficiency of the old hand-brake in a sudden emergency received one more illustration. The train seems to have run nearly half a mile, after the accident took place, before it could be

stopped, although the engineer had instant notice of it and reversed his locomotive. The couplings did not snap until a distance had been traversed in which the modern train-brake would have reduced the speed to a point at which they would have been subjected to no dangerous strain.

THE CAR'S ROCK ACCIDENT.

The accident ten years later at Car's Rock, on the same road, sixteen miles west of Port Jervis, was again very similar to the one just described; and yet in this case the parting of the couplings alone prevented the rear of the train from dragging its head to destruction. Both disasters were occasioned by broken rails; but, while the first occurred on a tangent, the last was on a curve at a point where the road, skirting along the hills, had on one side of it a bold elevation and on the other a steep declivity of some eighty feet, jagged with rock and boulders. The train was a long one, consisting of the locomotive, three baggage and express, and seven passenger cars, and it encountered the broken rail while rounding the curve at a high rate of speed. Again all the train passed over the fracture in safety, except the last car, which was snapped, as it were, off the track and over the embankment. At first it was dragged along, but only for a short distance; the intense strain then broke the coupling between the four rear cars and the head of the train, and the last of the four being already over the precipice the others almost instantly toppled over after it and plunged and rolled down the ravine. A passenger on this portion of the train, who went with it, described the car he was in "as going over and over, until the outer roof was torn off, the sides fell out, and the inner roof was crushed in." Twenty-four persons were killed and eighty injured; but in this instance, as in that at Des Jardines, the only subject for surprise was that there were any survivors.

Accidents arising from the parting of defective couplings have of course not been uncommon, and they constitute

one of the greatest dangers incident to heavy gradients; in surmounting inclines freight trains will, it is found, break in two, and their hinder parts come thundering down the grade, as was seen at Abergele. The American passenger trains, in which each car is provided with brakes, are much less liable than the English, the speed of which is regulated by brake vans, to accidents of this description. Indeed, it may be questioned whether in America any serious disaster has occurred from the fact that a portion of a passenger train on a road operated by steam got beyond control in descending an incline. There have been, however, terrible catastrophes from this cause in England, and that on the Lancashire & Yorkshire road near Helmsmere, a station some fourteen miles north of Manchester, deserves a prominent place in the record of railroad accidents.

THE HELMSHERE ACCIDENT.

It occurred in the early hours of the morning of the 4th of September, 1860. There had been a great *fête* at the Bellevue Gardens in Manchester on the 3d, upon the conclusion of which some twenty-five hundred persons crowded at once upon the return trains. Of these there were, on the Lancashire & Yorkshire road, three; the first consisting of fourteen, the second of thirty-one, and the last of twenty-four carriages; and they were started, with intervals of ten minutes between them, at about eleven o'clock at night. The first train finished its journey in safety. Not so the second and the third. The Helmsmere station is at the top of a steep incline. This the second train, drawn by two locomotives, surmounted, and then stopped for the delivery of passengers. While these were leaving the carriages, a snap as of fractured iron was heard, and the guards, looking back, saw the whole rear portion of the train, consisting of seventeen carriages and a brake-van, detached from the rest of it and quietly slipping down the incline. The detached portion was moving so slowly that one of

the guards succeeded in catching the van and applying the brakes; it was, however, already too late. The velocity was greater than the brake-power could overcome, and the seventeen carriages kept descending more and more rapidly. Meanwhile the third train had reached the foot of the incline and begun to ascend it, when its engineer, on rounding a curve, caught sight of the descending carriages. He immediately reversed his engine, but before he could bring his train to a stand they were upon him. Fortunately the van-brakes of the detached carriages, though insufficient to stop them, yet did reduce their speed; the collision nevertheless was terrific. The force of the blow, so far as the advancing train was concerned, expended itself on the locomotive, which was demolished, while the passengers escaped with a fright. Not so those in the descending carriages. With them there was nothing to break the blow, and the two foremost of them were crushed to fragments and their passengers scattered over the line. It was shortly after midnight, and the excursionists clambered out of the trains and rushed frantically about, impeding every effort to clear away the débris and rescue the injured, whose shrieks and cries were incessant. The bodies of ten persons, one of whom had died of suffocation, were ultimately extricated from the ruins, and twenty-two others sustained fractures of limbs.

At Des Jardines the couplings were too strong; at Port Jervis and at Helmsmere they were not strong enough; at Car's Rock they gave way not a moment too soon. "There are objections to a plenum and there are objections to a vacuum," as Dr. Johnson remarked, "but a plenum or a vacuum it must be;" but there are no arguments in favor of railroad stations or sidings upon an inclined plane. Abergele was one illustration of what soon or late must result from them, and Helmsmere was another. In railroad mechanics there are after all some points susceptible of demonstration. That they should still be ignored is hardly less singular than it is surprising.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

RECENT LITERATURE

THE ballad of *The Witch's Daughter*, which, with some change and very advantageous enlargement, is now published under a new title, Mabel Martin,¹ is one of Mr. Whittier's most tender and searching stories in verse. The conception of a pure and tender-hearted girl, bereft of her mother by the religious madness of the Salem witch-slayers, living haunted by the memory of that dreadful and bewildering loss and by the taunts of her neighbors, is in itself singularly pathetic; but the situation is treated with that honest sympathy tempered by a wise reticence which gives to some of Mr. Whittier's poems a fresh, firm grain, and a delicate and primitive perfume, like that of the pine. The poet has prefixed a short introduction, in the same measure with the original ballad, which sketches the scene of the legend. The description of this valley, that

"Holds to the sun, the sheltering hills
And glimmering water-line between,
Broad fields of corn and meadows green,"

is a substantial gain to the poem. "Several new stanzas, also, have been inserted at different points, with the delicate touch of a hand that has lost none of its cunning and can greatly enrich its former work by a few masterly strokes. The lines which show us Mabel shrinking homeward in the dark, from the husking-party at Esek Harden's, are very lovely; as also these, on her reaching her empty home:—

"And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,
The tremulous shadow of a birch
Reached out and touched the door's low porch,
As if to lift its latch." . . .

Miss Hallock's illustration of this passage is a charming triumph of sympathetic skill. The young girl stands at the door, with one hand lifted toward the latch-string, leaning her head against the wood in an attitude of weary sadness, with which is blended a weird and touching suggestion of her listening for some ghostly sound from within, from the deserted hearthstone where her murdered mother had in life been wont to await her, perhaps. The dead birch-bough,

¹ *Mabel Martin*. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

silvered by moonlight, stretches across, and just behind it the fine tracery of its tangled shadow clings to the door. For technical merit and exquisite feeling, this drawing should, we think, be set highest among Miss Hallock's contributions to the book. The same division (Part V.) of the ballad contains drawings by Miss Hallock only; and each one is rich in sentiment, while several have great beauty of execution. The river-view, "She saw the rippled waters shine," is a soft vista of thoroughly poetic landscape. It is noticeable, we think, however, that the artist is not so successful in scenes including several figures as in those devoted to one or two. There is a certain inadequacy rather than absence of characterization in the two husking-scenes, and though this is improved in the representation of Goody Martin ascending the scaffold, we find in the latter case a want of depth in the artist's imagining, which fails to grasp the horror and dread of the occasion. This superior success with the single figures is owing, perhaps, to the concentration of interest upon Esek and Mabel, in the poem itself; the graceful groups in *The Hanging of the Crane* amply prove Miss Hallock's ability in arrangement. On the whole, she has here presented us with a beautiful series of drawings; and Mr. Moran's introductory and accompanying landscapes lend to the human story a deep undertone of sylvan emotion. Mr. Wand comes somewhat in the rear with his half-titles; though that which ushers in Part II. is apt and clever. All the decorative appointments of the volume are graceful, and we must especially praise the simple cover, with its loose stalks of golden wheat and its band of black wheat-ears above and below. For the excellent taste which prevails, as well as for the cutting of the blocks, we in common with other readers owe Mr. A. V. S. Anthony many thanks.

—Baron Davillier's book on Spain,² so pleasantly written, so abundantly and brilliantly illustrated, and so magnificently published, will not be surpassed, we fancy, by any other holiday book of its sort; it

² *Spain*. By the BARON CH. DAVILLIER. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Translated by J. Thompson, F. R. G. S. New York: Scribner, We ford, and Armstrong. 1876.

has not at least been equaled by anything hitherto, unless by Messrs. Holt & Co.'s American edition of M. Taine's *Tour through the Pyrenees*. In such a book one of course looks first at the pictures. In this case their variety seems well-nigh as inexhaustible as the picturesqueness of Spain, and they fairly represent the life of all parts of the Peninsula as observant travel sees it. As illustrations they also fairly represent the virtues and vices of Doré's method. There is always more of the artist's pleasure in making a picture than of sympathy with the subject in them; though, dealing with a spectacular land like Spain, the loss is perhaps less than it might otherwise be. There is not a very great range in the type of face portrayed. It is as if the artist, having settled upon a certain type, bestowed it upon all the figures in finishing up his hasty studies; and so the different provinces are not satisfactorily discriminated; in Andalusia, in Castile, in Catalonia, in Aragon, we have nearly always the same Greek or aquiline beauty for the young women, and the same Hibernian hideousness for the men. One is puzzled to understand how the women get all that regularity of feature and the men those brutish muzzles of the worst Irish character; and how the physiognomy of one sex fails to affect that of the other. But when the worst is said, it remains to add that the work is grandly done. Some pictures, like that of ladies at Granada listening to dwarf musicians, or that of the line of mounted picadores entering the *plaza de toros*, or that of the ladies of Vitoria on their balconies, are richly satisfying in their superb expression and their poetic suggestion; and the book is full of those amazing feats of execution for which Doré is famous. The letter-press is confessedly the author's response to the artist's desire to make a book about Spain, but it is as agreeable as French ease, lightness, and literary good manners can make it. M. Davillier takes Spain very calmly, as a man must who has been there twenty times. He falls into no poetic raptures; he has no philosophy of the nation to warp his information about it, and his information is of the sort that fares best in off-hand informal statement. His familiarity with Spain has not made him tired of it; his narrative abounds in pleasant details that seem as fresh and interesting to the author as to

the reader; and his modern observation is directed by just so much historical reading as is needed to place it in the proper light. It is a thoroughly agreeable book.

—It is easy to say that these new and old sketches¹ by Mr. Clemens are of varying merit; but which, honest reader, would you leave out of the book? There is none but saves itself either by its humor or by the sound sense which it is based on, so that if one came to reject the flimsiest trifle, one would find it on consideration rather too good to throw away. In reading the book, you go through a critical process imaginably very like the author's in editing it; about certain things there can be no question from the first, and you end by accepting all, while you feel that any one else may have his proper doubts about some of the sketches.

The characteristic traits of our friend—he is the friend of mankind—are all here; here is the fine, forecasting humor, starting so far back from its effect that one, knowing some joke must be coming, feels that nothing less than a prophetic instinct can sustain the humorist in its development; here is the burlesque, that seems such plain and simple fun at first, doubling and turning upon itself till you wonder why Mr. Clemens has ever been left out of the list of our *subtile* humorists; here is that peculiar extravagance of statement which we share with all sufficiently elbow-roomed, unneighbored people, but which our English cousins are so good as to consider the distinguishing mark of American humor; here is the incorruptible right-mindedness that always warms the heart to this wit; here is the "dryness," the "breadth,"—all the things that so weary us in the praises of him and that so take us with delight in the reading of him. But there is another quality in this book which we fancy we shall hereafter associate more and more with our familiar impressions of him, and that is a growing seriousness of meaning in the apparently unmoralized drolling, which must result from the humorist's second thought of political and social absurdities. It came to Dickens, but the character of his genius was too intensely theatrical to let him make anything but rather poor melodrama of it; to Thackeray, whom our humorists at their best are all like, it came too, and would not suffer him to leave anything, however grotesque, Subscription. The American Publishing Company 1875.

¹ *Mark Twain's Sketches*. New and Old. Now first published in Complete Form. Sold only by

merely laughed at. We shall be disappointed if in Mr. Clemens's case it finds only some desultory expression, like *Lionizing Murderers* and *A New Crime*, though there could not be more effective irony than these sketches so far as they go. The first is a very characteristic bit of the humorist's art; and the reader is not so much troubled to find where the laugh comes in as to find where it goes out—for ten to one he is in a sober mind when he is done. The other is more direct satire, but is quite as subtle in its way of presenting those cases in which murderers have been found opportunely insane and acquitted, and gravely sandwiching amongst them instances in which obviously mad people have been hanged by the same admirable system.

Nothing more final has been thought of on the subject of a great public, statutory wrong, than Mark Twain's petition to Congress asking that all property shall be held during the period of forty-two years, or for just so long as an author is permitted to claim copyright in his book. The whole sense and justice applicable to the matter are enforced in this ironical prayer, and there is no argument that could stand against it. If property in houses or lands—which a man may get by dishonest trickery, or usury, or hard rapacity—were in danger of ceasing after forty-two years, the whole virtuous community would rouse itself to perpetuate the author's right to the product of his brain, and no griping bidder at tax-sales but would demand the protection of literature by indefinite copyright. The difficulty is, to condition the safety of real estate in this way; but Mark Twain's petition is a move in the right direction.

We should be sorry to give our readers the impression that they are unconsciously to imbibe political and social wisdom from every page of Mr. Clemens's new book, when we merely wished to point out one of his tendencies. Though there is nearly always sense in his nonsense, yet he is master of the art of pure drolling. The grotesque cannot go further than in that *Mediæval Romance* of his, where he is obliged to abandon his hero or heroine at the most critical moment, simply because he can see no way to get him or her out of the difficulty; and there is a delicious novelty in that *Ghost Story*, where the unhappy spectre of the Cardiff giant is mortified to find that he has been haunting a plaster cast of himself in New York, while his stone orig-

inal was lying in Albany. The *Experiences of the McWilliamses with the Membranous Croup* is a bit of *genre* romance, which must read like an abuse of confidence to every husband and father. These are amongst the new sketches, though none of them have staled by custom, and the old sketches are to be called so merely for contradistinction's sake. How I once edited an *Agricultural Paper*, *About Barbers*, *Cannibalism in the Cars*, *The Undertaker's Chat*, *The Scriptural Panoramist*, *To raise Poultry*, *A Visit to Niagara*, are all familiar favorites, which, when we have read them we wish merely to have the high privilege of immediately reading over again. We must not leave the famous *Jumping Frog* out of their honorable and pleasant company; it is here in a new effect, first as the *Jumping Frog* in Mark Twain's original English, then in the French of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and then in his literal version of the French, which he gives that the reader may see how his frog has been made to appear "to the distorted French eye."

But by far the most perfect piece of work in the book is *A True Story*, which resulted, we remember, in some confusion of the average critical mind, when it was first published in these pages a little more than one year ago. It is simply the story an old black cook tells of how her children were all sold away from her, and how after twenty years she found her youngest boy again. The shyness of an enlightened and independent press respecting this history was something extremely amusing to see, and we could fancy it a spectacle of delightful interest to the author, if it had not had such disheartening features. Mostly the story was described in the notices of the magazine as a humorous sketch by Mark Twain; sometimes it was mentioned as a paper apparently out of the author's usual line; again it was handled non-committally as one of Mark Twain's extravagances. Evidently the critical mind feared a lurking joke. Not above two or three notices out of hundreds recognized *A True Story* for what it was, namely, a study of character as true as life itself, strong, tender, and most movingly pathetic in its perfect fidelity to the tragic fact. We beg the reader to turn to it again in this book. We can assure him that he has a great surprise and a strong emotion in store for him. The rugged truth of the sketch leaves all other stories of slave life infinitely far behind,

and reveals a gift in the author for the simple dramatic report of reality which we have seen equaled in no other American writer.

— If it were the fashion to reward unusual qualities with proportionate praise and accurate appreciation, Mr. Nadal's essays¹ would secure him a very high position in the popular esteem; they are certain to secure it for him among the best readers, with whom in this case we are inclined Pharisaically to include ourselves. It is not too much to say that Mr. Nadal sounds a new and entirely distinct note in our literature. Here for the first time a man of society, a connoisseur of the clubs, yet a person distinctly American in sentiment and in the fine quality of his apprehension, and possessed of remarkable but wholly modest literary skill, undertakes to give his impressions of English life, with such reflections upon our own as his subject suggests. His method is entirely his own, and has about it a freshness and simplicity that are very strange after the singularly elaborate performances which we have grown accustomed to seeing hurled against England at regular intervals, from foreign presses. Mr. Nadal treats his subject with a directness and an absence of effort which recall the manner of old travelers nearer the dawn of modern literature, who accepted healthily whatever struck them, and offered it to their readers with complete confidence in its sufficiency as entertainment. "When I was in England," he says, "I noticed" so and so. One feels that it is a new and fascinating thing to have been in England and to recall what one noticed there. The author does not lay bare the whole English system, root and branch, as Mr. Emerson has done in his tremendous English Traits. Such searching and brilliant analysis, though invaluable, is like too bright a flame. It makes the eyes ache. Nor is Mr. Nadal a historical literary critic, like M. Taine, who sifts his subject with the industry and not much more than the delicacy of a laborer shoveling gravel. He does not play upon his theme from the high and visionary standpoint of Hawthorne, nor with so marvelous a reach of language as he. Mr. James's Transatlantic Sketches come much more readily into comparison with these papers than do the books of those more

eminent writers. But Mr. Nadal widely differs from Mr. James. With the former, the human interest is very important; the latter strangely slights it. Mr. Nadal feels the security, also, of a man who has lived in a society of foreigners without losing his own national standpoint. Mr. James is unable to get anything definitive out of the difference between Europe and America, and constantly measures one thing in Europe by another in some other part of Europe, generally to the disadvantage of what is before him at the time. Mr. Nadal offers us nothing like Mr. James's splendor of style, however; although he has an art of his own that will wear very well. Not least among the charms of his writing is his dry humor; there are bits of admirable description in it, too; and, besides, fragments of wisdom and of poetic perception like these: "Grace, I should say, was the expression of a beautiful past." "It is the way of the world to regard success and fortune as another sort of character."

The articles on English Tradition and the Future, Our Latest Notions of Republics, and English and American Newspaper-Writing are particularly commendable; and we should advise the chief steamship companies doing business between the New World and the Old to provide some of their passengers with free copies of the essay on Americans Abroad. Mr. Nadal's four pages on British presumption are simply masterly; and possibly, while making the arrangement just suggested, the steamship companies would do well to supply *this* essay at the other end of the route. It should be done before the influx of centennial visitors begins.

All the articles in this book are brief, and the volume is accordingly soon perused, though not exhausted. This brevity reminds one of the talk, heard at an evening party, of a thoroughly entertaining man, who never forces his wit, and leaves you always listening for the next thing. In the midst, your companion is called away to another group, and you look after him, wishing he might have stayed longer.

— In Dr. Hunt's volume of collected chemical and geological essays² we have a masterly presentation of a variety of related topics, a more familiar exposition of which, judging by the favorable reception of re-

¹ *Impressions of London Social Life. With other Papers suggested by an English Residence.* By E. S. NADAL, New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1875.

² *Chemical and Geological Essays.* By T. STERRY HUNT, LL. D., F. R. S. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

cent popular science publications, would be interesting at this time to a large circle of amateurs and persons of general culture. From most readers unversed in scientific methods, however, a large part of these essays will claim such close attention and careful thought that they will probably be generally regarded as addressed by a specialist to scientific men engaged in the same pursuits with himself.

The essays have been selected from numerous writings published by the author during the last fifteen or twenty years, in many American and foreign periodicals. The author modestly remarks that it has been his fortune to enunciate in very many cases views for which his fellow-workers were not prepared, and after a lapse of years to find these views propounded by others as new discoveries or original conclusions; and being naturally desirous of vindicating his claims to priority, he republishes these enunciations, in their old form, as far as possible, on account of the historic interest which attaches to this in his mind. (Preface.)

Non-scientific men in general do not comprehend the importance that attaches in the minds of nature-investigators to the credit of first discovery. A truth once recognized seems to them to belong to the world, not to any particular advocate of a once disputed theory; and the frequently recurring scramble for priority, often embittered by repeated claims, denunciations, and recriminations, is offensive to them. But discovery is the ambition of the scientific worker and the object to which his toil is directed, and it must be remembered that he has not the poet's resource at his command, to dismiss the matter, when a question is once raised, relieving his mind at the same time, with a neat stanza: *Sic vos non vobis*.

Dr. Hunt is a leading authority on the subject which he treats. Geology has only too often been approached from a preparation limited to some one department of scientific knowledge, namely, chemistry, zoölogy, or physics; but he combines acquaintance with each of these branches, so attaining a many-sidedness of mind which gives weight to his opinions. The largeness of his views is best shown by his estimate of the comprehensive scope of the science with which he deals. In his own words, "While theoretical geology investigates the astronomical, physical, chemical, and biological laws which have presided over the development of our earth, and while practi-

cal geology or geognosy studies its natural history, as exhibited in its physical structure, its mineralogy, and its paleontology . . . this comprehensive science . . . sits like a sovereign, commanding in turn the services of all" these studies.

The original molten condition of the earth, as indicated by astronomical analogies and the form and character of the sphere itself at the present time, is a theory generally accepted by geologists; and the cooling globe is the author's starting-point. In many of his theories as to the early chemistry of the primeval earth, contained in Chapter IV., he touches on matters in regard to which his opinion is as good as that of any other, and upon which no one will venture to contradict him.

He advances a plausible theory (first adopted by him in 1863) of "cycles in sedimentation," resulting in the formation of two groups of strata, — aluminous silicates (the granites, gneisses, mica schists, and clay slates), and silicates of protoxid bases, lime, magnesia, and ferrous oxid (sienites, diorites, serpentines, etc.), — and claims that as a consequence of the natural tendency which produces this result, the minerals developed by metamorphism in each of these two groups, differing, of course, according to the composition of the mass from which they are derived, may be made a test of the age of the rocks in which they occur, when the better evidence of organic remains is wanting. In this, he probably lays too much stress on the value of these minerals for this purpose. The theory seems to fail in this, that the sedimentation of these rocks, if similar in its operation to that now at work (which Dr. Hunt claims to have been the fact), would produce, at the same time, strata of compositions so various (including both the classes named), in each formation, that subsequent division according to his lithological test would inevitably err stratigraphically. Thus in his scheme the presence of staurolite, cyanite, alusite, and garnet is made a sign of identity of age of the rocks in which they occur. From this, as well as other propositions, Professor Dana dissented in a paper in the American Journal of Science for February, 1872. In his reply here to this criticism of Professor Dana's, Dr. Hunt says (p. 327), "I answer that . . . it has not yet been proved that they belong to any later geological period than the one already indicated" (his Terzanovan, a fanciful pre-Cambrian group including similar schists in many places, and

probably of many ages). This opinion Dr. Hunt will probably find his fellow-workers unprepared to accept, but he need have no fear that any of them will seek to deprive him of the credit of having made such an assertion after his attention had been particularly called to instances in which these minerals are found in many different formations, fossiliferous as well as azoic.

In his development of the subject of the obscure origin of rocks of purely hornblende, serpentinous, chloritic, or other similar character, he has done science a good service.

In many of his views as to the nature and operation of the influences which have brought crystalline rocks to their present condition by molecular rearrangement of the promiscuous particles of sedimental deposits, he differs from Gustaf Rose, Blum, Volger, Haidinger, Rammelsberg, Dana, Bischof, and others, "the now reigning school of chemical geologists," as he calls them. It may be remarked that in some particulars he mistakes the views of his opponents, attributing to them opinions which they disclaim.

The chapters on veinstones and minerals, and on chemistry, will be of interest principally to those with whose business these subjects are intimately connected.

The question of pseudomorphism is one much discussed of late by scientific writers.

To all who are interested in the origin of life, the chapters on the history of the Cambrian and Silurian rocks will be of the greatest service as a summary of the discoveries so far made of the remains of early life in the seas from which these strata were deposited. The great services of the English nobleman who made such a reputation for himself in the van of palæontological research, Sir Roderick Murchison, the author of *Siluria*, have been supplemented to a wonderful extent. Rocks which even at the time of the publication of his great work were regarded as unfossiliferous have been made to reveal new secrets, and these strata as grouped by Sedgwick have received the name of Cambrian, a term taken, of course, from the old name of Wales, the region where they are principally found. The Lower Cambrian rocks, represented in America, so far as is yet known, only in small areas in Newfoundland, at St. John, New Brunswick, and at Braintree, Massachusetts, are found in Sweden, Wales, Shropshire, and elsewhere in Great Britain and on the Continent. In

these foreign localities they are more prolific in fossils than with us, and an abundant fauna has been disclosed, particularly in South Wales.

There is an interesting discussion of Emmons's Taconic group of Western New England, familiar by name to many, but understood by few. In conclusion, it may be truly said that these essays will well repay careful study.

— If Mr. Russell had in mind any particular plan in putting together his *Library Notes*,¹ it must have been that of the older essayists, who pressed into the service of the topics they were treating almost any subject they could lay hold of; and Montaigne, in the copiousness of his extracts, seems to have been his model. Like that delightful gossip he does not refuse any sort of excursion that will bring him to a detachable fact or fable which he can throw into his essay, leaving the reader to place and connect it with the other matters as he likes, and construes his somewhat Emersonianly stated topics of Insufficiency, Extremes, Disguises, Standards, Rewards, Limits, Incongruity, Mutations, Paradoxes, with almost the Frenchman's liberal sense.

It is a pity, we think, that in this age of attractive labels his book could not have been less plainly named; yet the name describes it well enough. It is simply and really the notes of an experienced and observant man's reading, in which one may find a genuine love of books and a taste commonly as sound as it is cordial and unaffected. He has liked a vast variety of authors, and in his mental perspective, which we should fancy was arranged in the quiet of a study remote from the warring currents of contemporary criticism, there are hints and suggestions of the possible judgment of posterity upon many modern authors which are curiously interesting. The stories and anecdotes with which the essays are so generously enriched, and which are always significant if not always pertinent, show the same universal interest and liking. One is apt to find a thought from Goethe next a sentiment from the Rev. W. R. Alger; and a bit of John Brown's history following close upon some account of the Spanish Inquisition; Johnny Appleseed, of the Ohio backwoods, and the beggar-nobles who petitioned Margaret of Parma against the persecution of the Protestants are friendly guests of the same host.

¹ *Library Notes*. By A. P. RUSSELL. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1875.

pitiable page; and it is pretty, as Pepys says, to note how these authors and events and subjects give and take dignity from each other. At the same time that Mr. Russell shows his appreciation of modern thought and example, it is plain that his taste was formed in the good old school of English classical reading, and that his greatest fondness is for masters who are in some danger of becoming merely names to our generation. For this reason as well as others we commend his entertaining book. His part in making it has been greater than is at first apparent; he is himself so little obtrusive that one does not always realize that he has thought about matters of which he says nothing in presenting the sense of others. He is the ideal host at the board where he sits; he starts the conversation with some suggestion or query, and only drops in a word here and there, when the talk is likely to flag, or it is necessary to awaken an interest in some other phase of the subject.

—It seems a mockery to class among religious books, and a pity to class anywhere, a production like the Rev. Mr. Talmage's last.¹ It is feeble and flaunting; the literary vulgarity of it is astounding; it is illogical naturally, and it is also insincere. For while professing a strenuous reformatory aim, every page of it contains some flattery of ignorant prejudice, or palpable bid for coarse applause. Many of the objections which Mr. Talmage urges against the modern drama are, unhappily, well founded; as those who best love the noblest and most universal of the arts best know. But it may well be doubted whether the theatre, even in its present degenerate state, cherishes any vice of mind or of manners which is not equally and perhaps more fatally encouraged by the theatrical style of pulpit performance. It seems proper to justify these remarks by a fair specimen of this "popular" teacher's fol-de-rol: "I charge upon the average theatre that it is the enemy of domestic life. The children are handed over to irresponsible employees, while the father and mother are at the theatre. Wherever it offers its fascinations, children are a great nuisance. If the measles come to the little ones the week that Davenport plays, Davenport triumphs, and the measles go under. . . . What will that mother say when she goes up to God and God asks, 'Where are your children?'"

¹ *Sports that Kill*. By T. DE WITT TALMAGE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

She will say, 'One of them turned out to be a defrauder, and another went off from home and was never heard of again. I did all I could for them; that is, I gave three dollars a week to a good Irish nurse, and it was her business to take care of them.'

—The observatory of Harvard College early became noted for the excellence of its researches in physical astronomy. In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for 1848 may be found two drawings accompanying two memoirs on the nebulae of Andromeda and of Orion respectively. The memoir on the Andromeda nebula and the accompanying drawing were by G. P. Bond, then assistant in the observatory, while the latter memoir was by W. C. Bond, then director.

To understand the nature of the work which was thus assumed by the Harvard College Observatory, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of what had been done up to that time. It is now certain that the nebula in Andromeda was known to the Persian astronomer Süfi in the tenth century, and he speaks of it as an object "generally known." In Europe it was first discovered by Simon Marius in December, 1612, and from that day to this it has been usually visible to the naked eye, its appearance being, according to the expressive simile of Marius, that of a lantern shining through a disk of horn. We say it has *usually* been visible to the naked eye, but in the Philosophical Transactions we find a note by Bullialdus, in which it is declared that in the year 1677 this nebula was fainter than of old, and that during the months of February and March it was not visible at all. Again, Cassini speaks of its shape as triangular, while Mairan contends that it changed in shape as well as in brilliancy. Here, then, astronomy was already face to face with problems which are yet unsolved: Do the nebulae change in brightness? Do they change in shape? The ancient eye-observations of course could not settle either of these questions, which demand quantitative measures of a refined nature, but they could set them plainly forth. If the nebulae are bodies very far removed from us, as was formerly unhesitatingly assumed, a change of brightness would be far more likely to be noted than a change of shape, since a change of the visible boundary of a nebula by so much as one tenth of a second of arc would imply a movement of some kind of matter over millions of miles. But the proof of changes

of brightness requires refined photometers, which have only lately been constructed, and so far as we know have never yet been applied to the solution of this question. The detection of changes of shape is more easy: we have only to make an accurate map of the small stars which are usually found spread through a considerable nebula, and by means of these stars to draw in the line where the nebulous matter ends and the black background of the sky begins. Here again a difficulty is met with, since a large telescope will show more nebulous matter than a small one, and hence the boundary is more extended for the larger instrument.

Huyghens independently discovered the nebula of Orion in 1656 (it had been seen in 1618 by Cysat), and he has left us a drawing of it as he saw it. This drawing is the first evidence we have for the solution of the question, Does a nebula change in shape? Le Gentil, Picard, Messier, Le Fevre, Sir William Herschel, and others made figures of this nebula before 1800. Since that time we have two drawings by Sir John Herschel, two by Lassell (only one published), and more or less elaborate drawings by Secchi, Liaponoff, Rosse, W. C. Bond, G. P. Bond, Da Vico, Lamont, and others. The nebula in Andromeda has likewise been figured by Messier and by several since his time.

All the drawings up to 1800 have been declared by Sir John Herschel to be mere objects of curiosity, and to be of no practical value for the solution of this question. If his verdict be true, his own first drawing in 1826 is but little more valuable, and however this may be, it is certain that the first adequate representation of the figure of a nebula was made in America about 1840 by two undergraduates of Yale College, Smith and Mason, who not only constructed their own telescope, but while still undergraduates did work with it which remained, until the publication of the first work of the Bonds, decidedly the best extant.

It has been necessary to say so much on this subject in order to show what the position of science in regard to this problem has been, and in order to show the object toward which the observatory of Harvard College has been striving. Up to the time of Smith and Mason nothing claiming high accuracy had been done in the way of figuring nebulae, and a few years after them (1848) we have the drawings of the nebulae of Andromeda and of Orion by the

younger and elder Bond. The latter drawing was based upon measurements which were made with less care than the subject demanded, and was sharply criticised by the younger Struve. To the desire to have the work of the Harvard College Observatory equal to any in the world we owe the second engraving of the nebula Orionis, which was executed on steel after an exquisite drawing of the younger Bond's, but only published after his too early death. This engraving was and probably to-day is the very finest piece of astronomical engraving extant; and we praise the present series of drawings¹ highly when we say that they are worthy of it. As Harvard College Observatory had already taken a leading place in delineations of this kind, with no real rivals save the private observatories of Lord Rosse and Mr. Lassell, Professor Winlock, the late eminent director, determined on prosecuting a work in which the observatory had already done so much. This decision was peculiarly happy; for we have already pointed out that to make drawings strictly comparable they must be done by one instrument, and if changes are then fairly made out, they must be supposed to be true variations of the object itself. The eyes of different observers may be compared so as to show that such changes are not due alone to retinæ of different sensitiveness.

We have among these drawings one of the nebula of Andromeda, on a larger scale than that made by the younger Bond, upon which too much praise cannot be bestowed. It was drawn, as indeed all of these have been, by Mr. L. Trouvelot, in whom the observatory of Harvard College found an artist and an astronomer combined. No text as yet accompanies these drawings; this was to have been supplied by Professor Winlock, but we suppose the process of making this drawing to have consisted, first in making an accurate map of the stars within and near the nebula, and then in drawing, with the aid of this map, the outlines of the nebula and the boundaries of its different lines of shade among the stars. From this description it is easy to understand how patience in such work would insure accuracy of detail, but it is by no means easy to convey to those who have not a vivid recollection of the nebula, and who have not this exquisite drawing before them, how *artistic* it is. Not only are the

¹ *Astronomical Engravings from the Observatory of Harvard College.* Thirty-five plates.

boundaries and the lights well given, but the *effect* of the nebula in the telescope is given in a marvelous way. A Woodbury-type of a trial drawing of the central portion of the nebula Orionis is also given. No satisfactory complete drawing of this was made, but this sketch is put forth for study and criticism. In it we certainly do find cause to suspect minute changes since Bond's time, in the portion delineated. To settle this question a careful examination is required, which is out of place here; but it is not too much to say that the evidence on this point which is obtainable from these drawings is more to be relied upon than that from any two others now before the world. The subject will undoubtedly receive full attention. Besides the drawings mentioned there are delineations of other nebulae and of two clusters, which are beautiful specimens of work. Several plates of drawings of Jupiter and Mars are likewise given. To the plates of Jupiter we can give almost unqualified praise; those of Mars may be equally faithful, but the printed figures give an aspect of relief which we have not remarked in other excellent drawings of Mars (those of Dawes, Kaiser, and Lockyer for example), nor indeed in the planet itself. We have especially to commend the color of the central bands of Jupiter and of the reddish portions of Mars, which seem very faithful. It is a curious fact that in the year 1874-75 at least, the color of the red belts of Jupiter is the same or very nearly the same as that of the general surface of Mars, although of course this tint is of less intensity on Jupiter.

Bond's beautiful engravings of Donati's comet and several good lithographs of Coggia's comet are also included. Careful studies of several moon-craters have been made, of the highest degree of excellence. We have ourselves compared one of these with the moon, and have found it exceedingly faithful. The sun has received its full share of attention, and figures of the solar corona and of the solar prominences and sun-spots are given, which appear to be of equal excellence with the rest. We note in passing that the red color of the solar prominences is very successfully reproduced.

Steel-engravings of the spectroscopes of the observatory show the details of the most ingenious device, which Professor Winlock was the first to invent, for registering the lines of a spectrum, without which spectroscopic work on sudden phenomena, like solar eclipses, lightning, or the aurora,

would be far behind its present state. Most of the drawings are lithographed by J. H. Bufford and Sons, whose work deserves high commendation. From the text, which we understand is in preparation, we shall know better what share the accomplished director of the observatory had in this most valuable contribution to science; we may be sure that the results of his foresight, his care, his skill, his patience, are everywhere seen.

This work is of the highest order, and we may safely say that no telescope has done more toward the accurate solution of the question of the variability of nebulae than the Harvard refractor. The present series of plates is the result not only of favorable opportunity but of great skill, patience, and devotion, and it will remain as a monument to its authors.

—In this volume of *Essays and Studies*¹ Mr. Swinburne goes over a good deal of ground and pays his respects to a number of more or less great men. Victor Hugo, Mr. William Morris, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and Mr. Matthew Arnold among the living, and Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Ford, the dramatist, among the dead, are the men treated of at length. For those he admires he finds no words of praise too warm, so long as they are alliterative, and when he has to blame any man or class of men his denunciations never leave his readers in doubt about his meaning. The following passage may serve as an example of some of his "tall" writing; speaking of Rossetti's sonnets, he says: "Their golden affluence of images and jewel-colored words never once disguises the firm outline, the justice and chastity of form. No nakedness could be more harmonious, more consummate in its fleshly sculpture, than the imperial array and ornament of this august poetry. Mailed in gold as of the morning and girdled with gems of strange water, the beautiful body as of a carved goddess gleams through them tangible and taintless, without spot or default." Here is Mr. Swinburne when he has laid aside his paint-brush and begun to call things by their right names: "It [Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui rit*] is a book to be rightly read, not by the lamplight of realism, but by the sunlight of his imagination reflected upon ours. Only so shall we see it as it is, much less understand it. The beauty it has, and the meaning, are ideal, and therefore cannot be impaired by any

¹ *Essays and Studies*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Chatto and Windus. 1875.

want of realism. . . . This premised, I shall leave the dissection of names and the anatomy of probabilities to the things of chatter and chuckle so well and scientifically defined long since by Mr. Charles Reade as 'anonymuncles who go scribbling about ;' there is never any lack of them ; and it will not greatly hurt the master poet of an age that they should shriek and titter, cackle and hoot inaudibly, behind his heel. It is not every demi-god who is vulnerable there." We do not however recall at this time any thing of chatter and chuckle who considered the heel as the weak spot in Victor Hugo, but this passage is as characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's facetiousness as the other is of his notorious good taste. Bits of eloquence like these are not rare in the book ; indeed, some readers will find their heads buzzing after a few pages of it as if they had been reading in a noisy railway train, while others again, it is fair to suppose, will greatly admire this luxurious style. At times Mr. Swinburne hides what he has to say in a cloud of words ; the chapters on Victor Hugo, for instance, are songs of admiration rather than models of intelligible praise.

These essays have been much praised for what is called their wide sympathy and generous breadth ; we are called upon to admire Mr. Swinburne because he admires Mr. Matthew Arnold and his contemporary Mr. D. G. Rossetti, but it is not easy to see what claim this gives him upon our affection. That he should set great store by Mr. Rossetti is nothing remarkable ; there is but little blame he could find with that poet's faults which would not tell more severely against his own, and it is easy to praise since the former has done what Mr. Swinburne has shown that he approves. That he should find something to admire in Mr. Arnold could only be remarkable if he had given evidence of a petulant desire to denounce qualities that were unlike his own, and even if he here made an exception and did like something that was good and of a merit not akin to his own, it is but a very negative virtue which we are summoned to admire. His essay on Mr. Arnold is perhaps the most valuable in the volume ; it contains criticism, and not merely gushing praise ; and some of the criticism is very good. It is fair to dispute Mr. Arnold's estimate of Maurice de Guérin, and his disproportionate praise of the French

Academy, and what Mr. Swinburne has to say of these matters is well worth listening to. When he admires Mr. Arnold's poetry he does it generously and intelligently. There is less verbiage here than in some of the essays ; it would seem as if Mr. Arnold's refining influence had acted upon his critic. The few pages treating of Coleridge and Byron may also be commended to the reader's attention for their suggestiveness.

In brief foot-notes and in occasional side-references we are treated to bits of criticism which sometimes show the writer's power for indiscriminating admiration, and sometimes his lack of susceptibility to the best work. Not every one will agree with him in his passionate liking for "the great new-year hymn of Miss Rossetti, —

'Passing away, saith the world, passing away,' so much the noblest of sacred poems in our language that there is none which comes near it enough to stand second ; a hymn touched as with the fire and bathed as in the light of sunbeams, tuned as to chords and cadences of fluent sea-music beyond reach of harp and organ, large echoes of the serene and sonorous tides of heaven !" Nor is it easy to join hands with Mr. Swinburne in his bravado of calling Mademoiselle de Maupin "the most perfect and exquisite book of modern times." But far more serious than these thoughtless assertions is his contemptuous treatment of Alfred de Musset. In one passage he calls him the "female page or attendant dwarf" of Charnfort, and speaks of his poems as "decoctions of watered Byronism." Elsewhere he speaks of his "monotonous desire and discontent" and his "fitful and febrile beauty." This brief summing up is more alliterative than just ; Alfred de Musset's faults are indicated in this statement, but no sort of justice is done to his imagination and his great excellence as a poet. It need not be remarked how uncritical is the habit of calling Alfred de Musset or any one else by opprobrious names, as Mr. Swinburne does.

This volume of *Essays and Studies* contains some good criticism amid a great deal of idle praise ; bits of really fine description, as on the opening page ; many pages on the other hand given up to the indiscriminate heaping of adjectives ; and remarks showing thought and study alternating with passages of boyish insolence. It is, in a word, a singular mixture of ripeness and crudity.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

With the third and fourth volumes of his history of our civil war,² the Comte de Paris brings his work no farther than to the end of the year 1862. He had hoped at first to complete his task within the compass he has already reached, but his work has grown under his hands, and now it seems probable that the author will require ten or twelve volumes before bringing his story down to the end of the war. No one will begrudge him this space, for it becomes continually clearer that this is destined to be the generally received history of the War of the Rebellion. It will be deservedly so, for the author, by virtue of being a foreigner, has an impartiality which it would be hard for one of us to acquire; he has a satisfactory knowledge of both the great principles and the *minutiae* of the great struggle, and he spares no pains in search of thoroughness and accuracy. More than this, he is so completely master of his subject that he makes clear the most complicated campaigns, and he tells his story in the most lucid way.

The third volume opens with an account of the operations of the army of the Potomac in the spring of 1862, the beginning of the period which many of our readers will not be able to recall without a shudder. McClellan landed his army of over a hundred thousand men before Yorktown, and Magruder with eleven thousand men kept our whole force at bay until it was too late to attack with any fair chance of success. Finally, when the attack was made, it would in all probability have been successful if it had been well managed, but too small a force was sent to the charge, it was not properly supported, senseless delays took the place of prompt action, and the consequence was that the attack of April 16th was a discouraging failure. What the reader notices in the account of these early days of the campaigns made by the army of the Potomac is the primeval way in which everything seems to have been managed, and especially in time of action. The condition of the battle-field was often the cause of the groping uncertainty with which generals sent their forces forward without

proper dependence on the supporting troops, but often again there seems to have been at headquarters a lamentable ignorance of what was to be done and of the way to do it. The question of McClellan's ability is always complicated in our minds with all sorts of political issues, which really have no bearing on his military skill. The author makes a good showing for his old chief, without, in our opinion, laying himself open to the charge of partiality, but he has cause to complain at times of inexplicable delay on the part of his general. The first book contains an account of what was done by the army of the Potomac until McClellan's withdrawal from Harrison's Landing; Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Glendale, and Malvern are the actions giving titles to the different chapters. It is hard not to blame the commanding general for the faulty disposition of the army which led to the unsatisfactory result at the battle of Fair Oaks, and to our subsequent disasters. But without opening this delicate question it will be sufficient to say that this history contains a very clear exposition of the events; all of our misfortunes in all their painful monotony are plainly narrated.

It is an agreeable relief to turn from these gloomy pages to the second book, which describes the deeds of our navy in the beginning of the war. The capture of New Orleans was one of the most important as well as one of the most honorable of our successes. Naturally Butler comes prominently forward in the account of subsequent events, and he is not mentioned in terms of enthusiastic praise. A few lines are devoted to the speculations by which he made himself notorious, while he receives the credit due him for the order preserved in the captured city and the excellence of his sanitary regulations, which kept off the yellow fever during the whole time of the war. The remaining chapters of this book describe the campaign leading to the evacuation of Corinth and the capture of Memphis, as well as the resulting attempt to open the whole Mississippi, which was prevented by the strength of the fortifications at Vicksburg. From this we are carried to what was done by the navy in front of Charleston and Savannah.

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

² *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique.* Par

M. LE COMTE DE PARIS, ancien Aide de Camp du Général MacClellan. TOME III. et IV. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1876.

The third book opens with Pope's assuming command of the army of Virginia, and an account of the battle of Cedar Mountain. This is another melancholy chapter in the recollection of us all. There was uncertainty everywhere; those in authority at Washington felt anxious about the safety of that city, and when the unfortunate battle of Manassas took place, and our defeated army took its sad way back to Washington, matters stood at about as low an ebb as at any time during the whole war. Then came the surrender of Harper's Ferry and the battle of Antietam. With this the third volume closes.

The fourth volume carries us out to the West again; Perryville, Corinth, Prairie Grove are the titles of the chapters of the first book; Chickasaw Bayou, the guerrillas, and Murfreesborough, of the second. The battle of Perryville, it will be remembered, put an end to Bragg's active campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee. At this fight and at Corinth the losses were large. At Perryville, out of twenty-five thousand of our men engaged, in four hours no less than four thousand were lost, and three thousand of these belonged to one corps, that of General McCook, which entered the field twelve thousand and five hundred strong. The opposing army lost more than a quarter of its strength. At Corinth what was most noticeable was Rosecrans's bravery. The other campaigns in the West are well described, much space being devoted to the history of the important battle of Murfreesborough, where Rosecrans again distinguished himself.

With the third book of this volume we come back again to Virginia, and to Burnside's appointment to the command of the army of the Potomac. This general's failure at Fredericksburg is told at great length. His plan of campaign is fully expounded, and with regard to the minutiae of carrying it out this excerpt may show the author's treatment better than anything else. He says: "The delay in the arrival of the pontoons, which had so unfortunate a result on the Federals for all the rest of the campaign, is one of those questions, so frequent after a reverse, which are still matters of debate in America. We have entered into the details of this matter in order to show one of the thousand difficulties which in this war managed to overthrow the wisest combinations. From what we have said every one will see at once that in this matter the blame is to be divided among all. Burn-

side was wrong, in the first place, in allowing the success of his campaign to depend on a coincidence hard to forecast; and, moreover, as he has himself acknowledged, in not sending an officer to Washington to oversee the transport of the pontoons, so as to make this coincidence possible; and, finally, in not having ascertained the presence at Belle Plain of the boats which he could have made use of before the others arrived. Halleck absolutely neglected to see to the execution of an order the importance of which he knew; he did not hasten those who were charged with carrying it out, nor did he give Burnside word of a delay of which he had himself been informed. General Woodbury committed a serious error in not sending by water the two complete equipments, and in sending Spaulding's convoy with a load which made its progress impossible in that season." The results of this melancholy defeat the author sets forth at great length; desertion became very common after the battle of Fredericksburg, the officers criticised freely the plans of their commander, and the only hope of the army seemed to be in the new chief, Hooker, who was appointed in January, 1863. His exploits are to be recounted in a succeeding volume. In the concluding book of this fourth volume, entitled *Politics*, after a brief account of the doings on the coast of Texas, Georgia, and the Carolinas, is to be found a full exposition of the financial policy then begun, and of the steps leading to the proclamation of emancipation, January 1, 1863.

— A volume better suited for the frivolous is Droz's last novel, *Les Étangs*.¹ Some of our readers will perhaps remember that notice was made in these pages a few months ago of what was then, and indeed still is, a recent novel of his, *Une Femme Génante*. After a long silence he pained every one by that tasteless production, which was but a sorry reward for patient expectation, during three years, of some new work from his pen. Now, after about six months he gives us this new story, as if to destroy the bad impression its predecessor made. That it will have this effect is fortunately the case, and, considering that the course of the novelist is so much like that of any other sinner plunging violently headlong towards destruction, this exceptional case may be the cause of rejoicing as over a brand plucked from the burning.

¹ *Les Étangs*. Par GUSTAVE DROZ. Paris: J. Hetzel & Cie. 1875.

The present story is of a very different kind, not only from that one, but from any he has ever written. That remorse could have inspired him to write it cannot, however, be affirmed. *Une Femme Gênante* had reached its seventeenth edition before this one appeared, only one less than his *Autour d'une Source* had reached after many years.

Les Étangs is not written in the usual formal manner; the narrator of the tale tells us how it happened that he began to take an interest in some old, barely habitable ruins he chanced to come across one day when hunting. In seeking shelter from a storm, he made his way into them and found their only occupants to be an old man, an American, and his servant. This American had the reputation of being a great hater of his kind; he lived here in almost entire seclusion, having no intercourse with his neighbors. The narrator found the old place charming; it had belonged in the last century to ancestors of his, and when the American died he bought it. He then set himself to work to unravel some obscurities in his family history, and he soon found some letters throwing more or less light on them, and these form the slight plot of this novel. As a story it is of the least solid sort, but in spite of this the little volume will be found entertaining reading. It would be unfair to extract the meagre plot from its surroundings; nine readers out of ten will scent the end before they have read

many pages, but they will not feel then as if they had exhausted the only charm of the book, which is the delightful style of the author. Droz always writes with that most truthful realism which is the height, or, at least, one of the heights of art, and an important one. He always seems to be writing, not an imaginary record, but a literal statement of facts. He wheedles his readers into believing the reality of his statements by the most ingenious devices; he seems not to care to make a vivid impression so much as an accurate one; he takes pains to mention insignificant trifles, which, while they appear trivial, are surest to carry conviction. But it is not only the air of truth which is agreeable; he shows frequently great humor and great pathos; some of his little sketches, which are buried in a great deal of worse than worthless material, bear witness of this. He generally gives the impression of being able to do better than he has yet done,—an impression which, be it said by the way, one is apt to have about a writer one likes for this gift or for that, who at the same time has some marked fault,—and the reader will be inclined to ask better use of his graceful talents. For they are graceful because they are combined by his tact, which saves him from ever being tiresome even when he most displeases. He is one of the younger French writers, from whom much is yet to be hoped, and he has left behind him much on which to base these hopes.

ART.

MR. GARDNER'S second book on house-building,¹ which should have had an earlier notice, is lively and entertaining, like its predecessor, *Homes and How to Make Them*, and like it full of practical good sense. It contains a baker's dozen of plans and descriptions of houses of different kinds and sizes, which assume to have been built for proprietors whose characters and professional interviews with the architect are amusingly sketched. In the course of the reported discussions, most of the practical questions concerning convenience and com-

fort that are likely to arise in planning houses of the class Mr. Gardner describes—country houses ranging in cost from five hundred to twelve thousand dollars—are touched upon in one way or another. Questions of form or decoration are ignored or only incidentally alluded to.

The plans are on the whole well and often ingeniously arranged for their assumed purpose, without any chance of special skill or invention; just such houses in fact as an architect would be likely to have to build in practice, and such as lead one to

With Illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

¹ *Illustrated Homes: a Series of Papers describing Real Houses and Real People.* By E. C. GARDNER, author of *Homes and How to Make Them*.

believe that the author is serious in calling them real homes. One or two bear evidence of being taken from preliminary sketches rather than from plans worked out for execution. The exteriors, without any marked excellence of design or display of professional resource, are often comely and picturesque. Some would evidently be more attractive in execution than in the drawings, which are not always happy.

The slight sketches of character are clever and the dialogue lively to friskiness. Practicing architects will probably recognize some of their own clients in Mr. Gardner's people, who have mostly an air of being taken from living models, though their speech has a strong family likeness throughout. His Wandering Jew has at one time or other visited most architect's offices. Persons who wish to build houses, on the other hand, will find most of the practical exigencies they have to consider suggested to them. They will probably be willing to be reminded by Mr. Gardner that "there may be model lodging-rooms and model tenements, model barns, perhaps, but every man must be a law unto his own house;" and when it comes to building they will be glad to find an architect who will enter into his client's personal tastes and fancies as heartily as he of this book.

—The etchings of Old New York¹ are not etchings at all in the current sense of the word, but manifestly only pen-drawings reproduced by some photographic process. They are published from time to time for subscribers, in numbers of half a dozen plates each, with accompanying letter-press, and it was announced that the series of fifty plates would probably be issued during the present year. The effort to preserve a record of the interesting old buildings of New York is most praiseworthy; we wish it could be made with the same earnestness for other parts of the country. With the enthusiasm for rebuilding which now prevails, it will not take long to strip our country of almost every building that wears the fashion of its early days. There have been till very recently a great many buildings of the last century, and not a few of the seventeenth, scattered over the older parts of the States; but they are going fast,—many of them to make way for inferior work,—and we may be thankful for every careful attempt to re-

cord them. This one comes with considerable pretensions, with thick paper and wide margins, and a promise of extra issues on India paper and of special copies in large papers for collectors. We wish its artistic and literary success were in proportion to the liberality of the publishers and the evidently sincere effort of the author. The illustrations show a feeling for picturesqueness and an effort for artistic effect; but there is not much precision or force in the drawing, and the effects are amateurish. In truth they have hardly exactness enough of detail to make them valuable as a record, and are not artistically skillful enough to be very interesting as pictures.

The letter-press contains more or less entertaining gossip, padded out with abundance of what it has been a habit to call "moralizing." It will probably have a good deal of interest for those who know the scenes which it describes, but we should think it unsafe to pin much faith to, if we may judge by a curious collection of blunders which we noticed in the first paper that caught our eye in the first number. It is said that "in 1772 the Duke of Clarence, then a young midshipman, was a frequent guest, . . . and became so infatuated . . . that his guardian and superior, Admiral Digby, found the immediate departure of his ship would be necessary to prevent his young charge from laying his royal rank and 'great expectations' at the feet of this fair queen of New-World beauty, for the law of England forbade to a crowned head marriage with a subject." In 1772 the prince was seven years old; he entered the navy in 1779, the time of his visit to New York, and was not made Duke of Clarence, it appears, till ten years later. It goes without saying that he was not a "crowned head," and he had no apparent chance of ever becoming one, being then, and for forty years after, the third living son of George III. The notion that the marriage of a member of the royal family with a subject was forbidden had been exploded, we thought, by the discussions over the marriage of the Princess Louise, but it seems to linger.

—Very few of the mass of readers with whom Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes are names that stand close to that which is highest and happiest in their lives know how much the writings of these three men have drawn from the unobtrusive neighborhood of Old Cambridge; and Mr. Stillman, in editing a charming little volume of

¹ *Old New York, from the Battery to Bloomingdale. Etchings by Eliza Greator. Text by M. Despard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1875.*

extracts from their poems, with heliotype views of the scenes touched upon,¹ has conferred a signal benefaction upon a vast number of people. One sees in this book a connection between the authors and the place which has about it a moving and tender interest; for with Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes the tie has been one of birth as well as long association, and nearly all the fruitful years of Mr. Longfellow's career have been passed in Cambridge. At this season of the falling leaves, one reads with a new sense this line from Lowell's *Indian-Summer Reverie* of long ago:—

"How with my life knit up is every well-known scene!"

Much that is presented in these pictures will be familiar to Cambridge readers: the Washington elm, the old Holmes house, the church-yard, and the chestnut-tree that shaded the vanished smithy preserved in Longfellow's poems. Mr. Stillman's judgment and skill (the views, we believe, were taken by himself) give us these few scattered rays from the past concentrated in so happy a light that one may easily fall into a pleasant dreaming while under its spell. One or two of the heliotypes disappoint the Cambridge-cultured eye: Mr. Longfellow's peculiarly beautiful elms, for example, by no means have justice done them, and the Charles River marshes have a certain blurriness which, unfortunately, cannot be laid wholly to the Indian summer haze of the verses opposite the page which shows them to us. But the views of the Holmes house, the Waverley oaks, the college elms, and the sturdy chief of Mr. Lowell's "*willow Pleiades*" are admirable. All the heliotypes, we do not hesitate to say, are quite good enough for any extra-Cambridgean; and we call to mind no American book published for the present holiday season which should be more sought and more cherished than this one. Dearer, perchance, than the poets' works themselves, because containing something from each, and a subtle charm besides which other agency can alone supply, this slender volume will call up by many a Christmas

fireside fair memory-pictures of the scenes where different readers first knew the poems quoted from; and with those pictures a new pleasure will be blended by these glimpses of the actual birthplace of the verse.

— We are tempted to go somewhat out of our course, this month, in order to take what seems merited notice of a marked success in lithographic portraiture; we mean the portrait of Mr. Longfellow, which the publishers of *The Atlantic* have just issued, and which was drawn on stone by Mr. J. E. Baker. It is an extremely sturdy and at the same time most refined piece of graphic art. Amongst the various and ingenious processes for pictorial reduplication which have come into vogue of late years, it is somewhat curious and not a little startling to find the simple method of drawing on stone suddenly coming to the front again with so graceful and thorough an achievement as this. The picture gives about a third of the figure's length, and the pose is very simple, one arm being raised from the elbow, with the hand supporting the cheek and partially concealed in the poet's thick, white beard. A slight turning of the face, resulting from this supported posture of the head, throws the left cheek and temple into soft shadow; a disposition to which must be attributed something of the deeply thoughtful aspect of the head. This aspect gives to the portrait its great charm, which we think will prove a lasting one; and the whole appearance is most agreeably characteristic; we receive from the sight of this portraiture the same sort of impression which comes from reading Mr. Longfellow's poetry. The peculiar soft tones of lithography, so different from the metallic tinct of photographs, so much more delicate in its modelings (on a large scale) than even fine steel engraving, impart a strong yet yielding surface to the features, that is extremely pleasing. Here is by no means an average piece of lithography; a real sentiment has been contributed to the work by its draughtsman, and a picture has been produced which at a little distance has all the charm of a crayon-drawing. It is, in short, probably the best portrait of Mr. Longfellow which has yet been placed within the reach of the public.

¹ *Poetic Localities of Cambridge*. Edited by W. J. STILLMAN. Illustrated with heliotypes from nature. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

MUSIC.

Of course the great musical fact of the season is Dr. Hans von Bülow's playing. Indeed, while we have Von Bülow with us, it is hard to talk or think of anything else. At the time of our writing this the second concert of the series has not yet taken place, so we must be very general in our remarks for the present, leaving a more detailed account of his performances for a future number. Taken as a whole, we must call Von Bülow the most absolute *performer* that this country has yet heard. As the New York Tribune said of him, when he plays a composition he gives you the music of it, the whole music, and nothing but the music. After the first ten bars you completely forget that there is such a man as Hans von Bülow in existence, you become as much engrossed in the music itself as if the famous performer were merely an every-day affair about whom you have not the faintest curiosity. You go to hear him play, and you stay to listen to the music he is playing. Now for a man to produce this effect upon his listeners implies much; more, indeed, than appears at first sight. He must have such a knowledge of the composition he is playing, as to have made it completely his own; his technical, intellectual, and spiritual mastery of it must be absolute; he must know it as thoroughly as the composer himself. Let us consider for a moment by what means this consummate mastery over a composition is attainable. The old saw, that "It takes a genius to comprehend a genius," has doubtless some truth in it, but if followed out practically it will lead to utter confusion. For a man to comprehend a work of genius, he certainly must possess some power correlative to that power which created it; but no man, were he even the mightiest genius the world ever saw, can fully comprehend a great work at the first dash, any more than he can create a great work without working at it. Indeed, if we consider closely, all worth is exactly measured by the amount of labor it represents, that is, by the amount of intellectual and physical activity it has called into play. Do not mistake our meaning; we say physical and intellectual activity, not conscious exertion. Some hare-brained enthusiast may spend the better part of his life and the whole of his weak mind in writing a dole-

ful five-act tragedy, and be carried to the mad-house or even to the grave in consequence, and a Shakespeare will sit down and dash you off an immortal sonnet, the wonder of coming ages, in an hour. But the sonnet really represents more real work, as we rate work, than the tragedy; kind Nature stood at Shakespeare's elbow with her strong, helping arm, and did most of it for him, while our lunatic had to do the whole of his hard task himself. And we who read the sonnet must—with what help we can get—do as much work as went to the making, if we would fully comprehend it. Thus genius can forestall experience. Completely to understand Hamlet, for example, we must either have that same prophetic power that Shakespeare had, or else make up what we lack of it by experience or investigation.

It would be absurd to suppose that Dr. von Bülow has been gifted by nature to the same extent with Beethoven, Handel, Bach, and many more men, whose music he plays. The great pianist himself would be the last to claim such a thing. Now, what are the qualities which he can bring to bear upon the study of the works of these men? Natural musical talent and the most exhaustive special musical knowledge we will take for granted, as we safely may. Added to this the man is a very remarkable scholar even for a German, not in the branches of musical lore and æsthetics merely, but in the broader and broadest fields of philosophy, literature, and politics,—a man of the very largest culture; will correspond with you in Latin and read Æschylus in the original with the greatest ease, if we may believe what is told of him. He is also a man of the world, a man of many countries and languages, who has rubbed much against his fellow-men, at ease and consequently thoroughly himself everywhere, able to meet the whole human race from clown to courtier on an equal footing. Add to this the element of gentle birth, the early companionship of refined and cultured people; a culture not of the study merely, but also of the drawing-room, making him sure, from the start, of his position in the world, and wholly without self-consciousness. Then last, but not least, let us think of his power of hard and protracted work, both intellectual and physical, and

the experience of life which the exercise of that power gives. All these qualities Von Bülow can bring to bear upon the study of a work in an almost unprecedented degree; his understanding of a composition is larger, broader, and deeper than any we have met with in other artists, and his conscientious veneration for the composer is such that he will not allow himself to stand as an interpreter between him and the public, until he has thoroughly mastered every detail of his composition. Every note and phrase is indelibly fixed in his prodigious memory; not the smallest detail is slighted. In preparing concerts with orchestral accompaniment, his loving care for the composer's honor leads him to take the greatest pains with his performers; not an orchestral phrase but must be rendered with the greatest perfection that the executive means at his command will allow; the *tutti* passages are to him as important as his own solo part. It is pleasant to see him at rehearsal get up from his seat at the piano-forte and go and hum over some phrase to a clarinet or oboe, so that it may be played exactly as he wishes it, then cross over and listen to the violas to see whether they are making the most of their part. If a phrase is to be taught to the whole orchestra, he will play it on the piano-forte with such convincing decision that after a few trials it seems impossible for the players to go amiss. Everything that can be known about what he is playing or directing, he knows; and all around him feel that he knows it.

But knowledge, even the most profound and diversified, is not enough to make an artist. Sentiment and passion have their share in the work to be done. Perhaps the greatest example of all-subduing passion in playing that this country has yet seen was Anton Rubinstein. His playing in strong passages was as of the whirlwind. His emotional fury was most intense, and, alas, too often uncontrolled. A most precious element in art, and in all that has to do with art, is this same passion; *passio*, suffering, the potential sorrow there is in a man. Nay, is it not, after all, the very prime quality in an artist, the integer without which all other qualities, either natural or

acquired, are but so many zeros, of no value whatever — this quality of sharing the sorrows, struggles, and privations of mankind, without which no true, vital sympathy with their joys, victories, and rewards is conceivable? Or take passion in its more restricted, physical sense, the mere intense hunger of the senses; that also is an invaluable quality in an artist, when confined to its proper limits. But these violent, elemental qualities in man are valuable only for the work they do, for whatever good the man can accomplish by their means. We do not value a steam-engine for its power of blowing off steam, much less do we esteem a man for the mastery his passions have gained over him. It is only confined steam that does work. In Von Bülow all the violent, elemental qualities are so beautifully latent, so really effective! Rubinstein would give himself up to the fierce tempest of feeling, and ride it Mazeppa-like through most wondrous regions, consuming, not his passion, but himself and all who heard him; Von Bülow has his fiery passion-steed well in hand. Our emotions while hearing him play may be less violent than when we hear Rubinstein, but they are more satisfying and enduring; were it not so cold a word, we should say more legitimate. We cannot imagine tiring of Von Bülow's playing, even if we should hear him every day. We had not expected to find this passionate element in his playing; but we do find it in a very high degree, and it is satisfactory to find it not merely animal, though strong and intense, but thoroughly held in check by the intellectual side of his nature. A more utterly commanding man we have never been under the influence of; everything he does carries conviction with it. It is not yet time for us to speak of his playing in detail, of his clear, resonant touch, his marvelous technique, marvelous in anybody but doubly so in a man with so small a hand; and his indefatigable strength; of all that we will speak when we have had time to maturely consider his playing in connection with the pieces performed. At present we wish merely to say that he is the most *complete* musician that this country has yet heard.

BINDING SECT. MAY 16 1966

AP The Atlantic monthly
2
A8
v.36

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
